

## Ruth's Legacy.

When Rodney Dare came home from the war without his strong right arm Ruth Trevor's friends wondered if she would marry him.

"Of course she will," said the friend who knew her best. "Why shouldn't she? He's the same Rodney Dare now that he was when she promised to marry him, isn't he?"

"Yes, but there's a difference," was the reply. "Then he had another arm to fight the battle of life with. Now—well, I suppose it won't make any difference with Ruth. She always was peculiar."

"Thank God for such peculiarity," said her friend. "She wouldn't be if she refused to marry him because he had lost an arm. She will take it to believe that the idea has ever occurred to her that this loss need make the slightest difference in her plans."

And her friend was right. When, one day, Rodney Dare said to Ruth: "I have come to tell you that, of course, I do not expect to hold you to your promise to me, under existing circumstances, if you care to withdraw it," she rose up before him with something akin to anger in her face and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Have I ever given you any reason to think I cared to withdraw it?" she asked. "No," was the reply. "But when you gave it I was man. Now I am but part of one."

"I'll take that part of the man that's left," she said. "It's the part that the Rodney Dare I love lives in. Never speak of this to me again," she added. And he never did.

But he would not talk of marriage until he had obtained employment of some sort, and for this he began to fit himself. It was almost like beginning life over in learning to make one arm do the work of two, but he had a brave heart and a strong will, and love stood ready to help him in the times when he felt inclined to become discouraged.

One day Ruth said to him:

"I'm going away for a month or two. I've had a letter from Aunt Martha, who lives in the prettiest little country village you ever saw, and she wants me to visit her. I shall enjoy a breath of pure air so much! Only, I wish you were going with me, Rodney. I shall think of you back here in the city and feel half ashamed of myself for having such a good time that you cannot share."

"I shall share it in thinking how much good it is doing you," he said. "One does not always have to take part in the pleasure of others to be benefited by them. There's a sort of reflex influence, you know."

"That sounds quite metaphysical," laughed Ruth, "but I think I understand what you mean, and I promise to enjoy myself to the utmost in order that you may feel this 'reflex influence' to the fullest extent."

Before Ruth had been at Aunt Martha's two days she found that she had been invited there for a purpose.

"Your cousin Hugh is coming next week," said Aunt Martha. "I know you'll like him—at least, I hope you will, and the better you like him the better suited I'll be."

Ruth looked at her questioning. "You wonder what sort of a plan I have in my head, I suppose," said her aunt. "I'm not going to say anything more about it now, but Hugh knows."

"Under that it is a sort of matrimonial plan," said Ruth. "If it is, put it aside at once! I may like my cousin very much—I hope I shall—but I could not marry him."

"Why?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Because I am to marry Rodney Dare," answered Ruth.

"And who is Rodney Dare?" cried Aunt Martha.

"Then Ruth told her about her lover. 'A man with one arm!' cried Aunt Martha, 'and a poor man, too! You're foolish, Ruth!'"

"Perhaps so," said Ruth, quietly, but with a brave steadfastness in her voice. "But, foolish or not, I shall keep my word."

"You've got the obstinacy of the Trevors in you," said Aunt Martha grimly. "But this stubbornness of yours may make a great difference with your future prospects, as well as with my plans. I have considerable property that must go to the children of my two brothers. You represent one of them, Hugh the other. I wanted you to marry each other and keep the property together. If you persist in your determination to marry this Rodney Dare, Hugh may get it all."

"Let him have it," said Ruth. "All the wealth in the world wouldn't influence me in the least in this matter."

"You're a Trevor all through," said Aunt Martha, angry, yet admiring the spirit of her niece in spite of herself. "Well, since you've made up your mind, we'll let the matter drop; but if you are not mentioned in my will you needn't be surprised."

"I haven't asked to be remembered in it," said Ruth. "I don't want you to think for a moment, Aunt Martha, that I care for your money. I assure you I have never given it a thought."

"Perhaps not," responded Aunt Martha, but money comes handy sometimes, and one wants to think twice before throwing away such a chance as this."

"I would not change my mind if I were to think a thousand times," said Ruth. "I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that there are other things more necessary to one's happiness than money."

"Very well, you'll do as you choose about it, of course," said Aunt Martha, triggly, but I think my opinion worth considering, notwithstanding."

Cousin Hugh came. Ruth liked him, but—he wasn't Rodney Dare! Millions of money wouldn't have tempted her to marry him if she had had no lover.

"I suppose you haven't changed your mind about matters and things?" said Aunt Martha one day, the week before Ruth went home.

"Not in the least," replied Ruth.

"You're a foolish girl," said Aunt Martha.

"Maybe, but I think not," responded Ruth.

When she got home she told Rodney all about Aunt Martha's plans.

"Do you think I was foolish?" she asked, smiling into his face.

"I think you're a noble, true hearted little woman," he answered, and kissed her. "I hope you'll never regret giving up your share of your aunt's fortune for a man with but one arm to protect you with. I feel unworthy of such a sacrifice."

"There was no sacrifice about it," said Ruth. "I don't care for the fortune, and I do care for you."

Six months later a telegram came saying that Aunt Martha was dead. Would Ruth come to the funeral.

Ruth went, and after the funeral she and Cousin Hugh sat down in the old-fashioned parlor together, with Aunt Martha's old lawyer and one or two of her intimate friends, to listen to the reading of her will.

In it she bequeathed to Hugh Trevor 'the property now in her possession, to which she had just title and claim,' with the exception of the old family Bible. That went to Ruth.

"I have brought my legacy home with me," she told her mother on her return, as she deposited a package, wrapped in thick brown paper and securely tied up, on the parlor table. On the wrapper was written: "Ruth Trevor, to be given her, unopened, after my death," in Aunt Martha's prim penmanship.

"You don't mean to say that you were left nothing but that?" cried Mrs. Trevor. "It's as much as I expected," answered Ruth.

That evening Rodney Dare came in.

Suddenly Ruth bethought her of the package, which had not been opened.

"I must show you my legacy," she said, bringing the package. "Cut the strings, Rodney, please."

He cut so, and Ruth took the old, worn Bible from its wrappings. As she did so, some papers slipped from between its pages and fell to the floor. She stooped and gathered them up. One was a somewhat bulky document. The other was an envelope on which her name was written.

"Here's a letter from Aunt Martha," she said, and opened it.

As she read it a tendr light came into her face. Then a look of surprise and bewilderment.

"I—I don't understand," she said, looking from Rodney to her mother. She says something about 'deed.' 'What does she mean by that?' I wonder?"

Rodney took the large document from Ruth's lap and unfolded it and glanced over its half-written, half-printed page.

"It means that you're a wealthy little woman in spite of yourself, Ruth. Your Aunt Martha had half her property bequeathed to you before she died. That which she spoke of in her will was the other half of it, which had not been bequeathed away, and you, of course, supposed that represented all. She leaves you her old home and other property in its vicinity, to the value of a good many thousands of dollars, I should say."

"It can't be!" cried Ruth, excitedly. "And yet it must be so. Read her letter, Rodney—read it aloud, and maybe it'll seem clearer to me."

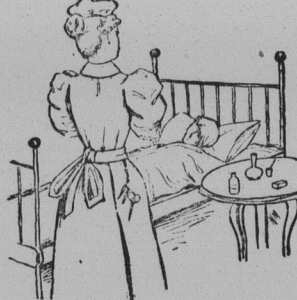
Rodney read:

My Dear Niece Ruth: I do not think I have very long to live, therefore, I shall so arrange matters now that there need be little trouble in disposing of what I leave behind when I am dead. When you told me you could not fall in with my plan about a marriage with Hugh I was indignant. If I had died then, you would have got little from me; if I could have had my

## A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her



case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anaemia, Nervousness, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Laxa-Liver Pills clean Coated Tongue.

way about it. By and by I began to think it over, and I came to believe that you were right and I was wrong. I calculated from the head, you from the heart, and the heart is to be trusted most in such matters. I think I admire you for your honesty to your womanhood and your loyalty to your one-armed lover. You did just right, my dear niece—just right!—and to prove to you that I bear you no ill-will for not falling in with an old woman's foolish plans. I shall have half my property bequeathed to you at once, so that, at any time after my death, which I have reason to believe may happen at any time and suddenly, all there will be for you will be to take possession. God bless you, dear Ruth, and make you very happy with the man you have chosen. He ought to be proud of so loyal-hearted a wife as you will make him. Sometimes I think kindly of the woman who never got much happiness out of life, and make this legacy bring you more enjoyment than it has ever brought me.

"Dear aunt Martha!" said Ruth, softly, with tears rolling swiftly down her cheeks. "I wish she could know how much I thank her for her legacy—and her letter. Do you know, Rodney, I'm not sure but I valued that most?"

For answer he bent and kissed her.

"Your love and loyalty are worth a thousand legacies," he said. And Ruth threw her arms about his neck and cried: "I'm so glad for your sake, Rodney!"

## Interesting Notes for the Ladies.

Success in Dyeing Means Pleasure and Profit.

Beware of crude and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes. See that your dealer gives you the "Diamond" when you ask for them.

Diamond Dyes have a world wide reputation; their work is of the highest order, and their success is deserved.

There are forty-eight colors in the Diamond Dyes for dyeing wool and cotton goods; each dye is perfectly true to color, and as reliable as pure gold.

Diamond Dyes color anything any color. They are fast to soap, washing and sun, surpass all others in brilliancy.

Diamond Dyes are the strongest dyes made, hence the cheapest; one package is equal to three of any other make.

Never be deceived by the false claims of imitations of Diamond Dyes. If your merchant asks you to accept another make of dye, be sure he is after large profits, and never think of your comfort and success.

Book of directions and sample card of forty-eight colors sent free to any address by Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

## AN AUCTION FOR WIVES.

Under the Greenwood Tree in the Colonial Days of Virginia.

From the earliest settlement of the colonies there has always been a defect in the distribution of women in this country. It is a historical fact that while one section has always suffered from an embarrassment of riches another has pined in a needless privation. At the outset of American colonization the wilderness was hungry for men to till it, and thousands of the idle laborers of London and Bristol poured in to the new Eldorado.

Robert Beverly, in his 'History of Virginia,' published in 1705 and 1722, says: "Those that went over to that country first were chiefly single men, who had not the

incumbrance of wives and children in England; and if they had, they did not expose them to the fatigue and hazard of so long a voyage, until they saw how it should fare with themselves. From hence it came to pass that when they were settled there and in a comfortable way of subsisting a family, they grew sensible of the misfortune of wanting wives, and such as had left wives in England sent for them, but the single men were put to their shifts.

"Under the difficulty they had no hopes but that the plenty in which they lived might invite modest women of small fortunes to go thither from England. However, they would not receive any but such as could carry sufficient certificate of their modesty and good behavior. Those, if they were but moderately qualified in all other respects, might depend upon marrying well in those days without any fortune. Nay, the first planters were so far from expecting money with a woman that 'twas a common thing for them to buy a deserving wife that carried good testimonials of her character, at the price of £100, and make themselves believe they had a bargain.

"In one year Sir Edwin provided a passage for 1261 new emigrants. Among these were ninety agreeable young women, poor but respectable, to furnish wives to the colonists. This new commodity was transported at the expense of the colony, and sold to the young planters, and the following year another consignment was made of sixty maids of virtuous education, young, handsome and well recommended. A wife in the first lot sold for 100 pounds of tobacco, but as the value of the new article became known in the market the price rose, and a wife would bring 160 pounds of tobacco. A debt for a wife was of a higher dignity than other debts, and to be paid first."

In a letter still in existence, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a

**TIRED?**  
**OH, NO.**  
This soap  
**SURPRISE**  
greatly lessens the work  
It's pure soap, lathers freely,  
rubbing easy does the work.  
The clothes come out sweet  
and white without injury to the fabrics  
**SURPRISE** is economical, it wears well.

worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer says:

We send you in the ship one widow and eleven maids for wives for the people of Virginia. There hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations.

In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives."

But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the 'maidens faire' would be left over. The archives of Virginia prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where probably the most anxious and interested crowd of auction habitués ever known in the history of the world were gathered, and sold for 120 pounds of leaf tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary 'one widow' went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridegrooms think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness.—Buffalo, N. Y. News.

## MILLIONS OF MICE.

A Clergyman's Unpleasant Encounter with an Army of Rodents.

An incident which came under my own personal observation is not without interest," writes Ernest Ingersoll in the New York Evening Post. "While I was waiting for a train at a small station on a branch line of the Southwestern railway, a clergyman, with very long hair and beard, who was walking up and down the platform, stopped for a moment and raised the end of a canvas which served as a cover for a large quantity of wheat which was waiting shipment. In an instant a mass of mice sprang at him, and his beard, hair and cloak were literally alive with them. To brush them off was a matter of some time and when my fellow traveller at length thought himself free, he was dismayed to find a mouse in each of his trousers pockets."

The cause of these pestiferous intrusions of mice seem substantially the same in all cases. The destruction of natural enemies such as wildcats, hawks, owls, snakes, etc., allows the little rodents, naturally exceedingly prolific, to multiply unduly. Then comes a very favorable winter, as the unusual season of 1892 '3 in Russia, when all conditions are favorable for their life and increase, and a vast and sudden augmentation of their numbers follow. There is then not enough food in the woods, and they spread to neighboring clearings and cultivated lands. It, as happened in 1893 in Russia, they find everywhere an extraordinary amount of stacked and stored grain, new generations rapidly follow, thrive upon the ready food, and an enormous and apparently sudden increase occurs, which overflowing, spread in all directions.

Their disappearance after a season or two is no more mysterious, when studied. Mechanical means of repression are of little use, and one of the peculiarities of the Russian plague was that the dogs and cats would not help the farmers by eating the pests. All rodents, infested with parasites, internal and external, and these increase and flourish most when the animals are most numerous and gregarious. The consequence is that, aided by epidemic diseases, the parasites soon conquer and destroy all but a few of the strongest, and the hordes literally die out. It is said that after the Nova Scotia episode related above, winnows of them were to be seen on the sea and river beaches, where the mice had rushed in and drowned; and elsewhere the air was sometimes tainted with the mass of tiny corpses in the field. In Russia, however, a great deal was done to expediate this result by feeding them bacillic cultures producing a typhoid disease fatal to the mice. Immense numbers were no doubt killed by this means. At any rate the mice were not sufficiently numerous to be troublesome during 1894, and since then have disappeared.

Children like it and it likes them; Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

## The Grim Reaper

WAS WAITING TO RECEIVE A BURDENED VICTIM OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

Paine's Celery Compound.

Saves A Life After Fifteen Years of Terrible Agony.

ONE OF THE GREATEST VICTORIES OVER DISEASE EVER RECORDED.

Mr. Kevill Says: "Your Compound Banished All My Aches and Pains."

NO CASE TOO COMPLICATED FOR THE GREAT MEDICINE.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—For the past fifteen years I have been troubled with diseased kidneys. I am engaged in the manufacture of cheese, and am obliged to work more or less in a stooping posture. At times I found it almost impossible to work owing to severe pains across my kidneys. Often, after working in a stooping position for a time, I would find it very difficult to straighten up at once, and could only do so after repeated efforts.

Of late years, while laboring under these severe attacks, I became very nervous, and continually had tired, worn out feelings. My rest at night seemed to do me no good, and I always felt tired out in the morning.

I had been taking various medicines and was getting worse all the time. At last I decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. I procured a bottle and took it according to directions, and found its effect wonderful. Before I had used the first bottle I began to improve; after I had used the second bottle I felt as well as ever I did in my life. It did banish all aches and pains, my nervousness was all gone, and the tired and worn out feelings were banished. I can go to bed now and sleep well, and rise in the morning rested and refreshed.

I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to my friends who were suffering from the same troubles as I had, and all have been greatly benefited. Knowing what it has done, I can cheerfully recommend it to any person suffering from kidney disease.

Yours truly,  
C. F. KEVILL, Dunsford, Ont.

Alas, Poor Drummond!

Drummond-McIntyre filled a drunkard's grave yesterday.

Fite—And you attribute it to the fact—

Drummond—that he was the regular grave digger.

Any demagogue can talk patriotism, but it takes a man to live it and vote it.

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