

HAPPY MOTHER'S TOUCHING STORY

Of Baby's Dreadful Suffering from Eczema.

CURED BY CUTICURA.

Now His Skin is as White as a Snow Flake.

"A terrible rash broke out on Charlie's poor little face and spread to his neck, chest and back. I had never seen anything quite like it before," writes Mrs. Helena Rath of 821 10th Ave., N.Y. City. "The skin rose in little lumps, and matter came out. My baby's skin was hot, and how he did suffer. He wouldn't eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my back throbbled with pain. But the worst pain of all was to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores. At last, I was persuaded by a friend across the street to try the Cuticura Remedies. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment—I think the box was about half full—and a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed the directions, bathing Charlie and putting that nice Ointment on the sores. Little by little, but so surely, Charlie and I both got a space by day and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away, and now Charlie is cured completely."



"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snow flake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick babies, go ahead and publish what I have told you."

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No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., C. E. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcome.

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Old Hagar's Secret

BY MRS. M. J. HOLMES

Author of "For a Woman's Sake," "Love's Triumph," "Purified by Suffering," "A Grass Widow," "Woman Against Woman," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

At the delightful country seat of Arthur Carrollton, Madam Conway had passed many pleasant days, and was fully intending to while away several more, when an unexpected summons from his father made it necessary for the young man to go immediately to London, and as an American steamer was about to leave the port of Liverpool, Madam Conway determined to start for home at once. Accordingly she wrote for Anna Jeffrey, whom she had promised to take with her, to meet her in Liverpool, and a few days previous to the arrival of George Douglas and Henry Warner at Hillsdale, the two ladies embarked with an endless variety of luggage, to say nothing of Miss Anna's guitar-case, bird-cage and favorite lap-dog "Lottie."

Once fairly on the sea, Madam Conway became exceedingly impatient and disagreeable, complaining both of fare and speed, and at length came on deck one morning with the firm belief that something dreadful had happened to Maggie! She was dangerously sick, she knew, for never before had she been visited with a like presentiment, and that was just before her daughter died. Then it came to her just as this had done, in her sleep, and very nervously the lady paced the vessel's deck, counting the days as they passed, and almost weeping for joy when told Boston was in sight. Immediately after landing, she made inquiries as to when the next train passing Hillsdale station would leave the city, and though it was midnight she resolved at all hazards to go on, for if Maggie were really ill there was no time to be lost!

Accordingly when at four o'clock a. m. Maggie, who was partially awake, heard in the distance the shrill scream of the engine, as the night express thundered through the town, she little dreamed of the bundles, trunks and bags, which lined the platform of Hillsdale station, nor yet of the resolute woman in brown, who persevered until a rude one horse wagon was found in which to transport herself and her baggage to the old stone house. The driver of the vehicle in which, under ordinary circumstances, Madam Conway would have scorned to ride, was a long, lean, half-witted fellow, utterly unfitted for his business. Still, he managed quite well until they turned into the grassy by-road, and Madam Conway saw through the darkness the light which Maggie had inadvertently left within the dining-room!

There was no longer a shadow of uncertainty; "Margaret was dead," and the lady Tim was ordered to drive faster, or the excited woman, perched on one of her traveling trunks, would be obliged to foot it! A few vigorous strokes of the whip set the sorrel horse into a canter, and as the night was dark, and the road wound among the trees, it is not at all surprising that Madam Conway, with her eye still on the beacon light, found herself rather unceremoniously in the midst of a brush heap, her good and chatelaine rolling promiscuously around her; while, lying across a log, her right hand clutching at the bird-cage, and her left grasping the shaggy hide of Lottie, who yelled most furiously, and bitterly denouncing American drivers and Yankee roads! To gather themselves together was not an easy matter, but the ten pieces were at last all told, and then, hold-

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"These are not Margaret's, surely?" "No, ma'am, they belong to the young men, who have set the house topsy-turvy, with their tableaux, their Revolution celebration, their banner, and carousing generally," said Mrs. Jeffrey, rather pleased than otherwise at being the first to tell the news.

"Young men!" repeated Madam Conway. "What young men? Where did they come from, and why are they here?" "They are Douglas & Warner," said Mrs. Jeffrey, rather pleased than otherwise at being the first to tell the news. "What young men? Where did they come from, and why are they here?"

"After my girls! After Maggie! It can't be possible!" gasped Madam Conway, thinking of Arthur Carrollton.

"It's the very truth, though," returned Mrs. Jeffrey. "Henry Warner, who, in my opinion, is the worst of the two got to chasing Margaret in the woods, as long ago as last April, she jumped Gruffy across the gorge, and he, like a fool, jumped after her, breaking his leg."

"Pity it hadn't been his neck," interrupted Madam Conway, and Mrs. Jeffrey continued: "Of course, he was brought here, and Margaret took care of him. After a while, his comrade Douglas came out, and of all the carousals you ever thought of, I reckon they had the worst. 'Twas the fourth of July, and if you'll believe it, they made a banner, and Maggie planted it herself on the house-top. They went off next morning, but now they've come again, and last night the row beat all. I never got a wink of sleep till after two o'clock."

He, entirely out of breath, the old lady paused, and going to her room, brought out a basin of water and a towel, with which she tried to wipe off the oil. But Madam Conway paid little heed to the spoiled carpet, so engrossed was she with what she had heard.

"I'm astonished at Margaret's want of discretion," said she, "and I depended so much upon her, too."

"I always knew you were deceived by her," said Mrs. Jeffrey, still listening over the oil: "but it wasn't for me to say so, for you are blinded toward that girl. She's got some of the queerest notions, and then she's so high strung. She won't listen to reason. But I did my country good service once. I went up in the dead of the night to take down the flag, and I don't regret it, either, even if it did pitch me to the bottom of the stairs and sprained my ankle."

"Served you right," interposed Madam Conway, who, not at all pleased at hearing Margaret thus censured, now turned the full force of her wrath upon the poor little governess, blaming her for having suffered such proceedings.

"What did Margaret and Theo know, young things as they were? and what was Mrs. Jeffrey there for if not to keep them circumspet?" But instead of doing this, she had undoubtedly encouraged them in their folly, and then charged it upon Margaret.

It was in vain that the greatly distressed and astonished lady protested her innocence, pleading her sleepless nights and lone duty. Margaret, having done her duty, Margaret would not listen. "Somebody was, of course, to blame," and as it is a long-established rule that a part of every teacher's duty is to be responsible for the faults of the pupils, so Madam Conway now continued to chide Mrs. Jeffrey as the prime mover of everything, until that lady, overwhelmed with the sense of injustice done her, left the oil and returned to her room, saying as she closed the door: "I was never so injured in all my life—never! To think that after all my trouble, she should charge it to me! It will break my heart. I know. Where shall I go for comfort or rest?"

Last word was opportune and suggestive. If rest could not be found in "Dexter's Saints' Rest," it was not by her to be found at all; and, sitting down by the window, in the grey dawn of the morning, she strove to draw comfort from the words of the good divine, but in vain. It had never failed her before; but never before had she been so deeply injured, and closing the volume at last she paced the floor in a very perturbed state of mind.

Meantime Madam Conway had sought her granddaughter's chamber, where Theo, in her fright, had taken refuge under the bed, while Maggie, a deep, sound sleep. A few vigorous shakes, however, aroused her, when greatly to the amazement of her grandmother, she burst into a merry laugh, and winding her arms around the highly scandalized lady's neck, said: "Forgive me, grandma, I've been awake ever since you came."

"Jeffrey! Jeffrey!" she gasped, "what have you done?" "Great goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Jeffrey, remembering her adventure when once before she left her room in the night. "I certainly am the most unfortunate of mortals. Catch me out of bed again, let what will happen; and turning, she was about to leave the hall, when Madam Conway, anxious to know what had been done, called her back, saying rather indignantly, "I'd like to know whose house I am in?"

"A body would suppose 'twas Miss Margaret's, the way she's comported herself," answered Mrs. Jeffrey; and Madam Conway continued pointing to the boots: "Who have we here?"

Sifting the Tea Leaves

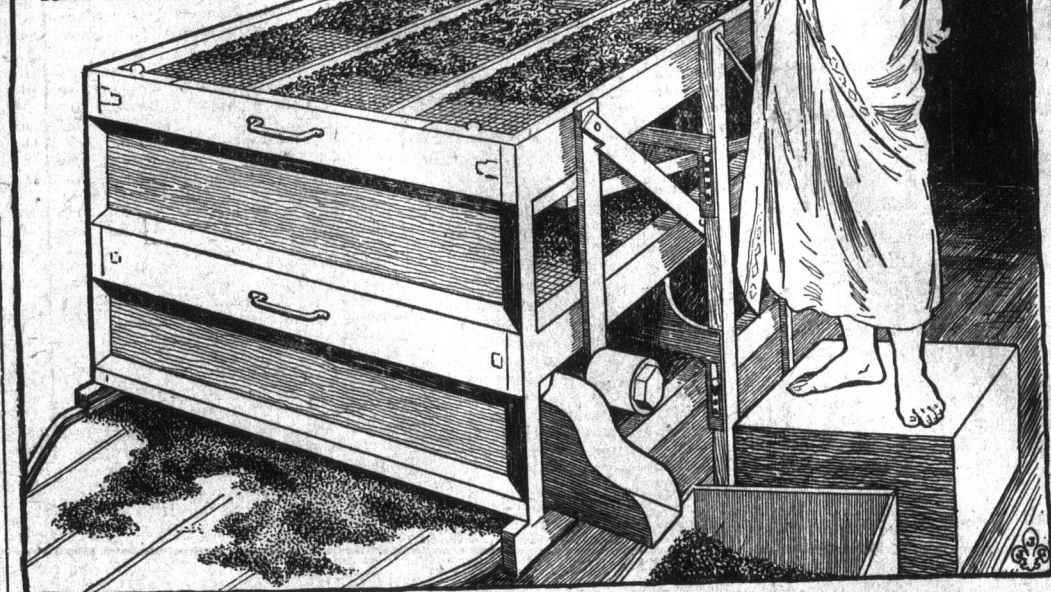
A sifter consists of sieves one above another in the form of sloping trays with wire meshes. These oscillate rapidly and the tea is sifted through. The top tray has a mesh large enough to admit the coarsest leaf. The fourth tray retains the *creme de la creme* of Ceylon Tea. However,

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home. I can't mean to leave the dining-room in such disorder, but I was so tired, and we had such fun—hear me out," she continued, laying her hand over the mouth of her grandmother, who attempted to speak. "Mrs. Jeffrey told you how Mr. Warner broke his leg, and was brought here. He is a real nice young man, and so is Mr. Douglas, and I want you to see him. They are partners in the firm of Douglas & Co., Worcester."

"Henry Warner is nothing but the Co., though Mr. Douglas owns the store, and is worth two hundred thousand dollars!" cried a smothered voice from under the bed, and Theo emerged into view, with a feather or two ornamenting her hair and herself looking a little uneasy and lightened.

The two hundred thousand dollars produced a magical effect upon the old lady, exonerating George Douglas at once from all blame. But toward Henry Warner she was not thus lenient; for, coward-like, Theo charged him with having suggested everything, even to the cutting up of the red coat for a banner!

"What!" fairly screamed Madam Conway, who in her hasty glance at the flag had not observed the material. "Not taken my grandfather's coat for a banner!"

"Yes, he did," said Theo, "and Maggie cut up your blue satin boules for stars, and took one for your fine linen sheets for the foundation."

(To Be Continued.)

Mightn't right; but it is seldom left.

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