

APPENDICITIS

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Dr. James C. Brown, the eminent English Physician, says that the increase in appendicitis is largely due to indigestion.



Doctors operating for Appendicitis

Indigestion is the inability of the system to dissolve food, the eater gaining no good therefrom, but rather harm.

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APPENDICITIS

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At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER IV.

IN HONOR BOUND.

She dragged the girl from her bed, and Lynette, half dazed, was about to obey her behest, when suddenly she caught sight of her best things all laid out over the chairs where she had arranged them to wear to-day.

She drew back, exclaiming: 'Aunt Jill, you forget. I can't help with the apple-butter to-day. We are all going to the fair.'

Mrs. Lewis replied, in the tone of a triumphant virago: 'I'm going, and so is Vida, but you ain't! I told you all along you shouldn't, and you know Gillian Lewis always has her own way.'

'Not always. For Uncle Jack is boss here, and he says I shall go, and I will, so there!' flashed Lynette indignantly.

'Will you, indeed, miss? Well, I think I'll see about that!'

The cruel woman flanked out of the door, and the startled girl heard the key turn in the lock.

She was a prisoner. Through the keyhole came a shrill voice, exclaiming conciliatorily: 'You may go to-morrow, but not to-day, so you needn't make any more fuss about it. Your Uncle Jack has been called away by a telegram, and so he's not here to take your part.'

Uncle Jack gone away! So that explained this high-handed outrage. Lynette fell back on the bed, sobbing with anger, and heard the woman's footsteps dying away as she went along the hall to Vida's room.

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Yielded only to the soothing, healing influence of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

In addition to the suffering and annoyance caused by eczema and salt rheum there is always danger of the trouble spreading and becoming chronic. For this reason the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment should be regular and persistent until the cure is thorough and complete.

Mrs. John J. Delory, Linwood, Antigonish county, N.S., writes: 'I want to say that Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a great blessing to me. I had salt rheum on one hand, and could not get it healed up. The itching was most distressing at times. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured me completely, and I gladly recommend it to every sufferer.'

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'Well, Cousin Gillian, did she agree to stay at home and work to-day?' inquired the heartless beauty, turning over lazily on her ruffled pillows.

'No, indeed, she wouldn't stay; so I just told her she had to, whether or not, and turned the key on her and came away,' chuckling fiendishly.

Vida smiled, then said uneasily: 'But are you sure she can't get out of the window?'

'Not without some one puts up a ladder for her to come down, and I'll be sure they don't do that. Every man on the place has knocked off work to go to the fair, and there won't be no one left here but the two nigger women, stirring the apple-butter. They darnt interfere.'

'But if you are sure she can't get out of the window?'

'She won't do that. She's too proud to let folks know she was locked in for impudence to me, and that's what I'd tell anybody that asked about it. Even if she got out, she couldn't go to the fair, because she hasn't got a dime of her own. Her chicken-money's locked up in my trunk. Let her wait till to-morrow. Belcourt won't be there after to-day, and you won't care.'

'No, I won't care then, but I wouldn't have her go to-day for fifty dollars; no, not for a hundred! I must have a chance for him to-day, or she will surely cut me out.'

'Yes, she must be kept out of the way. She's for Prentiss, anyway, and I believe he'd kill himself if she married any other fellow.'

'Yes, or kill her—and her lover, too!' half-shuddered Vida, remembering his black looks when they had talked about Belcourt and Lynette together.

At nine o'clock the two women set forth in the carriage for the fair at Lewisburg, four miles away. Erastus, the black imp, rode alongside, mounted on the beautiful gray pony that Vida was to ride in the ladies' contest for the fine saddle. In the carriage she carried a package containing the handsome black habit she intended to wear.

She had triumphed over her lovely rival, and her face was wreathed with smiles of anticipation.

As she rode along through the beautiful mountain scenery, her thoughts were busy planning the artful things she would say to Belcourt in the interview she would contrive with him to-day.

She would slip out to him that Lynette was engaged to Graham Prentiss, and had stayed away to-day because her lover could not accompany her to the fair. After that she would not care for Lynette any more.

CHAPTER V.

A LITTLE GOLDEN HEART.

THAT ancient maiden, Miss Sally Ann Sims, sat on the bench in front

of her cabin door, enjoying the beautiful Sabbath morning.

She was primly garbed in her best gown—a black chaille, with purple flowers sprinkled over the ground, her scraggy neck and lean wrists softened by frills of black lace.

Her grizzly locks were smoothly combed and plaited into two wisps, one on each side of her head, a black silk net drawn smoothly over it all, while a black straw hat, enlivened with purple China asters, completed her adorning. On high Roman nose rested steel-bowed glasses, and she was benignly reading a chapter in her worn Bible before setting forth on her two mile walk to the little Methodist chapel.

She was no beauty, poor Sally Ann, and she had no wealth beyond the one small acre that held her cabin and garden-plot, but she was rich in the treasures of a contented mind, and she had the esteem of every one in that neighborhood, whether rich or poor, for her parents, simple, honest, industrious folk, had lived here before her, and handed down to her their simple virtues as a priceless legacy.

Sally Ann's eyes were bent on the pages of her precious book, and the cat and dog basked in the sunshine unheeded, until suddenly she lifted her eyes and saw the shadow of her cabin creeping far across the road.

'Good gracious! It's ten o'clock! I must be gone!' she exclaimed, starting up in haste.

The quick movement dislodged the glasses from her nose, and they fell into the long grass under the bench. 'For massy sake! If they're bruk, I kain't read a word ag'in till the peddler comes round with a new stock!' she exclaimed regretfully, groping in the grass for the spectacles.

There they lay, and, fortunately, unbroken. But what was that little, shining object in the grass close by, gleaming like dull gold?

Sally Ann clutched the glasses and the gold-gleam together, and found in her hand a flat, heart-shaped locket about as large as a copper cent. It was attached to a thin gold chain, very light, and fine, with close links, and the clasp was unfastened. It had evidently slipped from some one's neck down into the grass.

'Somebody's done los' it, that's clear; but who?' meditated Sally Ann, holding the pretty trinket close up to the light.

Then she gave a violent start, and her eyes fastened on one of the links that had caught and held a wisp of dark-blue silk.

'Lordy! It wuz heru!' she exclaimed triumphantly.

She was thinking of the girl who had sat here on the bench a few nights ago—the girl who had said she wanted to find work, but had gone away presently and killed herself. Only yesterday they had buried her in a pauper's grave.

That girl had worn a gray gown, with collar and belt of dark-blue silk. Sally Ann put on her recovered glasses, and minutely examined the wisp of blue silk caught in the link of the chain. It looked identical with the trimming of the wayfarer's gown.

'She must have los' it off her neck right here, pore gal, an' never missed it; and as for me, I'd never found it, I know, only for droppin' my specs. Well, o' course, it's mine now, since the owner's dead.'

Her faded old eyes kindled with pleasure as she regarded the locket, reflecting that the pretty trinket might belong to herself if the mystery

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



of the dead girl's identity was never cleared up. And no thought came to her mind that she held in her wrinkled hand the clue to the mystery.

The locket was richly chased, and the chasing concealed—or, rather, consisted of—an elaborate monogram, several letters intertwined together. It also held a picture, but Sally Ann had no idea that the pretty ornament could open at all.

So she clasped the chain about her neck, and the locket, with its strange, undiscovered secret, fell down among the lace ruffles at her collar, that partly concealed it.

'I'm gwine to wear it to church, I am! It's mine till that girl's heirs turns up to claim it, and that may be never. I sha'n't tell no one how I came by it. No one's bus'ness but my own!' muttered Sally Ann, her feminine love of jewelry aroused and stimulated by the possession of the pretty gewgaw.

She wore it to church, but as it was so slight a golden thread, and the locket showed so little through the black lace, it attracted no special attention from any one, although her own mind dwelt on it so pertinaciously that the owner—the poor suicide lying in her pauper grave—haunted Sally Ann's thoughts as though she had stolen the locket instead of finding it.

To be continued.

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