

Just Like a Woman.

"Household Words."

Robert Bagshaw stepped out of the office of "Flotsam," the illustrated monthly magazine, with quite a jaunty air. His literary genius was at last becoming recognized, and now there was an opportunity for him to place his feet firmly on the rungs of the ladder that led to success. He had had a long struggle. His verses, stories and miscellaneous articles had helped to swell the editorial letter-bag of every journal and magazine in London, but, like a certain far-famed feline, they came back with a regularity that was maddening. Just enough were accepted to enable him to keep body and soul together, and a roof above his head—it was literally a roof, for his room was always the one nearest the sky.

His style in writing was not as excellent as he thought, but in a lucky moment he had tried his hand at short historical romances dealing with the periods of the Tudors and Plantagenets. He managed to put a deal of vigor into his fights and quarrels, and they were a decided success. He had made such progress that now the editor of "Flotsam" was considering the desirability of commissioning him to write a whole series of stories, each complete in itself, dealing with the successive adventures of the same hero.

Nothing was settled, but Bagshaw strolled gaily into St. James' Park, confident and determined to seize opportunity by the forelock, and hold on like grim death. He walked along, meditating on his future greatness, and seeking inspirations that should place his stories far above those of Scott and Dumas. A sudden salutation awoke him.

"Good morning, Mr. Bagshaw."  
"Florie—Miss Fardell—good morning."  
There was a moment's pause, and he suggested they should sit down on one of the benches.

"You still remember me, then?" she said, smiling, as she took the hint and the end of the seat.

"Yes. Shall I ever forget?" he returned, noting as he spoke that she was as pretty as ever, and her dress rather smarter than he remembered it of old, though neat it had always been.

"I don't know; a lot may happen in a year, mayn't it? I hear you are getting quite famous."

"Hardly famous," he said, laughing, with a sudden change of tone. "Besides I am really not doing much better than I used to."

A year ago he had told this girl he loved her. She was well-educated and had sympathized with his work. He said, truly enough, that he was too poor to become engaged, but he had vowed that when his talent was at last recognized he would come and claim her for his wife; she was the summit of his desires, the goal of his ambition. Then he had moved into cheaper lodgings, and they had drifted apart. A few letters; then gradual silence. The magic of her eyes was gone, and his mind was filled with other things. Doubtless he could marry now, and here she was, the same as of old. In that last letter he had bidden her watch his career and await his return, yet—

"I often see your name in the papers," she remarked. "I think you write better—more confidently than you used to."

"Success—even a little—engenders confidence, but the life is very, very hard, Flo." was his cautious reply. "What should he say? Should he offer marriage, as he had promised? She was wonderfully pretty and no doubt as fond of him as ever. He liked her and always had, but—ah! the mighty but!—could not a writer with his prospects aspire to something better than the good-looking daughter of a poor bank clerk? She would doubtless spend her life cheerfully and thankfully, trying to help him in his, but did he not owe something to himself? Must he not show more respect to his genius and the chances it was bound to bring him?"

"I suppose you will soon be thinking of getting married?" she asked, looking steadily into his eyes.

"Oh, she's dragging me on! She means to tie me to my old folly," he groaned, inwardly, with a sinking heart. "No, 'Florie," he said aloud. "I shall not be able to dream of anything of that sort for years, and I'm not sure that authors ought to marry at all."

"But you used to say differently," she persisted.

"No; one's life ought to be given to one's art."

"But don't you remember telling me that a sweet wife was a perpetual inspiration?"

There was a queer little smile on her lips as she spoke, but he never saw it. He was busy prodding the gravel with his umbrella and wondering how he could escape. It was only too plain what her meaning was. She knew he was succeeding and now she wanted to corner him and make him repeat the fervid vows of affection she had listened to, though never fully accepted, in his humble days. Now that he was prosperous—oh, how like a woman! But there was one way of cutting the Gordian knot.

"We all say silly things in our youth; we're only to be thankful we don't always do them," he remarked, rising to his feet and

holding out his hand, "I've got a special appointment, Flo, this morning, but I'm glad to have seen you; I hope we'll meet again, soon. Good-bye."

When the editor of "Flotsam" returned to his house that evening, he and his young wife sat on the sofa together like two big happy children. He told her, as was his wont, the principal events of his busy day.

"And I had another chat with Bagshaw, darling, about his series of stories. An old admirer of yours, isn't he?"

"I don't know," said his three-months' bride, thoughtfully; "he found me very useful to practise his love scenes with, I think."

"Very useful!" said the eminent author-editor, kissing her, "So useful that I never mean to leave off practising."

"But are you going to accept his stories?" asked Flo, blushing prettily.

"I don't think so, dear. I've come to the conclusion he's not quite good enough."

"Oh, do have them, Fred—just six, for my sake—and auld lang syne."

"How like a woman," he said, smiling indulgently, for he knew her too well to be jealous. "And shall I ask him to dinner that he may thank his benefactress himself?"

"No, dear, I don't want him to know who it is, but please let me have my way and give him this one chance."

And she had it—just like a woman!

ANOTHER CASE.

New Brunswick is being Cleared of Backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Zealand Man Reported Cured—All over the Province the good work goes on—Dodd's Kidney Pills are Conquering Everywhere.

ZEALAND, N. B., Dec. 11.—Since the days when St. Patrick banished reptiles out of Ireland nothing has been seen like the wholesale operations of a certain remedy in this Province. It has banished diseases in hundreds of districts, and is steadily increasing its influence and popularity. The medicine referred to is Dodd's Kidney Pills, the greatest kidney remedy ever discovered.

All kinds of Kidney Diseases are fleeing from New Brunswick before Dodd's Kidney Pills. Bright's Disease and Diabetes, the two formerly invincible destroyers have lost their power the instant that Dodd's Kidney Pills came on the scene. Backache is conquered and flying from all parts of the Province. Last week it was reported routed in Antigonish, where H. M. Spears was rescued. Now it is Frank P. Mills in Zealand.

Similarly the other forms and allies of Kidney Disease are being ousted—Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Lumbago, Sciatica, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Women's Weakness and Blood impurities.

Frank P. Mills, of Zealand, says about his case of Backache:—

"I tried everything I could think of to no purpose. I had given up hope of getting rid of my misery when I thought I would try once more. This time I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have only taken one box and feel like a new man. The lameness has all left my back and I think I am entirely cured and would recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all persons suffering with like trouble."

The Advantage of Nose-breathing.

The reason why we should breathe through our nose is, says Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the Weekly Scotsman, not difficult to discover. Inside the nose cavities there exist a couple of twisted bones. These are covered with mucous membrane, richly supplied with blood vessels. As the air passes over the membrane on its way to the lungs, it is warmed, and is thus better adapted for entering the lungs than cold air inhaled by the mouth. Hence in our nose we possess a kind of stove that warms the air on its way to our breathing organs, and this practice stands in direct contradiction to the usual method of inhaling air by the mouth. In this fact lies the secret of the value of nose-breathing, and I do not doubt that many of us would enjoy better health as regards the lungs and throat if we cultivated the habit to which I allude. The difficulty here is that man is a speaking animal, and has to open his mouth to give vent to articulate sounds. It is different with lower animals. An over-driven horse keeps his mouth shut. He breathes through his nostrils and illustrates the natural mode of respiration. But it is possible for us to cultivate the habit to a greater extent than is represented among us; and so I advocate nose-breathing as a sensible process founded on a physiological principle sound in its essence because it is dictated to us by nature.

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By flaming, itching eczema, find comfort and permanent cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment, a preparation which has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. Eczema, salt rheum, fetter, scald head, old people's rash, and all itching skin diseases, are absolutely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Indiana's Growing Divorce Industry.

From The Chicago Record: In Indiana last year there were 3,483 divorces granted. During the same space of time the County Clerks issued 25,051 marriage licenses. This showed that out of every seven marriages there was one blank drawn, which the courts had seen fit to annul. This is a worse showing than that made for the present year,

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when the average was but one in ten. There are storm centres, of which the worst is Marion County, which includes Indianapolis. In that country the ratio is one divorce to every four marriages. The same ratio is found in Madison, and several other counties. In Fayette, a quiet agricultural community, there was but one divorce, and in Ohio Scott, Orange and Switzerland the records are almost clear.

Of the total of 3,483 divorces, 2,598 were issued to the wives, and 939 of the decrees were issued on the ground of cruelty; 693 were divorced on the ground of abandonment. Failure to provide was the ground of actions in 407 cases in which the decrees were granted to wives. In 225 cases no other cause than drunkenness was given, and it is rather remarkable that in a majority of these cases, and also in abandonment, the husbands were the plaintiffs. Adultery was charged in 269 cases, and 33 were on criminal conviction. In some counties in Indiana the divorce business has become as great as all other legal business combined. In Madison County's two courts, for instance, there were 82 cases filed during September; of that number 52, or over one-half, were for divorce.

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Dated at Woodstock, 25th Sept., 1899.  
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