

A GLORIOUS LAND.

There is a beautiful land in a northern clime, Where the pine grows tall and strong, And the moose deer roves thru the maple groves...

—A. J. Mark. Toronto, September, 1901.

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE STORY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Mary Bolton Peck.) Miss Deborah Markham stood at her kitchen sink one morning washing a bottle. It was one that had held an acid preparation for removing fruit stains...

ters in one window of Mrs. Treadway's vaultlike parlor were rolled open, a sure indication that the lady herself was sitting behind them. "The neighbors will be running in to see what is the matter over here, so I shall have to send Hannah to the drug store for the medicine," thought Miss Deborah...

King's Evil

That is Scrofula. No disease is older. No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality. Consumption is commonly its outgrowth.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which has effected the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.

spot. "I guess I'm not the sort of person to work faith cures on."

But at 9 o'clock she decided to give the drug one more trial. She sat up on the edge of the lounge and reached for the bottle. The motion made her head whirl...

"That tells how much to take, I suppose," she muttered. "I don't believe Miss Deborah gave me half enough for a dose."

"Poison!" she gasped. "No wonder I felt worse and worse all the time."

Mrs. Pratt lived at the far end of the village, ten minutes' walk from the Markham house. Miss Deborah lost no time on the way, and the business was transacted without delay.

After she left the dressmaker she stepped briskly along the street on her way home. There was no one in sight except a man scurrying along far in front of her.

"I wonder if that was Ezra Greene. Maybe Mrs. Greene is having one of her bad spells and has sent for Mrs. Prescott. If I wasn't in such a hurry I'd stop and see," she thought as she passed the Greene house.

Her pause of astonishment was a brief one. Then she dashed into the yard, through the group of men and into the kitchen. A woman was stirring something over the fire, and a hum of voices came from the sitting-room.

"There's trouble at the Prescotts," thought Miss Deborah, and she began to run, but she stopped short when she came in sight of the Prescott house and her own, for her neighbor's premises were deserted, while in her own yard several men were gathered about the door talking earnestly, and it was to her hitching post the doctor's horse was tied.

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ing her. "You didn't try to poison me on purpose, did you?"

Miss Deborah looked about her with sparkling eyes. The doctor's words had explained the situation to her.

"Mistake!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "Have you all lost your wits? Do you think I shall have to poison you when I want to get rid of you, Hannah? I've a good mind to set you packing this instant, but nothing short of an insane asylum would take you in, I'm afraid."

If your morning's work isn't further along than mine is, ladies, perhaps you had better go where you can attend to it!" And she turned and walked out into the back regions of the house, shutting several doors sharply behind her.

Dr. Bascom watched her retreat with liveliest enjoyment; the stern-faced old man could enjoy a good joke heartily. Then he turned to the astonished group in the sitting-room.

"I think, Hannah, that if you have swallowed everything these impromptu physicians have been ordering, you may consider yourself thoroughly poisoned, and now, neighbors, shall we leave her to make her peace with Deborah?"

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HAMPERS GENIUS. "Here are some verses which wuz writ by a young son of mine," said the Georgia farmer. "Are they all right?"

HER COMMENT. "Fame," said the youth with the earnest, intellectual expression, "is so hard to attain. It is so difficult for one to get himself talked about."

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