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Her Promise True.

BY DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privllege," etc.

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before which she was standing, 'I've some-

Belle tollowed her mother into the room,

and Mrs. Wayland shut the door behind

her, and then turned round and sharply

'This will never do you know, Belle,

'What will never do?' answered Belle

'I did not mean to deny it,' said Belle.

made elderly woman with a brown wig and

good features, but with a dissatisfied ex-

p: ession. She was, in truth a p ofessional

grumbler, and nothing pleased her long

exc pt to win money at cards. She was a

horn gambler, and had lost sums of money

'Don't answer in that tore,' she continu-

you to be seen loitering about with a penni-

less young fellow like Hugh Gilbert, Ard

'Don't distress yourself about it,' she

said, carelessly, or rather with affected

carelessness, 'Hugh Gibert leaves Brighton

'I brought you here to be seen and

really have. It't no good in this worlt to

well, however much their unfortunate par-

shoulders over her husband's death!'

Then all I can say is, she had no occas-

ion to shrug her shoulders. Stanmore left

her very well off, and gave her a title, and

I don't know what else she wanted. It was

ungrateful of Lucy to shrug her shoulders.'

'He had an odious temper, hadn't he?'

thing. Your father had an odious temper

too, yet he left me poor and Lucy is rich.

Things are most unequally divided in this

'But when you married my father, he

'I would not have married him unless he

was supposed to be rich, was'nt he?'

world.

we stall see him?"

Belle were sitting.

so, and very good-looking.'

'He is quite old, isn't he?

five-and-twenty. I hope we shall

The mother and daughter accordingly

went down to luncheon, and more than one

man's eyes followed the pretty girl, as she

walked by Mrs. Wayland's side. Among

those who looked after her was Lord Stan-

more, and presently he rose and went up

to the table where Mrs. Wayland and

'I hope you have not quite forgotten me?

Mrs. Wayland, graciously, extending her large, white hand. 'Your new name does

not change old friends, you know. This

'I remember Miss Wayland pertectly,

replied Lord Stanmore, smiling. "Indeed,

Belle smiled too, not displeased by the

compliment. She had met 'Jack Dudley.'

her aunt Lady Stanmore's during the life-

always thought her a remarkably pretty

'A charming face,' he reflected, looking

at Belle atten ively; 'but all the same,

they were staying at the Metropole.

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Wayland, 'and I

expect your sister-in-law, and my sister

Lucy, will come down and join us presently.

meantime will you dine with me this even-

ing; it will give me great pleasure if you

Mrs. Wayland was delighted. She loved

a good dinner, and a good dinner at any-

one else's expense still more. But Belle

'That will be charming. But in the

it would be impossible to forget her.'

is Belle—do you remember her?'

'Good morning, Mrs. Wayland,' he said;

'Not in the least, Stanmore," answered

Stanmore to-day. But come along.'

rather nice.'

'Well, if he had, you can't have every-

during every game she played.

Bella strugged her shoulders.

to-morrow, and starts for India.'

I tell you I won't have it.

Mrs. Wayland was a tall, stout, well-

with a slight tosss of her pretty head.

dow, so it's no use your denying it.'

thing to say to you.'

addressed her daughter.

CHAPTER I .- BELLE WAYLAND.

'I cannot help i', Belle, I have no choice; it is very hard on me.' 'It is very hard,' was the low and falter-

ing reply to these words. The two speakers—a young man and a maiden-were sit ing on a bright October | she began. morning on the sea-wall before Hove at Brighten, and they both looked very sad. The girl-Belle Waylard-h.d a charming face, bright, piquant, and full of animation. Hugh Gilbert. I saw you from the win-Her features, too, were de icate, and her who'e appearance attractive, Her companior, Hugh Gilbert, was also very goodfirm, shapely lip, hidden by his leavy moustache. He was a soldier, on the eve of rejoining his regiment in India, and the e was a certain daring look in his gray eyes which well became his protession.

Neither spoke again for a few moments. Before them lay the long b'ue, almost at the tatles at Mon'e Carlo which she waveless seastretch, with a golden track on could ill afford. To loose sixpence at its broad breast, reflected from the unclouded sun. A whi'e-sailed ship was scudding before the light wind in the distance, and a g e.t stillness seemed around. At least these two heard nothing. They were absorbed in the thought that they to the expense of bringing you here for were about to part, and that it might be years before they met again.

'But you love me, B. lle?' suddenly asked the soldier, turning round and looking earnestly in the girl's face. 'Why do you ask? You know I do," she

'And you will be true to me? You will

never al'er and turn away?" 'I rever will, Hugh ; I promise you

faithfully I never will. Your mother is a worldly woman, you You know we are horribly poor. I am know, Belle,' continu d Gilbert, and a sure I do not know how to mest the enhalf-sai'e piss.d over his lips; 'and you ormous hotel bill unless your aunt Lucy

are—well, a very pretty gel. She will he'ps me.' advise you not to wait for a poor soldier, but to accept some rich lover. Will you pensive place?' retorted Belle. 'It is unkind of you to say that, Hugh;

you know I will not.' Gilbert's trown sl'm hand stole beneath | make a poor face. Girls to marry well Belle Wayland's cape, and he caught her must app ar to be well off, must dr. ss li tle fingers in his own.

'I do believe that you will not,' he said, 'and I will trust you faithfully. Be true to me Belle, and, and as soon as I get my company I will return to England for you, or you mast cone to me. We will not have makes all the difference in life. to wait more than a year I hope, and then-'

'I would rather wait many years than break my word.'

'Then I shall always think of you as my own dear Belle; no one's Belle, but mire! 'And you?' said the girl s mewhat wistfully, looking at him half-shyly, half-tenderly, 'Will you be true too, Hugh?' 'I swear that I wil!! Have no fear, my

darling Belle.' Belle Mayland sighed softly, and just at this moment there passed at the back of the two chairs on which they were sitting, a tall, rather distinguished-looking middleaged man. He glanced at Belle's charmirg profile, and as he did so instantly, recognized it. It was indeed quite visible, as her large picture hat was pushed slightly tack from her fair brow, on which rested

some clustering brown curls. 'Pietty Belle Wayland,' thought the passer-by, 'I wonder who she has got with

The passer-by was John Dudley, Lord Stanmore, who had but lately come into the family title, by the unexpected death of his elder brother. The late Lord Stan- a fool of yourself as I did. Come down to more had been married to Bell Wayland's lunch. I teel I require something, though aunt, and the present Lord knew the pretty | I have no appetite. By-the-bye, I see girl sitting with the sad look on her sweet face by Hugh Gilbert's side.

But Belle never saw Lord Stanmore. She only saw her lover and thought of the weary gap of time he was forced to be

But suddenly she started up after glancing at the little watch fastered to her dress. 'Oh, Hugh, I must go.' she said, 'it's past luncheon time, and mother is so cross when I keep her waiting, and she won't go down without me.'

'How tiresome,' answered Gilbert; 'and our last morning, too. But promise me one thing, Belle; come out with me for a walk to-night? You must manage this; I will wait outside the hotel until you come.' 'I will try,' answered Bell Wayland. 'No 1 will come,' she added more determinately. 'I will shake mother off some-

how.' 'It will be our parting,' said Gilbert, in a low tone, and a slight twitch of pain passed over his face.

'I cannot bear to think of it-can you not stay a day or two more, Hugh? 'Unhappily it is impossible; to-morrow night I must be at Southhampton, and I start the day after for India-Yes, Belle we

must say good-bye to-night.' The girl made no reply to this, and the two walked on together in silence to the more crowded parts of Brighton, and as she had called him, more than once at Gilbert accompanied her to the Hotel Metropole, where here mother was staying. | time of his brother, and Jack Dudley had Before the entrance of the hotel they

'Promise,' said Gilbert, as he held her hand in his firm grasp, 'to come to-night? I will be here at eight o'clock, and I will wait for you. Your mother dines at seven, there's a spice of the devil in those big

'Yes, and generally falls asleep for a little while in the drawing-room afterwards. But the worst of it is, I believe she falls asleep with her eyes open, however, I'll tancy. He stood talking with Mrs. Way-contrive to steal away. I'll pretend I am land for a few minutes, and then asked if going to listen to the music.'

'I will be here whenever you come,' answered Gilbert, and then with another hand c'asp they said good-bye, and Belle entered the hotel and went up the litt to the fourth floor, where her mother's 100m and her own were situated.

As she walked down the corridor she met her mother, who looked extremely annoyed.

'Well, here your at last,' she said impatiently. 'But come in here,' she addep, listened to the invitation with a sinking pushing open the door of her own room, heart.

Wayland; 'yes, we shall be very pleased to dine with you.' esting.'

but all the same she determined to keep it. | you when I am not here.'

Presently Lord Stanmore went away to drive. Mrs. Wayland was-for her-in high good humor.

'It's very nice o! Stanmore to ask us to dine with him to night, Belle, isn't it?' she said, after seating herself as comfortably as she could in the carriage.

'I suppose he thought it wouldn't be as dull as dining alone, answered Belle, revolving in her mind how she could escape from the dinner.

"Nonsense; just as it he could not get anyone he chose to ask to dine with him. I must say that is a very ungrateful speech

Belle did not reply; she was, for her, strangely silent. But Mrs. Wayland made up for her taciturnity. She commented on Your walking about Brighton with the want of taste displayed in the dress of some of those around her, and criticised in general severely. Suddenly however,

Belle put her hand to her forehead. 'Mother,' she said, 'would you mind going back to the hotel? I've taken such a frightful pain in my head I cannot bear also. driving any longer.

'Good gracious! you are not going to be ill surely?' exclaimed Mrs. Wayland, in genuine alarm; 'and when we are to dine with Lord Stanmore too."

'I don't think I can go down for dinner,' whist, however, cost her nearly as much answered Belle faintly. chagin, and her, temper vas det s'able 'You must go down to dinner,' said Mrs. Waylard. 'Go and lie down now, and I'll

give you some sal-volatile, and by half-past ed, addressing her daughter; 'I did not go seven you will be all right.' They accordingly returned to the hotel, and Belle duly lay down and drank the salvolatile. But when her mother went to her room and told her it was time for her to rise and dress for dinner Belle positively

refused to do so.

'I am not fit to go downstairs, and I wen't, she said. 'My head is splitting, and I am not going to make a fool of myself before everyone. In vain Mrs, Wayland s'ormed and

'And I am very glad to hear it. It is quite time you left of such tolly. You must begin to think seriously of life, Belle. scolded. Belle remaiced firm, and Mrs. Wayland was at last obliged to go away to corsider her own toilette, and B lle was left in peace. She presently heard the rus le cf her mo her's silk cress as she passed her dcor, and then Belle rose quickly. It was just eight o'clock now, d in a few minutes Mrs. Wayland would look as it we had more money than we be dining, and Belle felt herself safe.

Lord Stanmore was w. iting in the anteroom for his expected guests, and it must be admitted the expression of his face ents have to pinch themselves. Just look at me. I haven't a decent gown; and then look at your aunt Lucy. She made a and he recieved Mrs. Wayland's excuses now a rippling stream of silver light tell good match and I made a tad one; it for Belle's non-appearance gracefully there, for the moon was full, and cast with

'Yet I don't believe Aunt Lucy was 'The poor child has got one of her bad happy a bit in her married lite. When lead a :nes,' she said, 'and is dreadfully Stanmore died, and I tried to say somedisappointed she is not well enough to thing about being sorry for her, she smiled come down to dinner, but I would not ala very peculiar smile and shrugged her low her. It is best for her to lie still.' 'I am very sorry indeed, but I hope an-

other time she will be my guest,' answered Sanmore, and then he proposed they should go into the dining-room, and Mrs. Wayland did not allow Belle's absence to affect her appetite nor spoil the enjoyment of the most expensive champagne Stanmore could provide for her. Before dinner was over, however, his

thoughts evidently reverted to Belle. 'Perhaps Miss Wayland would be well nough to come down into the lounge and have some coffee and listen to the music?' he said, and Mrs. Wayland agreed, she would go up to her room and see.

had been supposed to be rich you may be Accordingly she proceeded there, but very sure. I was taken in. He speculated when she reached Belle's room to her conand lost nearly all his money, and here am sternation she found it empty. She looked I, a poor widow, and Lucy a rich one, and hastily round and then went to the ward-I was much the best looking of the two to robe. Belle's usual cape and bat were begin with. It's real disgusting! But its not there, and then Mrs. Wayland knew no use standing here; and don't you make she had been deceived.

'The little fool, the deceitful little fool,' she thought, angrily. 'So her headache was all a sham, and no doubt she has gone Stanmore has arrived here. I wonder when 'You mean Jack Dadley? Oh, yes, to be sure he is Stanmore now; well he is But he must never know this.'

She sat down for a few minutes to con-'He is extremely agreeable; unusually her composure. Then she went down in the lift and proceeded to the lounge, where 'How absurd you are, Belle! Chits like Stanmore was awaiting her. you think everyone old, if they are past

'I am so sorry,' she said addressing him, but I found Belle fast asleep, and I thought it best not to rouse her. She was headache will be all gone in the morning.' courteously. But he was about tired of Mrs. Wayland's company by this time, and presently strolled away, and by and by ter's room, and sat there grimly awaiting | make it vain.

CHAPTER II .- MRS. WAYLAND THREAT.

Belle in the meanwhile was with her happiness. She was nappy to be with him; to be near him, but the coming parting lay like a dark shadow clouding this last tryst.

She had quitted the hotel shortly after her mother had come down to dinner, and outside Hugh Gilbert was waiting for her. He was standing a little back in the shadow, but as she descended the brilgirl. And now Lord Stanmore thought so liantly lighted entrance steps, he went forward instantly to meet her.

'You see I have managed it,' she said. looking up smilingly in his face. 'I pre-tended I was ill, and would not go down his ideas concerning them, and he some-Stanmore was a man, however, who 'The man who came lately into the title?'

rather liked 'a spice of the devil' in a woman, and Belle's appearance took his asked Hugh Gilbert, drawing her hand tancy. He stood talking with Mrs. Way- through his arm. 'Yes; mother's awfully fond of titles. you know,' answered Belle, with a little

laugh, as much as to say that she was not. 'Is he married?' next inquired Gilbert. 'Oh no; until his brother died, I do not suppose he had any money to marry on, and besides-'

'Well, what besides?' 'He was considered a bit of a scamp, I believe. Aunt Lucy always used to say Jack Dudley was not a marrying man.

'And you knew him well?' 'I have met him once or twice at Aunt Lucy's, and today at lunch he came up, and with extraordinary bitterness.

'You are very kind,' answered Mrs. | asked us to dine with him? He's not inter-

'No; and you are. Oh! Belle, Belle! Belle opened her lips to say she was continued the young man, with deep feel-sorry she could not, but she was afraid to speaks the words. It made her promise to arm closer to his side. 'To think that I Hugh Gilbert more difficult to keep, she am going away from you: that we must knew, this invitation of Lord Stanmore's; part tonight-and that others will be with

But if I do not care for others?' answersmoke, and the Waylands went out to ed Belle, in a low sweet voice, nestling nearer to him.

'Now, I believe you do not; nay I know you do not. But after I am gone-'You will only be dearer to me, Hugh-

if that could be. 'You are my own love, then; my own true love, Belle, I will live on this thought

when I am far away.' 'And you will write very often?' said 'Of course I shall. And no one sees

your letters, I suppose, Belle ?' 'I should think not, indeed!' 'Then I will tell you what I am thinking of; what I am doing. Only I suppose the

theme will be very monotonous.' 'Why? How do you mean?' 'Because it will be always Belle, Belle I shall be always thinking of you, Belle, and out of the fullness of the heart, you know, the mouth speaketh, and I suppose

the pen writes.' 'And I shall tell you everything I do,

'Tell me all the little things; who you dance with, where you go. Keep me in your mind, Belle, and let distance be forgotten between us. Think of me as always near.' 'But that will be difficult when you are so far away,' answered B lle, and she sighed softly.

No, not so difficult as you think. After you left Northridge I often used to feel that you were still near me. Do you remember that night on the hillside, when the moon came out and I found courage at last to tell you what I felt. I often went to that spot afterwards, and sometimes I felt as if your spirit were near me there, and almost as it your hand lay in mine.

But I could not do this always. 'I often used to think of that night, too, said Belle, in a soft, low voice, 'when we sat together, and I was so pleased to

'What were you pleased to know, Belle? 'That you cared for me,' half whispered the girl. 'I do care for you deeply and truly.

You have my future in your hancs, Belle, for good or evil." 'Oh, it must be for good.' 'I believe it will be. But now let us

go along the sea-wall, and leave all this bustle behind us. I want you to remember this night, too, Belle-A few minutes later they were leaning together on the iron railing in front of the

slightly changed when he saw that the postly | sea-wall, watching the waves break below. mother was not followed by the pretty In the morning a golden track from the daughter. But he was a man of the world, sun had shone on the wide waters, and weird shadows all around.

'I shall dream of this,' said Hugh Gilbert, and his arm stole round Belle as he spoke. 'And you, Belle, will you forget it?' 'No;' and then her head fell a little low.

But it will be so sad-so sad,' she murmured. 'What will be sad my dear one?'

'To think that you might be ill, and would not know-that you might be in danger.' 'Ill, or well, your memory will be with

me. You shall be my guardian angel,

More tender words they whispered; more dreams of days to come. The mystic music of the sea tell on their ears, and the tresh night breeze stole around them. It was their parting hour, and they lingered in its sad sweetness. They both knew the such a violent headache that she could obstacles that lay before them; but they both also knew, or felt, and believed that its truth would stand the test of time.

At last unwillingly Belle laid her hand gently on her lover's arm. 'I must go now, Hugh,' she said. dare not stay any longer.

'Yes, just a little longer,' he answered. and Belle did not refuse his request. The clung to his arm, and they walked out to meet that penniless fellow, Hugh some farewell words trembled on her lips, stop to at once. Belle must marry well, had brought about her restoration to health Gilbert. Was there ever such a lunatic, but the could not speak them. Then, when and you know the strong reason why she and strength. "I feel," she said "almos

and pressed his lips on hers. 'Promise me,' he whispered, 'that no sider what it was best to do and to recover other lips shall touch yours until I return.' 'I promise,' she answered; 'I promise this faithfully, Hugh.'

'You will tell me this truly when I come back ?'

"I will." So the girl made her vow, and the man sleeping like a child, and no doubt her believed her Above, the mysterious stars -those silent witnesses of many false vows 'We must hope so,' answered Stanmore, | and broken promises-shone calmly on. But the young passionate hearts heeded them not. They trusted in each other's faich, and so pledged their troth, at the Mrs. Wayland re-ascended to her daugh- very moment when others were planning to

At last reluctantly, slowly, they turned and began retracing their tootsteps. And when they reached the hotel Gilbert took

leave of her. "Remember, I trust yon," were his last words to her, and then with a lingering over, and her heart was full of strange, sad | hand clasp they parted, and Belle went quickly inside, pulling down a thick veil over her face as she did so. As she crossed the entrance-hall she met Lord Stanmore, but she never looked up, and Stanmore did not recognise her. But something in her walk and general appearance made him turn his head and look after her.

"But no it cannot be," he thought; "unless this was the headache;" and he smiled a little cynically. He had seen much of women, this man;

to dinner; mother is dining with Lord times spoke hardly and bitterly of their failties. But as a rule he took life easil and carelessly.

'It's giving or eself too much trouble to be angry when the lovely creatures cheat us,' he used to say ; 'I suppose it's their nature.'

This was his creed, yet he nevertheless Wayland. Her face interested him, 'I should like to see belind that charming mask,' he thought.

her own room, and on opening the door

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

been at this time of night?' she asked.

But Belle made no reply. But I know where you have been ' coninued Mrs. Waylan I furiously. 'You have been out with that penniless Hugh Gilbert, throwing away all your chances of life into

the sea! 'Yes, I have been out with Hugh Gilbert,' retorted Belle with some indignation; 'out with the man I am going to marry; whom I mean to marry.' 'You mean to marry him! Never girl, I

tell you never !' screamed Mrs. Wayland. 'Well, we shall see,' answered Bel'e quietly. 'And now you had better not raise the house I think, but go to bed. 'Yes we shall see,' replied Mrs. Wayland

who was white with passion; 'but before you marry him, I will tell him something that will prevent him ever marrying you. 'What do you mean?' asked Belle sharply and quickly. 'Yes, what do I mean! I know what mean nevertheless, and I advise you to

take warning in time. Your future is in my hands, so you had best take care what you With these words Mrs. Wayland quitted her daughter's room, but her parting words

still rang in Belie's ears. 'What can she be talking about, or hinting at?' thought Belle. 'Nothing, I suppose, only she is in such a rage she

does not know what she is saying. But she shall never part me from Hugh. The girl went to the window as she spoke and looked out on the moonlit sea, and a sort of calm stole over her heart. Her mother's angry words faded from her

mind, and her lover's fend ones came back. 'He said I was to be his good argel,' she thought, 'and I will be. Dear, dear Hugh, I know you are thinking of me now In the meanwhile Mrs. Wayland was pacing up and down her own room, which

was close to Belle's in a state of great excitement and anger. 'So she dare defy me,' she was reflecting. 'I who could bring all her pride to the dust it I chose. Marry Hugh Gilbert | self-protection, fundamental in mercantile

she shall know everything before ste makes | beer a half cent per quart. Speedily it besuch a fool of herself, and then we will see came evident that bread in a fluid as well what she will fay. Mrs. Wayland's face assumed a hard and resolute expression as these thoughts passed through her mind, and it was hours before she could compose herself to sleep. The next morning she did not go down

to breaktast, and before she had left her

room had addressed the following letter to

her sister, the w dowed Lady Stanmore. 'My dear Lucy,-You said you would come down to see us, and I wish you would come now. The truth is, I am having a great deal of trouble with Belle. You remember that young fellow, Hugh Gilbert, whom we met at Northbridge? He is the son of the Vicer there, and is in some regiment or other out in India. Well, he and Belle flirted a good deal while we were at Northbridge, but I, of course, thought nothing of it, as the young man has not a penny in the world, I suppose, but his pay, and I imagined Belle had too much sense to look upon the affair seriously. But it seems I was mistaken. He has followed her down here, and they have been walking about together, and last night your brother-in-law, Stanmore, asked us to dine with him, and Belle pretended that she had not go down to dinner. But when dinner was over, and I went up to look after her, she had disappeared! There! what do you think of that? I was obliged to tell Stanmore she was asleep, for what could I say? Then I waited up for her, and past eleven o'clock she returned. I raturally was very angry, and more so when she told me quite coolly that she had been out everything than allow her to commit such a moral suicide as marry this Hugh Gilber'. You have more influence with her than I have, I think, though I cannot understand how this is so, and I wish you would come at once Send a wire as soon as you get this, and believe me, with love, to remain.

'Your affectionate sister, 'Belinda Wayland.' (to be continued.)

AGONIZING, TRANSFIXING PAIN.

The most excruciating pain known is perhaps caused by Angina Pectoris, which is most to be dreaded of any of the diseases of the heart. It distinguishes itself especially by pair, and by pain which is best described as agonizing. The pain litera'ly transfixes the patient, generally radiating from the heart to the left shoulder and down the arm. The face shows the picture of terror, and is either deathly white or livid. To a person suffering from this species of leart trouble or from palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, or smothering spells, the value of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart connot be es imated, as it will give relief in thirty minutes in every case, and it judiciously used, effect a cure Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the greatest life saving remedy of the age.

BAVARIAN AND HIS BEER.

It I argely Supplies the Place of Meat With the Pleasant Class.

Here in Bavaria, where I write, all beer is sulject to strict governmental inspection; and if adulterations are found in it the police authorities empty it into the public sewers, the brewer bearing all losses and not promptly cure, and those who are wor dered more than once if the veiled girl paying all costs. As a consequence, Ba- suffering from such troubles would he had passed at so late an hour was Belle varian beer is famed all over the world for varian beer is famed all over the world for its purity; and, chemically consi ered, its high reputation is justly deserved. As to every time and do not be persuaded to Belle in the meantime had ascended to its healthfulness, this seems to be a ques- take an imitation or some other remedy tion of quantity rather than quality; and I from a dealer, who, for the sake of the exwas petrified to find her mother there. Mrs.
Wayland was pale with anger and indignation, and at once attacked her daughter tion of quantity rather than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and at once attacked her daughter than quality; and I tra profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and the profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and the profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and the profit to himself, and the profit to himself, and the profit to himself, may say is "just as moderation, it is not a normal and whole-tion, and the profit to himself, an some article of diet. They call beer in fail.

'You disgraceful girl, where have you Bavaria flussiges brod-that is, bread in a liquid form-a name which some would think to be not very complimentary to the "staff of life." Be this as it may, it is certain that beer constitutes, whether for better or worse, a large fraction of the nutriment of the people, especially of the peasantry. With this latter element of society I have had much intercourse for several years, and knew their habits and dietic resources pretty w ll. As a rale, the pessant class in Bavaria are practically vegetarians. Not that they have any dietetic theories as to the uses of animal and vegetable food respectively; for truth to tell, they have commonly no theories about any under the sun, being ignorant and priest-ridden to a degree which excludes nearly all the better possibilities of manhood. Sunday is the only day in the week on which the peasants of Bavaria allow themselves the luxury of meat, simply because the conditions of poverty prohibit the indulgence. Beer being cheaper than meat, the working classes almost of necessity resort to it as a staple article of nourishment, and it seems to contain, as to chemical constituents, much that is essential to repair the waste of tissue inseparable from long and severe muscular exertion.

In Munich, some years ago, the pubne had a little taste of the prohitition dogma, which is not likely soon to be repeated. They have a great brewery here called the Court brewery, by reason of the fact that it is owned by members of the royal family of Baveria, and is operated under their supervision. In the fluctuations of trade it came to pass not so very long ago that the price of hops and malt took an upward stride on the maket, so that the cost of brewing the royal beers was slightly increased. Thereupon, following the law of indeed! Never, a beggar like that. No. ethics, the government put up the price of as in a solid state can breed revo'utions for such was the threatening attitude of popular feelings that riotous assemblies gatherel in the streets and public parks, and especially in the great court yard of the royal brewery, and it was for a little while a question how long the walls would be likely to stand and the great tuns and vats hold their precious contents. The price of beer was for hwith put back at the figure, the government pocketing the loss. -Christian Register.

HOPE WAS ABANDONED.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF MRS. HILL,

OF WINCHESTER. The Doctor Told her That her Trouble was Consumption of the Bowels-There was no

Hope of Recovery-But Health was Almost Miraculously Restored. From the Morrisburg Herald.

Mrs. Hill, wife of Mr. Robt. Hill, of Winchester, not many months ago was looked upon as one whose days were numbered. To day she is a handsome, healthy woman showing no traces of her tormer desperate condition, and it is therefore little wonder that her case has created a profound sensation in the neighborhood. To a reporter who called upon her Mrs. Hill expressed a willingness to give the story of her illness and recovery for publication, and she told it with an earnestness that conveyed to the walking with the man she intended to listener better than mere words could do, on almost in silence. More than once marry. Now. Lucy, this must be put a her deep gratitude to the medicine which and when S'anmore evidently admires her. no one was near, Hugh Gilbert bent down should do so. I would rather tell her like one raised from the dead, and my case seems to me little short of miraculous. About a year ago I was confined, and shortly after I was taken with canker in the mouth, and suffered terribly. Although I had good medical attendance I did not seem to get b. tter. In fact other complications set in which seemed fast hurrying me to the grave. I grew weaker and weaker until at last I was confined to bed, where I lay for three months. My bowels were in a terrible condition, and at last the doctor said he could do no more for me a mith the other complications I had consumption of the bowels. My limbs and face became terribly swollen, my heart became weak and my blood seemed to have turned to water. I became simply an emaciated living skeleton. At last the doctor told me that I was beyond the aid of human skill, and that further attendance on his part would do no good. One day some time later my friends stood around my bedside hinking every moment to see me breath my last, but I rallied, and at the urgent solicitation of a friend it was decided at this apparently hopeless juncture to live Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. In Lis than two weeks a slight improvement had taken place, and from that out I slowly but surely progressed toward recovery, until as you can see for yourself, I am once more a healty woman. It is impossible for me to express how grateful I feel towards Dr. Williams' Pink

> believe will never fail.' The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered Lerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will by promptly resorting to this treat-ment. Get the genuine Pink Pills

Pills, which under God's blessing have re-

stored me to health and tamily and friends.

I feel that the world should know my story

so that some other suffering sister may be

able to find health in the medicine which I