

DEACON DODD'S WOOING.

He was a worthy man as to his general principles, and a not unworthy deacon of the society worshipping in the little church down in the village, albeit he was somewhat primitive, and crude in his manner of speech and living, like many another New England man of a past generation.

It was toward the close of an October day, and as Martin Dodd drove slowly homeward there was a general air of dejection about horse, wagon and man. As to the first, with his drooping head and mechanical tread, it was possible for an animal to be asleep, and still travel on, one might believe that this one—from sheer force of habit through unnumbered years—was accomplishing that feat. The wagon was, in point of clumsiness and antiquity, a fit accompaniment for the horse; and the man who sat upon the hard seat was not out of place amid his surroundings.

The grizzly hair and beard needed trimming, the weather-beaten face wore a grave not to say solemn, expression just then, and as a sudden gust of wind struck the vehicle and its occupant, he put up a brown, hairy hand and pulled his old hat closer down over his head.

With a story teller's prerogative let us come nearer to the lonely man and read his thoughts which may account for the joyless aspect that can hardly be habitual, for when the man looks up we see a lurking twinkle in the steel-blue eyes a touch of mirthfulness in his whole face.

'Most a year,' he ruminated, 'yes, it'll be a year come November since Huldie died, and I dew miss her, that's a fact. I don't expect I can ever find another Huldie—not exactly, but seems if I must have somebody 'fore long, and ye can't hire nobody that's good for nothin.' Gid-day, Jim!

This last was audible, and addressed to the horse which, however, paid no heed, but jugged on as before. 'Yas,' continued the man, 'it's no use talkin', with all the fall work comin' on, I must have a wife.' This unromantic conclusion was by no means so heartless as it sounds, and it never occurred to the man that there was anything out of the way in his motive, while his thoughts went on.

'Last year Sarah Jane was round, and what a piece o' work she did make of it. By George! I don't want to go through with that ag'in. Now I wonder—lemme see,' he reflected, casting about in his mind for a suitable helpmeet.

'There's the widdler Seavy,' he continued, 'but she's so powerful humbly I should never want to look at her, and then there's that old maid over to Hobbess—but I'm kind o' skittish o' old maids. I'll have to think it over. Whoa, Jim!

There was no need of this last, for Jim was standing stock-still before the barn door. The man clambered down, and proceeded to unharness, but in the midst of the work he paused. 'There!' he ejaculated, 'I was in the habit o' batin', I'd bated most anything that the fire's out, and everything's as cold as stun! Go 'long in o' the stable, Jim, an' I'll be out and give you your supper soon's I git mine a-goin'.

The fire was indeed out, as he found as soon as he entered the kitchen, and in making preparation for his simple meal, he could not help comparing the present state of affairs with what had been, and might possibly be again.

'Now I expect Huldie'd had some hot biscuit,' his thoughts ran; 'how good her hot biscuit was, and apple sass and doughnuts and gingerbread, but I reckon I ain't got a thing in the house, but some pieces o' bread that's about as hard as Pharaoh's heart, and that last bread I made never was very relishin', somehow.'

For the last week or two Deacon Dodd had been housekeeper and cook, and had the fates decreed that he should take a second wife they could not have taken a surer way to bring it about. As he seated himself at his solitary supper he mused again—soaking his dry bread in his tea while—upon the eligible women of his acquaintance, and with the same thought in his mind he kept a sharp lookout the next Sunday while passing the contribution box, but as he afterwards confided to a brother deacon:

'Seems 's if the female portion of our society is about the most uncommon humbliest set o' persons I ever see!'

The days were passing, however, and Sarah Jane began to loom up in his imagination as an altogether fearful probability. This woman was a distant relative of the Deacon's own, who lived in the neighbouring town of Williamsville, and at length the reluctant conclusion that on the following week when he should be going to the next town with a load of potatoes he would drive around and ask Sarah Jane to come over for a spell, which he secretly hoped in all conscience would be a short one.

The morning came, and Martin Dodd started out for Williamsville but chance—as it seemed—brought about a change in his plans. He had proceeded in his moderate fashion, about half way from his farm to the neighboring town when he began to entertain an unpleasant suspicion that something was wrong about one of his wheels. 'By George!' he remarked to old Jim, 'I meant to 'a'iled that wheel afore I started, but I declare I forgot it, what with gettin' the potatoes ready, and gettin' breakfast, and all!'

The ground over which he passed was frozen, and occasional gusts of wind blew the dusts in clouds around him. Emerging from one of these he continued: 'Turns pretty hard now, and if I was in the habit o' batin', I'd bated most anything that it won't turn at all much longer.'

'If I can git to Sawyer's I reckon I'll have to lie up,' he ruminated.

Sawyer's was but a little way ahead, and ere long the slowly moving vehicle came to a standstill nearly opposite the house. The man entered the yard, and going round to the back door knocked loudly and long; but even this resounding call was repeated before there was any sign of life about the house, and the man on the step was about

turning away when the door opened, and a woman looked inquiringly out.

'O—why—this is Mr. Dodd, ain't it?' she said, then a smile breaking over her round, comely face, 'How'd you do?'

'I'm tolerable well, thank ye, Mis' Wiggins,' he returned, 'and jegin' by your looks I find you pretty smart.'

Mrs. Wiggins received this gallant speech with becoming demureness, and invited the Deacon in, but refusing the invitation with a touch of conscious reluctance, the man inquired for Mr. Sawyer, and made known his errand.

'Wal, now, I'm real sorry, Mr. Dodd,' the woman returned, 'but my brother 'n his wife they've gone off for a day, but then I guess I can help ye find what ye want, if ye'll wait a minute I'll git a shawl and go out to the barn and see.'

The minute was a short one for the man had hardly turned around before Mrs. Wiggins reappeared, and led the way to the barn. 'I'm afraid you had to knock more 'n once' she remarked apologetically as they went on, 'but there's nobody to home bal me, and I was up chamber; if I hadn't happened to look out and see your horse and wagon, I dunno 's you'd got in at all.'

'Wal, I was beginnin' to wonder if the folks was all deaf,' returned her companion jocosely.

'No,' the woman responded. 'I have plenty of failings, but deafness aint one of 'em.'

At length the needed articles were found, the wheel oiled, and all was in readiness for the Deacon to proceed on his way, but he lingered even then, and after a preliminary 'Ahem,' began somewhat restrainedly: 'You've been a widdler sometime, aint you, Mis' Wiggins?'

'It's goin' on four years,' the woman returned.

'I wonder at it, Mis' Wiggins, really I dew.'

The woman looked up in surprise.

'Wonder at what?' she asked.

'Why, that it's be'n so long—that somebody aint carried you off 'fore this time.'

'Oh, as to that,' the widow began, and paused, stroking out the folds of her apron in a manner that left much to be inferred.

The other watched her approvingly. 'I'll bate you aint wanted for chances,' he resumed, 'and—I dunno why I should expect you to take up with me more'n another, but it—you see, Mis' Wiggins, the thing of it is, I wasn't callatin' to stop this mornin' if it hadn't be'n for needin' the ile but now I'm here, I might as well say th't there's somethin' else I need power-ful bad, and that's a wife. It aint good for man to be alone, ye know, and I don't expect it's much better for a woman.'

After this master stroke the man felt that his cause was as good as gained, but the widow dashed his hopes to the ground by remarking:

'No, it ain't good to live alone; that's why I packed up my things and came over here to live with brother Silas. He and Mary are very good company.'

'But that don't help me none,' said the man dejectedly. 'I can't pack up and go to no brother Silas, nor nobody else, and it's dreadful lonesome, I can tell yer.'

'I know it,' and the woman's bright, dark eyes glanced up sympathetically; her face, however, betrayed no warmer feeling, and recognizing the fact the Deacon suggested: 'Praps this is too sudden for you to answer me right off, but won't you think it over, Mis' Wiggins, think it over well?'

I shall be comin' this way ag'in day after tomorrow, and then I'm goin' to sleep in and see what ye have to say.

To this the woman consented; it had been rather sudden, she admitted.

So the man set out once more for Williamsville, but in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had left home.

'I guess I won't go for Sarah Jane today,' he thought. Then locking down at the newly-oiled wheel affectionately, he continued: 'I reckon you done me a good turn, after all. Strange but I hadn't thought of the widdler Wiggins, but I s'pose I aint seen her hardly, sense Huldie died, and somehow, livin' so out o' the way, I clean forgot all about her. Of course't was unexpected to her, but she gits used to it I guess—I hope—git up, Jim!'

Another errand took Martin Dodd to Williamsville two days later, as he had intimated to Mrs. Wiggins. Accordingly when he reached the Sawyer homestead he stopped, and going boldly to the front door, rang the bell, was admitted, and awaited his answer. But alas! the coy widow had nothing favorable to say.

'I've been thinkin' it over stiddy,' she declared, 'sense I see you last, but I'm so comfortable here that I really don't feel no call to change my condition.'

'But, Mis' Wiggins,' exclaimed the Deacon ag'tat, 'think o' me!'

'I do, Mr. Dodd,' she returned pensively.

However, despite all his entreaties, she could not be brought to change her answer, and the man was compelled to go away with the image of Sarah Jane, more unattractive than ever, rising before his mental vision.

While driving through the streets of Williamsville, however, a happy thought occurred to him which was duly acted upon, and turning towards home he chuckled contentedly: 'If I was in the habit o' batin' I'd bated most anything that this'll fetch her.'

To the widow's surprise Martin Dodd called again on his way home, and undismayed by former failure calmly asked if she had changed her mind.

'Why no—I dunno I have,' the woman answered wonderingly.

'Wal, then I guess you will when you see what's out in my wagon.'

'What is it?'

'Come an' see.'

The touch of curiosity which Mrs. Wiggins rightfully possessed, as a daughter of Eve, was excited by the man's words and manner, and she followed him to his wagon without a word.

Gravely the Deacon uncovered a large

box, opened it, and triumphantly brought to view a huge wedding cake, rich with fruit, and elaborate with frosting.

'O my!' ejaculated the woman with a gasp of mingled amazement and admiration. 'What's that for?'

'For our wedding,' returned the man calmly, 'or else to heave away, and I should hate to do that for it's considerable costly.'

'Ob, don't do that—you might—can't you carry it back?'

Deacon Dodd turned and faced the widow. 'Mis' Wiggins,' he began, 'do you think I'm a man to buy a weddin' cake, and then go carry it back? No—I'll heave it away first!'

The color came to the woman's cheeks, and died away again. She looked first at the man, and then at the cake, and after a little silence said hesitatingly: 'It seems a pity to waste it, Mr. Dodd, and—I dunno—perhaps we might as well use it—after all.'

Accordingly, a few weeks later, the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dodd received generous slices of the wedding cake which had played so important a part in gaining the content of the now happy bride. —Ella Matthews Bangs.

WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL TO EFFECT A CURE IN CASES OF ECZEMA TRY RYCKMAN'S KOOT- ENAY CURE. IT HAS A RECORD OF CURES UN- EQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF ANY REMEDY.

There is no escaping the fact that Eczema is one of the most intractable of diseases. Its symptoms are so severe and the irritation it causes so great that a sufferer would gladly give anything, do anything, to get relief.

Physicians are often at their wit's end to know what to do with cases of this nature, and in all kindness we would advise them to prescribe for their patients Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. So far we know of ten medical men who have either used it or recommended it.

In the city of London, Ont., at 440 Park Ave., there lives Mrs. Burdick, who is today a grateful woman for having been cured by Kootenay of an Eczema of five years' standing. The disease had spread all over her body and was a constant source of irritation, so much so that she was unable to obtain more than one hour's sleep at a time. She had three physicians in attendance and took many patent medicines, but none of them cured her.

After taking eight bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure her blood became pure and she has not the slightest sign of Eczema or any other eruption on her body.

Another lady, Mrs. Richards, living at 28 Aikman Ave., Hamilton, had a somewhat similar experience. For two months she was unable to rest night or day with the awful itching and pain. Medical men failed to cure her, but four bottles of Kootenay did, and she now says the Eczema has entirely disappeared and she feels like another person.

We could multiply instances like the above, and if you are desirous of further indisputable proof of Kootenay's Kingship over disease, send your name to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Plevan-logical chart book sent free to any address.

One bottle lasts over a month.

AN ELEPHANT'S MONUMENT.

The First Elephant in America has a Monument.

On the village green of Somers, a little town in Westchester County, New York, stands a curious memorial column, which, after some years of gradually increasing dilapidation, is about to be restored and repaired, to the satisfaction of all the citizens of the place, but especially, one would think, to that of the children. For the monument preserves the memory of 'Old Bet,' probably the first elephant exhibited in this country, and is surmounted by her image.

Bet was brought over nearly a hundred years ago by a French showman who exhibited her in New York City, where crowds flocked, wondering, to see her. Hachaliah Bailey a wealthy Somers farmer, was among them; and becoming interested in the animal, succeeded in purchasing a half-interest in it, gave up his farm work, and travelled over Canada and the United States, exhibiting his marvellous acquisition.

He proved successful as a showman purchased other animals, bought out lesser shows, and was soon the manager of a large

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about washing powders. If you feel like it, it's because you haven't got the right kind. Get Pearlina, and see the difference. Pearlina

has been imitated—but never been equalled.

There are all kinds of imitations; powders that save

work, but ruin clothes; powders that don't hurt,

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Try them all for yourself, if you

won't take our word for it. But don't get them mixed up in

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Send 6 Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or

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if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—

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is the name, don't forget it.

and flourishing menagerie; but in 1821, while he was exhibiting in a little town in Maine, a great misfortune fell upon him: Bet broke loose during the show. People were not as well used to elephants then as they are now, and did not understand that they are commonly gentle and friendly beasts. There was wild and immediate panic, accompanied by the anger born of fear. Threats to shoot the managers were shouted aloud by excited men. Somebody got a gun, and though the managers were not shot, poor Old Ben was.

After his beloved elephant's death, Hachaliah Bailey lost heart and gave up the show business, returning to his native place, where the next year he had plans prepared for a monument to Bet, which was in due time erected.

It consists of a single shaft of dressed granite, fifteen feet high resting on a triple base. This shaft is about twenty inches square at the bottom, tapering to twelve at the top, where it supports a scrollwork of wrought iron a few feet high, which in turn supports a wooden image of the elephant, four feet in height. This was at first gilded; but when the gilt had become tarnished, it was replaced by a coat of mouse-colored paint, more lifelike, if not so gorgeous.

THE 'BIG' FOUR.

A Quartette of Remedies That are Effec-
tually Wonderful Cures.

Dr. Chase's four great remedies are Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, his latest and greatest discovery for all throat affections.

'I was sick for three years,' says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. 'I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. Since I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your Pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c.'

'I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring,' says Miss Hattie Delancy of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. 'I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.'

'My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles,' writes Mrs. Jane Potts of Meyersbury. 'He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents.'

'I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here,' says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Rectory street, London, Ont. 'I am thankful to say it cured me.'

Chase's remedies at all dealers. Ed-
manson, Bates & Co. manfrs. Toronto.

TWO MATHEMATICIANS.

He Was Interested but Could Quite Under-
stand Fractions.

Specialists, who know one thing so much better than even the common run of liber-ally educated people, have naturally some trials of their own. For one thing, they can only once in a while find a fellow-talk-er who is competent and like-minded. The Boston Budget narrates an almost tragical experience by one of these men, a mathematician of the higher sort.

Being a man of considerable fame, the mathematician is present at many a 'func-tion' which has very little to do with his

calling. Why he accepts such invitations is something of a puzzle, for it is only occasionally that he finds any one from whom he can get any conversational

It was at such a tea that the old gentle-man was introduced to a man from Chic-ago, who expressed the keenest joy in meeting him; for mathematics, so he said, had been always one of his greatest in-terests.

Now our great mathematician had been working for months on a problem, and at last he had solved it. Here was an opportu-nity to share his triumphs with another enthusiast, and he made the most of it. For the better part of an hour he explained the details of the problem, and the suc-cessful method of reaching a solution. And the man from Chicago nodded his head ap-provingly, and enjoyed himself.

'Well,' said he, when the explanation was over, 'as I say, I do enjoy mathem-atics. But the thing that stumps me, sir, is that when you multiply a number by a fraction you make it smaller.'

THE OTHER MAN DIED.

Bright Answer of a Soldier to the Em-
peror of Russia.

The grenadiers of the famous 'Old Guard,' says the Youth's Companion, will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness. One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two Emperors, Napoleon, and Alex-ander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The Emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said: 'What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?' 'And you,' answered Alexander, 'what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?' Without stirring an inch from his position or chang-ing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely: 'The man who did it is dead.'

Insanity In Summer

BROUGHT ON BY NERVOUS
AND MENTAL TROUBLES.

Paine's Celery Compound
The Great Tower of
Safety.

Nervous disease when aggravated by mental disturbances produce more cases of insanity in the hot weather than at any other season of the year.

Nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and chronic constipation in-duce depression of spirits, extreme weak-ness, morbid fears, despondency and lang-uor; from these dread insanity comes slowly and surely.

Nervous sufferers have a dread of hot weather. Finding themselves deeper in the pit of misery than they were in the spring and early summer they are in utter despair. Thousands whose cases have not been met by treatment they are now under are loudly calling for help.

There is hope and rescue for you, read-er, if you are one of the sufferers. You are in need of Paine's Celery Compound, that great builder of the nervous system. Its vitalizing action, commences with the first bottle you use. You soon begin to realize that you are daily drinking health. The volume of blood immediately increases in the arteries, and the body is fully fed and nourished. Your appetite becomes keen and natural, the tired nerves and brain are strengthened, and you feel im-pulses of health that cheer the soul.

The power of Paine's Celery Compound over nervous summer diseases is admitted by tens of thousands who have used the marvellous medicine. This remarkable remedy will most assuredly meet your case and give you new life: it will lay the foundation for future happiness and long years. Weak, wretched, and infirm read-er, we counsel you to make use of this life-restorer at once, and enjoy the true blessings of health.