

Beautiful But Poor

By JULIA
EDWARDS.
Author of
"The Little Widow"
"Stella Stirling,"
"Prettiest of All,"
Etc., Etc.

(Continued.)

"This young lady—Miss Butler, I believe, is her name—will tell you what titles to put on the backs, and be sure to have the original dates of issue of works also there. I am very particular about that."

"I know it, sir, and we will be very careful," said the foreman.

And when the man of wealth and influence turned to leave, Mr. W— went down the stairs with him, and saw him into his carriage, and stood bare-headed on the sidewalk until he had driven away.

And this is Republican, Democratic America!

No kings, nor dukes, nor lords here—but to the sovereignty of wealth the reddest or blackest republican, or the noisiest democrat, bends his servile knee and cowering head more abjectly than any serf in Russia bows before the imperial form.

Independence! Bah! 'Tis but a name!

CHAPTER IV.

There was a regular flutter in the boarding-house of Miss Scrimp when the bindery girls got in that Friday evening for they brought the news that Hattie Butler had been promoted in the bindery, a new position given her, and her wages raised to ten dollars a week. Some of the girls were really glad, for Hattie had ever been so gentle, so quiet, so kind when any of them were sick, that she had few enemies. But others were envious of her good fortune, as they ever had been of her beauty, so there were a few to sneer and hint that Mr. Jones, the foreman, or Mr. W—, one of the proprietors, had only promoted her because she was handsome, and they wanted her off by herself where they could talk to her and say things the other girls couldn't hear.

The object of the flutter, the laudation, and the envy, seemed all this time to care the least for her promotion of any that knew it. She did not speak of it, even to Miss Scrimp, at whose right hand her chair at table was always placed; but the latter had heard of it before Hattie got home, and was ready with her congratulations the instant Hattie sat down.

"I'm awful glad to hear you've been set up in the bindery, and get so much better wages, dear," she said.

And she screwed her sallow cheeks and thin lips into a picture of a smile which Nast would glory to copy, if he could only have seen it.

"Thank you, Miss Scrimp; but I do not know as it will be much better for me. My former work was very easy. It only exercised my fingers. This will tax both fingers and brain. My head aches over it already."

"Dear, dear! Well, I'll have Biddy Lanigan make you a real strong cup of tea and some toast."

"No, thank you, Miss Scrimp. I do



"Pain in the head and back" is a form of suffering with which so many women are familiar. Often this pain is associated with nervousness, sleeplessness and loss of appetite. The cause of such suffering is generally to be traced to derangement of the womanly function, or a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs.

In such cases the action of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is marvelous in the prompt relief of pain and permanent cure of disease. It regulates the periodic function, dries disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It cures when all other means have been tried in vain.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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"I was a great sufferer for six years and doctored all the time with a number of different physicians, but did not receive any benefit," writes Mrs. George Sogden, of 621 Bond Street, Saginaw (South), Mich. "One day as I was reading a paper I saw your advertisement, and although I had given up all hope of ever getting better, thought I would write to you. When I received your letter, telling me what to do, I commenced to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and follow your advice. I have taken ten bottles in all, also five vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' Am now regular after having missed two years and suffered with pain in the head and back. I was so nervous, could not eat or sleep. Now I thank you for my recovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

not wish it. The food which is good enough for the rest always satisfies me."

"I know it, dear. You never find fault, and that makes me the more ready to better your fare when I can. And that reminds me—Miss Dolbear has got sick and gone home to the country; she that came here, poor thing, to learn dressmaking; and her room, on the second floor, front, is empty now, and you shall have it for only one dollar more than you pay now, though I charged her two. Her folks were well off; they used to write and send her money, and I guess she got sick a-eatin' too much cake and candy. Her room is all stuck up with it. But I'll have Little Jess clean it out for you, if you'll take it."

"Thank you, Miss Scrimp, I do not wish to change. I feel very much at home in my little chamber, and the higher one gets in the city the purer is the air they breathe."

"Dear, dear! I thought you'd like to change. But you know what you like best. Do let me call Biddy and have some toast made for you."

"No, thank you, Miss Scrimp. There is plenty before me, I am sure."

"Dear! dear! That's just your own nice way always. I never heard a complaint from your lips, and there's some that are never satisfied."

And here Miss Scrimp sent a scornful, cross-eyed glance down the table. But no one could tell exactly at whom she was looking, so the look didn't hurt anybody.

As Hattie made no further remark, the usual clatter of knives and forks on slenderly-filled plates was alone heard for a time.

But when Hattie, as usual, arose earliest of all, and went to her room, quite an unusual rush of conversation, and all about her, commenced.

"Such luck! From four dollars a week to ten, and all because she can talk Dutch!" said one—a very plain and a very ignorant girl.

"Ten dollars? How she'll shine out in silk on Sundays, I'll bet, and look for a beau as fast as the best of us," said another. "She couldn't do it in ten-cent calico. Oh, no the proud thing!"

"She is not a girl of that kind," cried another, warmly. "She is the prettiest girl in this house to-night, and you all know it."

"Yes, stick up for her, Sally Perkins. We know why. When you had the measles so bad she lost three days work sitting up with you and waiting on you."

"Thank Heaven she did," cried Sally, earnestly. "I might have died before one of you would have done as much for me. She is a living angel if ever there was one. So there now. I'll never speak to a girl that breathes a word against her so long as I live."

"Good for Sally Perkins," cried a dozen in a breath, for more than one in that crowd of girls had received kindness from Hattie Butler when kindness was so much needed.

And the battle of tongues grew less and less, and soon tea was over, and the girls scattered as usual, some to their rooms, weary enough to go right to rest—others to linger a little while in the old parlor and get others to fix up their scanty wardrobe so as to be ready for their only day of rest or pleasure—the blessed Sunday so near at hand—but one day of toil to intervene.

Our heroine—where was she? In her little chamber thanking her Heavenly Father that at last the stern strife for daily bread was made easier to her, and that a glimmer of light could be seen through the dark clouds of poverty.

Pure-hearted and innocent, she did not dream that any one could so envy her good fortune as to hate her for it. If she had she would have prayed God to forgive them.

(To be Continued.)

Prohibition in Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Prohibition in Prince Edward Island under the act passed by the Provincial Legislature in 1900, became operative on June 5, 1901. It provides that: No person shall, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, directly or indirectly, upon any pretence or upon any device, sell or barter, or in consideration of the purchase of any property give to any other person any intoxicating liquor.

A "Human" Idea.

Word has reached us of a Toronto girl in Muskoka who, seeing a farmer's wife wringing a hen's neck, is organizing a movement to have fowl chloroformed before being killed. It would be a kinder way of doing it, certainly, but we fear it will not be generally adopted.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Tender for Extension to Wharf and Freight Sheds at Pictou, N. S.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the under signed, and marked on the outside "Tender for Wharf and Freight Shed, Pictou," will be received until TUESDAY, the 20th day of August, 1901, for the construction of a Crooked Pile Wharf at Pictou, N. S. Plans and Specifications may be seen on and after the 5th day of August next at the Station Master's Office at Pictou, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., July 29th, 1901.—Aug 2 d181

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