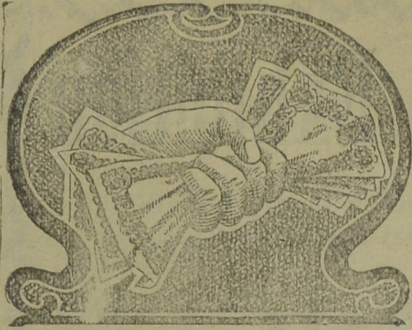




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There's the bunch of money you'll pay out to get rid of the rheumatism if you buy prescriptions with it. It's a cure you want, not prescriptions.

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rich in healing powers, relieves bladder and kidney troubles in six hours, and in the worst cases will speedily restore perfect health.

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A LOST WIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

[CONTINUED.]

Once Aunt Selina and I went up in state to lunch at Eddington in order to inspect my future home. It would be impossible to describe the good lady's delight on this occasion. She overpowered Mr. Curtis with questions and congratulations, both of which embarrassed him considerably. Her volubility was perfectly unrestrained. She told him in one breath that Eddington was a home fit for a queen; that my father's ancestors came over with the Conquest; that a union between him and myself was the summum bonum of all earthly desires to all concerned, and that our posterity would rise up and call us blessed.

How much farther my good aunt's enthusiasm would have led her in the expression of these latter-named pious aspirations I know not, for with a wholesome dread of what her next words might bring forth, I arose from the luncheon-table and fled out on to the terrace.

I felt very miserable, but I tried to console myself by reflections over my future wealth. I said to myself, aloud:

"It is a lovely old place; I shall be able to do as I like with it. I can ask my own friends to fill the house. I shall have everything I can wish for. It is the dearest old house in all England. A woman must be hard to please, indeed, who could not make herself happy here."

But though I said my words, my heart would not go out with them. I could only see, not a vision of future pleasures, but a memory of past happiness. Through the shrubbery walks among the falling leaves, I seemed to be wandering once more with Mark Thistleby, or standing on the terrace by his side, looking out over the smooth lawn towards the now forlorn and dismantled flower garden.

From those melancholy retrospective dreams I was aroused by the voice of my aunt, calling out to me from a window above my head.

I went into the house. Mrs. Carr had been dragging the unfortunate bridegroom-elect from room to room all over the house. She was in a

river of excitement and lousy importance.

I found them in a little octagon-shaped room that had been the late Mrs. Curtis' boudoir. It was filled with dark, old-fashioned furniture which would have excited the envy and admiration of an antiquarian. The walls were hung with faded blue satin, and the chains were covered with old silk, such as no money can buy in these days.

In this quaint old-world chamber I found my Aunt Selina discoursing, and suggesting, and giving her advice with eager volubility, whilst poor Mr. Curtis stood by with a mild and bewildered face of much enduring meekness, most ludicrous to behold.

"Oh! here you are, Freda!" cried my aunt, as I entered. "Just in time to hear what I am saying to dear Mr. Curtis about this charming little room. Of course, love, it must be your boudoir—it is made for it."

"I had thought so, too, aunt—that is to say, if Mr. Curtis—" I added, looking up at him with dutiful deference.

"My dear Freda, the whole of my house is at your absolute disposal," said my lover, with courteous gallantry.

"Ah! what a lucky girl you are!" cried my aunt, uplifting her fat hands in admiration. "It is just what I was saying; and you must let me write at once to Maple, and have a man down to do it up. We want fresh paper, white and gold, or perhaps little bunches of rosebuds. I saw a sweet paper the other day at a house in Tavistock Square where I was paying a visit. It was all covered with little birds and pink roses, something quite new."

"Good heavens! Aunt Selina," I cried, uplifting my hands in horror.

"My dear, it would suit this room to perfection," continued Mrs. Carr, who never paid any attention to my interruptions, as she had but a low idea of my intelligence; "and with it we shall want a pretty, fresh crotonne, pink or turquoise blue, with cupids—appropriate to the joys of Hymen—eh, Mr. Curtis? Then we must turn out these old-fashioned, uncomfortable chairs, and replace them with some nice low well-stuffed sofas, and hang some pretty water-colors on the walls. We shall make it the brightest and pleasantest room in the house. Now, do give me carte blanche, Mr. Curtis. I am sure you would be charmed with the effect."

George Curtis looked helplessly at me.

"If Freda wishes it—" he began. "I wish it! Not for worlds!" I cried. "Why, aunt, this room would be utterly spoilt if it were altered. It is quite charming as it is."

"Freda, you never had any sense!" answered my aunt, with a sigh of despair. "Mr. Curtis, I know, quite agrees with me; but you were always an obstinate child, and brought up in the wilds of the country, as you have been, and with your poor father, too, always running his head into things. Ah! yes, I know, of course, Mr. Curtis, that he is very clever, and all that; but neither Henry nor my niece are in the least able to take care of themselves. It is a good thing I am able to come down and see after things a little! Now, Mr. Curtis, let me go upstairs and look through the bedrooms."

The rest of the house was gone over. Aunt Selina, talking incessantly, admiring every room, suggesting alterations, laying down the law, and no doubt enjoying herself immensely, whilst George and I followed in her wake with mute resignation, and I made mental and most ungrateful notes as to never asking Aunt Selina to stay at Eddington after my marriage if it could possibly be avoided.

When at length we were in the carriage again on our way home, as we drove out through the lodge gates, Aunt Selina turned round to me and said solemnly, with impressive fervor:

"Frederica Clifford, you ought to go down upon your bended knees and thank God night and morning, for giving you such a husband, and such a house!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The time was five o'clock in the afternoon—the scene Farmer Rickett's six-acre field at the bottom of our orchard. Background—last summer's hayrick thatched with straw. Foreground—one threshing machine rampant, and one field-harrow recumbent, drawn up side by side, and resembling the skeleton ribs of huge mammoth animals. Dramatic personae—two snow-white calves, with pink watery eyes, being fed out of an unsavory-looking bucket, an ancient matron in a rusty black gown, and a battered yellow sun bonnet on her head, and a young lady stretched at ease upon her back, under the shade of the aforementioned hayrick.

The calves are both playful and greedy—they are possessed with an insane desire to get their two heads simultaneously into the bucket, a feat which, being a moral impossibility, Molly endeavors to frustrate, by presenting the bucket to each in turn with strict impartiality, which stratagem the twins resent by increasing efforts to upset it. Two or

three ducks, attracted by the prospect of food, have waddled up from the farmyard, and stand grouped expectantly, and a couple of gray pigeons are whirling about round and round overhead.

Presently the calves, with convulsive gurglings in their throats, come to an end of their repast. Off goes Molly towards the farm-house in the hollow, bearing the empty bucket, and after her hurries the whole of the live stock—calves, ducks, and pigeons—and I am left alone on my back under the hayrick.

Papa has gone to Eddington. Aunt Selina has driven into Northorrough upon a shopping expedition. I have a letter from Bella in my pocket, which I mean to read over again presently. It is a long letter, and tells me that she is going abroad immediately for three months, and wishes I was not such a fool as to marry, as then I could have gone with her. I wish so too. Three months abroad with Bella would be infinitely preferable to an indefinite period at home with George Curtis. Furthermore Bella tells me she will write again from Paris, and begs me to make use of her house whilst she is away if I want to be in London. It is this portion of Mrs. Thistleby's letter I intend to read over again from my couch under the haystack; but I am very idle, and I cannot rouse myself sufficiently from my reverie, even to the extent of putting my hand into my pocket and taking the letter out of it.

I lie quite still on my back with my arms folded into a pillow behind my neck, and my eyes cast up to the blue sky straight over my head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Be not a dreamer of dreams, but a doer of deeds.

Dysentery causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. It is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Darrhoea Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it today. It may save a life. Sold by all druggists.

One Enough.

"But what is your real objection to polygamy?" insisted the argumentative one.

"Oh, give us a rest!" said the other. "Don't you know that a man can't serve two masters?"



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If you have not yet tried this way of serving Crystal Maize Corn Starch, ask your grocer for a package and try it.

Crystal Maize Flour Cake

Half pound Prepared Corn, six ounces butter, three ounces sugar, two eggs, twelve drops essence of lemon, one tea spoonful baking powder. Beat the butter to a cream, whisk the eggs, and add the butter and eggs together, then add the other ingredients. Pour out in a large tin; bake in a quick oven to a light golden brown.

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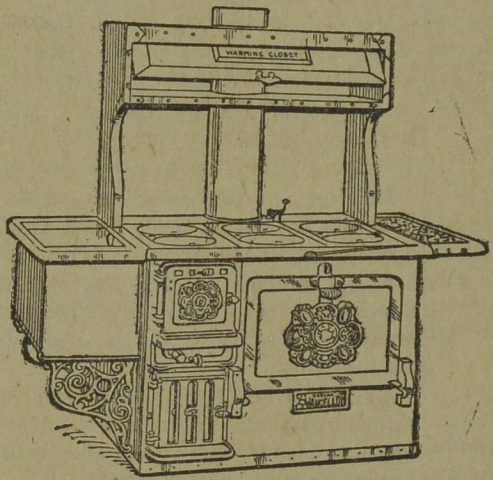
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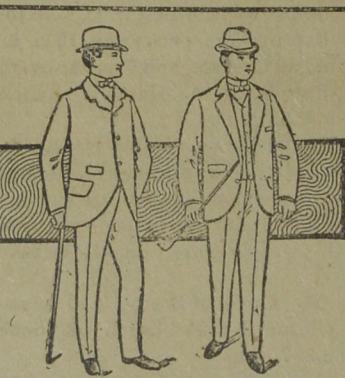
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