

# INSTANTANEOUS CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

By ROBIN GREY

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"I am glad you are going to have a change," volunteered Marguerite timidly. "I hope you don't mind my saying so, but you look quite ill; I noticed directly I saw you."

"I am in trouble, Miss Libbourn and that's the truth; I'm afraid change of air won't cure it."

"Oh, how sorry I am." Her eyes filled with sympathy. "What a world of trouble it is! You in trouble, too? You ought not to vex yourself so about my affairs, if you have trouble of your own."

"My trouble is harder to bear than yours," he said, "because it is of my own making. It is the shadow of a fault committed long ago."

"And repented of?" she asked shyly. "Heaven only knows how deeply!"

"Ah, then it will be all right," she asserted brightly, "if you are ready to atone!"

"Ah," he cried pitifully, "but suppose one can't atone? That is the hardest lesson the world teaches, Miss Libbourn. It is so easy to wrong another, but so hard—so terribly hard to set the wrong right again."

She looked at him earnestly. He was the last man from whom she would have expected words like these. Proud, self-contained, a man of the world he had hitherto appeared; yet, now it seemed as if he were asking her—little Marguerite—for pity and counsel.

"Have you asked the person whom you wronged to forgive you?" she questioned with a certain solemnity.

"No," was the almost inaudible reply.

"Ah!" she said softly, "that's what I would do! Please don't think me impatient—I know I am not at all competent to advise you."

"That is what you would have me do?" he asked. "You would have me say, 'I did you a grievous wrong—I

imagining it to be a patient come for liniment or cough-mixture, she went straight into the dining-room, and was at once confronted by a respectably-dressed woman, evidently provincial.

"There," said the woman triumphantly, the instant Marguerite appeared—"It's her—I knew it was. I knew I should know her first minute I clapped eyes to her face. Well, miss, you and me's met before, ain't we?"

"Have we?" said Marguerite.

"Don't you remember me, my dear?" asked the woman, evidently disappointed.

"No; I don't remember you at all," "Not Mrs. Acland?"

"No. Where do you come from, Mrs. Acland, please?" Marguerite asked the question with a certain vehemence, advancing toward her visitor, and looking earnestly at her face.

"My stars—she don't remember me!" said the woman again. "Why, my dear, 'tain't four years ago since you saw me every day of your life for six weeks."

"Did I—did I?" cried Marguerite, her head in a whirl of excitement. "Oh, Mrs. Acland, tell me about it—do! Do you come from Devonshire or Cornwall?"

"Torquay, my dear, to be sure. You mean to say you've been and forgot that, too?"

"I've forgotten everything," replied Marguerite, trembling with eagerness. "I've been very ill and forgotten all sorts of things; but I do believe you're the very person I've been wanting so long. Tell me—who are you?"

"The landlady of 5, Pondson Crescent, my dear, where your uncle brought you, four years ago come November. Ah, my dear, I remember it all so well! A poor, nervous thing you were, starting at every sound; and your uncle seemed so hard on you, it went to my heart, it did."



"HE GLANCED UP, SAW HER, AND RAISED HIS HAT."

cannot undo it now, but I repent. Forgive me!"

"Yes," she replied, with a nod of her pretty head. I would say that."

"And suppose by that confession I lowered myself in the eyes of the person whom before all others in the world I desired to stand well with?"

"I think," she answered shyly, wondering at the strange intensity with which he questioned her—"I think you would have to bear that as a penance for your fault."

His strange eyes looked down at her sweet, ingenuous face with a gaze she could not understand.

"I shall think over your advice," he said earnestly, "and try to follow it. Will you give me your best wishes?"

"Yes," she replied, her face suddenly flushing. He moved away from her—he felt that his self-control was deserting him; he must go—and instantly.

"Goodby," he said hastily, unable to raise his eyes to her face. "I must apologize for—staying so long."

He left the room abruptly, before she had time to reply. Actuated by an indescribable impulse, she went to the window to see him pass. He glanced up, saw her, and raised his hat with a sudden smile of pleasure, indicating with one hand the marguerite in his button-hole. She drew back as he disappeared, holding her hands to her head.

"What did that remind me of?" she said slowly. "Oh, what did it remind me of? I feel as though I had gone through a similar experience before. It seemed quite natural to be looking out of the window and waving my hand to him." She broke into a little laugh. "I think I must be losing my senses, but for the moment the impression was wonderfully strong."

## CHAPTER XII.

Two days later, on reaching home after a walk, she was told that a woman was waiting to see her.

Marguerite sank into a chair, her face turning so deadly pale that Mrs. Acland thought she was going to faint. Hurrying to the sideboard the woman seized the carafe of water and sprinkled some on the soft dark hair and cold forehead.

"Thanks—thanks; I am better," said Marguerite, rallying—"much better, thank you, I can listen. It was too much for me, just for a moment—I have longed and prayed to hear from you many months. Go on—tell me!"

"You mean to say you have forgot it all?"

"All—all! I had brain fever," the woman glanced down at the girl's clasped hands.

"So he didn't marry you, after all?" she said, with some show of surprise.

"Oh, begin at the beginning," said Marguerite, blushing. "Tell me all about it, please."

"First, you must know," began the good woman, "that I always thought it wasn't all right, for this reason—that, though the young man used to come courting on the sly, when your uncle was out, he used to write letters to him, for I seen one myself, I did. I always misjudged that young man, though you did set such store by him; and I says to my cook, as I remember very well, 'If any one's being deceived, it's the child herself, and not her uncle,' I says. So, my dear, I kept the address of the letter I see, thinking, 'One day it'll come in useful.' And sure enough it did! But it was very strange. Here was I never been out of Torquay this twenty year, and just fixed in my mind to come up by the 'curston, when I see this in the papers."

She laid a slip of paper before Marguerite, a copy of Bernard's advertisement. "I allus guessed it had been done at St. Boniface," she said in triumph; "so when I see that advertisement, I says, 'There's trouble, and I must speak up and tell what I know.' I won't deny that I always

liked Mr. Phillips," she added parenthetically; "and chiefly because you always cheered up so when he come. So, when I see the advertisement, I just ran up to St. Boniface; and the clerk and me, we searched the register. And here's the copy of it, miss, as I brought with me to make sure."

Marguerite raised her eyes to the paper and looked.

There were the two signatures, one under the other—"Arthur Phillips," "Marguerite Libbourn."

Her heart sank; she did not remember the name in the least. It touched no chord of memory. Till now she had cherished a vague idea that with the name of the man she had married would come a flood of recollection. But no!

"Arthur Phillips—Arthur Phillips," she repeated hopelessly; "I am certain I never knew any one of that name."

She leaned her chin on her hand. The effort to remember was painfully intense.

"There was somebody," she said slowly, "who used to—used to—at least, I used to look out of the window for him. I called him some name—not Arthur. A short name—something like Phil; but it wasn't Phil. I should know it if I heard it. I think. Oh, don't you remember it?" she asked pitifully of Mrs. Acland.

The woman shook her head.

"I don't," she answered; "but I do remember you was so took up with him. But, bless you, Arthur Phillips won't be his real name! I seen that plain enough all the time."

"Not his real name?"

"No, my dear. He never married you for no good—of that I'm sure! I ought never to 'let you 'a gone off with him. He come and said your uncle was ill, and he was to take you to him; but, when he put you in the carriage and drove off, my heart misgave me, for I see there was another man with him; and I'm morally persuaded, my dear, that that other was Mr. Brandon himself all the time—disguised, you know. I never seen you again, my dear, till this minute. But that afternoon, when Mr. Brandon came raging and shouting and wanting to know where you was, I thought directly that he was only putting it on, and knowed fast enough where you was all the time. Well, my dear, I s'pose if I'd 'a done my duty I'd 'a gone to the police; but I am a poor woman, with my living to get, and I don't want no scandals about my house; and then, you see, I hadn't nothing to say—no evidence, nor nothing of that kind. So I just kept quiet; but it's bin on my mind ever since."

"Mrs. Acland," said Marguerite, solemnly, her hands clasped under her chin, "you say I was in your house six weeks, and that you saw me every day."

"Yes, my dear."

"Did it ever strike you that there was anything odd about me? Did it ever occur to you that I was out of my mind?"

The woman's look of consternation was evidently genuine. No, she had never thought of that. "A poor little nervous thing," had been her idea, much cowed, subdued, and bullied by an overbearing uncle.

(To be continued.)

### A Knotty Problem.

"Biscome is a peculiar fellow." "I don't know him."

"You would find him amusing. He moved out on the lake shore for the summer and bought a Jersey cow. Then he hired a small boy to drive her up from the pasture every afternoon. One day the boy fell sick and Biscome didn't know what to do about the cow. He said to himself when he looked at her in the morning, 'She'll certainly forget to come home if the boy isn't there to call her attention to the fact that she has a home.' Then he looked at the cow some more and pretty soon he stumbled on what seemed to him a brilliant idea."

"Was it?"

"You must judge for yourself. He tied a knot in the cow's tail to remind her that there was something she mustn't forget."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### "God Bless Our Home."

"In a home in the country, not far from town," says the Catlettsburg (Ky.) Independent, "there may be seen quite a pile of sewing lying on the floor, nearly in the middle of the room, that has been undisturbed for more than six months. At that time the head of the house wanted a chair, and, seeing but one handy, he dumped the floor the sewing which lay upon it. His wife asked him to pick it up. He said he wouldn't do it. She told him, as he threw it there, it could remain until he got ready to pick it up. She would never touch it. And there it remains, a memorial to an incompatibility of disposition."

### First Exposition.

Perhaps the first industrial exposition on record was held in 1569 in the Rathaus of Nuremberg. A catalogue published at the time thus states the purpose of the exposition: "It shall bring before the public all innovations in the trade of the whole world in modern times, together with domestic art productions."

### Not His Kind.

From the Philadelphia Record: Abner Haycede—Ye say this is a combination bed an' sofa.

Clerk—It is, sir.

Abner Haycede—Wal let me look at that ain't made by a combination. I'm opposed to encouraging them air trusts by purchasin' their goods, b'gosh.

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

#### How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

##### Dairy Notes.

Another accusation is made against the butterine men. It is that, instead of using pure annatto coloring, they use the poisonous coal tar dye because it is cheaper. We are not in a position to prove or disprove this, but certainly all use of coloring matter not purely vegetable should be fought to the bitter end. It is a well-known fact that butter colors made from coal tar have been on the market for years. Doubtless some butter has been colored by them, but it is claimed that this practice is about universal in the case of butterine. Let us see, according to what has been said about butterine it consists of beef and hog fat, some vegetable oils, chemical preservatives, and coal tar coloring matter. A nice concoction is that to go into the stomachs of a civilized people!

The Danes have been making some more tests in regard to the pasteurizing of milk for the purpose of killing germs of tuberculosis and other diseases. It has been the practice to heat the milk and cream to about 155 degrees, but it was believed that it was not possible to go much above that point without injuring the quality of the butter by giving it a cooked taste. Further trials demonstrated the fact that cream can be heated to 185 degrees and even to 195 degrees without injuring the quality of the subsequent butter, provided the cream be immediately cooled to 55 degrees. It was remarked that in some cases the butter did have a slightly cooked flavor when first made, but that this cooked flavor disappeared within two days after making. In the state butter shows last year 713 creameries competed, and of these all but five pasteurized their cream. Of the five that did not pasteurize four occupied the four lowest places in the list of awards and the fifth was little better.

A New Zealand paper says: "The exasperating doubt and mystery which surrounds our butter after it leaves these shores has never been more keenly felt than during the past season. The old tale is repeated of brands of butter leaving here with the best of New Zealand reputations and judged at home as being inferior to brands over which they scored at this end. In spite of this repeated trouble and the 'fishy' conundrum no attempt has yet been made to follow the butter up from its shipment here till sale at home." We think the matter is easy of solution. We remember that at one of the Wisconsin Dairyman's conventions Mr. J. H. Monrad made the remark that the highest flavored butter is not always the best keeper. Sometimes the butter that has been handled and washed in such a way that it has only a fair flavor at the start will be found several months later to have as good flavor as at first, while the very high flavored butter will be found decidedly off. He said for this reason it is not fair to judge butter without considering the end to which it is to be put or its market. The butter that is to go across the ocean needs to be made with staying qualities in view. He said it will be frequently found that if two lots of butter are scored, say two months apart, the position of their scores will be reversed in the second scoring. The New Zealanders have evidently had a practical illustration of this truth.

##### Squab Breeding.

In recent years squabs are considered such an appetizing dish that they are added to the bill-of-fare of all first-class hotels, although they are not always mentioned as squabs, being too often served up to their customers as quail, writes G. A. Bell in the Poultry Tribune. The breeding of squabs for market can be conducted by farmers or by the gentler sex, and made a source of great profit, provided it is handled properly. First consider the cracks are stopped up and nest boxes loft—an old barn will do if all the put in. Second, the breeding stock, which is an important item. No bird has been found to answer this purpose as well as the homing pigeon, especially the White Homer, as white flesh is what the consumer wants. If White Homers cannot be gotten, the next best color is silver or light blue. It is important to be careful to select pure-bred homers, as they give the best results. The care and cost of breeding is very small in comparison to the profits. They must be kept clean, boxes and other fixtures to be white-washed, and a good supply of gravel and fresh drinking water and a small, shallow pan for bathing.

Squabs grow very rapidly, and in three or four weeks they are ready to kill. Squabs of good breeds will average six pounds to the dozen, and they sell for 40 and 50 cents per pound, wholesale. The cost to establish a loft to accommodate 500 pairs, complete, birds and everything, would be about \$850. On every farm there are one or two who could be spared for an hour a day to look after the pigeons. There is also a great deal of grain wasted that might be helping the farmer to pay off a mortgage or some other debt if it is just used in the right way. Every well regulated farm should have a loft for pigeons, with a large aviary made of wire to keep them from the fields.

##### Spread of Tuberculosis.

In a lecture by Dr. Norner-Halle reported in Milch Zeitung, he gives the

following causes as weakening the constitution and predisposing the cows to the above disease:

1. Continuous existence in small poorly ventilated and crowded stables.
2. Inefficient food and the use of a large quantity of offal from breweries and distilleries.
3. Forced milk production.
4. Those cows that have narrow chests and a weak constitution.
5. By frequently changing the position of the cows, which is done in stables where the fresh milking cows and the dry ones are arranged in groups.
6. Inbreeding.
7. Animals, the parents of which have tuberculosis. They are not born with the disease, but have little powers of resistance against the germs.
8. When the calves are kept in close and poorly ventilated quarters and not given exercise, the lungs are not sufficiently developed and succumb easily to the disease.
9. The great development of the creamery system whereby the skim-milk is mixed before returning it to the farmers.

##### Exercising Stallions.

The proper exercise of stallions making a season is all important, even more important than the particular kind of food they eat. From a pampered stallion that is closely confined to the stable, with no out-door driving, riding or exercise, but a small per cent of foals can be expected, and those that do come will amount to but little. Strength, vigor, power cannot be imparted where it is not possessed, and these qualities can only be secured by healthy, strong exercise. In an article in the Horseman, Mr. L. V. D. Shepherd, an old experienced breeder, is reported as saying that he once leased a stallion to a party for the season, who was very particular in regard to the animal's diet, giving him hay, oats, grass and mash; but to keep him fat and plump, gave him no exercise; the result being that but a very small percentage of the mares got with foal. The next season he leased the horse to another party, who fed him continually on nothing but dry hay and hard corn on the cob, but gave him plenty of work, and out of about one hundred mares got eighty-five with foal. Here was one instance at least where it showed pretty conclusively the importance of exercise, and that is the predominant factor in developing the functions of the procreative organs, as the mode of feeding in the latter case was certainly not as conducive to that result as that of the former.

##### Sulphur and Sheep Ticks.

Several years ago my flock was bothered with the little red sheep louse. I tried dipping, but for some reason made a failure. Some one advised sulphur, so I got fifty pounds and mixed enough with the salt to color it strongly—say about a quart to the half-bushel. I kept giving through the summer, though I was careful not to give if it threatened to storm. I was and am a little afraid of the stuff. When I came to shear the next spring I found not one single tick on several hundred head. My flock has been completely free of ticks ever since, as I give several doses every summer, says a contributor to Wallace's Farmer. Now, possibly it may be that sulphur will dispose of big, leathery sheep ticks and lice, it would do the same for the scab mite. I do not feed any salt through April and May.

Poorly-Fattened Fowls.—It is impossible to walk through the markets at any time without seeing large quantities of extremely poor turkeys, fowl and chickens. It is seldom that one sees a poorly fattened hog in the market. If it pays to stuff with corn a hog that won't net his feeder five cents a pound dressed, why isn't it good business sense to use some of that corn to fatten a bird that will bring twice as much per pound? Will the same corn make twice as many pounds of pork as poultry? If not, it would seem wiser to put the corn where it will do the most good.—Rural New Yorker.

False Economy.—The attempt to keep thirty or more hens in a poultry house that is adaptable for only twenty results in fewer eggs from the thirty hens than if a smaller number occupied the space. Cases are numerous where a few hens lay well, while large flocks gave no returns. The hens must be comfortable or they will not thrive, and during the warm season there is no surer method of ceasing egg production than to have too many hens together. There is no economy in crowding them, for what is gained in one direction is lost in another.—Poultry Keeper.

Damage by Hawks.—We know of no method that will protect chicks from hawks, if the chicks are permitted to run at large. A yard covered with wire netting is the best protection, and it will pay to have such a yard, as the destruction by hawks is enormous. The farmer does not know the extent of the damage done him by hawks, as there are scores of chicks destroyed of which he is not aware. He simply knows that they are missing, and there is no way to save them except to shelter them until they are large.—Ex.

Los Angeles Butter-Milk Trade.—A Californian paper states that butter milk drinking is a big business in Los Angeles. Over 1,000 gallons are drunk daily. The early morning trains bring in large quantities of the wholesome fluid from the cold storages of the creameries, and the city distributors are on hand with their wagons to carry it to local customers. Twelve butter milk wagons are now running in Los Angeles, seven of which are operated by one firm.—Ex.

## Enormous Shoe Selling.

"Selling good shoes cheap," the motto of Hayden Bros., "The Big Store," is well lived up to. They do an enormous shoe business both in Omaha and through the mails, and are rapidly becoming recognized as the greatest mail order house in the west. Send postal card for free fall clothing catalogue.

When in the city see their stock of Harness, Whips and Horse Supplies.

Last year 49,332 pounds of tortoise-shell were imported in England.

## "Honor is Purchased by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

NEVER DISAPPOINTS



Send your name and address on a postal, and we will send you our 156-page illustrated catalogue free.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.  
174 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

The truths we least desire to hear are those which it would be to our advantage to know.

### Patents.

Business with the inventor is on the increase, for this week the record of the sales of patents is the largest that has been made for some time, as 36 per cent of the inventors who received patents were able to sell their invention before the patents were issued, as is shown by the U. S. patent office report. Three hundred and eighty-three patents were issued and of that number 139 were sold. Of the prominent concerns who bought patents were found the following:

- Electric Power Development Co.
  - Philadelphia Hardware & Malleable Iron Works of Pennsylvania.
  - Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, Conn.
  - Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. of Pennsylvania.
  - U. S. Acetylene Liquefaction Co. of New York.
  - Phillips Mfg. Co. of New York.
  - American Cotton Co. of New York.
  - Mississippi Valley Electrical & Mfg. Co. of St. Louis, Mo.
- Parties desiring information in regard to patents should address Sues & Co., registered patent lawyers, Bee bldg., Omaha, Neb.

### For Easy Ironing

use "Faultless Starch." No sticking, blistering or breaking. It leaves a beautiful finish and does not injure the most delicate fabrics. All grocers sell it, 13c a package.

The republic of Venezuela contains 506,159 square miles. It is larger than any country in Europe except Russia.

I shall recommend Pina's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

Englishmen may now spend a fortnight in Paris or Switzerland for \$35 or enjoy a Norwegian tour for \$50.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

The completion of the million and a half dollar terminals of the Burlington Railroad at Quincy, Ill., marks an important stage in the development of that system. It was only five years ago that the road built into St. Louis, and established there an enormous freight yard, with a capacity of 3,000 cars. Elsewhere, at Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City and Denver, the Burlington has facilities for handling freight and passengers that are unexcelled.

\$118 buys new upright piano. Schmolzer & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

Probably nothing grows so monotonous as having a collector come around with the same old bill every month.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Britain uses 72,000 tons of paper yearly in postal cards.

In a new attachment for holding belts in place on the trousers a metallic plate is fastened to the under side of the belt and contains an eyelet with one side enlarged for the entrance of the button, with a spring tongue to lock the button in place.

Oars as a propelling mechanism for small boats are replaced by a Chicago man's device, having a pair of journal boxes attached to the sides of the boat, in which are mounted short shafts, with handled cranks at the inner ends and small paddle wheels at the outer ends to drive the boat.