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In re Estate of Reubin Tuplin,

of Kensington, deceased

All persons having any demand upon the estate of the above named deceased, are hereby required to exhibit the same duly attested, as by law required, at the office of Charles R Smallwood, Solicitor, Charlottetown, within one year from the date of this advertisement.

Dated this 2nd day of September, A. D. 1899.

JAMES TUPLIN,
R R FITZGERALD,
S W DODD,
} Executors.

I TOLD HER FAIRY STORIES.

I told her fairy stories
In the old days long ago,
As we used to sit at evening
In the firelight's lambent glow.
She was a tiny maiden,
Yet she loved me then, I know,
When I told her fairy stories
In the old days long ago.

I told her fairy stories
When we had older grown,
Those tales of love and courage
That lovers long have known;
When we used to watch the shadows
Like a tide's incoming flow,
And she whispered that she loved me,
In the old days long ago.

I tell her fairy stories
Almost every evening now,
But they've lost their old time glamour
And we've changed about somehow.
For we've married one another,
Yet she loves me still, although
She don't believe the stories
As in the old days long ago.

—Boston Traveler

VICTIM OF NEATNESS

She Scrubbed Horse Blankets Before Sunrise, Washed the Garden Tools and Was Able to Live Until She Cleaned the Roof on a Hot Day.

"Jest bring in them 'ere horse blankets, Jake, and I'll give 'em a good sudsing, as today is Saturday."

"The horse blankets!" exclaimed the new hired help.

"Yes, the law of the barn as well as the house is neatness."

Jake brought in the blankets, and Mrs. Plummer said to her niece:

"Here, you wash them checkered ones fust and the old striped ones after in the same water, and then rinse 'em in clean."

"They ain't fit to tech," said the girl sullenly as she looked at the old blankets. "I never heard of any one's washing horse blankets till I came here."

"The more's the pity. I guess you hain't been used to good housekeeping in your mother's home. Our family wuz brung up to be neat, but when Brother Beza married your ma he had to say goodby to a neat house."

"My mother was as good a housekeeper as ever I want to see, and she made a happy home for pa and me," said the girl, coloring angrily.

Taking no notice of the girl's remark, Mrs. Plummer said, "After you suds 'em don't forgit to rinse 'em, and"— But she broke off suddenly, exclaiming: "Well, I never! Ef Jake hasn't gone and left the print of his big, ugly boot on that outer doorstep!"

"I hope he'll leave a good many more," muttered Hepsey under her breath.

Her aunt swept off the step and then, with a pail of warm water and a scrubbing brush, restored the outraged doorstep.

"Now I'll do the cellar stairs," she said, "and do you git them blankets out before the sun's high."

In a few moments Hepsey heard her calling, "Hepsey Barney, you come here."

The girl wiped her hands on her calico apron and went as she was bidden. Pointing to a spot on the stairs, her aunt exclaimed:

"Didn't you scrub them stairs down on Wednesday?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well, there's that stain where your uncle spilt the cider Sunday night. I guess it's time you larned that spots ain't to be left a week on my cellar stairs. Why, I wouldn't hev slept for the night ef I'd a-known I hed such lookin steps. Git me the box of sand. Mebbe the grit will take the spot off."

Hepsey obeyed and, returning to her washing, rinsed and wrung out the blankets and carried them to the clothesline back of the house. Jake was near there, making a bed for "garden sass," as that work to be attended to before the spring work on the farm began.

"Lemme hang 'em for yer," he said pleasantly. "They air a sight too heavy for you to lift."

"I guess you'd think so if you'd been a-washing 'em," replied the girl as she watched him stretch them on the line with his strong arms. When he had finished, she thanked him and picked up her basket to return to the house.

"Mrs. P.'s a master hand at neatness, ain't she?" he asked.

"You'll think so before you've been here a month," remarked Hepsey, breaking off a twig from a shrub and throwing it on the ground.

"Pick up that there twig," called her aunt, who, having finished the stairs, had come out to take a look at the henhouse and ascertain whether the law of neatness and order had been violated, "and you had better do up the front porch now. There'll be no time before we sets to the bakin and gittin dinner."

Hepsey turned to go, but said softly when her aunt was out of hearing, "What will you think of having to wash the garden tools and everything used on the farm oncet in two weeks?"

"The land's sake!" exclaimed Jake, bursting into a laugh.

"Hush—she'll hear you," said the girl, smiling at him as she turned back toward the house.

Farmer Plummer had driven into market that morning, but returned home in time for dinner, which Hepsey and her aunt promptly placed on the table at 12 o'clock. Jake and Lloyd, the hired men, sat on one side, with Hepsey opposite, while Mr. and Mrs. Plummer presided at the head and foot of the table.

"Your dinner smells right good, Mrs. P.," said the farmer, as he cut off large slices of corned beef and passed the plates to his wife, who piled on cabbage, turnips and beets with generous hand, for stinginess was not one of her faults.

"It tastes as good as it smells," commented Jake, lifting his broad bladed knife, on which were balanced the vegetables the aroma of which was so appetizing to the hungry workmen.

Hepsey had taken off her soiled calico apron and replaced it with a neat white one and fastened a blue bow in her hair. This change in her attire did not escape Jake's notice.

One day Mrs. Plummer went to a chest of drawers in which her linen was kept. A cry of horror rose to her lips and startled Hepsey, who was preparing to set away the milk, which Jake had just brought in. She ran to her aunt, and even Jake turned back from the doorstep to see if he were needed.

"Oh, what is it, aunt?" cried the girl.

Almost speechless, her aunt pointed to a linen sheet which had a small brown spot on it. "Look at that!" she gasped. "Hepsey Barney, that's some of your work! I trusted you to do 'em last week when I was to Neighbor Worth's funeral."

"Why, I thought it would come out in the wash next time. It was only a spot from the iron."

"From the iron!" exclaimed Mrs. Plummer. "Didn't you rub them irons before you tetched 'em to the sheets?"

"I didn't think of it," said Hepsey, wondering if Jake thought she was a slack worker. But Jake said nothing and turning away went to the barn, for somehow he never could bear to hear Hepsey scolded.

The next morning when Jake came down stairs before sunrise he was surprised to find the fire made, the wash boiler on and all the tubs in formidable array. As he went toward the barn he saw on the line in the back yard sheets, tablecloths, pillowcases and napkins fluttering in the mild spring breeze.

At breakfast, which was ready at half past 4, Hepsey said timidly, "Aunt, would you like to hev me to wash out that sheet today?"

"No," said her aunt, "I got up at 2 and washed everything from the chest that hed a spot in it. Only next time hev a care that there ain't no spotted ones put away."

That was the beginning of Mrs. Plummer's new habit. Every few weeks she rose early and, taking the clean linen, washed it over again. The deep frown between her eyes was intensified, and the hard lines about her mouth became like furrows.

It was now scrub, scrub from morning to night, until Hepsey's arms ached, and nothing but the fact that the girl was dependent upon her aunt kept her patient under the new rules which were constantly made.

One hot summer day Mrs. Plummer said: "Them horse blankets must be washed today. It's been kinder neglected of late."

"But, aunt," expostulated Hepsey, "the horses don't wear 'em now in this boiling weather. They are just put away in the carriage house."

"I know it, but the dust gathers on 'em," said her aunt, fixing her eyes as if looking at something in the distance, with the tense expression they now wore.

"I tell you I won't hev them blankets washed again this summer. It just wears 'em out," exclaimed Mr. Plummer. "and there ain't no use in scrubbin and washin one's life away."

"I don't keep the house half a ways decent," replied his wife, bursting into tears. "I'm ashamed of myself, but most of the cleanin falls on me, for Hepsey's that slack."

"I wonder that she lives," muttered Jake so that no one but Hepsey heard him.

When the men went out to the barn the next morning, all the blankets were hanging on the line, for Mrs. Plummer always carried her point, and she had been to the barn before dawn, found the blankets and washed them.

The sun rose red and fiery that morning, and not a breath of air was stirring. The last acre of grass was to be cut down that day, and the men set off early for the fields.

About 11 o'clock Jake was startled by the sudden appearance of Hepsey in the hayfield, her face looking white and scared.

"Oh, Jake," she cried, seizing his arm, "go for a doctor! Aunt went up to scrub the roof of the south piazza, and the moment she came in she fell in the upper hall in a dead faint. You call uncle, while I run back."

Jake gave the alarm, and while he rode for a doctor Plummer lifted his wife, with the help of Hepsey, and laid her on the bed. The scrubbing brush was still clutched firmly in her hand. They bathed her head and her poor, rough hands and succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, at least partially, before the arrival of the physician. When he came, he said:

"I fear it is a sunstroke or apoplexy, and she must be kept very quiet. Has she been out in the sun all day?"

"She was on the roof of the south piazza, sir," said Hepsey, "and when she had finished scrubbing it she climbed back through the hall, but fell on the hall floor in a kind of a faint."

"Out on a tin roof such a day as this!" exclaimed the doctor. "It is a pure case of sunstroke."

He left remedies and gave directions that she should be kept quiet and in a dark room. Poor, frightened Hepsey prepared the dinner as best she could, and after the men returned to the hayfield she kept watch over her aunt, who slept most all the time.

That night about 1 o'clock Mrs. Plummer roused and asked her husband to call Hepsey. When she came, her aunt said:

"I guess I'll clean the roof to the south porch, and there is a spot on the window sill in the upper hall. I must git up and rub it off."

"Oh, no, aunt, I'll do it. You ain't well enough," said Hepsey.

"I will do it myself," said the sick woman, rising up in bed.

Fearing to cross her, the farmer and Hepsey were silent.

"Git the brush and some water, and be spry now, Hepsey, she said, with some of her old decision.

Mechanically the girl obeyed and taking a candle went to the kitchen and returned with the desired articles. As her aunt saw the brush her face lighted up with a look of pleased recognition.

"Mrs. P., don't git up. Jest let Hepsey fix it all right."

"No, no. Help me on to my feet," she said to her husband. So, leaning on his strong arm, she managed to go into the hall. Hepsey went before them with candle, brush and pan.

As the light of the candle fell upon the spot on the window sill she gave a faint cry of horror and, reaching for the brush, fell back into her husband's arms, gasping for breath. They carried her to her room, and Jake was sent for the doctor, but as the physician's step was heard she breathed her last, a victim to neatness.

* * * * * * *

Years after, when Hepsey and Jake had a little home of their own, over which she presided as nicely as any housekeeper in the district, Jake would frequently say:

"Hev a care, Hepsey. Don't git too neat and make an idol of that there scrubbin brush."

And she would pleasantly retort:

"There ain't no danger that I'll be too neat, with four tearing boys to look after."—Caroline Frances Little in Chicago Record.

One of a healthy woman's principal charms is her vivacity of carriage—the dainty, springy steps with which she walks. The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, who is troubled with backaches, stitches in the sides, dragging down or burning sensations, sick headaches and the multitude of other ills that accompany these disorders, cannot have the dainty, bounding carriage of a healthy woman. She will show in every movement that she is a sufferer.

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"A few years ago," writes Mrs. W. R. Bates, of Dilworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio, "I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

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Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, and through their combined influence on the kidneys and liver, cure the most complicated diseases of these delicate organs. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Johnson—Yes; somebody told him that "haste makes waste."—Kansas City Independent.

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