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The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs is certain to become an invalid. No woman can suffer in this way and be a healthy, happy, amiable wife and a competent mother. Troubles of this nature sap the strength, rack the nerves, paint lines of suffering upon the face, destroy the temper, make the once bright eyes dull and the once active brain sluggish, and transform a vivacious woman into a weak, sickly invalid.

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**NOTHING BUT THE SOUTH.**  
A STORY OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS,  
BY  
**JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH**

CHAPTER V.

Union or secession? There was nothing in life much worth considering outside of that stupendous question. The papers bristled with pro and con. The nation held its breath. Would sectional hatred or large idea statesmanship tip the beam? Who might say?

With a feverish eagerness the old man, who had once held the helm himself, with steady nerve and true, followed the wild tossing and pitching of the ship of state. Union or secession? Would the good ship founder or would she ride the stormy billows in safety? Into this rapt frame of mind Mrs. Strong's soft, cultured voice penetrated confusingly.

"I think I shall have to talk to Eliza Martin."

They, the people of the big house, were sitting at the breakfast table in a pleasant, loftily ceiled room, with a highly ornate fresco immediately overhead. Long, large paned windows opened upon a low side gallery. Lamarque roses, big, creamy, fragrant, rioted from the foot of its steps to the comb of its fanciful roof. Through the near row festoons and the farther shining green screen of the orange oranges that fringed the premises a vivid flash of red had caught Mrs. Strong's disapproving eye. Quick as the darting of a swallow's wing in upper ether it had come and gone.

The lady frowned severely. Six weeks now since Seth and Strong had brought the girl home through the starless small hours and only by the flashing of that red wing, the central ornament of an immensely chic riding turban, had her presence been made known to the mistress of the big house.

The governor glanced over the edge of his paper impatiently. His daughter-in-law's voice was an arresting sound always. Being a woman, she was entitled to consideration. But the interruption was especially untimely just then.

She had disposed of her share of the mail promptly. It was a mere scrap of a letter from Adrien, who had only remained in the rose scented ribbon festooned chamber long enough to secure a suitable traveling companion before leaving home again on a supplemental tour of all that was best worth seeing in his own country. When the governor looked over the edge of his newspaper, Adrien's mother was twisting his letter into a smooth white cylinder.

"I beg your pardon, my dear?" Mrs. Strong repeated her remark with unconscious arrogance.

"I said I think I shall have to talk to Eliza Martin. She is assuming rather an unbecoming attitude."

"Little Eliza?"

The governor's right hand went up to his black velvet skullcap and set it in rotary motion—a sure sign of perturbation with him. He glanced restlessly around the room and wistfully at the pile of yet unopened papers beside his plate. What was Eliza Martin or any other girl in the universe by comparison with the matter discussed in those coiled sheets? Mrs. Strong answered the question of his eyes.

"Oh, she is not here in the flesh. I shall have to send a special messenger for her. I presume. She has just dashed by on that little mare Seth has had in training for her. She spends half her time on its back."

The governor had been swallowing his coffee in cold installments; he now gulped it by way of economizing time.

"She is a pretty little thing," he took time to say.

"The pony or the girl?"

"The girl. Dear me, of course the girl. Quite a style, my dear. I saw her standing at the dish shelf on the gallery at Eben's. Trimming lamps, I believe. Unfortunately pretty, I should say."

"Decidedly very unfortunate. I really call it a pity."

Mrs. Strong was emphatic. She was thinking of Adrien. She was rather glad he was away just now. Eliza would have lost some of the freshness of a novelty by the time he returned.

"I am afraid she is sulking. I am told she goes off on that pony and is gone for hours at a time."

"I imagine she does not go off the plantation. I suppose she is renewing acquaintance with the old place. No harm in that, my dear! No impropriety that I can perceive."

"No, no harm."

"Nor danger."

"Neither harm nor danger, father, in the act itself, but it indicates restlessness and dissatisfaction with her lot generally. That is what I want to judge of for myself."

"But what have you to do with it, Adele? Have we not already meddled with Eben Martin's family affairs sufficiently?"

"Meddled?"

Mrs. Strong repeated the word in soft voiced wonder. How was it possible for her to meddle? Could a sovereign meddle with the affairs of his own subjects?

Sans Souci plantation was her kingdom. Within its boundary fences she was absolute sovereign. Its menservants and its maidservants, its oxen, its sheep, its asses and all that therein was, were her subjects. She had done autocratically just as she pleased, with man and beast, on Sans Souci, ever since the hour that Adrien's father had installed her as mistress, or, rather, crowned her its sovereign with a very pretty speech.

Adrien's father, the ex-governor's son, had passed away in the prime of a self-indulgent life. His widow had held the helm in careful hands so undisturbedly since that the comings and goings of the old politician caused but slight deviations from the regular order of things.

Eben Martin was simply her steward. A necessary and satisfactory medium between her and the multitude of living things, biped and quadruped, which existed principally to minister to the comfort of the Strong's. The serene dignity of her social status was not the result of any vulgar commercial success. She had been born into it. Her social importance was prenatal. It would exist after she was dead. She had not come dowerless into the Strong family. She had added to the magnitude and importance of their estate by joining her own to it. When she laid down her scepter, Adrien and Adrien's children would lift it up. To the ex-governor, plantation affairs were secondary and incidental. State affairs were absorbing.

(To be Continued.)



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My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval, P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councilor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 25th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

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