



The old-fashioned watchman who prowled about the streets of medieval London with a lantern in his hand to proclaim his coming, and who announced his passage through the streets by shouting "All's well," was a very inefficient protector when compared with the metropolitan police of New York City, commonly known as the "Finest." The modern policeman does not proclaim his coming to the evil doer by shouting or by carrying a lantern. He does his work more quietly and effectively than the old-fashioned town watchman.

It is thus that in all the walks of life and in all occupations, times change and knowledge and efficiency increase. In this respect medical science has kept pace with the advance in other lines. Physicians and chemists have grown rapidly more skillful. There are medicinal preparations nowadays that cure diseases that were a few years ago considered absolutely incurable. The final triumph in this respect is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was first given to the world thirty years ago, and has stood the test ever since that time. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred affections. Thousands who were hopeless sufferers, and had been given up by the doctors, have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It acts directly on the lungs and air-passages, driving out all impurities and disease germs. An honest dealer will not try to persuade you to take an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pennies added profit.

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**NOTHING BUT THE SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS**  
 BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH  
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CHAPTER XI.  
 "My good gracious! Here comes the old wandering Jew, as Seth calls him. To my certain knowledge old Reuben has been comin to the house every Saturday steady for ten years. Won't he never get over that misery in the back?"  
 Liza shrugged her shoulders and laughed mirthlessly.  
 "I should miss Reuben dreadfully if he were to get well or to die. He is the one immovable thing I know of." All that was not dismal in her lot was ludicrous, according to Liza's Saturday cogitations, which were never rose tinted.

A little later on the smokehouse door was closed and its big greasy key was hanging on a nail by the dining room mantelpiece. Eben and the boys had ridden away, uncomfortably incased in coats and cravats which gave them quite an unfamiliar appearance. The drugs had all been dispensed for the day, and Reuben had hobbled away, happy in the consciousness of having performed a sacred Saturday rite creditably. Only the clangor in the blacksmith's shop, the noisy wrangling of contestants in foot races or marble games in the well beaten quarter lot, with a redundancy of coarse wet wearing apparel flapping gayly from every fence rail or low growing bush about the cabins, remained as unlovely reminders of the day.

Liza was in the pantry weighing the materials for the soft gingerbread which was the test of Seth's enthusiasm. Her mother had gone to see about the oven heat, but returned suddenly and stood before her flinging her fat hands, palms outward, despairingly.

"Oh, Lord, the Chambliss carriage, with Mrs. Chambliss and Miss Amy inside, and it stoppin right smack bang in front of the steps!"  
 By this time she had intrenched herself behind the pantry shutter, through whose liberal chinks she was taking hysterical observations of the outer world.

Liza was poised the balances delicately on one slim white finger. In one scoop was some powdered ginger, in the other some flat bits of metal. Her nerves stood the shock of this unprecedented happening admirably. The beam remained motionless.

"I think I would not pry on them, mother. I suppose they are calling on the blacksmith. A horse has cast a shoe perhaps or a bolt has sprung. Something is always happening to the Chambliss turnouts."

"Yes, but, oh, my goodness gracious, Liza, I've got eyes! It's here they're makin for. They're comin up the steps as straight as an arrow. And, O Lord, every blanket and spread and flannin petticoat I own in the world strewed all over the front gallery sunnin, and the ole man's red flannin drawers flappin like mad. Saturday of all days! How could I guess they was comin?"  
 Rebecca's mild voice had by this time reached a pitch of querulous excitement. Liza regarded her coldly.

"I don't think it makes a particle of difference, mother, about one knowin. I suppose they want to sit down here while the carriage is at the shop. Some one must receive them decently. I can't. Seth's Sunday cake is in jeopardy."  
 "But there ain't any place for 'em to set down. The ole man always leaves my room lookin like a sight when he dresses up, and that everlastin poke Jinny is down on her knees this blessed minute in a river of suds in the dinin room."

"My room then. They are at the door, mother. There's no place else."  
 Mrs. Martin hurried out of the pantry red and nervous. What on earth did the Dell place people want?

Liza flung the scales from her with a gesture of despair. The weights had lost all significance. No doubt by this time these two fine ladies, his mother and his sister, were in full possession of her room—the poor little nest where artistic makeshifts and homespun adornments were the perpetual marvel and delight of the entire family. She laughed aloud. Seth could never be induced to enter it, even for the placing of a hook or the hanging of a shelf, without removing his heavy shoes, which he considered a profanation of holy ground.  
 Doubtless Mrs. and Miss Chambliss would find abundant opportunity for adverse criticism. Why could they not have ridden on up to the mansion and sent the carriage back to the shop? The whole proceeding was ill bred and insolent. Into this bitter reverie Mrs. Martin's shrill voice pierced suddenly.  
 "Daughter, it ain't the blacksmith nor me neither that they want. It is you. They've come to call. I thought, in your own house, you wouldn't wait to be asked for, so I jus' kept a runnin on, talkin most of the time about you, and showin them all the things you done yourself—them little cute pictures and boxes and things. Miss Amy says you must be awfully clever, and she

only wishes she could do one-half the things you can. I laughed out of genuine pride in you, sissy, and I told her you was some punkins."  
 "Oh, mother!"  
 "Well, you are. And, oh, good gracious, if you only could get to your armo' and slip inter that little pink wrapper. It jus' makes you look like a doll. But you can't, with Mrs. Chambliss settin smack bang ag'inst the armo' do', and them dressed so nice."  
 "Don't worry about that, mother. I am not competing with Mrs. Chambliss and her daughter. I suppose they have come to say something stupid about that accident."

"I reckon. Daughter"—  
 Liza had got as far as the door. She turned at the pleading sound.  
 "Don't get up on your stilts, honey. Amy Chambliss is a good, sweet, sensible girl, if she is the only daughter of ole Si Chambliss, and him worth a mint of money. If she wants to be your friend—your real, lovin girl friend, like Gabriella Strong would a-been all her life if the dear Master hadn't taken her to himself—don't turn a cold shoulder to her, my dear. You need somethin that me and the boys and Eben can't supply. I've found that much out, and it scort grieves me, darlin."

(To be Continued.)

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Mrs. Rosie Stearn, 30 Walton street, Toronto, says:—"I suffered at every change in the weather with cold in the head. At times it was so bad that I was unable to speak, being completely stuffed up. I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and did so, and received immediate relief. I am pleased to testify to its worth gladly. I also received a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching of the skin, and it is the best remedy I have ever used. I shall at all times recommend to sufferers Dr. Chase's remedies. His recipes are indeed wonderful."

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Mr. J. Killfeder, 28 Gerrard street west, Toronto, an old and respected resident of the city, says:—"I have been suffering from Kidney trouble since last fall and found the lightest kind of exercise very painful. I concluded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I saw advertised, and the effect was wonderful, the first box removing the pains in my back, and leaving me feeling very much better in every way. I can cheerfully recommend them as the workman's friend. They are well named K. and L. Pills. The meaning which I took to be Knights of Labour Pills." One pill a dose. 25 cents a box.

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