

**A LITTLE LIGHT.**

Every young woman needs a little light upon the subject of health. There is far too much new-fashioned prudery among mothers. Every young woman should have explained to her the supreme necessity of keeping herself pure and wholesome and free from weakness and disease in a womanly way.



For general health, her future happiness, her physical strength, her capability as a wife and mother, and the health and strength of generations to come are dependent upon this.

Nothing in the world will destroy the good looks, wholesomeness, the amiability, and the usefulness of a woman quicker than disorders of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for women who are ailing in this way. It makes a woman strong and healthy where a woman most needs health and strength. It relieves pain, soothes inflammation, heals ulcers, and gives rest and tone to the tortured nerves. It cures all the ailments so commonly considered as uncomfortable inheritance of youth. It has been used for over thirty years with an unbroken record of success. More of it has been sold than of all the other medicines for women combined. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. He will cheerfully answer, without charge, all letters from ailing women.

"Three years ago," writes Mrs. J. N. Messier, of 1704 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y., "the best physicians in this city said there was no cure for me—unless I would go to a hospital and have an operation performed. I could not walk across the room. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after three bottles I could work, walk and ride."

Torpid liver and constipation are surely and speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe. They regulate, tone up and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels. No substitute urged by mercenary dealers is as good.

**SAVE THE MOTHERS**

**Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.**

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing. Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

"Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

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Return 33.81

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Authorized AGENT FOR P.E. ISLAND

**FIRE LIFE. ACCIDENT**



**NOTHING.**

A SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS, BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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**CHAPTER X**

A pinkish hue suddenly suffused Amy's plain, sorrowful little face. Adrien Strong was the one romance of her contracted life. It was sufficient to make the afternoon brighter for her, just that bare possibility that perhaps when the lamps were lighted and the dull, eventless day was done Randal and Adrien would come riding home together in the gloaming, and Adrien would stay to tea, and the evening would be made charming to her, and perhaps to mother, by the spirited talk of the men—father and Randal and Adrien. Men always had so much to talk about. They saw so much and heard so much and did so much. So much more than she and mother ever did. She only waited for the big front gate to shut Randal and Thunderer from view when she ran quickly down the steps at the end of the gallery with a pair of garden shears in her hands. The chrysanthemums were in gorgeous bloom. She remembered once hearing Adrien say he liked them better than any other flower. Their fragrance was all their own. They had an individuality of their own. With great long stems she cut them. Those parlor vases were like huge cisterns. On her way back to the house she thrust her head through the kitchen window. Aunt Tempy was smoking her afternoon pipe and picking the pinfeathers from the chickens that were a standing dish on the breakfast table of the Dell place. "Aunt Tempy!"

"Well, honey."  
"Have you a nice supper for tonight?"  
"Go way, you sassy chile. Ain' yo' ma' done give out supper w'en she give out dinner? An you question her judgment."  
"Yes, but did she order waffles?"  
"Waffuls! Nosa. Nur I ain' gwine mek any."  
"Please, Aunt Tempy."  
"Nosa."  
"Aunt Tempy, I will make your new apron on the machine if you will."  
"An my coat too?"  
"Your dress too."  
"W'at fur you so stirred up 'bout supper so all of a sudden?"  
Amy buried her hot cheeks in the cool white blossoms.  
"Because—because—I like waffles, and—and—good hot strong coffee, and quince preserves, and—and things."  
"Go way, chile. You ain' pull the wool over ole Tempy's eyes yit. Go 'long. You mont es well give up tryin' to."

She went "along," Tempy's fat chuckle pursuing her. Went up stairs to her bedroom, where she supplemented her own personal adornment by pinning some of the prettiest of the quilled white blossoms against the dark blue bosom of her silk dress, and by the time Thunderer had plunged fairly into the dusty corporate limits of the nebulous town of Sessumport poor little Amy was in a fluttering condition of over-readiness for Randal's return with Adrien Strong, whose material tastes were all prepared for. She was looking at life through the narrow slot of a wooden environment and saw very many insignificant objects through the magnifying medium of an ill nourished imagination.

The postal service for the sparsely settled neighborhood about Sessumport did not warrant a building of its own. A "four by four" wooden box, with 26 pigeonholes alphabetically arranged, furnished ample accommodation for the local mail. The possession of this honeycombed box excited the competitive spirit in Sessumport commercial circles periodically as nothing else had power to do. It was a drawing card, so to speak.

Wherever that box was located there would be the grand rally on packet day. There would be hitched to the long, much nibbled horse rack under the sycamore trees every grade of saddle beast, from the rope bridled mule, with its folded gunny sack saddle and its barefoot rider, sent ten miles by old man Harvey, on the other side of the creek, for the regular weekly letter from the theological seminary where his boy Hal was being made into a preacher up to the shining coated English saddled thoroughbred high steppers that fetched in a Chambliss or a Strong or a Cathcart hungering for news from the outer world. There would be congregated on the time polished gallery benches when the weather permitted, or about the rusty cylindrical redhot stove inside when the weather would not permit, a patient, leisurely, philosophical set of men, who found no fault with the mail packet for being 10 or 12 hours behind time, but improved the compulsory probation by posting themselves in local gossip. There would be the briskest demand for whisky toddies and cigars, and if "a little game" helped to shorten the "wait" what was to hinder?

Mr. Samuel McGuire, dealer in wholesale plantation supplies, dry goods,

shoes, tinware, hardware, plows, and liquors, cigars and a few other necessities of life, had secured a five years' lease of the "four by four" box, and it was to McGuire's horse rack that Randal Chambliss hitched Thunderer.

**CHAPTER XI**

"Saturday! The dreadfullest day of all the dreadful seven!"  
Liza drew the honeycomb bedspread farther up about her ears and burrowed deeper into the pillows. If only she could shut out the sights and the sounds that were waiting for her just outside her bedroom door, shut them out forever by that feeble device of burrowing in the pillows!

The last day of the week was always ushered in with frenzied energy by the overseer's family. In Mrs. Martin's language, "Things was purty generally at sixes and sevens from sunup till sundown of Saturdays."  
There was the week's rations to be given out to over 100 field hands. More than 100 times would Eben hold aloft the hand scales, with their dangling bait of shining salt pork, and anxiously scan the indicator to make sure that no fraction over the regulation four pounds should pass into the keeping of each laborer. More than 100 times Seth would bend his brawny back to transfer a peck of cornmeal from a barrel belonging to ex-Governor Strong into a soiled bag belonging to one of ex-Governor Strong's slaves. More than 100 times Charlie, presiding over the molasses barrel and the tobacco box, would supplement the necessities of life, dispensed by his father and Seth, with the only two luxuries craved by the docile and unampered horde.

Even then Liza could hear the field hands defiling heavily past her windows, shod in their clumsy red brogans, a stolid, patient gang, quite content to bask with folded arms against the long, sunny wall of the log smokehouse, while Eben and the boys scampered through their breakfast, swallowing their coffee in those dreadfully audible gulps which Liza found so trying.

(To be Continued.)



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Gentlemen:—Please find enclosed \$1, for which send four boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. We have used it, and find it an excellent remedy, so we recommend it to others. Mr. J. M. Poorman, of Woodham, Marion Co., Ore., got some and is delighted with its effects.

Please send three boxes to Mrs. F. J. Edmunds, No. 401 West Part street, Portland, Ore., and one box to Rev. E. F. Edmunds, Sedro, Skagit Co., Wash. Be sure and send the blowers; they are so handy. Send at once.

F. J. EDMUNDS.

**DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE NEVER FAILS TO CURE**

Cold in the head, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Catarrhal Deafness, Foul Breath, loss of taste and smell, and Catarrh in all its forms. Contains no cocaine.

Price 25 cents, complete with blower.

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Men's Suits, all wool, in grey and fancy checks, single breasted, well trimmed, selling at \$5.00 to 6.00

Men's Suits, mixed checks, 4 button sack, at \$7.00 to 8.00

Suits made from our own make of tweed, all patterns, single and double breasted, selling at \$7.00 to 11.50

Children's 2 piece suits, dark grey patterns, at \$1.50 per suit

Children's 2 piece suits, all wool, grey and brown checks, selling at \$2.00 to 3.75

Boy's 3 piece suits, nice checks, well made, selling at \$3.50 up to 7.00

Men's ready-to-wear pants, all sizes, good patterns, at 75c, \$1, 1.25, 1.50 up

Boys' odd pants at 25c. 35c up

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Ch'town, May 14, 1898.

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