



Every woman should realize that her health is like a bank account. At the outset she has so much deposited to her credit in the bank of health. If she draws out more than she puts in she will soon overdraw her account. An over-drawn account in the bank of health means one of two things, a life of hopeless suffering or an early death.

The woman who neglects her health in a womanly way is making big drafts on her account with the bank of health and will soon be a physical bankrupt. Disorders of this description wreck a woman's general health quicker than anything else in the world. They soon transform a healthy, happy, amiable woman into a weak, sickly, fretful and despondent invalid. They utterly unfit a woman for wifehood or motherhood. For all disorders of this nature Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in maternity, giving them health, strength, vigor and elasticity. It relieves pain, allays inflammation, checks debilitating drains, and quickly subdues all other symptoms. It at once stops the dragging pains and sinking spells, the nervousness, the digestive disturbances and other complications that arise from the same cause. Taken during the months of expectant maternity, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the new-comer's health and a plentiful supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest dealer will not suggest an inferior substitute for the sake of extra profit.

**The D & A CORSET.**



**For Evening Dress**

Women find the D & A CORSET as well suited for evening wear as it is for ordinary purposes. It gives "chic" to the figure, without stiffness or discomfort. It is sold at popular prices.

Wear the D & A Corset.

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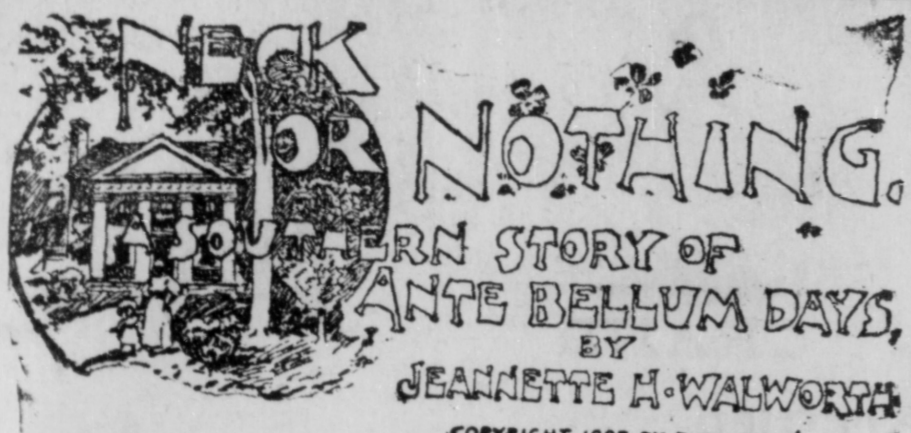
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FIRE LIFE ACCIDENT



CHAPTER XII.  
Suzanne turned a look of solemn reproach in the direction of this frivolous interruption. She regarded Sandy in the light of an impertinence. With serious deliberation she folded the newspaper so as to bring into due prominence the large headlines, which had sounded so impressive when read aloud by Adrien that afternoon. "Lis'n, folks!" She began to read amid a silence so profound that the soft rustling of the paper in her hand was distinctly audible. She was not a fluent elocutionist. She halted nervously at every verbal stumbling block which presented more than two syllables to be mastered. But, sustained by the consciousness that she was doing it better than any one of her auditors could do it, and believing that she had news worth communicating, she forged ahead resolutely:

"The big letters at the top reads, 'Con-C-o-n-Con—'"

"Confound it! 'Contraption!'"

"Shet up, boys. You is altogether too brigitty."

A resonant maternal cuff accompanied this rebuke. The interruption had been valuable to Suzanne. She resumed glibly: "Confederate states of America. Rat-ratification meeting."

She heaved a sigh of relief. It was tougher work than she had anticipated, but she proceeded under the cheering conviction that she had tided over the worst.

"Proceedings of a large meeting of the citizens of Sessumport, without distinction of former party lines, held at the courthouse in Sessumport Saturday, February 16, 1861."

"We all knows that much already. Uns' Dolbear driv ole mars to the cotohouse bissef. I don't hear nuthin 'bout us folks in that."

This was discouraging. Suzanne put a hand up to her turban with disarranging effect.

"But it is 'bout we all, all the same. I'm comin to it. Mebbe I didn't begin at the right place. Here! I reckon I got it this time:"

"That we are ready and willing to support by arms and otherwise our state and southern c-o-n-confedrace, and that we yield precedence in patriotism to the people of no other county of this or any other southern state."

"Well, what den?"

Suzanne looked up timorously at a stolid and unmoved audience. Somehow the printed words looked black and meaningless when she spelled them out so laboriously. And yet they were the same words that had stirred Mr. Adrien to such a pitch of joyous excitement and the old master to an equally excited pitch of lugubrious prophecy.

Sam Bates had taken advantage of the diversion to empty the jug provided for general refreshment and had reeled out of the hall in a condition of glorious irresponsibility, scraping his bow over the strings of his instrument to the air of "We'll dance all night, till broad daylight, and go home wid the gals in the mornin'."

Sandy had followed his example, pocketing his slighted bones with a grimace of disgust bestowed upon Suzanne, and one verbal Parthian dart: "Them that's willin to stan roum like a gander on one foot while Sue is rootin roum for her news is welcome to stay. I'ze gwine home."

Suzanne flung the paper from her tempestuously, but immediately recovered it with a jerk.

"Plague on the paper! You is all a passel uv gumps. Jus' 'cause I can't read a thing off as glib as them that's w'ite and b'en studyin books all their lives you all don' b'lieve there's nothin in it. I kin tell it ef I can't find it in the paper. It's there, though," she concluded obstinately, as she slapped the paper angrily with her forefinger.

"Well, tell it then."

"An the torches is mos' flared they-seffs out."

The w'ite folks is goin to fight. They's goin to fight 'bout we all. They's goin to fight to mek us free." Suzanne looked about her triumphantly.

"Free?" It was a full, deep, questioning chorus.

"Yes, free. Free as the birds of the air. Nobody to say go, and you got to go. Nobody to say stay, lak you was a horse wid a curb bit in your mouth, and you got to stay. Free to go when you like and whar you like. Free to stay in bed till 10 o'clock in de mornin if you've a min ter, and den git up and tek your own time 'bout things gin rally."

An incredulous laugh rewarded black Suzanne's efforts to fire the souls of her people with the joyous hope that was even then making her own pulses bound furiously.

"You don't b'lieve me yet. But, thank God, that won't keep it from comin, won't keep it from comin! Glory halleluah, it's comin, comin, comin!"

clasped above her gay turban, her great lustrous eyes fastened upon the cobwebbed, time blackened rafters overhead. "Freedom, it's comin! Comin to me and a-comin to you! Freedom, it's a-comin! Sent from de skyes above!"

It meant nothing to them, that abstract idea of freedom. It was an empty, mystic sound to that herd of laughing, well fed, care free slaves. It was, in its essence, an impalpable good they were too gross to grasp. Suzanne might have read that edition of the Sessumport Herald to them with the utmost fluency and emphasis without stirring them to anything more appreciative than a derisive laugh or a jesting taunt. But the swaying grace of the tall, lithe form under the expiring pipe torch, the rhythmic melody of that monotonous chant, in which the word freedom recurred again and again, stirred their imitative faculties to an emulous pitch, and the festivities of the earlier hours gradually waxed into a pean to liberty, that rose and swelled and died away and moaned among the cavernous rafters until Suzanne's hands suddenly dropped by her sides, and she stood mute and exhausted among the swinging, chanting, howling negroes, whom she had stirred to a frenzy.

"I must go tell mammy," she said, with sudden remorsefulness of aspect. "Mammy's got mo' sense than all of us put together. Good night, folks."

Old Viney sat muttering and smoking in the little lean to of a room that Strong Martin called a kitchen. Just across the grassless yard was a small hovel where she and Suzanne slept together of nights, but she always waited for the girl there by the kitchen fire, when the nights were cold and the hovel hearth uncomfortable.

The girl was long coming tonight, and Viney's imperious temper was chafing under the delay.

"Dog on her for a sassy drab! If she ain't here by de time de dinin room clock strak 'leven she kin grope her own way to bed in de cold an de dark. I ain' goin stan much mo'."

But before the dining room clock struck 11 the kitchen door opened very softly and Suzanne and a cold puff of wind entered together.

(To be Continued.)



**SUCCESSFUL MEN**

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**Dr. A. W. CHASE**

COMES TO THEIR AID.

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Many men understand this, and make every effort to cure it, but it is beyond the reach of ordinary practice.

No self-respecting man can ignore catarrh. If he has it in any form he makes constant effort to be rid of it.

There is something about the manner of life and the climate of Canada that seems to breed diseases of the mucous membrane. Medical science ordinarily doesn't try to cure catarrh; it "relieves" it; but Dr. Chase has been curing catarrh for over thirty years, and his name is blessed by thousands who have shaken off the grasp of this insidious disease.

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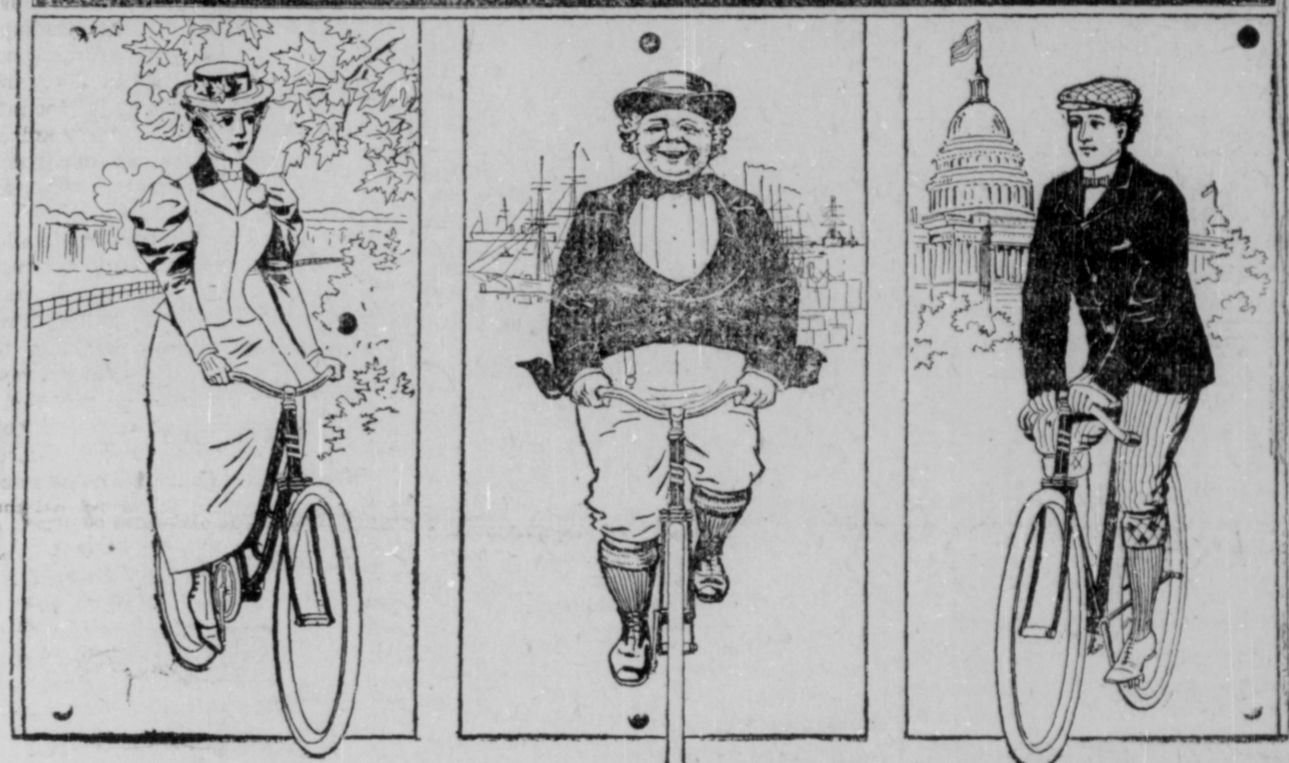
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- |  |                |   |             |
|--|----------------|---|-------------|
| Lisle thread gloves  | 12c, for 5c    | Prints  | 5c per yard |
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| Silk cord for fancy work worth 10c, now 2c                                     |                | 50c for 25c yard  |             |
| Fancy black braid for dress trimming 1c, 3c, 5c per yard, worth from 10 to 25c |                | 75c for 25c yard  |             |
| Ladies undervests, 10, 18, 22, good value                                      |                | 1.00 for 50c yard   |             |
| Hooks and eyes   | 1c card        | 1.65 for 80c yard   |             |
| Silk dress laces worth   | 10c, now 2c    | Aberdeen skirt closer   | 7c          |
| Table doyles worth   | 10c, now 5c    | Dress Goods—see our prices on a few lines.                          |             |
| Colored Trimming silk from 10c to 25c yard worth double what we ask for them,  |                | 33c for 15c yard  |             |
| Black sewing silk  | 1c skein       | 39c for 19c yard  |             |
| Colored twist worth from 4c to 6 per yard, now 2c.                             |                | 55c for 29c yard  |             |
| Hemstitched hdkfs  | 4c, worth 10c  | 55c for 30c yard  |             |
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|  |                | 1.45 for 75c yard   |             |

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