

DAFFODIL.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

Mr. Clayton was coming along with half a dozen young men around him. Mr. Telfer hailed him. "Hi there!" he called out. "You seem to have forgotten Jim Telfer. Let's have a word with you!"

Mr. Clayton turned aside and shook hands. His manner betokened surprise. He had seen Telfer several times before but he had made no effort to make his presence known.

"Some time since we met," he remarked with a curious look at his new found acquaintance. "Yes," rejoined Telfer with a passing peculiarity in his smile. "Different surroundings, these!"

Clayton was evidently uneasy. And when Telfer said, "We can be better men here. Who are your friends?" he was relieved, as Telfer had meant he should be, and named the waiting young men with his usual ease of speech and demeanor.

"We're going around to the muses' Retreat," he said. "Come along won't you, and see what a lot of pretty girls we have there."

This was what Telfer wanted. But he declined, giving as an excuse his friend's solitariness in the hotel.

"Bring him along" was the answer and forthwith, Telfer went for him.

"A deuced lot of dudes are with him," he said to his companion "but you know how to hold aloof from them."

"My friend, Brown," he introduced him as they all went along in a crowd to the Muses' Retreat—otherwise the tent where Memory and her ten charges held court.

That was the beginning of Aphrodite Brown's acquaintance with the "stranger" in her camp.

He was a handsome fellow, his drooping moustache hiding a sad mouth, his grave, solemn eyes beautiful in their gloom, his voice low and his manner almost obtrusively quiet, so like a death's head at the feast was he sometimes, the girls declaring that he disconcerted them in their fun by his seriousness.

"I don't find him so awfully solemn!" Daffodil said, one day to the enquiry, "Well, is Adonis Brown as owlish as ever?"

The girls laughed. It was a matter of common occurrence for Daffodil to defend Mr. Brown but this time there was a little reminiscence connected with last night's boating party that made her words doubly funny to them.

"No, he wasn't so last night was he? When he and you sat hand-in-hand in the bow of the boat," laughed the girls.

"I deny it!" exclaimed Daffodil flushing but not angry.

"What use is there to tease her about him anyway!" spoke a man's voice behind them. "He is hardly to be caught by a woman's face so soon after the tragic end of his first love story. I will give him credit for that much stability of character."

The girls were all intensely interested. Daffodil opened her eyes too. She thought of Mr. Brown in a new light. A dangerous light it proved to be since "pity is the straightest road to a woman's love."

It seemed Mr. Clayton had found out that Mr. Brown had been nearly married once.

"And she jilted him!" the girls anticipated as soon as he had told them.

"No! She was killed in some way or other the evening before the wedding."

The girls regarded "Adonis" Brown after that with much more admiration and his sober ways did not seem unbefitting him.

Daffodil found herself watching him with a very interested sympathy the next day when they were out boating in the morning sunshine.

He looked up once and she looked away then. "It is delightful floating along like this," she remarked wishing the flush that warmed her face would not come so readily.

"Very," he repeated. "I wish it could last forever."

Their eyes met. What an unaccountable unnamable sensation passed over Daffodil. She had felt it before and feeling it now she almost defined it. Thinking of an extract about the subtle coils of memory that suddenly spring into motion on certain impressions connecting the past with the present she said "Did you ever read any of Augusta Evan's books?"

"I never read love stories," he answered quickly "forgive me" she said softly. "I did not mean to wound you."

His eyes expressed a surprise that was inexplicable to her. She often caught him giving her those strange incomprehensible glances. He took up his oars now and rowed the boat far out in the middle of the dancing expanse of waters. "May I say one word to you?" he asked abruptly. She detected some change in the voice and wondered once again who he reminded her of.

"What is it?" she asked, to hear him speak again.

"Are you perfectly happy with the Greek Tableau Company?"

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I am not perfectly happy—no! But I do not deserve much happiness—I have thrown away all my chances."

Again he bent that mysterious look on her. "But you never will like any life but that of the stage," he said, interrogatively.

"Yes!" she said, wistfully. "I shall like any life better soon. But I do not see my way clear to leaving the friends who have been so kind, till another season at all events. If I could, I would go to-morrow to Laila—you have heard me speak of her—I think she would let me come."

"It would be a dull life—"

"Ah but you don't know what I have suffered in this life. Behind the scenes is something very different to the glimpse we get before the footlights. Another thing—tell me, Mr. Brown, do you not think yourself the true sphere of woman is home."

"You astonish me!" he exclaimed. "You know I think so."

Daffodil was surprised. How did she know it. He had never said so before. They were nearing shore again now however and on reaching it, the conversation became more trivial.

Mr. Brown grew silent as they approached the tent.

"Come in!" she said, giving him a sweet smile. "The girls are always glad to see you."

He entered and they glanced at each other in startled surprise. Something evidently

had happened. Here were three girls with their faces buried in their hands, two sobbing outright, two gathering up the stray articles of dress lying about while Leda and Tallie with troubled faces came forward with the bad news.

CHAPTER VIII.

"To give pain is the t-ranny, to make happy, the true empire of Beauty.—Steele.

"Yes!" Daffodil said, as she leaned her head on her sister Laila's knee. "Mr. Brown is nice. He was so kind and thoughtful when the Greek Tableau Company came to grief. The girls could not refuse his modestly made request to supply the funds necessary for their transport home. Poor creatures that we were."

"What wretched cheats the Claytons were!" criticised Laila. "The idea of their running away with the finances. How many months did you say they owed the girls?" "Three!" Daffodil told her dreamily. "But it was well in a way. The girls are far better off at home than they were travelling about."

"You have got all over your dreams?" Laila asked, with a smile.

"Yes dear!" her sister said soberly. "And how thankful I should be that I am here safe and well and happy now. I do not deserve this. Had I been rewarded according to my deserts—Oh, Laila, I do not want to think of it!" "You have been punished a little—more indeed than you realize now—you have lost Jack!" "Yes, always liked him didn't you Laila?" "Yes, always. And I think you were a very wicked girl to throw him off as soon as you found him out. To be sure it was almost an unpardonable sin to deceive you so but he was ready to atone and give up the life with your help."

Daffodil put her face down between her hands "And I would not help him?" she said regretfully. "What a wicked wretch I was. But still Laila, I never could have loved him. I don't think it is in me to love anyone."

Mrs. Syriston was a widow now. A very charming one of only thirty-five and as she arose presently and went into the garden to pluck a few flowers for the decoration of the tea table, Daffodil felt that it would not be long before her fair sister would be married again, if she liked.

"I can readily understand," she murmured to herself, "how it is that Mr. Brown lingers in Pinkside. My pretty sister is a charming woman. And he has found it out since he came here."

She took up a book near by and sought to read but it fell into her lap soon and her thoughts went wandering over past, present and future. A strange sense of loneliness closed in upon her. And it was intensified by the view of Mr. Brown following Laila about from flower to flower with the assiduity of a persistent lover. Mrs. Syriston seemed happy in his company too. She smiled and talked with the vivacity of a young girl and Mr. Brown's usual soberness was quite gone.

Daffodil went away from the window and sought her hat and gloves. Then out by a side door she stole, into a lane that led away to the near grove of trees called "The Resort," the property of a lady who was now travelling in Europe.

The house was an old fashioned one and set far back in the gloom of the miniature forest on the edge of a cliff that overhung the lake. She often wandered about this romantic old place and now she stole past the wide piazza with quick feet, to reach the nook she liked to ensconce herself in and look out over the blue waters. Why! the owner must be home! The side windows were all open and a breath of gathered violets floated out between the curtains of cobweb lace. She drew back and would have retraced her steps but a woman's voice called her—"Do not run away! I was just wishing to see a human face." And looking up, she saw a pleasant faced woman coming down the balcony steps.

"I am a cousin of Mrs. Raynor's" explained the stranger. "And have come here for the rest of the summer."

"I am the sister of Mrs. Syriston, your nearest neighbor," said Daffodil, going forward to clasp hands.

"My name is Dayer, Mrs. Dayer," the lady said further and Daffodil started violently. "This is his mother," she thought and a wave of color dyed her face. "If I told her who I was she would spurn me from her." And when she again spoke it was to tell Mrs. Dayer that her name was Miss Brown. Indeed she had passed under that name ever since coming to Laila and when Mr. Brown had arrived on the scene too, a few weeks ago, she felt glad she had done so, as it would have been extremely awkward to be called something else by Laila's friends.

"Come in the house," Mrs. Dayer said leading the way. "Come in and cheer me up."

In the house everything was beautifully delicate and luxurious and Daffodil took notice of how suited to her surroundings was Mrs. Dayer, a woman whose acquaintance she once little desired to make.

"You must be very happy here!" Daffodil remarked. "Here?" repeated Mrs. Dayer, looking around. "Yes, it is very pleasant but there is something wanting."

Daffodil's slightly enquiring look brought the words "My boy—my wanderer, whose life was spoiled by a wicked girl. I wish I knew where he is. He is very kind to me but if he would only stay at home."

She got up and brought a framed photo. "This is my boy Jack!" she said, fondly. Daffodil took it into her hands in silence. How chill and cold the face was, on the card. It was a good likeness however of the man whose life she had spoiled. But suddenly she recollected. "He is married!" she said looking up.

"Yes!" said his mother, "he is still married."

"Is his wife nice?" ventured Daffodil. "He thinks so!" the lady said with a world of meaning.

"I wonder" thought Daffodil, "if she would have liked me."

That afternoon's visit was the first of a series between Mrs. Dayer and her nearest neighbors. Daffodil found herself irresistibly drawn towards the occupant of the Resort, and often she felt like going down on her knees to her and crying out for forgiveness for her indifference, the selfishness of her life as Jack's wife. But as often as she wished to divulge

her secret, so often did she remember that Jack was happy now with Haidee.

Mr. Brown came just as often as ever to the Syriston cottage. And his frequent visits made Daffodil tease Laila most unmercifully. One day she said to him, "Mrs. Syriston is going over to Mrs. Dayer's for a call. Why don't you go with her? It is a very pleasant place to spend an afternoon. And you ought to make her acquaintance."

"Ought I?" he said, with a smile. "Suppose you go with me on the lake for a sail instead. Do you remember the last time we were together on the water?"

He had taken her and Mrs. Syriston and Gracie often since he had come to Pinkside but this was the first time he had given a direct invitation to her alone. She went away to consult Laila about it and felt glad when her sister said "To be sure, you must go. Only behave yourself, witch," was added. Daffodil looked a little undecided. "Do you care if I go with him?" she asked. "You little goose," Laila returned laughing. "Of course not."

Daffodil went away, a little sad. It seemed as if Mr. Brown's preference for her sister was quite bona fide then. She almost believed them to be engaged. "He will be a nice brother-in-law!" she decided and put on her shady straw hat with her pleasure in the anticipated sail diminished more than she would admit.

They went down the road to the lake slowly. "I think I would like to live here," Mr. Brown remarked presently. "I like the country."

"So do I?" she echoed. "You do? I fancied you would never learn to like a quiet dull old nook like this."

Daffodil glanced up. "I used to hate it. I hate the city now," she told him. "And you would be content to settle down for life in such a place as this, now, would you?"

"I think so. Though I can't hope to do so. If—Laila should marry I would have to go into city life again, to earn my living."

"If she should marry, yes! But till then you will stay—or till you yourself find some one to—"

She stopped him by a look. "Don't!" she said, walking on ahead of him. "No body wants me." Words that she would have recalled the moment after if possible. Mr. Brown did not quicken his steps nor did he utter one word in answer. Daffodil felt that he thought her very silly and childish.

"That was a foolish silly speech wasn't it, Mr. Brown? But I get awfully lonesome some times—because I have no young company I guess—though to be sure, Laila is young—but you monopolize her so much I hardly have her to myself at all." She finished with a little laugh which he echoed but with his eyes bent on the ground.

"Don't let us go on the water after all!" Daffodil said on reaching the slope of green grass that led down to the beach where rose and fell with the waves a boat with sail of rose tinted canvas. "Let us sit here and read. I have a tiny scrap book here that I found in Mrs. Dayer's secretary one day when I was writing at it and which I borrowed to read. It is full of little scraps of poetry that she has cut from old papers. Come, make yourself agreeable and read to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ocean no Longer Trackless.

We speak of the ocean as "trackless." It is so no longer. If two vessels sail from New York for Calcutta they will, if intelligently navigated, follow so nearly the same course that their paths, if plotted on a chart, will hardly diverge by fifty miles at any point. The same is true of every other route. Let us consider the case of a vessel bound to New York from Liverpool. Her captain might, if prepared for a constant battle against adverse winds and currents and winter gales, select a route not very different from that followed by ocean steamers between those ports. Otherwise he would follow the southern route laid down by the sailing directory, and, after beating to the westward a few hundred miles to make sure of clearing the coast of Spain, would shape a course to the southward, passing as far west of Madeira as the westerly winds of these latitudes will permit. Between Madeira and the Canaries, but a few hundred miles to the westward of both, he would fan his way across the baffling "calms of Cancer," and pick up the northeast trades. With these astern and freshening every mile, he would sweep down to the south and west, and, when well over toward the West Indies, haul up to the northward toward Bermuda. Here he would have to work again across the calms of Cancer, and then, with the uncertain but probably westerly winds of our Atlantic coast and with the Gulf stream in his favor, he would stand on and make his port, having sailed 4,500 miles between two ports less than 3,000 miles apart, but with winds and current almost uniformly favorable, and with fine and bracing weather.

Competition.

In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity, "The Chemist and Druggist" instituted a post card competition, each dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publisher received 635 of these cards, with the following results:

St. Jacobs Oil.....	384
Elliman's Embrocation.....	172
Holloway's Ointment.....	32
Alcock's Plasters.....	19
Bow's Liniment.....	7
Pain Killer.....	7
Vaseline.....	4
Caticura.....	2
Scattering.....	8
Total.....	635

Considerable difficulty was experienced recently by the Frenchmen who paid the King of Dahomey his annual pension of 20,000 francs, because he could count only as high as one hundred. Eventually the silver, in which the pension was paid, was done up in packages of twenty five-franc pieces each, and these packages, were delivered one by one to the forty chieftains whom the king had summoned to see that he was not swindled. Upon the delivery of each package, the chieftain who kept books laid aside a shell. When forty shells had been laid aside, the bookkeeper indicated to the other chieftains that the payment was complete, and all then affixed crosses to the receipt presented by the French agent.

THE WONDERFUL METAL.

A Boat Built of Aluminum Floating on Fair Zurich's Waters.

A gentleman who has watched with interest the improvements and progress made within the past three or four years in the manufacture of the wonderful metal now known in the new dictionaries, as aluminum, made an interesting statement to a Washington Post representative:

"I have just returned from a trip to Germany and Switzerland," said he, "and while in the latter country I witnessed a sight which was of itself sufficient to pay me for my journey. It was nothing less than the launching of the first boat ever built of aluminum. This took place some weeks ago on Lake Zurich, a body of water which has become celebrated as a birthplace of new departures in ship-building. It was there that the first naphtha launch ever constructed made its maiden trip and also where the first successful electric boat was launched. But this last achievement, the successful trial of the first boat in the world ever built entirely of aluminum, will make Lake Zurich justly famous. This boat is not a large affair. It resembles in appearance and size the small naphtha launch, and in fact, its motive power is an engine of this kind, which has an improved device whereby the flame can be maintained while the boat is not in motion. At a distance the boat has no unusual appearance. It is only on near approach and close approach and close examination that a person would notice that the boat was not painted gray, but was made of a white, shining metal. Inside every thing has this silver-white color, for even the seats, gunwales and handrails are made of this beautiful and unshrinkable metal. Whatever a polish is given the surface looks like pure silver."

Not only are the ribs and plates made of aluminum, but the castings of the engine, the rudder, and even the tiller ropes are made of this wonderful metal. The entire amount of aluminum used is little less than 600 pounds, while the total weight of the boat, including the wood, iron and copper parts, is 970 pounds. The launch will hold from eight to twelve people. One of equal size built of wood and iron would weigh from 1,400 to 1,700 pounds. The plates forming the shell of the launch are only half as thick as the iron plates used on other launches. The speed was also greater than in other boats of the same class.

"A great deal has been said and written," continued the speaker, "about the possibilities to be attained by building ships of this metal, but it seems to have fallen to the lot of several enterprising people of Switzerland to first put one of these theories into practice. I hope the good work will soon be continued on this side of the ocean."

PEKING, THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

It Comprises Four Cities with a Million and a Half People.

Peking, the capital of the Chinese empire and of the province of Chihli on the Tung-hui river, has a population estimated at 1,500,000. It stands on an extensive sandy plain, and consists of Kin-Chin, the prohibited city, containing only the palaces of the emperor and the dwellings of his immediate retainers; Hwang Ching, the imperial city, with a large number of court officials; Nui-Ching, the Tartar city, comprising twelve square miles, and Wai-Ching, the Chinese city, with fifteen square miles of area. The Tartar city is surrounded by a wall 60 feet high and 50 feet thick, the Chinese city by one 30 feet high and 25 feet thick. They are built of stone and brick and filled with earth. The suburbs include an area of twenty-five miles.

The prohibited city, two miles in circumference, is entered by four gates, each surrounded by a tower. The buildings are superior to any others in the empire. The meridian gate leads to the imperial buildings, and is reserved for the emperor solely. Five marble bridges spanning a little stream lead to a marble paved court and the Gate of Extensive Peace, at which the emperor receives the homage of the courtiers on great state days. Ascending the stairway, the tranquil Palace of Heaven is reached, into which none can enter without special royal permission. The number of people within the prohibited city is small, most being Manchos.

The imperial city, surrounding the prohibited city, has a wall twenty feet high, pierced by four gates, through which no one can enter save by special permission. It contains the tablets of the deceased emperors and empresses and the altars of the gods. There are also the Russian college, military stores, and King-shan, the artificial mountain, with each of its five summits crowned by a pavilion.

The Tartar city surrounds the imperial city and contains the principal government offices and the hall of science erected in 1680. Near by are the Russian Church of the Assumption and the temple where his majesty and princess worship their ancestors on the first day of every month. The city is in control of the general of the nine gates, near whose headquarters is the high tower in which are the immense drum and bell that proclaim the hour of midnight. Not far away is the white pagoda with its obelisk erected by Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century about which upon 108 pillars, lamps burn continuously in Buddha's honor.

The Chinese city is the most populous, but its structures are poorly built. The houses are of brick, one story high, with roofs of tiles. It contains the altars to heaven, to winter, to agriculture, and the pool dedicated to the spirits of the waters, where his majesty performs special supplications whenever the country suffers from drought.

As a general rule clouds are about a mile above the surface of the earth. Aluminum beer mugs prevent the beer from becoming flat for a long time.

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British Columbia Timber.

The *Timber Trades' Journal* has the following reference to the specimens of timber brought home by Mr. Burall, of Wisbech, from British Columbia: "We have received from Mr. W. T. Burall, of Wisbech, who has lately returned from British Columbia, a section of a piece of pling timber, honeycombed by teredos, after being in the water two years. The timber was round wood, and the perforations are confined to the inside, the outer crust apparently not being touched. These destructive worms seem to follow the grain and thread their way along, almost following out the tree. Mr. Burall, speaking of the immense growth of trees in Vancouver, says he saw timber being cut in the saw mills 6 feet square and 118 feet in length. We have a specimen of these pines in the cargo from Puget Sound which G. F. Neame & Co. are now landing. Amongst the arrivals in the Surrey Commercial Docks the Saratoga, from Puget Sound, has a full cargo of Oregon pine, a wood which is rapidly growing in favor for all purposes for which great strength, durability and extraordinary dimensions are esteemed. The cargo referred to will, we anticipate, add to the reputation of this timber, and as a curiosity we may mention that it contains a few pieces of waney board pine 24 in. up to 28 in. square, and 37 ft. to 43 ft. in length. We often hear of the giants of the American forests, and a sight of these enormous planks will probably assist the trade here in becoming a little less credulous on this subject than they are at present."

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIAL, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

A Surprise for a Yankee.

An American stopping at a well-known hotel in Southampton, was continually boasting about the superiority of everything in the States, and depreciating the productions of Old England. The landlord at length, getting rather tired of this sort of thing, determined to be even with the man. Producing half a dozen fine, healthy and active crabs from Hamble, he poured them into the Yankee's bed, and telling his guest his bed was ready, he lighted a candle and escorted him upstairs. Upon reaching the door the landlord managed to put out the light, which of course didn't make much difference to the American, who undressed himself and jumped in to bed. Immediately he gave a terrific yell and cried: "Landlord! Come here! What are these things in my bed?"

The landlord was outside the door, and anticipating what would follow had relit the candle, and going and looking at the bed, coolly remarked: "Them's fleas; can you beat them in the States?"

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."