On Her Twentieth Birthday. Over the threshhold of her 'teens, Out of the green and golden Childhood period that intervenes, She steps to the riper olden.

Over the threshold of her 'teens, Out of that sweeter, softer Youth, that we all must lose, she leaves, And made to the flowers that greet her.

Over the threshhold of her 'teens, Into the richer, wider Field of woman, she walks and gleams, With courage and hope beside her.

MY DILEMMA.

It was the 5th day of November-"Guy Fawkes' Day" in the old almanac that hung above the mantel in maternal grandmother's long disused room upstairs. In this northern home to which we had recently removed, falling heirs to it through that very ancestress' will, the dwellers regarded November rather as a winter than an autumn month, and to-day the wind howled and the rain pattered with a persistence marvelous to hear.

And, as it happened, I was all alone in the house. Father had gone to take his russet apples to market-the apples that I myself had helped to harvest and pack in the barrels-and was not expected home until to-morrow night at the earliest. Jack, my brother, was in Montreal fitting up the law office which was henceforth to be his abode. Jean, our hard-featured, cross-grained old servant, had gone home with the "rheumatics," as she termed it, to be treated by a certain ancient Indian herb doctor, and just at duskfall Peter, our "useful man," had thrust his shock head unceremoniously into the door.

for the night and I'm going over to Stephenson's. They are in trouble there." "Trouble, Peter? What kind of trouble?

Is the old man sick ?" uttered an indistinct remark and went out, slamming the door behind him.

I stood in front of the fire looking down at the glowing embers and pondering within myself. The Stephensons, who lived in an old gray-stone house on the other side of the precipitous glen, had always been a riddle to me. The family was small, consisting of only a crabbed old man, his portentously silent wife and two tall, ungainly sons; and what on earth they did with all the big, echoing rooms or how they contrived to live, perched like eaglets on the side of the rock, to the genial warmth. I could not form the least idea.

"City boarders," Peter had once grunted out in answer to my persistent interroga-

But if they kept city boarders, why did they not leave these dreary mountain fastnesses when the leaves fell and the dismal autumn fogs gathered above the cliffs? Almystery about these "Stephensons" that do. aroused all the Eve-like instincts in my

While I stood thinking, a soft tap sounded at the door. I opened it at once, never "Ye never oughter do that Miss Ruth,"

said the well-known accents of Mrs. Gludge, Farmer Gludge's buxom wife. "Do what, Mrs. Gludge?"

"Open the door after dark, when you're lently than ever and the cold drops grew alone in the house, without asking who's colder on my brow.

"How did you know that I was alone in "I just met Peter goin' to Stephenson's."

"Oh!" said I. "But we don't have tramps here.' "I'm not so certain o' that," said the

farmer's wifh. "Your folks hain't lived here as long as I have. We're just nigh | fire. enough to the Canada line to have queer characters prowlin' about when ye least expect 'em. And then, there's Stephenson's." "What of Stephenson's?" I cried eager-

tell me, Mrs. Gludge." "Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Gludge.

"They have told me nothing." "Well, it's likely they didn't want to scare you or make you nervous," said Mrs.

ought to know.' "Mrs. Gludge," I cried, seizing her arm, "what is it? Do tell me! "It's a private home," said Mrs. Gludge,

lowering her voice to a whisper, as though could overhear.

"A what?" I gasped. "For people of feeble mind," explained the woman, "and lunies," tapping her fore- done with Carleton?" he demanded. head as she spoke.

I stared at her. meant when he said that-that-

"One of the poor creatures has somehow | got your revolver." given 'em the slip," said Mrs. Gludge; has only been there a few days. Nobody | Has he hurt Carleton?" knows just how it happened, but happen it to help hunt for him, and so has Peter."

"He might have told me!" I exclaimed indignantly.

Mrs. Gludge ?" "Bless your heart, Miss Ruth, no? I'm | the matter?"

on the way to carry a letter to Mr. Romney's up the road—a very important letter, | clear as crystal. I saw it all, and I envied | with 'in haste' writ on it." In addition to Priscilla, the cat, because I could not vanher duties as a farmer's wife, and mother ish under the china cupboard as she did, low, grew shier and homelier than ever, I deavor, by all gentle means in her power, of a large family of little children, Mrs. and be gone. I could only biush and hang do believe. Perhaps Trudy thought so, to break him of the habit, by representing Gludge helped her husband in the care of | my head, and stammer out incoherent apol- | too, for she often watched him. the obscure little country postoffice a mile ogies amid the laughter of Jack and the podown the road. "And-by the way, I'd lite apologies of the friend whom he had unnearly forgot it-I've got a letter for you, expectedly brought from Montreal with and they all trooped home together for any peculiarity that is distasteful to her; too. That's what brought me here." "For me, Mrs. Gludge?"

Instinctively I put out my hand to grasp | Gludge had lost. the treasure, while the woman fumbled pockets.

sure I had it. I did have it when I started | and made excuses for me and petted me | away from home but now I remember. afterward and said, "Poor little Ruth." Just at the foot of Gibbs' cliff I took out lose my place !"

comfiture and tried to laugh.

ney's, you would never have lost it."

fully; but, all the same. I wish I hadn't butternuts and drinking sweet cider that off. The spare chamber was empty once

peen so greadfully thoughtless. Til send

the boys out to search for it-"Oh, never mind the letter," I interrupted, "I dare say it's only from Jack. Tomorrow will do well enough for that. But. Mrs. Gludge, you will come back and stay with me till Peter gets back? Jean is away. you know, and-

"Yes, my dear, I'll do that," assented the woman, evidently releived to be let off so easily on the score of the letter. "And it won't be long first. "It's only a short half-mile to Romney's, if the wind didn't blow so like all possessed to night."

With a good-humored nod she disappeared into the rain and darkness, and I ran back to pile fresh logs on the waning fire. Bank burglars, extradited wanderers, a lunatic at large, with all these possibilities whirling in my brain, it is not strange that I lighted a second lamp in order effectually to banish all lurking shadows in the angles of the room, and started nervously when a sudden blast of wind shook the window snutters as if with some imperious

"I'll go to the garret and bring down some hutternuts," thought I, "and then I'll get some cider from the cellar. It will be fun to crack the butternuts and watch the shells blaze in the fire; and Mrs. Gludge will like a drink of cider when she comes back all wet and chilled."

Cheered by this happy thought, I caught up a lamp and flew to the garret of the roomy house where my father had bestowed all the treasures of the nutty autumn woods. Somehow Priscilla, the cat, had got locked into the garret, and I had to release her from durance vile, and replace a box or two, which she had knocked off from the window sill, before I came down, driving her catship before me, with the lamp in one hand and an apronful of butternuts in the other. "I say, Miss Ruth," he had said, "there's | Through the open keeping-room door a ray plenty of wood, and everything's all snug of ruddy light streamed into the Cimmerian darkness of the hall. I stopped abruptly. Surely I had closed that door when I came out, remembering a certain trick it had of slamming to and fro in windy weather like But in answer to my query Peter only | this. And at the same time a curious consciousness of some human presence near by crept over me like an unseen magnetic cur-

> Nor was it a false premonition. As stretched my neck to peep curiously into the room I saw seated before the fire a youngish gentleman, pale, black-haired, and, as I thought, rather unsettled of aspect. And a decidedly wet and mud-bespattered gentleman he was, his raiment steaming in the glorious blaze and crackle of the pine logs, as he sat there holding out his hands

How had he gained an entrance? Had I carelessly neglected to bolt the big door after Mrs. Gludge's departure? Yes. must have done so-and that was proof of how utterly unfit I was to be left by myself. For a second I stood there quailing and quaking, my heart thumping like a trip-hammer and a cold sweat breaking out together, there was a certain atmosphere of | upon my forehead before I decided what to

sure, but I was pretty certain this blackhaired gentleman could not belong to that race. And I did not think he acted like once remembering that I was alone in the any other scoundrel who was fleeing from the rigors of the law. He must be the English gentleman gone wrong in his head, who had "escaped" from the Stephenson's. | cide at once. I was alone in the house with a maniac. And at the idea my heart beat more vio-

> With a sudden instinct I decided that there was nothing for it but flight. The worst feature of the case was that I could not get out of the house (be it remembered that Peter had taken away the key of the back kitchen door in his pocket) without

the escaped lunatic sat basking before the and upon the great brown loaf on Trudy's of saying so. He wrote letters descanting the treaty itself. Such was the alliance of This, however, must be faced; there was no remedy for it and with ene blind rush I precipitated myself through the room, tumbling over the cat and scattering a ladle. There were luscious raspberries, Jane!" After two years he broke off the an end when the object which they have on Monday and Wednesday Ma ly. "Who is Stephenson, any way? Do shower of butternuts as I went and darted too, and cheese as yellow and creamy as acquaintance, and later wrote to the in view is attained. Then each of the con- Rochester, and Wednesday headlong through the door, with an involuntary shriek that might have rent the

except in the pages of romance. brother Jack, who was coming in from the "I guess so," and so it was settled. van with a light valise in one hand and a Gludge. "But all the same, I think you dripping carriage robe in the other.

"Halloo!" bawled Jack, staggering under the blow of my very unexpected appearance. "Why-what the-I declare if it isn't Ruthie!

the raindrops and the rustling fir boughs | ing at him like the drowning man at the | ender scented sheets, or the yellow painted proverbial straw.

"Come, Jack," I cried, "come quickly. "Then," cried I, "that's what Peter | The escaped lunatic; he's right here in the | nah's best mulberry set was brought out

keeping-room! Oh, Jack, I do hope you've and put on the dresser ready for use. Aunt remain until you make some sudden move- liance must depend upon the financial re-"an English gentleman from Montreal, as atic? Where the deuce has he come from? baking Trudy had to do! The young men with a puff of regretful delight, he will re-

He made a spring toward the keeping- could help it with the scent of new-mown did. My man has gone over with a lantern room, in whose door stood the tall, pale hay blowing across their faces, and heaps man, straining his eyes out into the night. of feathery biscuits steaming under their

"Where is he?" shouted Jack. "Where's who?" said the escaped lunatic, "Anyway, I don't think he ought to have | in a pleasant, slightly drawling voice. "It left you here alone," said Mrs. Gludge, se- | wasn't a he! It was a she! And she cleared the floor in a single bound, and—Oh, I'm "But you have come to stay with me, sure I beg a thousand pardons," as he

In a second my mental vision became as

"It's very strange," said she. "I made | fright, and they all laughed at me at first, | Jack must beat the eggs.

"Report you, Mrs. Gludge!" said I. The genuine escaped lunatic was captur- What a long, hot summer it was! It reflection that, in all probability, her faults he might feel sure that he was not hanging "Certainly not. It wasn't your fault. If ed near Stephenson's and taken to Montyou hadn't kindly thought of me and startreal, under the impression that he was the his heart as it scorched the stubble in the be to her. If he takes his share in the enyou hadn't kindly thought of me and start- real, under the impression that he was the his heart as it scorched the stubble in the be to her. If he takes his share in the ened to bring it to me on your way to Rom- governor general going to take possession of field. With feverish impatience he waited deavor to preserve unity of feeling, there is his vice regency. And just half an hour for the borders to finish their vacation and little doubt that in time the fermentation that of all the people he has executed only "And quite true, said Mrs. Gludge, rue- after we had settled to the cracking of depart. The first of September saw them will work clearness.

night, a merry group, a sepuichrai knocking sounded at the door and Mrs. Gludge's mulberry set carried back to the parlor voice was heard proclaiming . "If you please, miss, I've come to keep to "help 'round."

you company !"

The Statue.

There was a statue, only common clay, That in the sunshine stood, one summer's And for one brief climbing hour, I'm told, Because the sun shone so, seemed finest

There was a hero, hero but to one. Who had his gilded hour, 'neath Love's And then, ah me, the sunshine died away, A left the hero, dull, bare, common clay.

Are you the hero or are you the sun? One word, mon ami, and my fable's done,

L'ENVOI.

STORY

"There she comes, as pretty as a picter. say, boy, who'd a' thought that weak little thing poor Niece Sally left us could 'a' grown to such a woman ?"

"Don't, father," the young man addressed responded. "I can't bear to think of her as a woman yet. She's only just turned eighteen, anyway."

Daniel Homer cast a quick, apprehensive glance at his son and bent closer to his Adam." work, a bit of harness he was mending. There was a light step on the flags, a flutter of many wings and a confusion chicken calls, for whenever Trudy appeared the chickens flew to meet her. "Take care, old Whitey, I must step on

you if you get right under my feet. There, there, Blacky, get off my shoulder; you'll tear my frock. Shoo, shoo," and driving them before her with her wide-brimmed hat. Trudy reached the open door.

It was a trim little figure, bending over the threshold with a laughing demand for corn for the chickens. Both men rose to obey her, but the elder was hastily recalled by Trudy's imperative "No, no, Uncle Daniel, I'd be ashamed to make you wait on me, but if Adam will-You see I don't want to come in for the corn, the hens would be so disappointed, thinking they're to have none at all. I wouldn't like to disappoint one of these dear chicks even for a minute, would you, Uncle Daniel ?" The old man answered her with a smile,

his thoughts upon her more than the

last handful of corn to the chickens. wish we could, Uncle Daniel, then perhaps we could get the books Adam wants. I'm sure I could do it. I can do a lot now, can't I, Adam?" and Trudy looked appealingly at the younger man. "There's the spare chamber, you know, that would accommodate two nicely, and Mrs. Hall said two men wanted to come, but her rooms are all taken. Don't you I had never seen a bank burglar, to be think, Uncle Daniel, I might try, just try? It would be so nice to have the books next

> Evidently Uncle Daniel did not know what to think. Divided between his averdesire to gratify Trudy, he could not de-"Well, well, child, we'll think on't-

perhaps, perhaps.' Even this half concession put wings to Trudy's feet. She flew upstairs to her chamber, from which she descended like a gust of summer wind, to lay the table for promise of marriage may be made by other live on such terms when they are united of bird song, a scurry of light feet, and hand, for example, or a wink of the eye, or united? supper was ready. The low sun shone a thousand other modes." A young woman passing directly through the room where lay in long, golden pools on the white floor reason to believe that he loved her-short mediate and direct aim written down in the milk. No more was said about board- lady's solicitors: "If you have a letter tracting powers regains its free liberty of Saturday Evening from Rocha ers until, when the old clock had wheezed of mine wherein direct marriage is stated, action. "Is it possible, now, that they hain't told ceiling, if ceilings were rent in that way, out the hour of bed time, Trudy put her irrespective of my position, The other kinds of alliances are not conarms around Uncle Daniel's neck, and I am willing to see further, but you ceived in view of a precise object. Their Directly into the arms of-Jack, my own said, "Mayn't I?" and Uncle Daniel said,

In less than a fortnight, a full supply of | damages. pipes and fishing tackle and guns and bootjacks,-O, I forgot, and two young men were established in the spare chamber. You and I might envy them that spare chamber, for daintier, cozier quarters never were seen. "Oh Jack, oh Jack!" I screamed, clutch- Whether it was the high bed with its lav-"Where are all the folks? What has be- chintz-covered armchairs, which down of come of the stable keys? What have you generations of chickens had made veritable beds of ease, I cannot say, but it looked nostrils, with such butter! and such honey! "We never eat hot bread," one of the

gentlemen said, breaking a biscuit, at the same time gazing at Trudy.

more, the big table made little again, the closet and Aunt Prime went somewhere else

Trudy was tired, but as pleased with her small pot of money as any miser. When would Adam buy his books? But Adam wouldn't buy them at all, and told Trudy to put away the money-he didn't want it, and Trudy, who said he was just as cross as he could be, and had been horrid all summer, very unlike her usual chirrupy selt, burst out a-crying. So all things considered, it was not so very pleasant, for all the strangers were gone.

Just after New Year Mr. Darrow walked in upon them-he wanted to see Uncle Daniel. After a while Trudy was called and Adam stood by the fire with his back to the

"Mr. Darrow has come to ask for our If you must blame, be just and blame the Trudy," Uncle Daniel began, his voice trembling over the words. "What has she to say to him?" he added, seeing Trudy's distress. The pretty pink in her cheeks had vanished and her brown eyes were full of

Mr. Darrow started forward as if to urge his suit, but Trudy stopped him with "O don't, don't, Mr. Darrow! I'm very sorry, but I-can't." "Why, Trudy," began Uncle Daniel, but

Mr. Darrow interrupted him, "You will at least tell me the reason, Trudy." "Because-because I'm going to marry

The tall form at the fireside swung 'round as if electrified. There was a flash of blue merino and white apron and Trudy's blushing face looked out from Adam's It must be confessed that Uncle Daniel

beamed with delight, but poor Mr. Darrow was as black as a thunder cloud. "Adam Homer, you've served me

"Stop, stop," burst in Trudy, "he didn't know a thing about it," adding with a sparkle of mischief in her eyes, "and I don't know as he ever would if you hadn't frightened me into telling him.'

And then, her gentle heart pitying the disappointment of her would-be lover, she added with the prettiest little air of explaining matters, "You see, Mr. Darrow, I've always belonged to Adam-really; but I was 'most sure I should have to do the proposing, he's that bashful. Do you think it so very bad of me? It's leap year, you know."-Elizabeth Eddy Norris.

The Words Unsaid.

"The Halls are going to take boarders | How full of yearning love and tenderness this summer," Trudy began, throwing her | That, spoken, might have served to cheer and

> Now haunted with the grief of vague re-Like faint, sad tones, when low winds sweet Of some old instrument, these words un-

And, though we would admit them to our

They come to us within the late, wan night,

They fail to give us peace, as once they The hearts they could have joyed have ceas-

The ears are deaf, though wildly we entreat. sion to having strangers around, and his Oh! could they hear them now-the words One word were worth a thousand to the

-Harper's Weekly.

What is a Promise of Marriage? A judge at Leeds has decided that "a have not." However, following the judge's | character is rather defensive than offensive, instructions, the jury gave the lady £100

One Way to Gratify a Toad.

to watch a toad submitting to the opera, alliance is constructed upon this model, tion of a back-scratching. He will at first | and that it must stand as long as Germany look somewhat suspiciously at the twig and Italy remain exposed to aggression on which you are advancing toward him. But | the part of France and as long as Austria floor with drawn and braided rugs, or the after two or three passes down his back fears her Russian neighbor. Nonsense his manner undergoes a marked change; The time must come when the expenditures his eyes close with an expression of infinite exacted by the accumulation of such imrapture, he plants his feet wider apart and | mense military forces will destroy these But I paid no heed to his interrogatories. coziness itself. A leaf was put in the little his body swells out to nearly double its or- fine combinations. Already one of the square table and dear, departed Aunt Han- dinary size, as if to obtain by these means allies seems exhausted. Therefore the final more room for enjoyment. Thus he will settlement of the question of the triple al-Prime, the neighborhood's aunt, was sent ment which startles him, or until he has sources of one side or the other .- Paris "What!" roared Jack, "an escaped lun- for to "help round." Such an amount of had as much petting as he wants, when, (France) Figuro. came hungry and stayed hungry. Who duce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase. -Our Dumb Animals.

The First Year of Married Life. A woman should not take offence too easily, writes Christine Terhune Herrick in "He ate ten of 'em, he did," Trudy after- an interesting article on that most serious ward whispered to Adam, adding with a of questions in the June Ladies' Home caught sight of me. "But please, what is sigh, "I'm afraid we shan't have much left Journal. Often, indeed, the words or manner she resents were not ill-meant by her But Trudy kept on baking, and the young husband. Some men have a hasty, brutalmen helped the hay makers and caught fish | sounding fashion of speaking that tries and -of the fishermen-and Adam, poor fel- hurts a woman cruelly, and she should ento him, in his calmer moments, the pain he The haying was not the bithe work it inflicts upon her. The man who loves his had been when Trudy raked after the cart, wife will usually try to break himself of him, and whose coming had been announc- their bread and milk. Handsome Jack but she may rest assured she will not ed, as it seemed, by the very letter Mrs. Darrow raked in her place, and he was off better him by continual harping half the time helping Trudy about one upon the sore subject. To harmless That's all. There's no sequel to my story. thing and another. For Trudy had straw- and inoffensive idiosyncrasies the wife first in one and then in another of her In real life I have found that stories seldom | berries to pick and Jack must carry the | should shut her eyes. At the beginning do have sequels. I had had a dreadful basket, or there were custards to make and of her married life let her make up her mind to one fact : that she cannot force So Adam saw but little of her—the little her husband to resemble her in every par-Trudy whom he had carried until she, a ticular of thought and feeling. He will Father declared that he would never risk | wakeful, crying babe, had fallen asleep, have his preferences and his distastes, and my handkerchief to tie around my neck, such a thing again, and discharged Peter on never heeding the ache in his arms; the she need not expect to coerce or persuade the wind came so keen around the rocks, the spot-but Peter came back to his work little Trudy to whom he had given his first him into conforming them to hers; after all, and I must a-pulled it out with that, and the next day, just as usual, and he is here boyish purchase, a red and white calf; the he has a right to his own individuality, and everything too pitch dark to see. Oh, Miss still. Mr. Carleton was very nice and apol- same little Trudy who had always had her she has no business to interfere with them. Ruth, I am so sorry! Please don't report ogetic for coming in without knocking to pretty frocks whether Adam had a new There will always be enough points of comme, there's a good young lady, or I shall dry himself while Jack was leading the great-coat or not-Adam managed that. mon sympathy to form a meeting ground, horse to the barn, but he has not yet fallen We couldn't tell how it was, but there seem and upon matters of divergent opinion let habit to ask from a condemned man or wo-I swallowed down a great lump of dis- in love with me, as an orthodox hero ought ed to have come miles between him and them agree to disagree. A potent aid to a man a private confession for the relief of

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

An Inside View Which Shows the Cold-Bloodedness of Diplomats. It is impossible for the hand of the Ger-

man Emporer to restrain the ill feeling of Italy toward Austria or to appease the irri tation of Austria against Italy. From time to time incidents crop out that are more powerful than all wills. The gallery cannot help noting with care the official declarations of the interested Governments, and receiving instructive lessons from them. Certainly we must not exaggerate their importance, because by the side of the dissensions which arise between the allies there still remain the interests which unite them. Austria is not strong enough to resist the power of Russia. Germany, left to her own resources, dreads a conflict with France, and Italy finds in this alliance inexhaustible sources of gratification for her vanity. Therefore, in all probability the treaties which were renewed last year by the three courts will remain in force until the end of their term.

Consequently there is only one question to be discussed, and that is whether the resources of Italy can stand the strain. Inquire in the great financial world, and the answer without hesitation will be, no. Ask the Italians, from the king to the humblest subject, and they will say, yes; but with the understanding, or rather the hope, that in the meantime events will procure for Italy immense advantages in at least three French provinces and a gigantic war indemnity.

King Humbert has committed at least one very serious error : He believed in the political value of Crispi; and, more than that, upon his affirmations, corroborated by the German Ambassador at the Quirinal Count von Solms, whose perspicacity is not precisely infallible, Bismarck dropped into the same illusion. The plan then was to make Crispi the provoker of an immediate war upon France, and with this view he was to put her patience to severe tests every other day. France saw the snare and was able to avoid it, and soon Crispi fell, leaving his country in the hopeless financial distress which we are now witnessing.

It is easy for any one to understand the question. When Italy entered into the triple alliance she counted upon war, but the war did not come, and now the ally of Austria and Germany staggers under crushing burdens.

But is this all? No; for we must remember that the treaty which binds Italy to Austria and Germany is distinct from the one which links Austria to Germany. The first contains, on the part of the head of the house of Savoy, a solemn renunciation of Trieste and Trentia, and in its practical conclusion it involved the visit of King Humbert to the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna, a visit which has never been returned: and the whole business is completed by this last humiliation, which we Like troubled spirits seeking out sweet find in the fact that the wretched sovereign is never invited to the interviews of the other two allies.

Sometimes the Cabinet of Vienna gives rude shocks to his amenity. For instance, at the end of last month the Austrian court inaugurated with great pomp the statue of Radetzky, the conqueror of Novara, the man who for so long a period held the north of Italy, or rather the house of Savoy, under his heel.

What a singular alliance for Italy! Imagine England during the Anglo-French alliance at the time of the Crimean war making a holiday for the inauguration of a statue to Wellington! If Austria and Italy supper. A flutter of blue gingham, a trill ways than by words-by a shake of the officially, how would it be if they were not

The masters in diplomacy distinguish two straight in at the tiny-paned window and had a drawing master who gave her every sorts of alliances. The first have an imtable. The pale blossoms of the creeper on the "celestial joy" of those who can France and England on the eve of the swung in and out of the casement, and "pour out their souls to each other"; spoke Crimean war, and such also was the alliance cast their shadows across the yellow cream of woman as "a helpmate for man, not a toy between France and Piodmont on the eve on the big pan of milk awaiting Trudy's for an hour," and frequently wrote "O, of the Italian war. These alliances come to

> and it the eventualities which they foresee are not realized, or if, on becoming realized, they do not destroy the original interest which united them, they can last inde-There are few things more amusing than | finitely. We are assured that the triple

Cowboys' Memories.

"Of all men in the world not accounted prodigies I think the cowboy's memory and intuition are the most marvellous," said E. H. Cunningham of Indian Territory at the

"I have witnessed feats of memory performed by cowboys that appear proposterous when related. For instance, I was on a drive from the Texas Panhandle to the Territory a few weeks ago with 7,000 cattle. Twelve men comprised my outfit. We had a couple of big stampedes, and after we got the frightened cattle rounded up how do you suppose we were able to tell how many were missing? You naturally think we went through the laborious task of cutting out and counting them, and that's where you are mistaken. Every one of my twelve men was so thoroughly acquainted with the herd that either of them could, by getting on an elevation so as to get a clear sweep o the entire herd, tell exactly how many and the kind of stock we had missed in the round-up. Not only that, but he could pick out all the stray cattle that had got mixed in our bunch, without seeing the brand. It is a marvellous accomplishment. and one that is attained only after long service in the 'bull-punching' business."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dying Confessions.

In the book in which Mr. Berry, the famous executioner of England, describes his experiences, he says it has long been his wife's charity for her husband will be the the executioner's own feelings in order that ed in him at such moment, he says, he has never divulged, but he is at liberty to say two or three have died without fully and freely confessing their guilt to him.



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Parties Wantin

Orders filled as recent ening to cheer him up. stock are all prize birds,

PLYMOUTH RO.

Interest yearly. H. B. DEAL Barrister, Solie Corner of York & Ken Sta

TO LOA

ANIES' & PRIVATE

OAN AT LOWEST

wer to pay off any sum

e Watchn RSDAY, JUNE 23

Cholera Epidemic on, June 16 .- The in the despatches of al Telegram Compan inst the danger of a era in Europe this silv more and more i The negotiations t ng between the powe ion to guard against t all impossible that

in the race. The p at the est blishmen Gen eral Agent al quarantine at Sue he disease is spreading nation is one threater to Europe. The in the Meshed (Persi indred daily. The La ious countries of Eur r the possible emers commends the taken by the Russia which has acted i ion of other nations.

> Minneapolis Flour NEAPOLIS, June 16 .rn Miller says :- The anner run, last weel 00 barrels, or 35,821 ba eaviest previous outpu arrels, made for the er 31, 1891. For the s ear the production w nce of five cents per trates being mainta 18 forms something of oclear up all the old o

Married People Might

thas caused millers to r

direct exports last

barrels, against 65,

eceding week.

abor. If expenses we ed to receipts. If they reeable as in courtshi would try to be a s fort to each other. If e the other was a huma KINGSTON ingel. If each were as as when they were and provisions were lai high tide of summer parties remembered ried for worse as well a were as thoughtful for ney were for their swee e were fewer silk and mes, and more plain. If there were fe ings' in public and me mers in private. If ma Havanas and feminine were turned into the such times as they without risk. If ember that a woman c smiling who has t answer the door en times, and get rid of

has dropped in, tend

up a cut finger of a

op the head of a 6

tes, and get an 8-year-

ool, to say nothing o

aning, dusting, etc. A

ms to contend with m

wilege to look and feel

letimes, and a word ald not be too much to eman who, during the ald not (says an excha rry as much as a sunsha ded cheering .- Husba Well on bring him here?"

ed a little cheering up m "said-"Every and every woman wan great difficulty is th h wants won't have the woman wants wan