and Itching, Would Scratch Until Blood Ran Down His Limbs. Forced to Take to His Bed. Whole System Affected. Doctor after Doctor Without Cure. Instant Relief, Speedy Cure by Using Cuticura Remedies.

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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1893.

## A MEXICAN BELLE.

An Intensely Interesting Tale of Life in Austria and Mexico.

(Continued from last week) Synopsis of Preceeding Chapters.

girl of slxteen, was an invalid. One morning Arnold reads from a local paper fortune to his daughter, Miss Olivia Bodenbach, Max's daughter Olivia, was five years younger than Baron Walther and still unmarried and Baron Waltner's

young girl, the Fraulein Reata, his aunt's companion, who is wonderfully beautiful.

the forest; knows all the flowers, birds, insects and She has a strange power over Otto's aunt, Chapter VII opens with a description of a tropical

Sounds of animal life enlivened this lovely solitude,-cries of animals, songs of "Oh no, not at all," he replied the presence of reptiles. Close at hand, "Now give me that bunch of golden the weak chirp of a grasshopper; further | brown calceolarias; don't they they look on, the shrill chattering of parrots; and in the far distance, the soft cooing of a wood-pigeon came from the depth of the room forest. A palm-tree, stretched on the ground by a recent gale, had become the all the others?—these trumpet-flowers, stage on which a family of young monkeys for instance, all these azaleas? They were going through a series of acrobatic surely deserve a place somewhere." feats-swinging from branch to branch, "They will all get places. I am going and venting their delight by incomprehen- to arrange the whole house with flowers; able and unmelodious sounds. At the that is always what I do when I have sight of the party they scampered off to such a splendid supply: every jug and some high place of refuge. "What do you think of my forest?"

asked Reata, turning to Otto, who had hitherto proceeded silently, lost in admiration of the gorgeous display around him. "It surpasses my most sanguine expectations; only I have seen no flowers yet,

and you promised me so many." "Ah, wait a little," she answered, mysteriously; "you are not going to be disappointed. I never make false promiyou, dear old thing?" to the old lady. who was stepping along cautiously, avoid- than for any other reason, as he deemed ing contact with anything that might | the question superfluous. possibly conceal a snake.

"Yes, dearest, I hope so. I am beginning to think that you were right about wanting me to leave my shawl at home; it is always catching in the branches and getting under my feet."

Otto hastened to disembarrass his aunt from the cumbrous garment, and with the amiable and agreeable people." help of his arm she managed to make an

said Reata, presently, pointing to a place from laughing. floating on its surface were some green that there is as much difference in them exactly like a looking-glass. That big or of caring for them at all times? There Giant's umbrella that the best flowers tu b me; just as always one does not always my aunt is now."

want society. Each flower has its own are."

resting-place. This was discovered close is as intelligent as possible." at hand, in a broad flat stump, which, walked a short distance, the trees seemed | be rather a lengthy business, I think." to be lightening, and Otto thought they

must be coming to the end of the wood. feels it instinctively. Don't you see now "Oh no, we are in the very heart of that this large white daisy is in excellent it," Reata said, in answer to a question spirits? it is laughing." of his; "but we are just coming to a be there in a moment."

A few more steps, and they were standing at the edge of a space, almost circular in shape, and unencumbered by trees.

Otto had been so occupied with choosing poor purple campanilla: what larias, scarlet bells, tiger-lilies, vetches, set off by feathery or bladed grasses.

Bright-colored butterflies floated and "What wild fancies this girl has!" the branches.

At the further end stood a curiouslythe afore-named "Giant's Umbrella," and they look as innocent as doves?" around it some cactus-bushes in full Bush flower clustered in a luxuriant tangle.

"I should like to make a study of that fig-tree," said Otto, after having fully satisfied Reata with his admiration of the

"Do you mean paint it?" she asked. "A little; I am very fond of it, and

this tropical vegetation will be quite a new field for me." While they made their way over the meadow through the knee-deep grass, Reata stooped at every moment to gather

some flower and kept putting them into her companion's hand; so that by the time they reached the fig-tree, they both of them had as much as they could carry. "Now for some cactuses, and then . shall have a grand sorting, and throw away what is not worth keeping. Of course I have forgotten to bring a basket, but I daresay you have a pen-knife?" She sat down for a moment to take

breath and disembarass herself of her flowery burden; now she sprang up and stretched to reach down a thorny branch laden with cactus-blossoms. Her hat fell back with the movement; and there she stood on tiptoe in her white dress, her delicate fingers grasping the prickly stalk and dragging it down till the red flowers touched her hair, her upturned face flushed by the exertion, her figure displayed to perfection, while, with laughing eyes, she called Otto to her rescue.

"Baron Bodenbach," she said, impat iently, "don't you hear? You are to help me. What are you staring at? What is the matter with you?"

Ah! what indeed was the matter with him? His presence of mind seemed to have forsaken him; even his intelligence and good-breeding. Instead of springing to the lady's rescue, as was to be expected, he stood-I grieve to record it-open-Countess Halka. The youngest child, Gabrielle, a mouthed, devouring with his eyes the loviliest picture he had seen in his life. The sound of Reata's voice recalled

him to a sense of his duty, and he came forward to disentangle her dress and hair, and to secure the prize for which she had striven so hard. With what care he touched her silky

plaits-handling them almost with rev-"Thank you for your tardy helpbetter late than never," and she sat down and began sorting her flowers.

"You can help me now, Baron Bodenbach-for I shall never be able to tie up all these myself," indicating to Otto, by a movement, that he was to sit down too. "Are you really going to attempt to

take all this home with you?" he asked, ed and living in the past. Otto is introduced to a glancing rather anxiously at the manycolored pile, from which Reata was extracting flowers and arranging them "Yes-at least nearly all; it is quite

simple, I assure you. You will carry all the thick prickly flowers-cactuses, ames to everything. She is a fascinating and so on-for I have scratched my fingers quite enough for one day; and I will take all the smooth, comfortab'e ones. Of course you don't mind ly. pricking your fingers?" she added, as an

birds, humming bnzz of insects; and now | enthusiastically, and would have liked to and then a rustle and a gliding movement add something about any pain coming in the grass would remind you of through her being a pleasure, but wisely

lovely beside these pale-blue yetches? think I shall have them for the drawingroom, and the cactuses for the dining-"And what are you going to do with

cup in the house will have to be pressed into the service." They sat silent for a few minutes,she intent upon her flowers, and he watching her at work, as she made up bundles, which she tied with long pliable sed unobserved. grass-blades-selecting some flowers and

rejecting others, with the energy and decision which marked all her actions. "You are very fond of flowers, are ses. You can walk a little further, can't | you not?" remarked Otto, at last, more for the sake of hearing her voice again

> "You are very fond of people, are you not?" she answered, after a second's pause, without lifting her eyes, and exactly

imitating the tone of his question. "Of people?" repeated he, slightly for Ficha's collar."

taken aback; "why, what has that got to do with my question? Of course I like "And I like amiable and agreeable flowers," returned Reata, with such per-

among the trees where a pool of clear "You do not understand me," she said, Reata; "we must be off—we have been too "The Porcupine, Fraulein Reata?" water lay framed in mossy stones, and colouring impatiently; "can't you see long already." water-plants with white cups. "I have as in people, and that it is nonsense to in the growing darkness offered a very acquiesced Otto, recklessly. called it the Monkey's Mirror, it is so talk of liking or disliking them in a body, precarious footing. rock alongside is the Headless Horseman. a e some days I would'nt have a flower shawl through the trees," said he, after R ata, I cannot let you go on in advance perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Saraapa-But come on further; it is near the n my room for worlds,—it would dis some silence; "we must be close to where | -"

further, I think I must sit down " and much as we have; and of course I only ed short on the path, "I must say some- both of you, that if you step lightly and poor aunt Oliva came to a standstill. se ect the flowers that are sympathetic to thing to you before we go on." "Of course, I was quite forgetting," me. Just look at this little pink cactus, "Can't you tell it to me as we proceed, being bitten by snakes. Of course, the ly in tooth extracting, and the people appreciate

Ancient-where will you sit?" she said, vacant expression?" tearing it to pieces casting her eyes about for a convenient as he spoke; "while its twin-sister here

"And do you analyze the expression covered with the famous cashmere shawl, of each flower before it is deemed worthy made a passable seat. Whed the two had of joining in the decorations? It would "But one sees that at a glance-one

"How do you make that out?" Otto clearing, the Turkey's Call-room; we will asked, staring hard at the flowers she held out towards him. "I confess l

don't see anything." "But you must see," with a gesture of impatience. "And then look at this his footing on the narrow tangled path choly expression it has! it is evidently they had been following, that he had dying of a broken heart. I am afraid it scarcely glanced ahead for the last minute is in love with a star; and it goes on or two, and was quite unprepared for the | waiting hour after hour, hoping that the burst of gorgeous coloring which met his star will come down to it: but that hour eyes. It was one mass of flowers. The will never come, and it would have died ground was strewn with them-calceo- of grief if it had not been gathered. I

hovered in the air; large pale-green ones, Otto thought, as he listened. "They with the light shining through their half- would sound mad coming from any one transparent wings, hung in clusters on else; but somehow they fit her quite

"And about those pretty little pinkshaped old-fig tree, which proved to be | tinged convolvuluses?" he asked; "don't

> "Yes, they do; but they are the vilest, most deceitful little wretches on earth. 1 only brought them here to wring their necks," suiting the action to the word. "Why, what have they done?"

"They go creeping up to other plants nobler than themselves, and coax them till they allow themselves to be twined round and round, and then they strangle their benefactors, and go on smiling the whole time in that innocent, child-like manner. I could forgive them anything but their talseness," and Reata crushed up a lot of the little flowers in her hand and flung them from her with a disdain-"Are you then such an enemy of deceit?"

"Of course," she answered, with a passing shade of confusion; then rapidly, as if to change the subject, "Do you see those scarlet bells there? They are the greatest furies I know; at this moment they are literally shaking with passion; don't know exactly what it is about, but suspect it is jealousy, because that nearest cluster of vetches has got a butterfly hovering over it, while they have none. Of course it is not right of them to show their feelings so openly; but still it is better to be honest, and I rather like

"You should study botany," said Otto, "as you have so much opportunity of observing plants, and take such an interest

"I tried to do so once, but I shall never try again. I hate botany. What is the good of having a set of rules which divide flowers off into classes, and teach one how to analyze them? I shouldn't care for a flower a bit better for knowing how it is constructed. Only fancy, on the very first page, the book told me to cut up an anemone. I couldn't do it-it went to my heart; so I cut up the book instead and threw it into the kitchen-fire. Now I have made a botany of my own, and have divided off flowers into far more satisfactory classes. There is a sentimental class; then there is a silly-sentimental, a fierce-sentimental, and so on."

in this country."

a variety of them here, because it lies so high up in the hills; down in the plains there are hardly any,' "How does it come that my aunt never | me so much surprise!"

visited this place before? It is surely not

"Oh dear, no, it has been in the family | "The what? I assure you I am nerved for ever so long; only Mr. Boden would for anything." never stay here. He was a great invalid during his last years, and always lived at | hanging her head a little, while the words -near the sea; he fancied that no other air would suit him."

"My aunt seems very much attached at you," he remarked, remarked present-

"Oh yes, we are very good friends." rather hurriedly, "you are surprised at and I have often got into a disgrace for your aunt having a young companion, but, I assure you, it works very well, and is far better for her than if she had some- | began Otto. body of her own age. I help to keep her cluded, anxiously scanning Otto's face.

Otto had thought the arrangement odd at first, but even after these few hours he hold matters-taking, in fact, all the an "Ancient Giraffe:" "but never mind trouble off the old lady's hands: and this is not Europe." therefore he answered now, "Oh no, not at all, I assure you; it is an excellent arrangement, I think.'

Had Otto been in cooler state of mind, he could not have failed to notice the evident nervousness in Reata's voice and manner; as it was these symptoms pas-

"Now I have finished," she exclaimed springing up, and shaking from her dress all the loose leaves and fragments of stalks which clung to it.

"And what is to become of these poor rejected ones?" he asked, "do none of them deserve a place?" "Why, there is that poor laughing

daisy," she said, stooping to pick it up. "I have thrown it away by mistake. There, you can stick it in your buttonhole, if you are particularly anxious to save its life; and here is one just like it

way the flower was bestowed, yet Otto took it from her eagerly.

"There are some flowers to begin with," fect gravity, that Otto could not refrain himself, while he secured the daisy. "It will be dark in five minutes," said | the porcupine."

He followed her along the path, which "I think I see the black-and white or whatever your name is! But, Fraulein

"Reats, my pet, if you are going any character and its own bistory, just as by, Baron Bodenbach," and Reats stopp- of getting home to-night. Andremember,

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LINDSAY AND PETERBORO.

that I fear we shall lose our way." "Leave me to take care of that; but I

"I wonder you have not got tired of must absolutely speak to you before we them; you must know all the kinds by go on another step. It is-it is- I heart, surely, having lived all your life have been wanting all day to ask you, would you mind if I go on calling the old "But I have not lived all my life in this lady, your aunt, as I have been used to part of the country. I came here only a do? I tried leaving it off, as I thought few weeks ago, and most of the flowers | you might dislike it; but the effort is too were quite new to me then. There is such great, and will probably undermine my constitution if I continue it longer."

"Anything rather than that. Let us hear what is this title which is to cause "Well, I have been accustomed," began

Reata, nervously, "to call her-the-" "The Ancient Giraffe," said Reata,

came out like a rocket. "Is that all?" and Otto burst into a hearty laugh. "Well, if she is able to bear it, there is no reason why I should

not do so." "You see," said Reata, apologetically, "I suppose," she continued, speaking | "she is very tall, it has always struck me;

'It was perhaps rather an odd way,

"And so you really won't mind it?" she alive, and cheer her up: it is just on the burst in. "I can't tell you what a relief same principle that one selects a staid it is! It isn't so very dreadful, after all, elderly person to take care of a lively is it? I am sure you must often have young girl. You surely don't find any- heard young ladies in Europe calling their thing odd in the arrangement?" she con- friends by similar names. Now haven't you?" she asked, auxiously.

"I can't exactly call to mind an instance in point," and Otto smiled to himself as had had opportunity of observing Reata's he tried to fancy Countess Halka or grass." energetic management of all the house- Hermine Schwerendorf calling anybody

They were now close to aunt Olivia's

"Here we are, Ancient Giraffe!" called out Resta, running on towards her; "I hope you have not been eaten up!" "But, my dear, where have you been all this time?" began the old lady, almost

crying with agitation. It had indeed grown quite dark now; they could not see each other's faces. The trunks could but dimly be discerned around; the fantastically-twisted branches appeared like sceptres through the gloom; the sounds of animal life (the night sounds, for in the tropics there are day and night sounds) were strange and plaintive amid

To Otto it seemed a mystery how they were ever to get out of the woods; but Reata was perfectly at her ease on the subject. She declined his offer of going There was nothing very flattering in the on in front to fray the passage.

the rustle of the leaves.

"No, thank you; you would be of no use whatever. I shall take the lead. "I shall keep it as a remembrance of Close behind me the Giraffe must walk, my first Mexican walk," he said, half to and then you as rear-guard; and perhaps, if you don't mind, you will carry

> "Yes, Ficha, of course." 'Oh, anything-I will do anything,

quickly, there will be less chance of as used by Mr. Gross, dentist, kills pain perfectand Reats stopped also. Where will my for instance; did you ever see such a silly, Fraulein Reats; it is really getting so dark coralillos are sometimes twisted around it.-70-tc.

the branches, and will swing from above; but one must take one's chance of that. Now let us start; remember never to lose sight of me, and to follow me as closely "Where would I not follow her to?"

Otto vaguely interrogated himself. Her admirable coolness entranced him. They were in no real danger, of course, except the usual risk of snakes; but yet their position, together with the phantom-like forms and sounds around them, was enough to share the nerve of any woman. As for the old lady, she was so comple tely upset, that being already on the point of tears, the cry of a fox close at hand set her off into a fit of sobbing.

"I cannot let you cry now, Ancient Giraffe," said Reata, imperiously; "you had better give your shawl to Baron Bodenbach to carry, or else I cannot guarantee for your getting out of the forest safe. And, Baron Bodenbach, do not let your aunt stop for a minute."

They began their march; their only light the firefles, which darted to and fro across their path-for stars or moonlight could not penerate here. Once they caught sight of two shining emerald eyes on a branch close to them, so close that a sound of breathing reached their ears; but although the old lady nearly fainted with terror, nothing came of it.

A minute later there was a strong flapping sound on ahead, close to where Reata was, and Otto was on the point of rush-

"Don't come; it is only a guajalote, a wild turkey," she called out to him, 'which I have frightened up from the

"How is it that there is cattle about here?" Otto asked, presently; "I can hear the lowing of the oxen. Perhaps we have missed our way."

"We are all right," she answered, without turning her head; "it is the call of night-heron which you mistake." Now they proceeded in silence; Reata's white dress gleamed through the shade like a guiding beacon. On she walked.

never hesitating for a moment as to the

path; now pushing aside a heavy curtain

of creepers, now breaking through small branches, scrambling over a falling trunk, or calling on them to take care of this stone or the straggling root of some tree. Rich exotic perfumes filled the air and made it heavy; they seemed to have gone to Otto's head, for he was walking as in a trance, not looking where he stepped, but keeping his eyes fixed on that white form in advance. A delicious intoxication had

seized on all his senses; he felt as if he

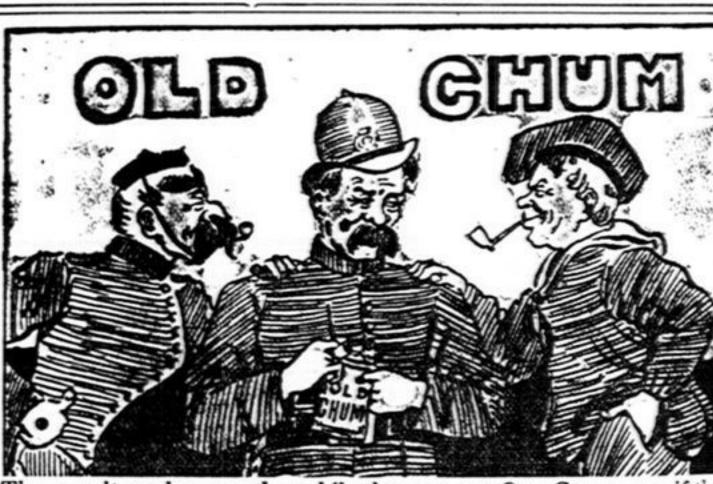
could have followed her for ever.

Poor Otto! He is as yet unconscious of what has befallen him. That night in new era in his existence. Till now he has lived without an object or aim; but to-day he has tasted Love, and everything will seem precious or worthless to him, according to whether it is or is not connected with Reats.

(To be continued.) Catarrh in the Head

along. White Puppy, valuable Dromedary, Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a some silence; "we must be close to where "Please be quiet, Baron Bodenbach, many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh eftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sareaparilla before it is too late.

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W. G. Woods.

the Mexican forest is the beginning of a There are numbers of people in this country who have not, and the approaching cold weather will act as a spur to their thoughts in this direction.

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LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1893, NEWS OF THE WEEK

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS O INTEREST.

Gathered from the Telegraph and -Theodore Herbert, the French sculpto died in Paris on Sunday. He was born

Paris, July 29, 1829, -News has been received in Brusse from the Congostate that the Belgian fore have captured Kirundu, an Arab stron hold, near Stanley Falls. -Mr. John Hunter, of the London ros

Clinton, Ont., who had been missing mo than a week, was found on Sunday in th hay mow of his own barn in a very wea -Prairie fires have lately been dois great damage throughout Manitobs at severe losses are reported from many di

tricts. The destruction of hay is said have been greater than on any previous -The great Oakiey hall estate in Esse England, which was valued forty years a at twenty-eight thousand pounds, w

offered for sale a few days ago, when t highest bidder was only eight thousa -The sawmill which has been operat at Novar, Muskoks, this sesson by t Dominion Bank of Toronto was destroy

by fire last Tuesday night. The origin the fire is unknown, but it is supposed be the work of an incendiary. The es mated loss is \$2,000. -Vossische Zeitung publishes a despa from Darz Salem Dar, Zanzibar, say that Sultan Mell, the paramount chief the Kilimanjaro district, has sued for pe and accepted all the terms offered by Germans. The sultan cedes large tracts territory and gives up all his rifles a

colonial force remain in the sultan's trict for the present. -Henrietta Kimbali, 18 years old, wi despondent from long continued sickm committed suicide Tuesday by throw herself into the lake at Chicago. Ins. with grief over his daughter's rash Andrew Kimball, her father, followed example, and, choosing the spot where daughter's lifeless body was found, th He was a real estate dealer and in pros

ivory. Two companies of the Gern

ous circumstances. Mrs. Kimball is p. -Arthur J. Porter, superintenden the Buffalo Railway Company, suffere terrible death on Sunday evening. W. out driving with his wife, his carriage struck at the Oneida-st, crossing by a L Shore and Michigan Central railway engine. Both were thrown from the c age. Mr. Porter fell under the whee the engine and was dragged over 200 His head was, but for a shred of flesh, ered from his body. His left leg was off at the hip, and his right arm torn a Mrs. Porter sustained serious, but fatal, injuries.

-Count Gourko, one of the most di

guished generals of the Russo-Turkish died Tuesday. He was of Lithuanaist gion, and was born in 1828. He was edu in the Imperial Court of Pages. In 18 was created ensign of the regimes hussars of the imperial body guard 1857 he was already captain, and comm ed a squadron in the same regiment was made in 1860 adjutant to the emp In 1851 he received his colonel's commis In 1866 he was appointed command the Fourth Hussar regiment of Mari In 1867 the emperor named him n general and ordered him to be of his Then he commanded the grenadier ment of the imperial Guards, and it the first brigade of the second divis Cavalerie de la Garde. Count Gourke part, although in inferior rank, i Crimean war, being stationed at Ba His heroic deeds are almost too well h to be minutely recorded. On June 1877, with a detachment of cavalry single battery, he attacked and to assault the strong and powerful-co town of Tyrnovo. On July 5th, he pled Kazanlik and the village of S and after occupying and defending passes of shipks, Hankow, and oth together with Menradesky, traver Balkans in the midst of the winter and frosts with but few losses and

victorious Russian troops into the

Talley beyond, thus occupying Soft