before, Paul and have had little disputes , that, and t'other; he has been provoking, but we have never quarreled till to-day.

certainly very rude; but what read it right before me, after I bad d what I did? I lost my temper thenalways an easy matter with me-and my manners along with it, and threw a thin little book at him, and it just shaved his

He looked up and said, "Don't do that again, Nell!" And his cold voice so provoked me that I threw another one, and could have wept for shame when it struck his newspaper, and then fell beside the first; for he neither spoke nor moved, nor looked at me.

slip out of his arms and sit down on the I always thought men remained on their hearth-rug. There the books lie, nasty knees until they married. I know a good little toads! How I hate the man that many of them hop up pretty quickly afterwrote, the printer that printed, and the ward, for, the cold plunge of matrimony person that brought them here! I turn once taken, they have an awkward knack them over with the point of my shoe, and of remembering Byron's words: take a covert look at Paul; his head is turned away, thank Heaven! or I could

" Love is of man's life a thing apart "Tis woman's whole existence."

though I never heard before of a lover behaving as Paul is doing.

How the minutes drag-the ugly, empty, dull minutes! The hands of the clock are Paul, here it is!" He turns quickly, but, surely standing still, for I am sure that on seeing the fashion in which my offering it is hours that Paul and I have been is made, he reseats himself. sitting apart, with this leaden silence between us. I was very rude to him just and is it fancy, or is there a keen dissapnow, and when he held out his hand to me pointment in his voice? I lower the book and said, "Nell, did you mean what you to the ground and consider for a .ittle said just now." why did I not jump out while, then I jump up and kneel by his of my chair and say "No, no, no" instead side. of answering, "Yes, certainly!"

The newspaper hangs from his hands; me off, dear? I'll never throw any more he is staring into the fire rather wearily; at you big or little, never!" suddenly he looks full at me, but, as my one open optic is more suggestive of mirthful winking than penitence, he looks away "I thought you would have done it; but with me, the cloud lifted, and I saw Silvia "It sounded just like his step," I say another peep and discover that he is, to all appearance, following my example, and courting slumber-or pretending to I than you should look at me like that." had no idea Paul was so sulky! He looks very handsome with his head lying back nasty, nasty little volumes; but Paul upon the cushion, and I am just thinking so, when he opens his eyes and looks at me, as I hastily shut mine. After all it is very like a game of bo-peep, and if it know, child, that I had made up my mind goes on much longer I shall burst out laughing, which would be dreadful, for other, we should never hit it off if you were how could I dictate terms of surrender in too proud to own yourself in the wrong!" the midst of breathless giggles?

I wonder what will bring him into a state of repentance quickest-reproaches? It would be very infra dig. to speak to him. Hysterics? I don't know the way, and he hates them. Faint away? He would not know when I began unless I price a series of horrible faces; and he ed, self-wiled, obstinate person I never that nt, touching, noncompromising tears, only I say mean anything or nothing. If he asks, quickly; "have you forgotten we were but a hand's-breadth apart, when tears neould get them up, there's the rub; what it was that you said?" My tonver came easy to me at any time.

my eyes are covered not; and, though I scrub less mouth. "At any rate. I will kiss you now." state of refulgency, they remain dry as

IN DEEP DESPAIR ve these few days without Needler and W ver come back," I say stand-A MONTREALER RELATERAN you not hear the fairles and ering it-"He will never re-DERFUL EXPLOYOU, never, never! That is what v are saying quite plainly; and I-O

to eat it a and Tried Forefood!" I cry, standing still, "He will never can wait." was one oe my Paul any more, never any more. "Only Lean's wait for my dinner, can see it-the dream!" I shudder from head to foot, and stagger. George holds me There is a little pause, during which I for a moment, then I shake the blindness ook into the red hot heart of the fire and from my eyes, the lassitude from my take counsel with myself. Clearly he is limbs, and break away from him. "Hark" not to be managed by dignity and I don't I cry, holding up my hand; "surely that mean to give in. Nevertheless, I have no | was his step-listen." But no sound mind to sit here mum-chance till we turn | comes to us, and, though I run to the bend into fossils. I will try coaxing, and see of the meadow and look around there is if that will bring him to a proper frame no one to be seen; all is blank, and bare, of mind; I steal my arms round his neck and chill. and hold up my mouth to be kissed, but "It is too cold for you here, "says George;

he does not bring his face a jot nearer to come away home, Nell!" And he puts mine; and, for the first time in my life, my hand under his arm and takes me my offered caress is repressed. If he had "It sounded just !!ke his step," I say slapped me he could not have astonished Nell," he says, Nell," and he looks into

fulness for once to please me?"

For a little space I look at him; then

never pick them up, never. A thought

strikes me; and I smile to myself as I

scramble up into a chair, and lift up one

of the volumes between my two feet and

"Paul," I say, in a very small voice,

"That is not the way, Nell," he says;

"Paul," I say, wistfully, "won't you let

"I misunderstand you, child," he says;

"And so I will," I say, heartily. "I

"Only I did not pick them up after all,"

"Did you not?" he asks, pinching my

"If I have come out of the ordeal well,

sir, so have not you! A more pig-head-

"Why did you provoke me so, then?"

"Hush!" I say, putting my hand over

behave in such a way to a lady-"

quitous, "hem! dinner is waiting!"

HARVEST.

CHAPTER I.

He turns and looks at me.

snatches me in his arms.

cheek; "I know better!"

intended to?"

hold it toward him.

over and over again; "could he have come my eyes with a vexed and strong pain in "Do you know." I say, in a whisper, his own, "could you not give up your wil-

that when he was saying good-by to me, I seemed to see as clearly as the daylight that we were saying good-by to each other, not for a little while, but forever? It was a second sight."

"It was a fancy," he says, decidedly. 'Who could possibly come between you? Who has the power to do it?" "A woman," I say, dreaming; "her words sounded empty enough to me once -they have a different meaning to-day."

asks George, if you and Vasher thoroughly understand each other?" "I will tell you my dream first," I say,

"But h w can she do you mischief,"

slowly-about her afterward: the figures seemed familiar to me, but of the meadow and look around there is of this long, dull, empty day? something seemed to hold me back and no one to be seen; all is blank, and bare, prevent my seeing distinctly. No one and chill. heeded me, although I was standing at the Fleming in her marriage-robe of white, and her marriage-ring of gold, and on her | back?" would pick up a whole library full rather | beautiful face as she looked at me was that slow, faint dawning smile that I And I stoop down to gather up those knew so well-I turned my eyes away from her to look at the bridegroom, and there, with a t errible face of shame and

"My plucky little girl!" he cries; "after horror, stood Paul Vasher. 'Nell!' he all she has not disappointed me. Do you cried, and held out his arms to me; and though I knew he was that woman's husjust now that, with all our love for each band, I strove to get to him as madly as he Who has the power to do it?" was striving to get to me, but we could not reach each other. Then church and crowd, and bride and bridegroom, faded I say, shyly. "How do you know I ever away, and in their place I saw the field of rye, and Paul coming quickly across it to meet me, and I seemed to know that the picture of the wedding had been a hideous dream and that now I was awake, and the familiar trysting-place looked so naturhight consider them purely vicious, and met and how you could bring yourself to from me like a veil, and the blood leaped in my veins for joy. And he came near-

> could not find each other, for between us "If you please," says Simpkins the ubishe stood smiling, always smiling-and in calling madly upon him I awoke." "And that is what has made you so fearful?" he asks. "Nell, Nell, it is not like you to believe in such folly-you al- the steps; and as they stood face to f ce ways were such a sensible little thing." His cheerful, robust philosophy heartens | Fleming in her marriage-robe of white, thing than I do? But oh! he does not know the whole story. "I know Vasher that slow, faint dawning smile that I was engaged to Miss Fleming once," he knew so well-I turned my eyes away

there came between us a woman, fair as a

rose, with a marriage-ring upon her finger;

though we tried to grope around her, we

come under her influence again. Why, Noll are you afraid he will flirt with her?" "No," I say, thoughtfully, "I can't pleture him doing that; but I always had a vague, intangible feeling that she would do him a mischief, and that dream confirmed and strenghened the belief I can-

something bad.' "And you are really so silly, Nell, as to suppose for a moment that he will marry | picture of the wedding had been a hideous her?" says George, smiling. "'No," I say, slowly; "a woman can't make a man marry her-can she? It is

know what it is I fear-" Comfortably indefinite," he says, cheerfully. "but you have not told me why you think she is so ill-inclined toward Vasher."

"Because he would not fall in love with her again," I say, smiling; "and I heard her vow that she would be revenged. she stood smiling always smiling-and in Then, at Luttrel, when she thought he cared fer me, she told me that I should never be his wife-no woman should be but her-

jealous woman will say anything. And His cheerful, robust philosophy heartens so you have put yourself into this state, me. Does he not know more about every-Nell, because of a few spiteful words?" "No, it was the dream. It was so real know the whole story. "I know Vasher

when I dreamed I was falling down a that, loving you as he does, he can

1 1 1

train, and take you back to the Manor what it should be; but at last I begin, with "No, you will not, Paul; for when

will kiss me once, Paul, and then you will with none of my doubts in it. They are And so he takes me in his arms and kisses me many times. "Good-by, little sweetheart, good-by,

would be the good?"

There is one more swift embrace, a pas-

he says, and at last he goes away.

donate clinging of hands, and he is gone; and I stand staring at him, with aching,

"Is that you, Nell?" he asks, and mechanically I put my hand in his and look dully into his face. "You are ill!" he exclaims; "had you not better go home at once?" "I am going. He is gone," I say, look-

ing up into my companion's face with a chilly smile, "and I think my heart is "He will come back," says George, soothingly; 'it is only for a little while.

him, Nell?"

Can't you live these few days without

"He will never come back," I say, standing still. "Do you not hear the fairles and spirits whispering it-"He will never return to you, never, never! Thaf is what they are saying quite plainly; and I-O God!" I cry, standing still, "He will never be my Paul any more, never any more. I "I thought I was in a church crowded | can see it—the dream!" I shudder from of mother, and Jack, and Alice, and you for a moment, then I shake the blindness and Dolly, and many others that I knew. from my eyes, the lassitude from my Before the altar-rails were standing a man | limbs, and break away from him. "Hark" and woman; the marriage service was be- I cry, holding up my hand; "surely that ing read, and he was putting a marriage- was his step-listen." But no sound ring upon the woman's finger. Both of comes to us, and, though I run to the bend

"It is too cold for you here," says George; foot of the altar steps. When the service | "come away home, Nell!" And he puts was over the two turned and descended my hand under his arm and takes me

over and over again; "could he have come

"Do you know." I say, in a whisper, 'that when he was saying good-by to me, seemed to see as clearly as the daylight that we were saying good by to each other, not for a little while, but forever? It was

a second sight." "It was a fancy," he says, decidedly, 'Who could possibly come between you? "A woman," I say, dreaming; "her words sounded empty enough to me once

-they have a different meaning to-day. "But how can she do you mischief, asks George, if you and Vasher thoroughly understand each other?" "I will tell you my dream first," I say,

slowly-about her afterward: "I thought I was in a church crowded with people. Among them I saw the faces of mother, and Jack, and Alice, and you and Dolly, and many others that I knew Before the altar-rails were standing a man and woman; the marriage service was being read, and he was putting a marriagering upon the woman's finger. Both of the figures seemed familiar to me, but something seemed to hold me back and prevent my seeing distinctly. No one heeded me, although I was standing at the foot of the altar steps. When the s rvice was over the two turned and descended with me, the cloud lifted, and I saw Silvia

me. Does he not know more about every- and her marriage-ring of gold, and on her beautiful face as she looked at me was goes on, "but it is sheer folly to suppose from her to look at the bridegroom, and that, loving you as he does, he can ever there, with a terrible face of shame and horror, stood Paul Vasher. 'Nell!' he cried, and held out his arms to me; and though I knew he was that woman's husband, I strove to get to hlm as madly as he was striving to get to me, but we could not reach each other. Then church and crowd, and bride and bridegroom, faded t say positively what it is I dread, but away, and in their place I saw the field of rye, and Paul coming quickly across it to meet me, and I seemed to know that the dream and that now I was awake, and the familiar trysting-place looked so natural and familiar, that all my misery fell not that; as I told you before, I do not from me like a veil, and the blood leaped in my veins for joy. And he came nearer and nearer with his dark glad face, and we were but a hand's-breadth apart, when there came between us a woman, fair as a rose, with a marriage-ring upon her finger; though we tried to grope around her, we could not find each other, for between us | rent.

calling madly upon him I awoke." "And that is what has made you so fearful?" he asks. "Nell, Nell, it is not like you to believe in such folly-you al-"Pretty cool that," says George; "but a | ways were such a sensible little thing." thing than I do? But oh! he does not was engaged to Miss Fleming once," he "As mine have often been," says he goes on, "but it is sheer folly to suppose

come ander her influence again. Why, Nell, are you afraid he will flirt with her?" "No" I say, thoughtfully, "I can't pie ture him doing that; but I always had a vague, intangible feeling that she would do him a mischief, and that dream confirmed and strenghened the belief. I can-

not say positively what it is I dread, but t is something bad." "And you are really so silly, Nell, as to suppose for a moment that he will marry her?" says George, smiling.

"No," I say, slowly; "a woman can't make a man marry her-can she? It is not that; as I told you before, I do not know what it is I fear." "Comfortably indefinite," he says, cheerfully;"but you have not told me why you

think she is so ill-inclined toward Because he would not fall in love with her again," I say, smiling; "and I heard her yow that she would be revenged. Then, at Luttrel, when she thought he cared for me, she told me that I should never be his wife-no woman should be but her-

"Pretty cool that," says George; "but a jealous woman will say anything. And se you have put yourself into this state. ell because d'a few spiteful words?" No, it was the dream. It was so real

ed I was falling down a

many a smile and pause between; and what I say to him I shall not tell you, for that is a secret between Pani and me. It

silly enough spoken; they would look

more ridiculous on paper. I lay my letter down inside my desk and go out into the garden, for Lam going to put in a tiny nosegay; he will like it, Half-way across the field, he turns and know. I can fancy how a lover sees a tenlooks at me. All unconsciously I hold der meaning in every flower—the girl's out my arms to him, and he comes back. | face stooping over them, the slender fingers "Do not forget," I whisper, "that here, | binding them together, the kiss given to where I kissed you first, I kissed you every blososm, the lingering care with which she lays them down for the last time upon the written love words they must be like spiritual tokens of her presence. So they would be to me if Paul sent mrning eyeballs, and a heart heavy as me any; but men do not often think of lead. I watch him over the brow of the | those things, least of all he who is so strong hill, turning often as he goes. Then I go and proud, and manly-something to hold along the meadow with halting, lagging on by and look up to. No, I do not think steps, and presently meet George with his he has enough sentiment in him for that. | ing person and tow him to safety or After all, I get but a sorry bunch—a few support him until assistance arrives. honey-sweet violets, a spray or two of scar- This is due to the fact that the partimignonette, one or two brightly-tinted

leaves, and that is all. Entering the schoolroom I meet Jane, the under housemaid, coming out-a pale, unhealthy, evil-looking young woman, whom I have heartily disliked ever since. she came to us two months ago, on Milly's recommendation. I tie my flowers together with a scarlet thread, I lay them with my letter with a foolish, foolish pantomine and then look about for sealing-wax and seal. The former is here but the latter I cannot find. Perhaps mother has taken it. So I seal my letter with a trumpery little bee-hive affair, instead of my own large one, with "Nell" cut out on it in old-English letters. I should like to go and post it myself, but the rain is coming down in torrents and Simpkins (who with people. Among them I saw the faces | head to foot, and stagger. George holds me | looks as if he knew what was in my letter quite as well as I do myself) is waiting to put it in the postbag, for it is going by the morning post, not the evening. So with a sigh I hand it over to him, and wish that I had not been in such a hurry to write it: for what am I to do with myself the rest

"Come quick, to-morrow!" I say, looking out, of the blurred window-pane at the driving sleet and rain, "and bring me a letter from you know whom." CHAPTER II.

Paul will have been gone a week to morrow, and I have not had a single letter from him, or tidings of any kind, good or bad. I know now that my presentiments were true ones, and that all is not wel! with him. If I could only think him careless or neglectful, or busy, or that the letters have miscarried, I should not care; it is this deadly conviction of evil things that makes my heart so full of fear. Is he dead? He said he would write, and he never broke his word yet; he knows how eagerly I must be looking for his letters day by day, and he always hated to disappoint me of the smallest thing. The letter from Marseilles might have missed, but not the one from Rome, though indeed it is unlikely that either should be mislaid, for when letters are posted safely they usually come safe to hand unless indeed they contain postage-stamps, to tempt unvirtuous postmen to their ruin.

"That's the first smile I've seen on your face for a week. Miss Nell," said nurse; "do it again, dearie, for it makes my heart ache to look at you!" "I was thinking how I would tease Mr.

Vasher when he comes back," I say, look-

ing at her; "he is quite sure to come back, s he not, nurse?" "Quite sure, Miss Nell. Never was a gentleman who set more store by a young lady than he do by you." "But I have not heard from him yet,

say, wistfuly. "You don't think anything has happened to him, nurse, dear?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A scamp was originally only a traveller, but in the early Middle Ages most of force. Fast swimmers now-a-days the scampering was done for some good cause, and the man who scampered was in virtue of that fact adjudged to be a person of bad character.

Where the Money Went. He was a very little fellow, but as bright as a dollar, pretty as a Cupid, with more of a regard for personal appearance than the god of love, and lived in the suburbs. He had been saving up his pennies, nickels and dimes with the understanding that on his birthday he should be permitted to go to town and spend his money just as he might see fit. The day came and with his aunt he visited the city and spent the entire day away from home. When he returned in the evening his father asked him if he had enjoyed himself. His nonchalant reply was:

"Yes, sir." "Did you spend all your money?" was asked suggestively. "Yes, sir."

"What did you buy?" queried the pa-"B'nanas." "You don't mean to tell me you spent all your money for bananas?"

"Yes, sir. "Good heavens, child; why did you. throw away all your money on bananas? liac flip, the scissor action being com-Surely you did not eat all you bought with that \$2."

"No, sir. I dess boughted e'm all day and I did eated two o' 'em. on I had bts o' fun skinnin' the others and trowin' 'em at dogs."

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.

Delicate Fabric. the stain is removed, afterwards lieved by turning over on the other side, thoroughly rinsing in warm water to or by using the common broad stroke. remove the acid. Nearly all stains and Among the famous swims on recorp dyes will be discharged by oxalic acid; is that of Capt. Webb's, mentioned

should be used with due caution. Mildew is removed by first brushing milesfrom Macomb's dam to the Battery.

New York August, 1895, in 3:37. The best mon salt should be rubbed in, afterwards record ever made by a woman is that liberally sprinkled with powdered chalk, of Apnes Becknith, who swam twenty and thoroughly moistened with clean cold | miles in the Thames river, July, 1878. water. After this the articles should be Swimming contests are becoming slowly dried in the open air, and then more popular every year and some rerinsed, and if the marks are not removed | markable records have been made the the treatment should be repeated, possi- last few seasons.

mildew will be removed. not hard work, and may well be done at good staying powers. home in the majority of households, as Among the great bugbears in the what is most required is patience suffi- sport is the cramp which is likely to cient to secure careful manipulation. It sieze the best of swimmers. Every one is certain, also, that curtains carefully should know, however, that there is treated in cleaning and getting up have positively not the slightest danger from increased; indeed, an attack of cramp if the swimmer does

THE BOYS AND GIBLS

"Yes, you will go," I say, gently; "you is not a very long letter, saucy and loving, THIS COLUMN IS PREPARED E PECIALLY FOR THE YOUNG

And We Hope It Will be Found of General Interest to Them-Instructive and Amus ing Reading-Games, Experiments at Tricks.

Rules for Swimming, and August are the prime months for swimming, and boys who wish to become experienced and develop good speed in this the most delightful of all pastimes, as frequently as is consistent with the laws of health. Comparatively few persons who swim are proficient enough to reach a drownlet geranium, a bit of late-flowering cular muscles which swimming calls into play have become flaccid through want of exercise and consequently give

Every person can learn to swim, ever

cripples and deformed persons. Selfconfidence only is required. It is not

out at the critical moment.

(1) RACING; (2) FLOATING; (3) REVOLVING:

4) PROPELLING; (5) TREADING WATER. intended here to outline the various methods of learning to swim. Detailed descriptions are in such cases almost In one case a large tumor was removed; His messengers, we fail of our missworthless. The boy who really desires the other was a still more difficult and to learn can do so either at a natatorium or by watching a swimmer and picking it up himself. After two or three attempts, either by crawling off a shelv- tied blood vessels and removed the forceps. Bible. Fifteen prayer meetings were held ing shore until his hands can not reach He takes up and ties severed arteries in on the evening he was there, and he failed the bottom, when he is bound to take a difficult cases more rapidly than any other to get an audience. stroke or two, or possibly by placing clear-seeing surgeon. He has no idea of under his chest a board or plank he will ency is only a matter of practice.

To become a speedy swimmer is, how- stillness of the night does not escape his ever, more difficult. This, as well as attention He is a hard working and unlong-distance swimming, requires con- flagging student. He has a typewriter, to siderable muscular effort and good stay- whom he dictates. His wife writes mediing powers. One of the great mistakes | cal prescriptions in Latin. made by persons when they first begin to practise for speed is in trusting to their arms for the principal impetus. 'Any professional swimmer will tell you that telephoning to the moon is within that this is wrong; that you should depend upon the strong muscles of the legs to shoot you forward. The muscles of the chest are bound to become wearied if they are depended on for all the work.

Capt. Webb, who swam across the English channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty-five miles, in 21:45:-00, contended that the best speed was to be had by moving the legs scissor fashion, while others have trusted entirely to the resistance offered by the soles of the feet to the water for the propelling



HAND OVER HAND. combine these two methods into a powerful stroke which consists in straightening out the leg with a pecubined with the downward or opening bloomers has loose habits.

The fastest - oke for the arms is the "hand ever hand," One hand is lifted out of the weter exposing the entire arm and shoulder, and swung through the air forwards as far as the reach will | but we have no hesitancy in saying that A Process Which Does Not Injure the Most | water edgewise and the other arm thrown out in the same fashion. A any white cotton, linen, or other vege- swimming short distances to reach a necessary for the new woman to reprove table fiber, the following process is the drowning person. It requires great her husband, but she should do it gently best, as it does not injure the fabric: muscular effort and can not be main-The spots are stretched over an earthen tained long. Another fast stroke which plate and moistened salts of lemon are requires less exertion consists in swimthen strewn over the marks and rubbed ming on the side and taking but one in with a bone or wooden spatula until arm out of the water. This may be re-

therefore, careful usage is necessary. above, and his second one of four miles Salts of lemon, salts of sorrel, oxalic acid, in the Thames' river, accomplished in etc., is a very dangerous poison, and 9:51. Gus Sundstrom, instructor at the New York Athletic Club swam thirteen

bly several times, but in the end the It is a good thing for a boy to develop a fast stroke, though not quite so im Taken altogether, curtain dressing is portant a matter as that of acquiring

passed through not lose his head, It can frequently be past ten years relieved by change of position, by a vigorous st oke or two with the limbs affected, or by rubbing.

AR THE SUMMER GIRL.

erforms Difficult Operations Though He Has Seen Nothing Since Birth; When Dr. James Cooke, of Huntington avenue, was 2 months old, both of his eyes were rulned by a blundering doctor, who administered a wrong medicine. Since then he has been totally blind. He

A BLIND SURGEON.

is now 32 years of age, and he is consulted in difficult cases by the most eminent of the regular physicians of Boston. He has performed the present week two very diffi t and delicate surgical operations, and in both cases the patients are doing well. He locates a disease by his sensitive touch, and he tells the colors of goods in the same way, singular as it may appear. A

lady who had eight or ten samples of dress goods, each about 3 inches square, and of different colors and shades of colors, hand d them to Dr. Cooke the other day, and he at once told accurately the color and even the shade of color of each, and selected the samples of best quality. When handed several national bank and Government currency bills, he at once told the denomination of each, and the color, whether green or black. He tells the complexion of a person by touching the skin. It is difficult to believe that a blind man could do this, but he is seen to do it, and accurately, too.

Dr. Cooke went among Buffalo Bill's is the bicycle. This diminished the use Indians the other day, and designated of a better class of horses, a class not their character by their voices, spoken in affected materially by the substitution the Indian dialect. He has three diplo- of electricity for horses on street railmas from colleges of this and foreign coun- ways. The bicycle takes the place of tries, and four certificates of commendation from institutions where he has taken lady's riding horse, of buggy and carspecial courses of study. He went through riage horses and of the youngster's a course of study under the famous Weir pony. People in general do not realize

Before Dr. Cooke was 21 years of age he | the market for these kind of horses." was employed by a large tobacco house to select the raw tobacco for him. He never failed in getting the best quality and the professional studies of the colleges, requir- comes for but a moment under your ined a large and firmly knit brain, persever- fluence. This if to be angel-like. It is

The two women patients that he oper- wants to pass His gifts and blessings ated upon last week are both doing well. through us to others. When we fail as Celicate case. When lifting out the tumor, Upon a recent visit to Gloversville, N. Dr. Cooke found that he had twenty-four Y., the Presbyterian Review says Colonel forceps holding veins and arteries. He Ingersoll essayed to lecture against the the appearance of the moon and planets have made some headway, and profici- and stars, nor of the sun; and night and day are all the same to him, except the

To Telephone to the Moon. An electrician has expressed his belief

the bounds of possibility. He argues that the ether which binds the planets together with an iron hand is, while firm and solid, infinitely elastic, an ideal medium for the transmission of vibrations. The vibrations which constitute light come to us from the sun in eight minutes, travelling at the rate of 102,000 miles a second. It is possible to produce waves moving at this enormous velocity by electrical means. A pulsation of electricity causes an ether wave, and in the telephone the movement of infinitely small waves produces speech. The waves produced by ether disturbance spread out into space, radiating further and further in gigantic circles until swallowed up in its immensity, like ripples on the ocean. If an iron mass be in the vicinity of these pulsations it will give out a buzz or hum, as shown in the pas age of a current through some systems of street lighting apparatus for the transformation of high to low pressure. The moon undoubtedly contains its proprotionate amount of iron, and therefore the theory is advanced that if we can send electrical pulsations to the mon, we can make things hum on its rugged surface. Such an experiment would involve, "the use of a gigantic coil, mounted vertically, with its axis in line with the moon." The projector of the scheme adds: "If lives exist upon the lunar surface, if the murmur from the earth be heard, they will listen with sadness; they will feel that utter despair that brooks no consolation and stretches out its arms in vain." It is to way; it would be poor thanks to the man who built the gigantic coil.

Newspaper Waifs. Yesterday's cable told us that cholera

has appeared at Brest. We had supposed this was a stomach trouble. We do not speak in disparaging tones Catarrh Cured in A Week, by using when we say that a woman who wears when we say that a woman who wears

"A skirt that is divided against itself cannot stand," as a wag remarked when the "new woman ' took a fall. It is not our custom to criticise nature.

permit. /It is then dropped into the she fell down when she didn't grow handles on watermelons. To remove iron mold or rust from knowledge of the stroke is valuable in | cause his wife scolded him. It may be | THE MILLER EMULSION CO.

and kindly. The difference bewteen a statesman and a mere politician, my son, consists in the fact that whereas the statesman understands the art of deceiving without lying, Pulleys

the politician lies without deceiving. The Chicago Dispatch says: "If New York drops her first syllable and becomes. simply 'York,' why should not Chicago drop two syllables and become 'Go'?" Or else drop the same number of syllables Oak Tanned and become "Chic." The pronuciation will gravitate toward its appropriate description in time.

cream, and some like a hole chopped into able for all classes of machinery. Everya brick wall to admit a new door or win- thing in- above lines at Manufacturers' dow. The mouth is a hotbed of tooth- First Cost Prices. aches, the bunghole of oratory, and a baby's crowning glory. It is patriotism's fountain head and the tool chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the cornetist would go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride, and the dentist's hope.

Evil Use of Phonographs. A friend of purity warns against the wandering phonograph operator who has cylinders containing obscene stories and songs, which are ground out in to the cars of our boy when occasion for such corrupting entertainment is offered.

D. L. Moody is making an effort to place a hole in the hands of each of the 750,000 criminals in the country. Mr. Masdy is energetic, and he generally succeeds in what he undertakes.

Sentiment In Religion.

ed with superstition, but should consist of your supplies at wholesal prices. sensible and positive convictions, which give a satisfactory explanation of our life, destiny and duty, and which furnish a safe | 57 Front St. East, To and worthy guide to conduct. But this is not sufficient. Ther is something else with a silk needed that is equally important, if not more so. On the altar of the heart should rother's neck- glow the perpetual fire of true devotion and earnest piety. Mere belief is not of oks_unwhole- much value. Thought is cold, and incapable of inspiring, therefore cannot exert way to spend a winter is to attend the Northern Business and the Northern Busine on the hetel much active influence. The mainspring | Way to spend a winter is to attend the Northern Bus near College, Owen Sound, Ont. All who would like of action is feeling and sentiment! Of successin life should prepare for it. Send for Augua dance at the course it is, first of all, essential to know Announcement - "ee. C. A. Fleratt . Proncipal." what we ought to know, what we ought to do, and to understand our duties fully and T. N. U. e ten times a exactly. But merely knowing will not lead to doing. For what is needed is the ENGINE & BOILER, 3 horse power, hats out prompting of the heart, a sincere desire to hauled and in good order. Address fulfil our part, a sense of dissatisfaction TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY. that you with wrong and neglect, and a feeling that only doing well will make us satisfied with ourselves and give us peace of mind." -Rev. Oscar J. Cohen.

"The secret, perhaps," says the trave of the sweet expression and hibitual renity of the Japanese women can be for in their freedom from small worries. fashion of dress never varying saves the wear of mind on that subject, et

ness of the houses and simplicity of die make bousekeeping a more basatelle. "Everything is exquisitely clean a easily kept so. There is no paint, no drapery, no crowd of little ornaments, no coming into the houses with the footgear worn in the dasty ctreets. And there is the pecceful feeling of living in recop be turned into balconies and veranda moment's notice, of having walls tha Adid away as freely as do the scenes on the and let in all out of doors or change suites of rooms to the shape and size the the whim of the day or the hour re

The Horse Market. "It is a common idea," says a cacin nati horse dealer, "that the charge of motive power for street cars and the consequent disuse of horses, thus reducing the demand, is largely responsible for the decline in the prices of horses. That is true as to a certain kind of horseflesh, but not the best kind. What affects my business more than anything else the gentleman's riding horse, of the now disastrous the bicycle has been to

Blessed to be a Blessing.

"God blesses you that you may be a most desirable color-all by the touch. | blessing to others. Then He blesses you From this source he earned over \$3,000, a second time in being a blessing to which paid his expenses at a university in others. It is the talent that is used Tennessee, where he stood at the head of that multiplies. Receiving, unless one his class. From the Tennessee univer- gives in turn, makes one full and proud sity he entered a medical school, where he and selfish. Give out the best of your was to the fore all through the class. He life in the Master's name for the good has taken special studies in five other in- of others. Lend a hand to every one stitutions, a part of them in Europe. So who needs. Be ready to serve at any to retain all that this remarkable man has cost those who require your service. accomplished in the higher classics and Seek to be a blessing to every one who ance and self-reliance to an unusual de- to be God-like. It is to be Christ-like. We are in this world to be useful. God

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