A SECRET TOLD.

"Well, how did you like Miss Preston?" said Susan Lowry, as she walked around the ball-room on Reginald Payn's arm. He had been away from home several years and she was telling him the news.

"She is a very attractive young lady," he murmured, looking in the direction of a beautiful girl who was dancing.

"Arthur Ringgold found her more than that," said Miss Lowry. "I am told she is a terrible coquette."

Reginald's face clouded over. He had heard the terrible news of the day of his return that his dearest friend, Arthur Ringgold, had taken his life, and the reason for the act was unknown.

"He was my dearest friend," he said sadly. "I would give anything to know why he was a suicide."

"I can tell you," said Miss Lowry "for I am one of the few in the secret. Arthur was deeply in love and became engaged to a certain young lady. One day she wrote him a cruel letter breaking off the match without any word of excuse. The shock of this rejection so unsettled his mind that he killed himself."

"I should like to know that wretched woman's name," said Reginald, gritting his teeth savagely.

"I will tell you if you give me your word of honor to keep it secret," said Miss Lowry, looking around uneasily.

"I promise," he said in a low voice.

"It was Kate Preston!" she whispered in his ear.

"And I am engaged to dance in the next set with her!" he replied, with a shudder of disgust.

"Then keep your engagement or it will excite suspicion," and Miss Lowry glided away into the crowd.

Reginald Payn had hardly time to recover his composure when the next quadrille was called. With studied politeness he led Kate Preston to her place, and, in the intervals of the dance, addressed to her the customary commonplaces in a manner so little indicative of his real feelings that he was amazed at his own hypocrisy.

"Can it be," he could not help saying to himself, as, from time to time, he stole glances at his partner's face, "that treachery can lurk beneath a look so guileless?"

And well might he ask the question, for marvellous as was Kate Preston's beauty more than half its charms lay in the expression of truth and purity which shone in every feature.

For days afterward Reginald was haunted by two thoughts. One was Kate Preston's surpassing beauty; the other, of Susan Lowry's plan of punishment. The more he dwelt upon the former, and felt its power, the more resentment drove him to brood over the latter.

Which had most to do with impelling him to continue his acquaintance with Miss Preston it is hardly likely he could himself have told. At any rate the acquaintance grew and ripened, while every day revealed to Reginald some new grace and charm, whose influence he might have found it difficult to resist but for the antidote of Susan Lowry's secret.

To add to his perplexity, he fancied he could perceive growing indications of interest, on the part of Kate, in his companionship. Was she really beginning to care for him, or was she practicing the same deceit that had lured his friend to destruction?

More than once Reginald was on the point of casting aside Susan Lowry's story and judging Kate for himself. One thing alone restrained him. Inquiry had confirmed Susan's story by placing the fact beyond question that a close intimacy had existed between Kate and Arthur Ringgold for some time before the latter's death.

One day Reginald lost his self-command, and uttered words—wild, passionate, incoherent words—that drove the blood from Kate Preston's cheeks, and then brought it back again with a burning rush. The next thing she knew her hand was clasped in his as she leaned sobbing on his shoulder. Reginald was conscious that he had her love, and that in spite of himself he had given her his. The moment had come when, at the cost of a pang to his own heart, he might crush the deceiver of his friend. Should he strike or forgive?

"You say you return my love," he murmured, in a voice shaken with emotion; "the same was said as earnestly, no doubt, to Arthur Ringgold, by one who broke her troth and drove him to despair and death!"

Kate looked up wonderingly, and drawing back, said, with calm dignity:

"Doubt me, if you will, but cast no reflection on the memory of the dead. The woman who pledged her faith to Arthur Ringgold, and kept it to the last, was my cousin, Hester Lisle. The relative with whom we both lived was Hester's guardian, who, having planned for her a different match, would never have consented to her marrying Arthur; so, to enable the two to meet, it was arranged that Arthur should pretend that his visits were meant for me, which gave rise to a rumor, I have heard, that he was my suitor instead of hers.

"One day Hester received a sealed packet containing all her letters to Arthur. Among them was one in a hand resembling hers, but which she had never written. It professed to be a withdrawal of her plighted troth. For a moment she seemed stunned as by a sudden blow.

"'Come?' she cried, as soon as she recovered speech, 'let us go at once and set right this cruel deception.'

"At the same moment came the terrible news of her lover's tragic death, and before many weeks she had followed him to the grave. Hitherto I have kept her secret, and would not now divulge it, but to protect her memory."

"Thank God!" Reginald exclaimed, clasping Kate to his breast, for he knew her words were true.

"But how came Susan Lowry," the reader will ask, "to know of the forged letter?"

For the best of all reasons; she had written it herself—her motive being jealousy, she having long secretly loved Arthur Ringgold, and having divined, with her woman's wit, the truth as to his relations with Hester Lisle. Susan's subsequent conduct is explained by the hatred she bore Kate Preston for the latter's share in Arthur's and Hester's courtship.

All the P pe's Jubilee wine is to be dis- buted among the hospitals.

PALATE-TICKLING DAINTIES.

With a Pleasing Preliminary Pen-Picture to Warm the Imagination.

"How insignificant and tame," exclaims a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, "seem the entertainments of the present day in comparison with those of the past." Then he cites this curious example:

When Queen Elizabeth paid her second visit to the Earl of Leicester, in 1775, a temporary bridge of 70 feet in length and 20 feet wide was thrown across a valley to the great gate of the castle, and on each side stood columns hung with the offerings of seven of the deities to Her Majesty. Slyvanus offered two cages of wild fowls, Pomona two large silver bowls filled with apples, pears, oranges, lemons and pomegranates; Ceres presented two silver bowls containing barley, wheat and oats. Bacchus gave "two silver lyvery pots" filled with wine and grapes in clusters—both white and red—as his offering. Neptune presented a large plate strewed with fresh grass and containing various sorts of sea fish. Mars offered the habiliments of war, and Phœbus gave musical instruments of various descriptions. During the seventeen days of the Queen's stay at Kenilworth, to prove the Earl's hospitality "the clok bell sang not a note while Her Highness woz thear; the clok stood also still with all; the hands stood firm and fast, always pointing at 2 o'clok," which was the banquet hour. It is impossible to describe all the festivities, but it may be added that the quantity of beer drunk amounted to 320 hogsheads.

There is much similarity between ancient and modern convivial customs; our manner of filling glasses, pledging present and absent friends, the distribution of different wines, do not differ so very much from the ancients. Generally at entertainments among the French wine has an admixture of water, excepting immediately after soup, when it is drunk pure. Liquors may be regarded as identical with the goblet or cup of sweet wine introduced at a Greek feast. Pineapples steeped in arrack impart an exquisite flavor to the spirit, and by age it becomes a delicious liquor, which is unrivaled for making nectarial punch. Little fancy biscuits—and their name is legion—such as wine, Zwieback, walnut, spice nuts, cream leaves, Brunswick and a host of others, are appropriate to serve with wines of all sorts.

One of the most important things in serving fish for the first course at dinner is to see that it is hot and served immediately when ready. The addition of salt to water in which fish is boiled seasons the fish and at the same time hardens the water so that it extracts less of the nutritious part of the fish. A baked salmon, trout or pickerel should be placed upon something raised from the bottom of the pan to prevent burning, such as a piece of perforated tin or muffin rings. Frequently fish is baked to form a ring, cooked slowly, and basted frequently with melted butter and a little water. A large coffee cupful of cream, adding to it two spoonfuls of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a little bouquet of parsley, must be stirred in, the whole heated together in a basin of boiling water, and then poured over the fish which is in the hot dish. Served with lobster or shrimp sauce or plain melted butter with fresh sprigs of parsley boiled for a few minutes in it greatly adds to its flavor.

A marrow pudding is made with half a pound of lady's finger cakes, a quarter of a pound of beef marrow chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of well-cleaned currants, half an ounce of candied lemon peel, a little dash of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and a wineglassful of wine or brandy; put these on a dish and fill up with custard, having previously put a border of paste on the edge of the dish. It will be ready to serve in half an hour.

For the dessert, fruits-frappes may be made of vanilla ice cream lining the mold. Fill the centre with fresh berries or fruit cut in slices, cover closely and put it in the freezer for half an hour, with ice and salt packed closely around it. Strawberries and ripe peaches are very good prepared in this way. The fruit must only be chilled, not frozen.

Coffee should always be made at home, if possible, meaning by this to grind it at home and keep it in a jar closely sealed. Soyer's method is excellent: To make a pint, put two ounces in a stewpan, set it dry upon a moderate fire, stirring with a wooden spoon continually until the coffee is quite hot, but not the least burnt. Pour over a pint of boiling water, cover close, and let it stand by the fire, not to boil, for five minutes; then strain it through a cloth or piece of thick gauze, rinse out the stewpan, place the coffee again on the fire, and, when nearly boiling, serve with hot milk, if for breakfast, but with a drop of cold cream or milk if for dinner. French fashion orders a pint of coffee made as directed, then add a pint of boiling milk, warm both together until nearly boiling, and serve. This is for breakfast. Black coffee without milk is preferred after dinner.

Curious Ignorance.

In a case recently tried before Lord Coleridge, and involving the old Protestant-Catholic quarrel as to the right to the custody of children, the evidence was curious because exemplifying the vagueness of many poor persons in their notions of religious observance, if not of religious belief. The mother of the children was brought up a Wesleyan Methodist, but she occasionally attended a Catholic chapel, and she had sent for a priest on her death-bed. By the oldest child's own admission, all her brothers and sisters were baptised as Roman Catholics. Yet some of them went to the Wesleyan Sunday school. The father knew that they went there, and himself occasionally dropped in at the parish church, while the mother and elder sisters took their choice of the Wesleyan chapel or the barracks of the Salvation Army. Another sister, the oldest child, a member of the Salvation Army, sometimes attended the Roman Catholic service, and sometimes Wesleyan, and while showing great solicitude for the "Protestant religion," admitted that she had never heard of the 39 articles. Another witness, when asked whether he was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, said he did not belong to either Church, but he was a Protestant "as far as that goes." All this would seem to show that, in matters of religion, many humble souls are a good deal more solicitous about things than about names.

ITS TOUCH IS DEATH.

The Terribly Venomous Serpent That Lurks in the Tropics.

There are eight varieties of him (the fer-de-lance), the most common being the gray speckled with black, precisely the color that enables the monster to hide himself among the roots of the trees by simply coiling about them and concealing his triangular head. Sometimes he is a beautiful flower yellow; then he may never be distinguished from the bunch of bright bananas among which he hangs coiled; or he may be a dark yellow or a yellowish brown, or the color of wine lees speckled with pink and black, or a perfect ash tint, or black with a yellow belly, or black with a rose belly—all hues of tropical mould, of old bark, of putrefying trees, of forest detritus. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes; at night it glows like incandescent charcoal. And the fer-de-lance reigns absolute king over the mountains and the ravines; he is lord of the forests and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks and pleasant resorts. People must remain at home after dark unless they dwell in the city itself; if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, your friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very centre of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods unescorted; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger; at any moment a seeming branch, a bunch of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendant yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, swell, stretch, spring, strike. Then you will need aid, and most quickly; for within the space of few heart-beats the stricken flesh chills, tumefies, softens, changes color, spots violaceously and an icy coldness crawls through all the blood. If the physician or the *pauseur* arrives in time and no artery or vein has been directly pierced there is hope; but the danger is not passed when the life has been saved. Necrosis of the tissues begins; the flesh corrupts, tatters, tumbles from the bone, and the colors of its putrefaction are frightful mockeries of the hues of vegetable death, of forest decomposition, the ghastly pinks and grays and yellows of rotting trunks and roots melting back into the thick fetid clay that gave them birth. You moulder as the trees moulder; you crumble and dissolve as dissolves the substance of the balatas and the palms and the acomats—the Death-of-the-Woods has seized upon you. And this pestilence that walketh in darkness, this destruction that wasteth at noonday, may not be exorcised. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The haunts of the creature are in many cases inaccessible, inexplorable; its multiplication is prodigious; it is only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane fields, and makes the high roads perilous after sunset, yet to destroy three or four hundred thanatophidia on a single plantation during the lapse of twelve months has not been uncommon. The introduction of the mangouste (the ichneumon) may, it is hoped, do much toward protecting the workers in the cane fields and on the cocoa and coffee plantations, but the mangouste's powers are limited, and the ocean of death is illimitable.—*Harper's Monthly.*

The Husbands They Look For.

How women do differ in regard to the kind of men they want to marry. Indeed, there seems to be very few who have succeeded in getting the one fancy had painted for them. No doubt they all had their minds made up to marry an ideal, but when their fates came along the ideal was forgotten, and is only recalled as an idle fancy. With some it may be more serious. For instance, those who abandoned their ideals and married rakes or worthless creatures in the guise of men. These unfortunates often recall the husbands they had in the mind's eye or the worthy young men whom they had snubbed because they were poor. "I am an old maid," writes a correspondent, "or at least I am classed with this set. My years fully justify the younger public in giving me a back seat.

"I had an ideal. So fully was I impressed with the idea that a tall, dark-haired, handsome man would come to me that I would not allow myself to care for any one of the many gentlemen who were anxious to become my suitors. Well, he came one day, and I was certain that he had been sent by my good angel. I loved him at sight, and would have married him within a month. It was not long, however, until I found that he drank and gambled and did many other wrong things. Then I gathered all my strength and said no. He promised to reform for my sake, but again I said no. If he would not reform for his own sake and from principle he would not reform permanently for me. He did these things because it was in him to do them.

"I take no stock in these sentimental reformations. They seldom outlast the honeymoon. My ideal was not long in finding another angel, for whose sake he reformed. A year after their marriage she was the most miserable creature I ever knew. He died a gambler and she a sorrow stricken wife and mother. I would say to all young ladies: Have no ideals, but resolve to marry none but honest, industrious, sober, manly men. Study to make yourselves fitting companions for such men, and you will have no trouble in finding such. My ideal man haunts me still; yet when I see one that resembles him I shudder and shut my eyes. So great was my surprise, and so bitter my disappointment when my ideal vanished, that I never have had the heart to think again of marriage."—*Cor. Pittsburg Gazette.*

And She Does.

May—Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?

Jennie—Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?

Mary—Oh, my young man. He's street car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk.

Jennie—What does he say?

Mary—Sit closer, please!

A New Sensation.

Milk Inspector (taking his vacation on farm)—"Ha! That's a fine drink Glorious! What is it made of, madam?"

Farmer's Wife—"That's milk."

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE.

How He Married a Squaw and Became Owner of Silver Mines.

The story of Mr. Oliver Daunais, who lately purchased the Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau's residence at Longue Pointe, Que., is a most interesting one. When quite a young man he left his little place, Sorel, and went out west with a view to make a fortune. After several adventures he fell in with a tribe of Indians at the foot of the Rockies, and noticed that they used silver nuggets for loading their guns. They refused at first to let him know where the ore came from, but through perseverence and by marrying a girl of the tribe, he became possessed of the secret and afterwards got a patent to explore these rich mines which are now known under the name of the "Beaver Mines." Later on Mr. Daunais settled at Port Arthur, where he now owns valuable real estate. By a second marriage Mr. Daunais has a family of seven children who, with their mother, will come to Montreal in October next. Mr. Daunais' fortune is said to be worth $2,000,000.

There's a blessing in the bottle on whose label we can read
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription, for the woman who has need
Of a remedy for troubles none but women ever know
'Tis their best and truest friend, and happy thousands call it so,
As they think of years of suffering that was their's before it came,
Bringing them the balm of healing and they bless the very name

of this wonderful and deservedly popular remedy for the various ills woman is heir to. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman, sold by druggists *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Timely Warning.

Young Precocity (to Oldboy, who has the misfortune to be very bow-legged)—Oh, I say you ought to come away from the fire.

Oldboy—Why, my boy?

Young Precocity—Can't you see how your legs are warping!

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Domestic Discipline.

Father—"The boys are in a fearful rage. What have you been doing to them?"

Ugly aunt—"I didn't do anything to them."

"But you must have done something to them."

"I didn't do anything except give each one of them a kiss when I arrived."

"Well, don't do it again. If the children are to be punished, let me know it and I will attend to them."

'Death Has So Many Doors to Let Out Life,"

Sang an old-time poet. In those days they had not discovered remedies that shut these doors. How different is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from the old-time doses. Consumption, or lung-scrofula, is one *wide* door that it shuts, if taken in time. *Don't waste a moment then*, lest life slip through that open door.

A Mere Trifle.

Mamma—What's the matter, precious? Mabel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to your poor little sister?

Mabel (virtuously and defiantly)—Nothing.

Mamma—You have! I know you have!

Mabel—I only told her she's got to die some day, and she says she won't.

Don't Do It. Do Not Wait.

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerviline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nerviline. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A Dangerous Sense of Humor.

Charlie (dejectedly)—Say, Tom, I've lost my best girl.

Tom—No? How did it happen?

Charlie—Aw, I was altogether too funny for her.

Tom—Too funny? What do you mean?

Charlie—Well, you see, she was crazy to have a pet dog, so I gave her a pug and told her I selected that kind because it matched her nose so perfectly. See? Confound a funny man, any how.

Having But Little Fun.

Pretty Sunday-School Teacher (at picnic)—You don't seem to be having a very pleasant time, Mr. Sissy. You have sat here quite alone for a long time.

Mr. Sissy (in a low, guarded tone of voice)—Yes, Miss Maude, and I shall have to remain here until all have departed. I accidentally sat down on a custard pie.

One of the Parisian fads is to wear ears of corn on the head. The style elsewhere is to wear the ears on the head and the corns on the feet.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The Great Dismal Swamp

of Virginia is one enormous quagmire of decayed vegetation, a region of gloom and desolation; but not more so than the system when blocked up by decayed animal matter, which poisons the blood and brings gloom to an otherwise happy household. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets remove all waste matter, and give nature a chance to build up.

Sir Charles Dilke is taking the baths at Baden, in Argau, Switzerland.

All Americans Know Him.

"One of the most comical things I've ever heard was told me in the Caucasus," said Dudley Winston, the young man who accompanied his father on the mission to Persia. "It was in Tiftos, the capital of Georgia. You know, there's an American store there—a big place of business, where all sorts of 'Yankee notions' are dealt out at enormous profits to the natives. I dropped in there. One of the objects of interest to which the Russian salesman directed my special attention was a patent potato peeler. 'Dees instrument,' he said, 'ees medd by ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.' I was astonished. 'What house did you say?' 'Ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.' 'Never heard of it,' I said; 'I guess you are mistaken.' 'Meestaken? No sare. I have often heard of ze 'ouse, and I have often seen ze name of ze 'ouse. I vill show him to you now. Oh, it is a firm which enjoys great fame here.' And with that he looks for a specimen potato-peeler and brings one out. 'Zare, sare,' he says, 'ees ze name engraved in ze metal. See!' I burst out laughing until my sides ached. There was the legend, 'Pat. Aug. 17th, 1873.' And the 'Pat. Aug.' part of it he had taken to be the firm's name. I found that this potato-peeler was famous under the name of 'Pat. Aug.' all over the Caucasus."

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feeling? **WHY** do I have Backache? **WHY** Neuralgia and Rheumatism? **WHY** does Scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

BECAUSE your blood is filled with **Poison**, which must be **Completely Eradicated** before you can regain health. You must go to the root of the matter. Put the Kidneys—the great and only blood purifying organs—in complete order, which is complete health, and with

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and **WARNER'S SAFE PILLS** your **Cure is Certain.**

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There is no stand-still in disease. You are either growing Better or Worse. **How is it with YOU!**

WHY not **to-day** resort to that medicine which has veritably **Cured Millions**, and which will cure **you** if you will give it a chance?

All of Warner's preparations are Purely Vegetable. They are made on honor. They are time-tried. They are **No New Discovery, Untried and Worthless**; on the contrary, they have stood the test—they have proved their superiority. They stand alone in pre-eminent merit and **YOU KNOW IT.**

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"*We believe that an extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

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