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THE ADVANCE
ELMVIEW, ONT.

From the Spanish

Long journeys, long lies
Another's care hangs by a hair.
He the sins of others pays, who lives
Where there is music there is no harm.
God works the cure, the doctor takes the fee.
The old fool is rich for the sin of his relations.
If I have lost the ring from my finger I am still here.
If you want to know what a donut is ask the tailor.
Be the stone ever so hard, it will be broken by the force of water.
What than is more blind than a lover?
Approach and warm thyself.
He who takes the wrong road must make his journey twice over.
Beyond, yonder is my grief, for when much old yours will be here.
That which the fool does in the end the wise man does at the beginning.

Abstract from a Spaniard all his good qualities and there remains a Portuguese.

If you have a friend who is a doctor make your bow and send him to the house of your enemy.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other, and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve, one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Lambie Wine, (when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state,) a remedy for many and previous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest system is led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of mortal despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by transmitting the tone it disposes to sound and healthful conditions imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the system, carrying health and strength to every part. It is necessary, finally, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand nourishment in order to their improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have placed the Lambie Wine superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, backed by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearer perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Sermons from Dickens.

Let there be union among us.
Ride on over all obstacles and win the race.

Philosophers are only men in armor after all.

There is a physic for the body, for everything, work, for the heart, for the mind. In journeys, as in life, it is a great easier to go down hill than up.

You must expect to go out some day like the snuff of a candle; a man can die but once.

Among them was Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine of all the qualities, there is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.

A Cure Indeed.—Coffin plates come from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from indigestion, constipation, sluggish or disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through and out of the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

A Bad Case.—Mr. Jones, of Chicago, a friend of mine, in the country was very soon thereafter called upon by the relatives of some New York children, sent out by the fresh air fund for a week or two in the country. There were quite a number of them playing about a pretty farm house one day when some passers-by stopped just to gaze a little at them. And presently the old farmer came out and addressed the one lady, as a flock of fowls came strutting down the lawn. "Oh, yes," said one of the elegant ladies, with a knowing nod of her head, "we've always seen 'em—lots of them generally it was after they was peeled."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

A Compliment Nipped.

M. Lalande, the distinguished astronomer, dined one day at the house of Recamier, the banker. He was seated between the celebrated beauty, Mme. Recamier, and Mme. de Stael, equally noted for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to both ladies, he exclaimed: "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Mme. de Stael, "and without possessing either."

By their action on the Liver and Bowels, Miller's Worm Powders correct all such troubles as lack of Appetite, Biliousness, Drowsiness, Sallow Complexion, etc.; nice to take.

Gen. Sherman and the Doctor.

The late Dr. Bliss was for many years Gen. Sherman's physician; once when the soldier complained: "I am unable to sleep no good," he replied: "Take Shakespeare's advice, then, and throw up the dogs." "There are too many valuable dogs in our neighborhood," replied the sleepless man.

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Subscribe for the Peepers. Do it now. All look with the saver true. Subscribe. Subscribe. "L. A. W. Bulletin."

MR. COLE ENDORSES

The Report of His Cure of Rheumatism

By Dodd's Kidney Pills When Every Other Tried Remedy Had Failed—His Case Was Exceptionally Severe, But Quickly Yielded to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

WINDSOR, March 6.—Mr. H. R. Cole, whose case was reported in the Canadian newspapers last week, was met by a friend on the street a couple of evenings ago.

"Hello! Is this true that I have been hearing about you being cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills?" asked his friend.

"Why certainly it's true. Otherwise I should never have permitted it to be published. Everybody knows me."

"And did Dodd's Kidney Pills really cure you, or was it your doctor's medicine?"

"Why, what do I want of a doctor's medicine? Didn't I tell you that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

"Was it a mild case of Rheumatism?"

"Not by any means! It was, on the contrary, an exceptionally severe one. I suffered more than I can describe. I tried several of the remedies that were recommended as being 'sure to cure me.' But they did no good. I got a little, but only a little temporary relief, none went anywhere near curing me.

"When a friend urged me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills I demurred. I be lieved they were no better than the other remedies I had used. However, I bought a box and began to use them.

"I soon began to feel easier. My sleep came back, the terrible pains vanished, and four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made my cure complete and thorough. I cannot speak too highly of them, and I shall recommend every sufferer from Rheumatism to use them, knowing they will positively cure."

Mutual Interest the Closest Tie.

I should like to say a great many more things if I had space. I should like to say that developing common tastes is a great deal more than half the battle. Both parties to a marriage should be the same things, to go to the same places, like the same people, find the same things funny, and the same things interesting, but does must be satisfied with the way in which the other combines himself or herself in the small proprieties of life. For in matrimony, or in all the rest of living, only the occasional moments finds us on the heights; our days and our years must be spent in the Valley of Commonplace.—Helen Watterson Moody in The Ladies' Home Journal.

All the Same to Her.

"In one respect every woman is ambidextrous."

"How do you make that out?"

"She can throw dust as well with the left hand as with her right."

No worm medicine acts so nicely as Miller's Worm Powders. No physic required.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Very Nice Indeed.

"Oh, Miss Brown, I was so sorry I didn't see you when you called the other day. I had such a dreadful headache that I told my maid I was not at home to any of my friends. But of course I should have seen you!"

Thought and Thinkets.

True art is not inventing but recognizing.

Men write their epitaphs in their achievements.

A vacation is a temporary suspension of a vocation.

The man who aims at nothing in life usually hits it.

Virtue is its own reward—too often the only one it gets.

To the man of small intellect trifles are momentous things.

Do the good to-day; there is time enough for the evil to-morrow.

That man is free who wishes not to escape his present condition.

A wound may forget an ink'nd word, but a compliment—never!

Remedy that which is remediable; endure that which is unremediable.

Speak little and to the point and you will always command attention.

Self-respect is a staff on which the more you lean the stouter it will grow.

One may not reach the top of the ladder except by treading the lower rounds.

The selfish man is the man who has the perception to discern where his talents lie.

Fame is not the result of some one great act, but rather of the thousand minor acts that preceded it.

In Nature's Storehouse There are Cures.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However, this may be, it is well known that Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestive organs.

All Women May Be Pretty.

The April Ladies' Home Journal will contain the first article of a series telling "How to be Pretty Though Plain." The author, who has verified all her statements, insists that it is within easy possibility for the plainest woman to be pretty, and she thinks it not an unworthy ambition. Good common sense forms the basis of this author's advice to all women who wish to be pretty.

When children are pale, peevish and restless at night they require a dose or two of Miller's Worm Powders. They are pleasant to take; no physic required.

Gift Offerings at Eastertide.

It has only been a little while ago since it was thought that a pretty card or a tiny bunch of flowers was the proper offering to one's friend on Easter Day. The idea of sending a trifling gift has grown, and now, instead of the posy or growing plant in full flower and tied with bright ribbons, there goes some dainty trifle, with the best wishes of the giver for a happy Eastertide.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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"Oh, Miss Brown, I was so sorry I didn't see you when you called the other day. I had such a dreadful headache that I told my maid I was not at home to any of my friends. But of course I should have seen you!"

DEAR SIRS,—I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARD'S LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribe my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your medicine.

Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Thoroughly Posted.

Friend—I suppose your know all your mistress' secrets by this time?

The Maid—Why, I know the real color of her hair!

FREE.

We give this fine Watch with a chain and charm for selling 3 dozen packets of our exquisite Perfume at 10 cents each, or a lady's Watch and guard for selling 3 dozen. No Money required. Your money back if Watch is not as represented. Write and we will send the Perfume postpaid and for Premium List. Sell the Perfume, return the money, and your Watch will be forwarded at once, all charges paid. Unsold Perfume may be returned. Hundreds have already earned valuable Watches selling our goods, why not you? Mention this paper when writing.
The Home Specialty Co. TORONTO, ONT.

Great Accomplishment.

Proud Mother—Oh, John, the baby can walk!

Cruel Father—Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night, then.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

Short Girls and Matrimony.

It is said that short young ladies have a better chance of marriage than their taller sisters, and the reason given is that short women make the best wives.

Miller's Compound Iron Pills have such virtue that every one should try them.

CANCER
For 6 cents in stamps we will send you full particulars of a pleasant home treatment. No Knife, Pain or Poison.
T. N. Stott & Jury, Newmarket, Ont.

Are you thinking of buying a new wheel? If so, be sure and see the

GENDRON

"before you purchase. Write for a Catalogue, either English or French."
Gendron Mfg. Co.,
TORONTO, Ont.

NATIONAL BINDER TWINE

F. P. strength: over 75 lbs. breaking strain. Full length: 500 feet to the pound. Full weight: 8 lbs. to each bale. No oil, gging in binder—consequently cleaner and more entirely of pure Manila Hemp—without adulterant of any kind, absolutely the best ever offered the Canadian farmer. 80 LBS. NATIONAL BINDER TWINE FOR $11 CASH with any one of the following valuable and useful

PREMIUMS:

14-Karat GOLD-PLATED WATCH, stem-winding and stem-setting, guaranteed reliable time-keeper—lady's or gentleman's size—maker's guarantee with each watch.

SOLID GOLD RING set with genuine Garnet and Opal gems—stamped and warranted—with maker's Trade Mark and guarantee.

MUSICAL CLOCK, glass sides, in Nickel Silver and Gilt—a handsome ornament and accurate time-piece. A never ending pleasure in the home.

HOW IT IS DONE: The National Farmers Co. sells direct to practical farmers, thus business only for cash, makes no losses—Every dollar goes its full duty. We have a lot of NATIONAL BINDER TWINE on hand—so much that the bank rate of interest until after harvest, on the money locked up, will amount to many thousand dollars. We want to save that interest and give it to the farmer in return for cash. That is where the premium comes in.

This Company reserves the right to refund your money if the price of Hemp advances by reason of the Philippine war or other causes. Manila Hemp comes from the Philippine Islands. ORDER AT ONCE and make certain of your season's supply before Hemp advances.

Remit money to us only by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Express Order or Registered Letter. Write your name plainly, give your post office address and also the railway station to which we are to ship the Twine. You pay freight on the Twine from TORONTO. We send you the premium prepaid by mail or express from Toronto. Observe above directions carefully so we cannot make any mistake in forwarding your goods. Say whether you want a Gentleman's or Lady's Watch, a Musical Clock or a Ring—if the latter, send a piece of string or paper size required.

Address all letters and money orders payable to

NATIONAL FARMERS COMPANY,
TORONTO.

Enquirers are referred to any Mercantile Agency and to the Editor of this paper as to our responsibility.

FREE
FOR ONE DAY'S WORK

You can earn this valuable WATCH, with a chain and charm, by selling only Twelve Sets of Pearl Buttons Each, or a Lady's Watch and Guard by selling two sets. Send your address, and we forward the Pins, postpaid, with our Premium List. No Money Required. Then you will almost sell themselves, for the Pearls have all the brilliancy of the best diamonds, and in some instances have been offered at anything like this price. Our watches are very neat in appearance, thoroughly well made and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper.
THE GEM PIN CO., TORONTO, CAN.

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

What she Taught.

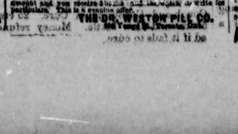
The lady principal of a school in her advertisement mentioned her lady-assistant and the reputation for teaching which she bears. But the printer left out the word "who," so that the advertisement read "reputation for teaching she bears."

Pale people should take Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

There are about 5,000,000 pairs of gloves imported into this country each year.

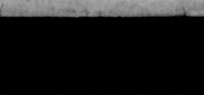
Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

"Henry, how do I look in this dress?" "Um—to dress looks very pretty on you, my dear."



BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.
New and Second-Hand.
BOWLING ALLEYS AND SUPPLIES
Large catalogue free.
THE REID BROS., 257 King West, Toronto.

STEM SET, STEM WIND WATCH FREE



To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Pills for Pale People, we will for a short time only, give a Watch (gent's or lady's size) free to every person who buys six boxes, regular price, 50 cents a box, or three boxes and sells six more at 50 cents each, and returns the money we will send the Watch, Ladies or Gent's size, at our option, prepaid. The Pills are for sale at all druggists, or direct by mail, postpaid, 50 cents a box, six boxes $2.50. Address, DR. WESTON'S PILL CO. Brockville, Ont.

PERSIATIC SHEEP DIP and ANIMAL WASH.

The most highly concentrated and effective Dip in the market. Put up under the supervision of skilled chemists and guaranteed to contain nothing injurious or harmful in the least degree. Proven invaluable for all Skin Diseases in Sheep and Cattle and for destroying Vermin. Cures

Ticks, Red Lice, Maggots, Wounds, Gangrene, Bruises, Shear Cuts, Ringworm, and Scab.

Full directions on every can. Cures the worst cases and produces a fine fleece of growth of wool. Sold in packages to suit purchasers. Trade Mark

The Pickhardt-Renfrew Co., Limited, Box A, STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

PILES, PILES!

the knife has been used. It is a wonderful remedy. This simple and safe cure is free to the most sufferers. Send address and get it free.
A. LEWIS, 112 Shuter Street, Toronto.

A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

By Guy Boothby.

And so they were. There could be no mistake about that. I picked up my cap and followed the chief's example.

By 10 o'clock the wind had risen to the strength of a more than moderate gale and the sea in proportion. It was most alarming, and I must confess that, seeing the strength of the wind, I was a little surprised when, about the middle of the morning, Alie appeared on deck. She came aft to where I was standing and, having looked at the compass card, gazed round her.

"If I'm not mistaken, we're in for a typhoon," she shouted, her glorious hair blowing in tangled profusion across her eyes and about her face. "Our friend, the cousin, you see, is out of sight, and I expect she thinks it's useless endeavoring to chase us across such a sea." Then turning to Walworth, who was standing near, she cried, "Send Mr. Patterson to me."

Though it was not Patterson's watch on deck, he was not anxious about the weather and his ship to go below. Immediately on receiving Alie's message he came aft and, having touched his southwester, waited for her to speak.

"Mr. Patterson, what is your opinion of the weather?" she shouted in his ear, for it was so noisy to talk, unless you heard a person almost shouting, it was impossible to hear one's voice. "Do you think we had better heave to and endeavor to find out how the center of the storm bears from us?"

"I am sure, I cannot do so," Patterson believed in reply. The storm was to his subordinate, he gave the necessary instructions in a yell that sounded like a fog horn. The yacht's nose was immediately put more near to the wind, which at that moment was due north east, the requisite number of points to the light of it. This taken and the center of the approaching hurricane found, to be exactly south southeast of our position. At this juncture Walworth, who had been aloft, came down and reported the barometer had fallen to 27.45. It might therefore be inferred that we were within the storm circle, and for the same reason it was apparent that our safety entirely depended upon our being able to avoid the center of the field. Having decided the direction of the storm and discovered that we lay in the due line of its advance—the most dangerous of all—there was nothing for it but to run with the wind on our starboard quarter.

Never shall I forget the scene presented as our course was changed. I looked from Alie, who, enveloped in oilskins, was clinging to the starboard railing, then to the chief officer gazing anxiously aloft and from both to the men struggling and straining at the wheel. Now, when a great wave, seemingly mountains high, dark as green jade and topped with hissing foam, would come tearing toward us, obscuring half the horizon, I would shut my eyes and wait for it to engulf us. Then I would feel the noble little vessel mount it, rise on to its crest and next moment be striking again, down, down, down into the trough. Then once more I would draw breath and open my eyes just in time to see another rise and meet her forward, to break with a roar upon the forecastle head, carrying away a dozen feet of bulwark and one of the boats as if both were built of so much paper.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the strength of the gale began somewhat to abate, the sea lost its greater fury, and the barometer in a measure recovered its stability. It seemed incredible that the Lone Star could have come through it so safely, for, with the exception of one man washed overboard, another who had three of his ribs smashed in by a marauding sea, a portion of the port bulwark and a boat carried away as above described, and another crushed to atoms on the davits, we had experienced no casualties worth mentioning.

By the time darkness fell the sea was almost its old calm, placid self again, so quickly do these terrible typhoons spring up and die away. As soon as we were certain all danger was past the yacht was returned to her course, and we once more proceeded on our way.

How wonderful and inscrutable is the mighty deep! Next day the weather was as peaceful as ever I had seen it—bright sunshine, gentle breezes and a sea as smooth as polished silver. After breakfast the awning, which on account of the storm had been unshipped the day before, was rigged again, and, drawing a deck chair aft, I settled myself down to read beneath its shade. A few minutes later Alie and her companion joined me, we brought them seats, and then for the first time I saw the Beautiful White Devil—for I must sometimes call her by her picturesque Chinese cognomen—engaged in needlework. Why I should have found anything extraordinary in such a circumstance I cannot say. Possibly it may have been because I had never imagined that there could be sufficient leisure in her life for such a homely occupation. At any rate, I know that to watch her bent head, with its glorious wealth of hair; to see those beautiful white fingers, unadorned by jewelry of any sort, twisting and twining while the brilliant needle flashed in and out of the material, was to me a delight. Suddenly one of the hands engaged upon some work in the fore rigging attracted a cry in the native. Alie and her companion sprang to their feet, and though I did not understand what had happened I guessed from the example. Walton in the starboard bulwark, not noticing was to the seen there. Not being able to make it out, I asked what had occasioned the alarm.

"One of the hands reports a boat away to starboard," said Alie.

She turned to one of the younger officers, who was standing near, and ordered him aloft to take the boat's bearing. As soon as this was discovered the yacht was put over on a tack that would bring us close up with it, and after that there was nothing for it but to wait patiently for the result.

For some time we could not see anything, then a small black speck made its appearance about two points off our starboard bow and gradually grew plainer.

"Keep here as she goes," said Alie to the man at the wheel, while we strained our eyes toward the tiny dot.

Little by little it became more distinct until we were sufficiently near to make out with a glass that it was a man-of-war's gig pulled by two men and containing three others. Ten minutes later the yacht was hove to, and Patterson clambered on to the port bulwark to receive the officer.

"Are you strong enough to bring them alongside, do you think," he heard Alie shout, "or shall we send a gang to tow you?"

The man steering, who was evidently an officer, funnelled his mouth with his hands, and shouting back that they thought they could manage it, Alie, with her usual presence of mind, ordered the man who had been rowing, but had now stopped, resumed their monotonous labor. But by hit the tiny craft crept over the oily surface toward us until she was close enough for us to see with our naked eyes all that she contained.

A sailor came alongside our gangway and, throwing a line within an hour from the time of our first sighting her the boat's crew stood upon our deck. In spite of their man-of-war dress a more miserable, woebegone appearance could not have been imagined than the party presented. It consisted of one lieutenant, a midshipman and three able seamen, one of the latter being so utterly exhausted that we had to carry him aboard. It was left for Patterson to welcome the poor fellows to the yacht, and this he accordingly did with a hearty kindness that I should hardly have expected from him.

"Before you tell me anything about yourselves," he said, "let me arrange for the comfort of your men." Then, calling a hand to him, he continued, pointing to the three Jacks who stood sheepishly by: "Take these men forward and tell the cook to give them all they want. You can supply them with hammocks among you and find room somewhere for them to sling them." Then, turning to the officers again, he said, "Will you be so good as to follow me, gentlemen?" and led the way down the companion to the cuddy. Thinking my professional services might possibly be required, I followed with Walworth.

On reaching the cabin they were conducted to seats, and food was immediately set before them. They fell upon it like starving men, and for some time only the sound of steady munching and the clatter of knives and forks were to be heard. When they had finished, the midshipman without warning burst into a flood of tears and was led by Walworth to a cabin near by, where, when his torrent had worn itself out, the poor little chap fell fast asleep.

"Now," said Patterson as soon as the lieutenant had finished his meal, "perhaps you will tell me your story?"

"It won't take long to do that," the officer began. "I am the first lieutenant of her majesty's cruiser Asiatic. We were sent out from Singapore last Saturday in pursuit of this very yacht, if I mistake not. As you know, we almost picked you up in the fog, but when it lifted your superior steaming power enabled you to escape us. Then the typhoon caught us, and in looking after ourselves we lost sight of you altogether. We rode out the storm safely enough, but just at sunrise yesterday she struck an uncharted rock and went down within five minutes."

He stopped for a moment and covered his face with his hands.

"This is terrible news!" cried Patterson, while we all gave utterance to expressions of horrified astonishment. "And was yours the only boat that got away?"

"I'm very much afraid so," he replied. "At least I saw no other. Yes, you are right; it is terrible, and her majesty has lost a fine vessel and a splendid ship's company in the Asiatic."

When the poor fellow had finished his story, he was silent for some minutes. Indeed, so were we all. It seemed almost incredible that the great vessel we had admired and feared only the day before should now be lying, with the majority of her crew, deep down at the bottom of the ocean.

"We are fortunate in having been able to pick you up," said Patterson after awhile. "An hour later and we should have changed our course and have been many miles away."

"In that case we should have been dead men by nightfall," was the reply. As it was, we lost one man."

"How did it happen?"

"The poor devil went mad and jumped overboard. Remember, we had no water and nothing to eat, and, so you may imagine it was hard breaking work pulling in that baking sun. The mutineers to me is that the boy stood it as well as he did."

"Poor little chap! It must have been a terrible experience for him."

"And what do you intend doing with us?" asked the officer, after a little pause. "For, of course, we're your prisoners."

"That I cannot say," Patterson answered. "It does not lie within my province. However, you'll hear soon enough—never fear. By the way, I suppose, you will give me your word that you will not attempt to play us any tricks. You must remember, please, that in all means and purposes we are at war."

"I will give you my word. Is that enough?"

"Quite enough. And now that you have done so I make you free of our wardroom and its contents."

All the time Patterson had been speaking I had noticed that the lieutenant, whose name, it transpired later, was Thordeu, had been staring at his face as if trying to recall some countenance it reminded him of. Just as we were preparing to go on deck again his memory seemed to come back to him.

"I hope you will excuse what I am going to say, and stop me if I am recalling any unpleasant memories," he blurted out, "but ever since I came aboard I've been wondering where we have met before. Aren't you Gregory, who was commander of the gunboat Parsifal in the Egyptian business of 1879?"

Patterson fell back against the wall as if he had been struck. For a moment his face was as white as the paper I am now writing upon. Then, with a great effort, he pulled himself together and answered:

"I have quite forgotten that I had any existence at all in 1879. May I be that you will not recall the fact to my memory? Then, too, it is not changing the subject to be reminded of it, for I would like to rest after all your troubles. Pray let me conduct you to a cabin."

"Many thanks," said Thordeu, and with that they went along the alleyway together, and I returned to the deck to think out what I had heard. It was, of course, no business of mine, but I was interested in Patterson and could not help speculating as to what the reason could have been that had induced him to abandon a career in which, even so many years ago, he seemed to have attained such exalted rank.

During the afternoon I received an invitation from Alie to dine with her that evening. She stated in the little note she sent me that she had also asked the rescued lieutenant and his midshipman, and I gathered from this that something out of the common was toward.

About an hour before dusk, as I was rending in the officers' mess-room, the lieutenant came out of his cabin and sat down at the table beside me. He looked round to see that we were alone, and then said in a confidential whisper:

"Your position on board this boat, Dr. De Normanville, has already been explained to me. I'm sure I sympathize with you, but for rather selfish motives I am glad you are not in league with this extraordinary woman. I have received an invitation to dine in her cabin this evening, and I want you, if you will, to tell me something about her. Do you know enough to satisfy my curiosity?"

"I won't tell you anything about her," I answered with a laugh. "You must work and judge for yourself. One caution, however, before you see her—beware how you behave toward her, and if I might venture a hint, make a good toilet. She's very particular, and it's well to humor her. My things are at your disposal, of course."

He thanked me, and I saw no more of him or the midshipman until a few minutes before dinner time, when I met them on deck and accompanied them to Alie's saloon. Having descended the companion ladder, I drew back the certain for them to enter. Prepared as I was to see him show astonishment, I had no idea the lieutenant would be filled with such amazement as he betrayed when we entered the beautiful cabin I have before described. As good luck had it, Alie was not present, and so we were able to look about us undisturbed.

"Why didn't you prepare me for this?" whispered my companion after he had glanced round the cabin. "I never saw anything like it before, and I've been aboard scores of yachts in my time."

"There is but one Beautiful White Devil," I said with sarcastic earnestness.

"Carios, china, skins, divans, musical instruments, a grand piano even, and by Jove, inlaid with tortoise shell and lapis lazuli! It's wonderful, it's superb! And now I want to see the lady who owns it all."

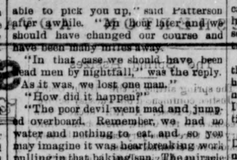
"Steady, old chap!" I whispered. "If I mistake not, here she comes."

As I spoke the curtains at the other end of the cabin were parted by a tiny hand, and Alie, dressed entirely in black, stood before us. The color of her costume showed off the superb beauty of her complexion and hair, while its thinking enhanced her matchless figure to perfection. She stood for a moment in the doorway and then advanced toward us with that wonderful floating grace which always characterized her, giving me her little hand first and then turning toward her other guests.

"To the lieutenant she bowed and said, with a smile:

"Sir, you must forgive my not having personally welcomed you to my boat, but for reasons which would not interest you I am not always able to do as much as I could wish. However, I hope my officers have taken every care of you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Patterson fell back against the wall

WHAT IT WAS ABOUT

The Fight Arose from Very Natural Misunderstanding.

"What's the trouble here," asked a man who had jammed into a crowd in front of a physician's office too late to see what had occurred.

"Oh, just a little scrap," some one replied.

"But what about?" queried the curious man.

"Well, as near as I can gather," said the other, "it was this way. A young man just raising a red mustache called to consult the doctor who lives in there.

"Yes?"

"Well, the young man had a terrible bad case of dyspepsia."

"Yes, go on."

"Being a dyspeptic, you know, he was naturally touchy."

"Of course."

"Well, after he had told the doctor all about his trouble and how he felt after eating, and so on, he sat back and pulled at his red mustache and waited for the doctor to prescribe."

"Exactly; I understand."

"And when the doctor told him what to do the young man started to fight, and that's all there is about it."

"But, see here," called the curious man as the other started to walk away. "The doctor must have said something to offend the young man with the red mustache, didn't he?"

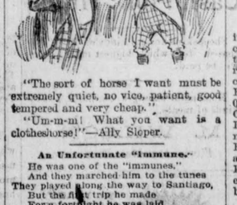
"Oh, yes, of course, but he didn't mean it, you know. When he told the young man with the red mustache to diet, he wasn't referring to the mustache. You're welcome. Good day."—A. B. Lewis in New York World.

If.

If men would cease to worry
And women cease to sigh,
Doctors would have to pied afoot
Instead of riding by.

If neighbor spoke to neighbor
As love demands of all,
Then lawyers would make kindling of
Their shingles on the wall.

Undoubtedly.



"The sort of horse I want must be extremely quiet, no vice, patient, good tempered and very cheap."

"Um-m-m! What you want is a clothes horse!"—Ally Sloper.

An Unfortunate "Immune."

He was one of the "immunes,"
And they marched him to the tunes
They played along the way to Santiago,
But when the trip he made
For a fortnight he was laid
On his back with the lumbago—the lumbago!

He was one of the "immunes,"
He had passed through sickly Junes
And lived to cheer his country's glorious banner,
But when the war was over
And he thought he was in clover
He had sixteen weeks of fever in Havana!

He was one of the "immunes,"
Singing patriotic tunes
While o'er the ranks the stars of glory clustered,
But he's no "immune" believer,
With the measles, chills and fever,
And he's anxious for the service to be mustered!—Atlanta Constitution.

FESTIVE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

When we git our winter weather, puttin
Ultimate human values in perspective,
Makes a feller, when he goes into the
kitchen, fairly smile,
An' yer mouth begins ter water, as you
stan' a-sniffin there,
While the odors from that redhot griddle
permeate the air
Ez you note the crispy, old, familiar palate-ticklin cake
That yer wife kin turn out jest the way
yer mother used ter make,
Fer they ain't no use o' talkin—not a meal
would we be able
To enjoy without that old, familiar pancake on the table!
Oh, there's nothin in the culinary art that
brought the joy
Ez the buckwheat cakes we used ter mass
away when I was a boy,
With a slice o' ham ter start on an the
gravy rich an' brown,
An' a kind o' intimate yer throat as
they slipped down,
An the jug o' maple sirup right beside yer
plate the while.
You jest the most delighted kind o'
genus juvenile
Ez each mornin at the table you would
sit, otherwhile
Keep yer mother busy turnin out the
buckwheat cakes!
There's a mem'ry lingers roun' the buckwheat cake ez in yer mind,
Yer turn from all yer troubles an the ever-erlastin grind
Of business cares that agitate yer thoughts
an' yer
An you kind o' sort o' linger roun' a scene
that's far away.
'Tis a crisp, snappy morain, an the sun, as
is jest in sight
An the fallin snowflakes sparkle like a
million diamonds bright
Ez a call comes up the stairway, "Say,
you Bill, for mazzy sakes,
Git up an come to breakfus if you want
some buckwheat cakes!"

An you hastle out o' bed an in yer dry
goods purty quick
Lest yer dad make his appearance with a
springy, seasoned stick,
An you scoot down the stairs jest an
sousle off yer face
An yer slicker pours the coffee, an you help
yerself fer cream,
While, an' with great impatience, you
wait in schasty suspense,
Ez yer mother, with a smile upon her
pensive countenance
That appetizin stomach fillin crispy buckwheat cake!

You kin git yer ketchup an the chilly
we git here,
But when the fust trip he made
And he thought he was in clover
An' jest a-gettin ginger
But he's anxious fer the service to be
mustered!
Ez yer mother, with a smile upon her
pensive countenance
That appetizin stomach fillin crispy buckwheat cake!

A Walk to the Klondike.

Miss Flora Shaw has cruelly dissipated the halo of romance that surrounded a journey to the Klondike. Young gentlemen whom it has been found expedient to transplant from Piccadilly to Dawson City will no longer be able to impose on tender-hearted womenfolk with tales of hairbreadth escapes and horrible privations, which Miss Shaw has shown are largely things of the past. The journey takes no more than a month, which, subtracting a fortnight for the luxurious transit to Vancouver, leaves a fortnight for only perils of the White Pass. Secondly, Miss Shaw has demonstrated that these same perils can be gone through by a woman with comparative ease and comfort—that is to say, if one can take kindly to munching beans three times a day like a horse. As for security of life and property, pistols are as superfluous in Klondike as in Pall Mall, though occasionally one sups with Indian murderers. In short, what Miss Shaw can do and enjoy, our golden youth ought to be able to do without swaggering, even if they do not enjoy it. Miss Shaw bears testimony to the auriferous character of these regions.—Saturday Review.

Canal System for Germany.

The German canal bill which is to be introduced into the Reichstag during the coming session provides for the expenditure of 400,000,000 marks on canals and river improvements, as follows: Midland canal, 192,000,000 marks; Dortmund-Rhine canal, 68,000,000 marks; 50,000,000 marks for waterbeds, etc., in the Oder district; 40,000,000 marks for the Berlin-Stettin ship canal and 20,000,000 marks for the improvement of the Weser River. When the scheme is executed it is announced that the main waterways of Prussia will be connected from the east, centrally of the Empire to the harbors of the German ocean.

First Weather Prophecy on Record.

The first attempt at scientific forecasting of the weather was the result of a storm which during the Crimean war, November 14, 1854, almost destroyed the fleets of France and England. As a storm had raged several days earlier in France, Vaillant, the French Minister of War, directed that investigations be made to see if the two storms were the same, and if the progress of the disturbance could have been foretold. It was demonstrated that the two were in reality one storm, and that its path could have been ascertained and the fleet forewarned in sufficient time to reach safety.

A Comparison.

"You are a great many words that don't mean anything," said the political talker's manager.

"Did you ever take note of the bell ringing and steam puffing and general racket that occurs when an engine pulls out of the depot?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's how it is with me. It takes a lot of noise to get my train of thought started, but once under way I defy anybody to stop it."