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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Keep Them Bright.

Kerosene oil will clean blackened silver almost instantly.

To clean the steel blades of knives use sweet oil and emory paper. Polish with leather dipped in a little whiting.

Do not throw or mix knives, forks and spoons together. Keep separate and there will be no scratching of any of the articles.

To clean knives that have fruit and vinegar stains on them use raw potatoes. Rub the blades, then polish on the knife board.

To wash cut glassware use some pure soap and hot water and apply with a common large toothbrush. Each piece should be wiped with a linen cloth as it is taken from the water.

Handles of knives and forks should never be put in hot water. If the handles come off, mix equal parts of quicklime and rosin and partly fill the hole, then heat the spike and push it in.

In laying aside knives or other steel implements they should be slightly oiled and wrapped in tissue paper to prevent their rusting. A salty atmosphere will in a short time quite ruin fall steel articles unless some such precaution is taken.

To season new glassware put dishes, tumblers and other glass articles into a kettle, cover them entirely with cold water and put the kettle where it will soon boil. When it has boiled a few minutes set it aside, covered close. When the water is cold take the glass out.

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 Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grevious ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frallest systems are 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 morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A Dollar Easily Earned.

In a Massachusetts town lives an eccentric old York butcher, remarkable for his shrewdness. Some young collegians one day entered the shop, and, for a joke, asked how much pork was a yard. "One dollar," promptly replied the old fellow. "Then," said one of the smart youths, "I'll take a yard." "Where's your cash?" asked the butcher. The dollar was laid down. The old man pocketed the coin, and then produced three pig's feet, with the quiet remark: "Three feet make one yard." The students marched out in silence.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Vacant Apartments in Italy.

They have a novel way in Italy of advertising vacant apartments. In place of the placard inscribed "Rooms," "To let," or "To be let," which adorns the windows of English houses, a white cloth, about the size of a napkin, flutters from the casement, intimating to the passer-by that the rooms can be rented.

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

An Unwelcome Filipino.

One of the delights of life in the Philippines is recorded by the American Soldier. Some days ago a party of soldiers who were about relieving the guard at Manila came suddenly upon a great boa constrictor. He was shot and found to measure nine feet seven inches long and ten inches around in the largest part.

For Nine Years—Mr. Samuel Bryant, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over $100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

The Worst on Record.

What is the most ungrammatical sentence ever spoken? The following would be hard to beat. It was enunciated by a little girl who was driving along a country road with her father. Seeing a flock of sheep in a neighboring meadow, she asked: "Is them sheeps yourn?" Four words, and all wrong!

My nervousness has left me entirely as a result of taking Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Successful Revivalist.

"Biggest revival preacher we ever had here," said the country grocer, "was old Brother Jarvis. Actually when that man got through with 'em the whole blamed community turned in and paid all its debts."

DU PATY DE CLAM.

The French Officer Confined in Cherche Midi Prison Attempts Suicide.

Paris, June 3.—The Echo de Paris yesterday says that Gen. Zurlinden, the Military Governor of Paris, has consented to the provisional release of Col. Picquart, who is in prison on the charge of revealing documents concerning the national defence, on the demand of Gen. Marquis de Gallifet.

Attempt at Suicide.

The Petit Republique has a report that Lieut.-Col. Du Paty de Clam, who was arrested and sent to the Cherche Midi prison on Thursday night, has attempted to commit suicide in prison.

Several papers announce that proceedings will be taken against Gen. Mercier, former Minister of War, and other officers.

Charged With Forgery.

The arrest Thursday evening of Lieut.-Col. Du Paty de Clam, who, in 1894, was charged with the investigation of the first charges made against Dreyfus, was ordered after the Minister of War, M. Krantz, had consulted with the Premier, M. Dupuy. The prisoner, who is confined in the military prison of Cherche Midi, is charged with forgery, and uttering forgery. It is not yet known whether he will be tried before a court-martial or a disciplinary court.

£10,000 FOR KITCHENER.

The Queen Recommends Parliament to Grant That Amount.

London, June 3.—In the House of Commons yesterday the Government leader, Mr. A. J. Balfour, presented a message from the Queen recommending a grant of £10,000 to Major-General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, the Sirdar of the Egyptian army.

The Hague Conference.

The Hague, June 3.—A decision has been reached by the special commission of the peace congress at The Hague to discard all side issues and stick to the main object of the conference. The commission on mediation has welded the various projects into one, which will be submitted for discussion on Monday. Russia has protested against the Turkish delegates, because it is claimed they have no definite instructions, and their cooperation would only be an obstruction.

Vladivostock to Be a Military Port.

Moscow, June 3.—The Russian Government has decided to make Vladivostock, the Pacific terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, a military port. Talienwan, on the eastern coast of the Liaotung Peninsula, just north of Port Arthur, will be made a commercial port. Col. Savitzki and Engineer Sbkharoff have in charge the deepening of the harbors, the construction of what breakwaters may be necessary, and all other harbor work.

THE CHILD WAS DEAD.

Mother Plunged Into the Cistern and Lifted Him Out, But Too Late.

Tilsonburg, Ont., June 3.—A little boy aged 3 years, son of William Scott, one mile north of Tilsonburg, was drowned in the cistern yesterday afternoon. The child was playing in the yard when his mother missed him and went in search and found him in the cistern. She sprang in and managed to lift him out, but was unable to climb out herself, the water being up to her shoulders. There was no one near the house, but a gentleman driving by heard her cries and ran to the rescue and succeeded in getting Mrs. Scott out. When they picked the child up life was extinct.

Verdict in Newmarket Tragedy.

Newmarket, Ont., June 3.—The verdict of the coroner's jury in the inquest on the body of the Jewett child was: "The deceased, Edith Frances Jewett, came to her death from a blow upon the head with an axe in the hands of her mother, Eliza Jewett, while the latter was temporarily insane, and just a short time before her mother's suicide by drowning."

Conservatives Order a Wreath.

Ottawa, June 3.—The Conservative members of the Senate and House of Commons have ordered a wreath to be prepared for the decoration of Sir John A. Macdonald's monument at Toronto on Thursday, and have delegated Sir Charles Tupper to make the presentation and deliver an address. Another wreath is being sent to Kingston, where Dr. Ryan will be delegated to deliver the address, Mr. George Taylor, chief Conservative whip, to whom the duty was entrusted, being unable to go.

Daniel Shaver Hanged Himself.

Brantford, Ont., June 3.—Daniel Shaver, aged 73, a retired farmer, living with his son near Onondaga, committed suicide on Thursday night by hanging himself in an outbuilding. Deceased has not been well for some time and became despondent. Sometime during the night he went out to the driving shed, took a rope, put it over a beam, placed it around his neck with a slip knot. His son found him hanging early yesterday morning. Life had gone some time.

C.P.R. Throws Down.

Ottawa, June 3.—The C.P.R. bill was amended by the railway committee yesterday expunging the clause to permit the building of a line from Foxton, Man., to a point near Sifton's Landing, on the east side of Lake Manitoba, on the ground that this line paralleled McKenzie, Mann & Co.'s.

Peace Proclaimed Once More.

Buffalo, N.Y., June 2.—An agreement was reached yesterday morning between committees of the striking freight handlers and the employers. The agreement was ratified later at separate meetings of dockmen and housemen, and the men voted to return to work this morning.

Emperor and Seamstress.

A German newspaper tells a nice little story about a poor seamstress of Cologne and Kaiser Wilhelm. The woman, finding her sewing machine out of service, addressed a petition to him, pointing out that she sorely needed a new one to help her to earn her living, and a few days later was greatly surprised to receive from the emperor a bran-new machine.

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pill will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these healthy organs. As a restorative these pills are in the first rank.

A Peculiar Place.

Haggard—Johnson has a peculiar practice. He writes memoranda on the walls and doors of his office.

Baglet—That's nothing. I know a man who writes all day long in his shirt sleeves.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
Stanley, P.E.I. MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
Riverdale, Oil City, Ont. MATHIAS FOLEY.

An Eye to Windward.

"John, you must buy an ice chest before the weather gets hot."

"Now, you just wait, Maria; maybe the folks that move in next door will have one big enough for both families."

I was pale and weakly for years. Miller's Compound Iron Pills brought about a change.

THE DOCTORS PUZZLED

The Peculiar Case of a Nova Scotian Lady.

The Trouble Began in a Swelling of the Big Toe, Which Spread to All Parts of the Body—Doctors Could Not Account for the Trouble, and Their Treatment Did Her No Good.

From the New Glasgow Enterprise.

Loch Broom is a picturesque farming hamlet situated about three miles from the town of Pictou, N.S. In this hamlet, in a cosy farmhouse live Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon. A few years ago Mrs. McKinnon was taken with a disease that puzzled several doctors who attended her. It was generally known that Mrs. McKinnon owed her ultimate recovery to good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and a reporter of the Enterprise being in the neighborhood called upon the lady and asked her if she had any objections to relating the particulars of her illness and cure.

"Indeed I have not," replied Mrs. McKinnon. "I think that those who are cured owe it to the medicine that brings them back to health always to say a good word for it. My trouble apparently had an insignificant starting point. It came on with a swelling in the big toe, accompanied by intense pain. Gradually the swelling extended to my limbs and then to my whole body, accompanied by pain which made my life a burden. A doctor was called in, but he did not help me. Then another and another until I had four different medical men to see me, one of them the most skilled physician in the province. Yet my case seemed to puzzle every one of them, and none of them gave me more than the merest temporary relief. One doctor said the trouble was inflammation of the bone. Another said it was aggravated sciatica and gout. The other two called it by other names, but whatever it was none of them helped me. By this time I had got so low and weak that I could not lift hand or foot if it would save my life, and my friends expected to see me get better. In fact the doctor said if I sank any lower I could not live. And yet here I am to-day as well as ever I was in my life. While I was at the lowest a minister called to see me and told me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many remedies and had spent so many dollars in medicine that I hardly thought it worth while to experiment any more. However, I was persuaded to try them, and after using a few boxes there was some improvement. By the time I had used a dozen boxes I had left my bed and was able to move around, and after a few more boxes I was again perfectly well and able to do all the work that falls to the lot of a farmer's wife. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I think that after what they have done for me I am justified in recommending them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out disease due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of any pill offered in any other shape—it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

IF Your mount is a GENDRON FITTED WITH BUCKEYE TIRES YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WALK HOME. THE GENDRON M'F'G CO. LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

NATIONAL Powdered Phosphate THE BEST FERTILIZER KNOWN

RESUSCITATES worn out Lands, IMPROVES Good Lands and makes the Best Lands BETTER. IMPROVES the QUALITY or the Crop and increases the QUANTITY.

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COLD, SILVER AND COPPER MINING STOCKS.

I am a member of the newly established STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE and have some attractive Gold, Silver and Copper stocks on hand. I deal in British Columbia, Ontario and Republic issues. My favorites just now are Morrison, Winnipeg, Noble Five, Derby (copper), Golden Star, Republic, Lone Pine, Princess Maud, Reindeer and Jumbo. I have recent information relative to the last five Republic properties.

Phone 1846. GARTLY PARKER, Mining Broker, 12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

Liberty's Limitations.

Immigrant—At last I am in free America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?

Native—Yes, unless he's married.

Barely Possible.

Proudleigh—My father, you know, was a Member of Congress, and—

De Sinnick—That's all right, old chap! I daresay you'll be able to live it down.

A new back for 50 cents. Miller's Kidney Pills and Plaster.

Not at All Doubtful.

First Sweet Thing—Do you believe he really means business?

Second Sweet Thing—I'm quite sure of it, love. All his presents are such very useful articles.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it sometimes is difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, We would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

New Punctuation Mark.

Teacher—Can any of you children tell what an interrogative sentence is?

Patsy (confidently)—Please, mum, it's one of them sentences you always put an ear after.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Maidenly Inference.

Ethel—I was tickled most to death when he kissed me.

Maude—Oh, what a nice mustache he must have had.

To Get Quiet and Rest.

"You need a long rest this summer," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "In no circumstances must you attempt to go so any summer resort."

I can eat well, and my digestion is good. Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

A Little Girl's Idea.

Willie—What makes that dog growl so?

Winnie—Oh, I guess he's one of those married dogs.

On Account.

Crimsonbeak—When I visit my old town I always pay a visit to my old landlady.

Yeart—Well, I suppose it's only right you should pay her something, old man.

It Had to Come.

Sound the bazoo and pound the drum
And loudly blow the trumpet
And tell the Filipino hum,
"If you don't like it, Calumpit."
—Indianapolis Journal

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NATIONAL BINDER TWINE THE BEST EVER OFFERED 80 LBS. FOR $1.2 CASH, with valuable premium, 14 karat Gold Plated Watch, for either lady or gentleman. Only a limited quantity left—order before it is all sold. NATIONAL BINDER TWINE is made of best selected Manila Hemp, and runs over 500 feet to the pound.

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NATIONAL FARMERS CO. TORONTO.

T. N. U. 222

$2.95 GOLD PLATED. Cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-back and beat-dust-proof gold case, very wind and wet, gold plated, handsomely engraved, looks like a solid gold watch, is fitted with a jewelled American Model Movement that we warrant to give good satisfaction, and is just the watch for trading purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch to be exactly as represented, pay the express agent $2.95 and charges, and it is yours.

Dept. 15 Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER I.

Alice! Alice! Alice!

The shrill tones resounded through the chill evening air. They reached the ears of a girl reading, curled up in a corner of a deserted old barn.

At the angry tones, she closed her book with a sigh, and rising slowly, made her way to the step-ladder that led from the barn to the yard.

A woman stood here—a coarse, stout woman, with arms akimbo.

"Where 'ave you been, idle vagrant that you are!" she cried loudly, as the girl crept down the ladder.

"In the barn," Alice answered.

"In the barn, indeed! I'll have that door locked—that I will, or else I'll know the reason why. Do you think I've got nothing to do but keep you in food and drink—to let you idle your days through as you like? If you do, you'er mistaken finely, I can tell you."

Alice stood silent as the angry woman scolded on; her small hands were clasped tightly together, a mute look was on her pale face.

"What do you want me for?" she asked at last.

The woman ceased. Never before in her remembrance had Alice taken her scolding so quietly.

"Get on your hat, and carry me this basket up to Mrs. Grey at the Castle; it ought to have been there this hour past."

"To the Castle," faltered Alice shrinking back, "to-night? Oh, Aunt Martha!"

"What, are you frightened?" said Mrs. Martha Brown with an angry laugh. "What are you fit for, Alice? Your head's just stuffed with all the nonsense you can get out of books. Off with you! Here's the basket."

"It is so dark," murmured the girl, letting her great eyes wander from the yard to the deserted country lane, "and then there's 'Madman's Drift' to pass."

"Well, what of it?" asked the other, fastening down the basket-lid vigorously. "A place where a madman put an end to his life. Dead men do no harm, you poor fool!"

Alice shuddered, but there was no sign of mercy in her aunt's face.

"Give me the basket," she said suddenly. "Any message?"

"No; unless you ask Mrs. Grey when she wants the next lot of eggs. Now don't stay long; there's the boy's supper to get, and I'm worked to death."

Alice turned away without a word. She pulled her thin cotton jacket close round her supple young figure, for the autumn night struck chilly, and stepped into the lane.

Her thoughts were a tangled mass as she hurried along; anger and weariness of spirit, as her mind turned to her aunt, under whose care she had lived ever since she could remember; disappointment at leaving the beautiful story in her book, and fright of the dark, lonely path which grew greater at every step she took.

"Oh, if Sam were only here!" she said to herself as she hurried on, not daring to glance to the right or the left for fear of seeing phantom forms her vivid imagination supplied.

Sam was one of the farm-helps.

Under any other circumstances Alice shunned him, but now she would have welcomed him with open arms.

She left the lane, and approached an open waste of land.

It was the dreaded Madman's Drift.

A sudden break in the road at one side, showed a steep incline and chasm, down which the unfortunate man who gave his name to the spot had sought his death.

Alice crept towards the dreaded place, quivering with fear.

Although grown out of her childhood, she still lived in a world of fairies, evil spirits, and phantoms.

As she stole through the dusk, with her pale face peeping from beneath the mass of golden curls, her small hand clutching the basket as if for support, she looked almost a fairy herself—a strange frail flower to belong to so coarse and common a woman as the farmer's wife she called aunt.

All the village girls regarded this pale, slender creature with contempt. She was so white and poor-looking beside their buxom charms—fit for nothing but books.

Alice heeded not their contempt. She would have been happy with her beloved books, but she had a hard life—nothing but scoldings from Martha Brown, jeers from the boys and maids about the farm for her strange quiet ways, and heavy work for her young hands, which brought the tears often to her beautiful eyes and a sob from her lonely heart.

When work was over and she was alone in bed, she turned once more to her beloved books, and her mind was crammed with weird stories of knights and chivalry that pleased and excited her.

She crept past the Madman's Drift with closed eyes, and gave a sigh of gladness when she was once safe away from it.

Her arms ached, her limbs trembled with her excitement and exertion, and her steps grew slower as she entered the wood which led to the back of the Castle.

Suddenly, as her heart was growing more settled, it gave one leap into her mouth; she clutched her basket, staggered to a tree, and then waited and listened.

The rapid thump, thump, of her heart was the only sound in her ears at first; then came more terrible ones—muffled groans and confused noises, then just before her she saw two men, one uttering faint cries, while the other's arms were wound round him, grasping him till he sank to the ground and lay motionless.

Alice, leaning against a tree, saw all this, yet it seemed to her like a hideous dream; she was cold and sick almost to death. Her basket slipped from her arm—she had no power to stop it—and fell with a crash, causing the man who was stooping over the body to start, utter a loud curse, then stride towards her.

She had only time to catch a fleeting glimpse of a dark face, with cruel eyes, hot with anger, a torn collar, and marks of blood on his cheek, to hear his low hurried words, 'A girl, by all that's execrable!" and she lost all remembrance, her eyes closed, her head dropped, and she fell into his arms in a swoon.

"Good," muttered the man as he placed her gently on the ground; "she will know nothing, as for you, poor fool," moving back to the prostrate form of the man, "you have served my purpose—revenge for which I have waited so long has come at last. Ah, you move."

He bent over the man and listened to the muttered words from between the pale lips.

"Eustace—give—me—your hand; I—do not believe it. You will not take—my hand! What—she is false—you say—you villain—you black-hearted scoundrel—that that! Good God!—he is dead! Eustace—speak to me—speak—he is dead—I—have murdered him."

The listener—see; there was a curious light on his face.

"What!" he whispered to himself; "he thinks it was his hand. Could anything be better? He does not even remember me. Stay, let me think—this is delirium; it may pass when he wakes to his senses. I must impress this belief on his brain by stronger evidence. The girl does not move. Good—in one moment more."

He glanced round, and stole through the hedge. In a few seconds, a curious sound might have reached the ears of the two silent forms, but they were dim.

The man emerged again, he was dragging something with difficulty; it was a body, the misty light of the moon shone on a dead face—on a limp inanimate form.

"Now," muttered the worker, "now all is complete. Eustace Rivers is dead—dead by the hand of his friend Roy Darrell; there is evidence enough to damn an angel, and he will die for it. Now I must be gone; he moves again, and the girl will awaken. So, Bruce Gardyne, your revenge is complete."

He stole gently away, and gradually the form of the man he had called Roy Darrell moved from the ground, with trembling hands he raised his weak body to a sitting position, then let his eyes, dazed with faintness and horror, wander round.

They rested on the figure of Alice with wonder and scarce comprehension; then they moved slowly on till they rested on the dead man, and with a shudder of horror he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"It is no dream; it is the horrible truth! Oh, Eustace, my friend, my almost brother, dead, and by my hand!"

His hands whisper fell on Alice's ears. She was recovering.

She helped herself to rise by the aid of the tree, then learned against it, faint and weak, to try and think.

Her basket lay unheeded at her feet. She seemed yet to be living in a hideous nightmare, till looking round, her eyes fell on the kneeling man and the dead body.

She uttered a faint shriek, and in another moment Roy Darrell was standing before her, glaring into her face.

"Who are you?" he asked, hoarsely. "Where do you come from? Answer at once!"

"I am Alice Dornton," gasped rather than spoke the girl. "Oh, do not hurt me, sir! I was on my way to the Castle for my aunt, when, when——" Her voice faltered.

He grasped her hand.

"What?" he demanded huskily.

For a moment a flash of joy went through his mind. This girl might have seen the fatal blow struck, the hand that took the life of his friend Eustace. She might have seen that phantom third form that haunted his memory.

"I saw you struggling with that man," Alice said, speaking almost with difficulty; "your arms were round him; you threw him to the ground. Then you came to me, you said something to me, and I don't remember what else. I must have fainted."

The man released her arm with a groan. He moved with slow steps to the dead body.

"Eustace," he said in tones of acute agony, "my friend—forgive me. God have mercy! I was mad—mad with your words. You tried me so bitterly—but I would give all that I hold dear to listen to them from your lips again, for then you would live; now"—he rose slowly, still gazing at the dead man. "Now, you will never speak again—you are dead—and I have killed you"—he drew back and leaned against a tree, then started suddenly—"and they will trace this back to me, and I shall be hanged as a common murderer! A Darrell on the scaffold! Oh, mother, forgive your son!"

Alice stood in silence.

It was night-time now; the moon had risen, and was shining down in silver rays on the strange scene.

The girl forgot everything in the flood of pity that came over her as she watched the remorse of the man.

The lateness of the hour, the fallen basket, her mission, her aunt's anger—all were swept away as she let her eyes rest on him standing with hands clasped together, and white haggard face.

His lips moved, and she could hear him murmur from time to time:

"Murder! A Darrell hanged for murder! Oh, that I could have died before I brought this shame on your head, mother! For me life henceforth will be death, for there is blood on my hands, but for you, mother, it is different, and there is no escape."

He glanced round in the agony of his mind, and a sudden thought seemed to come to him; he moved to her so rapidly that Alice shrank back.

"Do not shrink from me," he muttered passionately; "but speak to me. Let me know the worst at once. Were you alone when—when—death came to him, or—were there others with you?"

"I was alone."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it," Alice said, meeting his eyes bravely; "few people would come this way by night," she added softly, touched by the misery in his face. "They fear the path too much."

"But you?"

"I was sent on a message to the housekeeper at the Castle."

"Ah! Do they know you are coming?"

Alice shook her head.

"I think not."

Roy Darrell stood immovable, his face blanched with the burden of his sorrow. Cold perspiration trickled down his haggard cheeks. Watching him thus, the memory of that other face that had been before her just as she fainted came to Alice.

"You are not dark," she said almost involuntarily.

He turned.

"What do you mean?" he gasped hurriedly.

A ray of moonlight touched him glinting his warm brown hair and golden moustache.

"You looked so dark before," the girl said slowly; "and—yes, I am sure of it, there was blood on your cheek; you have none now."

Roy grasped her hand.

"God bless you!" he murmured faintly; "whoever you are, you have done me the greatest blessing a human creature can do for another—you have taken a load from my heart, a weight of death pain from my head. I was right, there was another, but how did he come? Where is he now? Tell me again," he cried, turning to her swiftly, "it was not my face you saw."

Alice looked at him steadfastly; she was growing faint and ill with the horror of the scene, but she forced herself to speak.

"It was not you," she answered with a shudder of remembrance; "it was a dark, cruel face, with eyes that looked like a beast's, and blood on his cheek. I can see him plainly now."

Roy released her hand, and covered his face with his own.

"What can I do?" He is gone, and I must bear the penalty of this crime. They know we left the Castle together; they will find his body; they will bring his murder home to me, and she will swear me to death!"

Alice started, and pressed her small cold fingers on her heart.

"What will they do to me?" she whispered.

"To you, child? Nothing; but your word will go against me. There is nothing to save me. I shall die a disgraced, dishonored man!"

"Die!" cried the girl, "Oh, no, no. You must not. They will not do this, I will not speak."

"They will make you. Your friends know of your walk through the wood. You must speak."

"But," murmured Alice, white with horror—poor child! her strength seemed fast going—"but that other; I will tell of him."

"It will be useless. Where is he? No; he," pointing to the still, dead form, and sinking his voice to a whisper—"he and I were friends. We had quarrelled. Everyone knew there was a coldness between us. You saw a struggle. He lies murdered. I shall be convicted."

Alice sank back against a tree.

She had no thought, no remembrance of aught but the horror of the moment. The faint sound of a clock striking roused her.

"It is getting late," she said, glancing at him, standing with sunken head. "If I do not go, they will send to look for me. Oh, what can I do? Do not let them make me speak. I cannot bear to think of it; it is so terrible!"

Roy Darrell looked at her thin, pale face, out of which her great eyes shone like stars.

"Poor child! you can do nothing—nothing," he said slowly; then, as if a ray of light had come to him, he checked himself, and drew a deep breath. Yes, there is one way," he said thickly—"one way you can help me—not for myself, but for my mother. I am innocent of this crime. I know—I feel it. Oh, for one instant's clear memory! But all is dense and misty. I must have been stunned, for I can recollect nothing, save that I know the death blow did not come from me. But all is dark against me. I shall be convicted. My mother will sink beneath the horror and the disgrace. You are the only witness. You can save me it——"

He grasped her slender left hand.

"You are free," he murmured. "It is a great thing, but——"

"Whatever it is, I will do it," Alice said in a dream. "I am in your hands."

"A wife can give no evidence against her husband. Will you become my wife?"

Alice staggered back, a blush gathered for an instant on her cheek, then her eyes fell on his haggard, anxious face, on the still, dead body, and terror banished all other feelings.

"I will," she answered swiftly.

Roy Darrell bent and kissed the girl's hand; she had spoken the words that gave him hope and life.

"Let me think," he said, hurriedly; "we—we were going to Nestley; I must push on there now. Can you join me early? We will be married at the registry office, before—before this secret may be discovered; it is a hard thing to ask you, but life or death hangs in the balance. Will you be there?"

"I will be there," repeated the girl, "early."

"Now we will part for a time," he said, slowly, "and God bless you for your promise!"

Alice turned away; something urged her to look back as she left the wood with faltering steps.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW DO YOU DO?

A Real Harm Hidden in the Old Form of Address to be Remedied. Oh, So Simple.

"How do you do?"

"Comment ça va?"

"Wie geht es dem?"

One might have a different phonetic set of phrases for the tongue of each man present at the time of the confusion of tongues, and yet would the sense be the same; the cordial inherited query as to the state of being of the person met and greeted. It is the law of courtesy that holds good in every race of people on the earth that their first expressed anxiety on meeting a friend shall be as to his health.

The question is usually met by the same words from the person addressed, and then there is some sort of odd tacit understanding by which one or the other makes answer, and it is of these answers that complaint is unjustly made; if fault there lie in the matter it lies at the door of the questioner.

"Oh, how people bore me telling me of their woes."

"I fairly hate that Mrs. H——. She is always growling about her ailments."

"The first thing Mr. T—— ever says when I meet him is this climate will kill him. I wish it would."

"Why will people go on petting their unfortunate friends with a history of their ills?"

These are just a few samples of the expression we give to our growing resentment at receiving a deluge of complaints whenever we stop to speak to a friend. The fault lies all on the other side, we think, and yet if we analyze the situation, we will find that we have brought the whole trouble upon ourselves. In the full flush of the meeting we deliberately, following a custom that is almost as sure a law in the social body as is circulation of the blood in the physical, asked our friend, "How do you do?"

What are they to do? If some one is ill, if they have a new grief or a new pain is it not only natural on their part that they should tell us of it? They may have a lot of blessings, but a present toothache makes one forget that stocks went up a point or two the day before, or doing all the cooking at home, because the girl has left is just causing them to forget the fact that one person cooks, and the fact that one is in luck to have things to cook.

No, the fault is in the question. We ought to address people differently. If we only intend to laugh with those who laugh, and it is easily managed. Why not go up to your friend and say:

"I'm delighted to see you," or "This is a pleasure," or any one of a hundred possible forms of greeting that you could find instead of the old hackneyed and really injurious phrase: "How do you do?"

It is not exaggerating the state of affairs at all to say that this primary question as to the state of every one's health or feelings is injurious. It hurts both parties alike; it spoils the brightness of a day, and it is positively hurtful, so, at least, say our most advanced doctors. There is nothing so bad in this world for anybody as to brood or continually speak of their sorrows or their aches, and we all know that if in a day we meet three or four people, each one of them tells us he has a sore throat, that we are inclined to think it is epidemic and discover a scratch in our own throat before bed time.

There are people who have thought over this matter and decided to get round the bush in this way:

"Oh! I always say, 'I'm very well, thanks!' if any one asks me, even if I'm ready to drop!" says one woman, and another remarks that she answers the query with the same question: "How do you do?" In the first instance the scheme is bad. If you say you are very well when you are ill all sorts of funny or amazing complications are sure to arise; some other unfortunate of your family is asked after the state of the house later on perhaps, and, selecting you and your ills for discussion, is met by the amazed exclamation: "What! I met Z—— this morning and she said she was very well."

"Oh, was she?" your brother may answer: "Then why can't she do her own errands?"

No, it won't do to make a rule to lie when some one says "How do you do?" the whole thing is about as sensible as when two serious-minded roosters take to remarking to each other: "Cock a-doodle-do." There is no escape. If people will ask each other this sort of bodoo question they must take the consequences, and they are bad.

Wash Before Wearing.

Ready made clothing, especially those garments intended to be worn next the skin, should be carefully washed before wearing. Besides the danger that they may contain disease germs acquired in the homes of the workers, there sometimes exist prejudicial substances in the fabrics themselves. Samples of flannelette have been found loaded with chloride of zinc, which would be highly injurious to the skin.

DAIRY & CREAMERY

CONVENIENT COW STALLS.

Simple Devices Which Farmers May Erect For Themselves.

George E. Scott describes in Hoard's Dairyman a cow stall which bears his name. While Fig. 1 gives a perfect rear view, Fig. 2 will explain more clearly the side section and measurements.

The platform, A, is made of 1 inch oak, doubled and joints broken, with a fall of two inches, and is 6 feet 6 inches

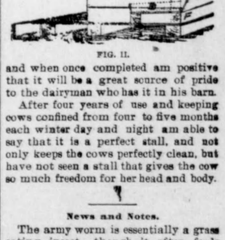

FIG. I.

long for a cow weighing 1,000 pounds and should be correspondingly longer or shorter as the weight of the cow may require.

This feature may be provided for by placing the fencing, in front of the cow, nearer toward the ditch or farther away, or sometimes the ditch is run at an angle or an offset at one end, but the former is by all means the most satisfactory.

The feed trough, B, is raised by running two 2 by 3 stringers the entire length of the stable, making the trough 18 inches wide and 6 inches deep in front of the cow. The stails are 3 feet 8 inches wide from centers, and partitions 4 feet high and 3 feet 6 inches long at C. The posts, D, are 5 feet high, made from 2 by 3 studding, and toe nailed in the corner of each feed box at F and 1 by 3 lath nailed to them for the cow to eat hay through and to keep her standing back to her ditch.

The hayrack at E is 18 inches wide and 3 feet deep to F, and is open with a 6 inch thwart, so that grain, ensilage or any cut feed readily falls through into feed box. The ditch is 16 inches wide and 9 inches deep on platform side and 7 inches at rear and is made absolutely water tight. The latter feature, along with the broken joints in the platform, always insures good sanitation as with every particle of manure and liquid voiding where absorbents and deodorizers can be applied puts the stable in shape so that its caretaker can keep it pure and sweet with little effort and have some place to take calfers into when showing his best cows without having to prefix and suffix the visit with an apology.

Any farmer, I think, can erect this stall with the use of a good saw, hatchet, jack plane and square at a trifling cost,

FIG. II.

and when once completed am positive that it will be a great source of pride to the dairyman who has it in his barn.

After four years of use and keeping cows confined from four to five months each winter day and night am able to say that it is a perfect stall, and not only keeps the cows perfectly clean, but have not seen a stall that gives the cow so much freedom for her head and body.

News and Notes.

The army worm is essentially a grass eating insect, though it often feeds upon other plants and is said to prefer oats to corn.

A Michigan grower has a wonderful late potato, as yet unnamed, for which it is claimed that it combines more good qualities than any other potato, cooks as white as the whitest flour, has a perfect netted skin, is russet in color, hardy, handsome, prolific and a good keeper.

Irrigation as applied in some parts of the east, notably in New Jersey and in the rice growing industry of the south, is to be looked after as well as western irrigation in the investigations for which congress made an appropriation and which will be under the direction of the Hon. Elwood Mead, former state engineer of Wyoming.

Hard Shell Marrow is a new variety of squash recommended as the best for pies, canning or drying.

It is claimed by some authorities that the thick skinned, dark colored varieties of potato are less liable to scab than others.