Woman against Woman

By Mary E. Holmes

"You are quite right, ma chere. Valerie Ross, beautiful, gifted, patrician, would look ill-classed with Paul Ross, No. 29, Con——"

"Hush!"

There was a sound as of something put over his mouth, then Alice heard him laugh outright.

"You think these trees have ears, my sister?"

"I do not know what I think, but take care, Paul—breathe but once again your shameful disgrace, and I will never——"

"Help me again. Well, that is just what I don't want, so trot away, my dear; the secret is safe. Be quick with that money. I am due at Nestley in an hour's time."

"Stay here, and I will bring it to you."

Alice heard a light step pass away, and she sat on undecided what to do.

She was in a corner, hidden well from sight. Anyone peering round would scarcely have distinguished her grey dress and cloak from the tree-trunks, but she could see a little way out on to the wider pathway, and as Valerie disappeared, she heard the man laugh softly to himself, and saunter to and fro while he waited.

Alice drew herself back as she saw his figure cross the small space at the opening of her hiding-place, and as he turned and strolled back she glanced nervously at him.

He was like Valerie, but coarser and harder, and his cheek was disfigured with the scar of a wound that gave a sinister look to his face.

He was humming to himself, and did not glance up or down, and Alice drew a deep breath of relief as he passed.

Something about the man gave Lady Alice a sense of alarm, and she was glad when after some moments she heard Valerie's fleet footsteps returning, and heard her panting voice say:

"Here, Paul! And now go. There is no use in hanging about. I must return to the house."

"Thanks, my sweet sister. Yes, I will go. That is my address should you desire to hear from me. I shall know where to find you."

"Leave me in peace for a while," Valerie said abruptly.

"Give me fifty pounds, and I will leave you altogether."

"I cannot, Paul. I have not the money; if I had, you——"

"Should not have it," finished the man.

"Paul, you are ungenerous; but I am a fool to do as much as I do for you!"

"You are no fool, Valerie! You don't want to have me come boldly up to the Castle, and ask for my sister—eh?"

Alice heard Valerie's sudden exclamation, and then she heard the man kiss his sister, and leisurely depart.

She waited to let them both pass away, then, rising, made her way slowly back to the Castle.

Paul Ross strolled leisurely through the woods, until he came to a pathway that led to the village, and past the dreaded Madman's Drift.

Here he stopped and uttered a soft, low whistle.

In an instant a man had crept from beneath some bushes, and stood upright.

Paul Ross moved towards him.

"Well," said the other man, "how much?"

"Fifteen pounds!"

"Fifteen pounds!" repeated the other. "Your sister is not generous."

"Valerie swears she has only ten pounds more, and I believe her."

"She may have no more, but——"

"Have you examined the entrances well?" queried Paul Ross.

"Not all; but they are not difficult to manage."

"Where do you sleep?"

The man laughed.

"In the guest's corridor—a most noble apartment, my friend. The earl knows how to lodge his company."

"Much valuables about?" asked Paul Ross eagerly.

"Much?" echoed the other. "The Castle is a veritable gold mine! By Jove, Ross, that was a good notion of yours, the trip abroad."

"Yes; I flatter myself I am not so stupid as Valerie thinks me. She is the fool in this case."

"You mean in not snatching the earl before the murder and the row?"

Paul nodded.

"Well, it was a mistake; she has lost her chance now."

Paul Ross looked up suddenly.

"What is the girl like?"

"Who?"

"Why, 'my Lady Alice,' as Valerie calls her," laughed Paul.

"Like?" repeated the other. "She is most lovely, Paul, can it be true about her lowly birth? I have never seen a more beautiful creature among all——"

"All the ladies of family and fortune with whom you are on such very intimate terms—eh mon garcon?"

Paul leisurely puffed away a cloud of smoke.

"Well, she is plebeian for all that, merely a farm-wench; her people were bought off the estate and sent away, but my Lady Alice is part of them for all that."

"Sent away!" repeated the other man as if he were thinking; "then she is alone here—quite alone."

"Except for the earl, her husband; but mind, George," added Paul Ross, with his expression changing suddenly and darkening, "no fooling; we are here for work not play—you understand?"

"Perfectly, my good Paul; now au revoir. I must go back—there is the gong for breakfast. The plans shall reach you to-morrow or next day, and we must meet once more before——"

Paul nodded, slouched his hat over his eyes, and walked away quickly.

The man called George dived back into the bushes, crept along for a time, then emerged into one of the avenues leading to the Castle.

Then he overtook a slight, girlish form in grey, hurrying towards a side entrance.

"Good-morning, Lady Darrell," he said, softly.

Alice turned and blushed slightly.

"Good-morning, Count Jura. I did not hear you coming. You have been for a walk. I, too, like the early morning best."

"Will you not enter this way?" asked George, otherwise Count Jura.

Alice shook her head.

"I always breakfast in my own apartment."

She bowed and turned away.

"Alone, Paul said," muttered Count Jura as he stood watching her graceful form vanish, "alone. What a fate is hers! And how beautiful! Pshaw! Paul is right. I am here for work, not play; and now to breakfast with my friend the earl."

CHAPTER VI.

Valerie reached the Castle in time for breakfast. She ran quickly to her room, threw off her long mantle, and after a few hurried touches to her magnificent hair, swept leisurely down the wide staircase, looking as if she had but just left her bedroom fresh from her maid's hands.

She met Count Jura at the door of the morning room, and smiled graciously to his courteous greetings, little thinking that as he bowed a look of amusement settled in his eyes as he recalled Paul, and her pride.

Roy hastened to meet the tall, beautiful woman, his eyes speaking the truth of his love as he approached her.

Lord Radine came in while they were speaking.

"I have been thinking all night, Roy, and I cannot remember who it is that I trace a resemblance to in your wife," he said as he sat down to the table.

"Does not malady the fair countess breakfast with us?" demanded Count Jura, as Roy made no answer.

Roy flushed, and Lady Darrell looked uncomfortable.

"The countess; or as I call her playfully, my Lady Alice, always breakfasts in her own room. She prefers it," answered Valerie.

Count Jura bowed.

"What are our plans for to-day, my lord?" continued Valerie easily to the earl.

"I thought a ride to the old Abbey," said Roy. "Radine, you would like that?"

"Very much," agreed Lord Radine.

"And you, Jura?"

"I regret I have important letters to write; you will pardon me?"

"Oh, of course," said Roy quickly; "I like everyone to do as they please here."

"Why not ask your wife to join us?" proposed Valerie.

The earl looked pained. The very sight of Alice seemed to him torture, recalled the agony he had endured, and the fact that he was separated from Valerie for ever.

"If you will ask her, I dare say she will come," he replied.

Valerie rose with a laugh.

"I shall be ready in ten minutes, and my Lady Alice also."

Count Jura held the door open for her, and she swept out; she mounted the stairs, and turned into the corridor that led to Alice's room.

"Get on your habit and dress quickly; your husband desires you will ride with us this morning!"

Alice rose from her books.

"I will be ready," she answered.

Valerie bit her lip. Again this girl foiled her. She thought to have triumphed over her ignorance in this case.

"Can you ride?" she asked insolently.

"Yes," answered Alice quietly.

"You are a paragon of perfection indeed," sneered the other woman as she withdrew.

Alice gazed after her sadly. She pitied Valerie now from her heart, and thought she knew what made her so bitter.

The interview in the grounds had shown Alice that Valerie had a trouble that was indeed very heavy, especially to a nature so proud as hers.

She called Davis and put on her habit. Ever since she could remember Alice had ridden, the only difference being that she had sat her steed without a saddle, and unencumbered by a long skirt, and now she was checked by society garments and ways.

She took her gauntlets and whip, and gathering her habit in hand, opened the door.

To her astonishement, in the corridor she came upon Count Jura walking slowly up it.

He turned with an exclamation as he perceived her, and Alice thought she saw him put a paper hastily into his pocket.

"I crave pardon, miladi; I mistake my way. Is this not the corridor to the guests' wing?"

"No, you are quite wrong; this leads only to my apartments."

Alice spoke coldly, indeed she felt annoyed.

"I am indeed distressed, countess," he observed courteously, "but I will take my departure at once."

He bowed again and turned towards a door which led into another chamber.

"Still you are wrong," said Alice, smiling and pointing with her whip. "Go straight along, and you will reach the big staircase, then you will soon find your way. That door leads to the empty part of the Castle—the 'treasure rooms,' as the servants call them. Yes, now you are right."

"Au revoir, miladi!"

Count Jura strode down the corridor.

"Treasure rooms!" he repeated to himself. "Paul was right, and yet among all the treasures of the castle she is to me the rarest."

Alice made her way slowly down the staircase to the central hall. She felt excited and almost happy. She always had that strange flutter at her heart when near her husband.

Valerie, looking like a goddess in her perfectly-cut habit, was standing in the doorway, beyond which the horses were waiting. A man's form was beside her, and Alice noticed with a cold, sickening sensation how low he was whispering and how eager was his look. She came slowly up to them, and caught a few words:

"When I think of it, Valerie, I am nearly mad to know what I have lost. My life is a misery to me, tied as I am to a——"

Valerie heard Alice's footsteps, and she drew her hand away from his.

"It is getting late, we had better start," she said quietly, giving him a look full of sympathy, and glancing another of triumph at Alice as she hurriedly went down the steps.

Lord Radine now joined them.

"May I put you up, countess?" he asked eagerly.

He was a young man, and Alice's fair loveliness had won his warmest admiration.

"If you please," she answered slowly.

She was still hearing her husband's voice, passion-laden, breathing his love and misery into Valerie's ear.

The earl assisted Valerie to mount, and then the four rode slowly away.

"We don't want grooms, Roy," said Valerie authoritatively.

So the earl waved the attendants back.

LordRadine glanced every now and then at his companion's face.

"Though it was it said Darrell had married a farm-girl?" he mused. "What a cruel scandal! This woman is peerless. Countess," he said aloud, "are you in any way connected with the Arnolds—you know who I mean; they are a very old family—the head is always called the Master of Arnold?"

Alice had blushed, but now she was pale.

"I have no aristocratic connections, Lord Radine," she answered quietly; "I am only a farmer's niece."

"But you have their face. The Arnolds are a strangely lovely family—forgive me for paying you so gauche a compliment; but you are fairer than was the Lady Enid Arnold, whose portrait hangs in my mother's room, and who died years ago, and she was supposed to have been the greatest beauty of her time."

"I have no family," repeated Alice. "I was only a farm girl. You will have heard how I came to—to—to marry the earl; before then I was neglected, ill-used, and miserable. I even taught myself—at least, the village schoolmaster helped me for some time, but he died two years ago, and then I had no one to assist me."

"I do not care what you were," cried Lord Radine, fervently, reaching for her small hand and carrying it to his lips; "but to me you are the embodiment of everything that is perfection."

Valerie turned at this instant, and the earl, looking back, also saw the young man's act of courtesy and admiration.

"My Lady Alice progresses," remarked Valerie with a sneer. "Roy, you must look after your wife."

Lord Darrell did not answer, he unconsciously tightened his hold on his reins, and his brows met in a frown.

Something in the sight he had just seen vexed him strangely, and for the first time since his return he beheld Alice's beauty in all its power.

Valerie saw the frown, and her heart leaped.

"He is angry with her," she said to herself.

She checked her horse and the earl did so also.

"What is it?" asked Lord Radine quickly.

"I forget the exact path," said Valerie, "but Roy knows absolutely nothing about it."

"I will go and enquire," said the earl hurriedly.

"No, Darrell, let me," and Lord Radine rode rapidly down the path to the right.

Alice, whose cheeks were still flushed from modesty at Lord Radine's outspoken admiration, reined in her horse a few paces away.

Valerie chatted on, taking no notice of the young countess; but, strange to say, the earl was watching his wife with a feeling akin to amazement and admiration.

How well she sat her horse! How golden and beautiful was her hair! What dark, long lashes framed her eyes!

Last night he could see nothing but Valerie, the woman he loved; now his whole attention was turned on the woman he had married.

Alice was unconscious of his gaze, and when he moved his horse near to her, and rectified some fault in her reins, she woke from her dreams with a start, and turned pale and cold.

Valerie noticed Roy's changed expression, and jealousy burned in her breast.

"Come, Roy, Lord Radine is waving to us," she exclaimed, and, he moving to her side, they put their horses to the trot down the lane.

Alice felt a choking sensation in her throat. Without another thought, she wheeled her horse round and cantered wildly in the opposite direction.

She had lost all control of her feelings; sobs burst from her lips.

The poor young wife was utterly, terribly unhappy.

She knew not what to do or where to go, but she felt that something must end the torture she was enduring, or she must die.

She cantered on, unheeding and plunged in her thoughts till the trembling of her horse caused her to think of him, and as she came to a sort of thicket, she loosened her rein and let him stand.

She must have ridden some distance, for even to her, who knew country well for miles around, having walked it in the bygone days, this place was strange.

She looked round at first in surprise; then, a little alarmed, she began to feel weary from her agitation and exercise, when the sound of a cheery whistle was born to her ears, and the next minute a footstep rustled over the dying leaves, and a tall, well-built young man came towards her.

He stopped amazed as he saw the lovely girl on horseback, her golden curls floating from their rough contact with the wind in picturesque confusion round her face and neck.

"I beg your pardon, can I help you?" he said suddenly, lifting his hat.

Alice hesitated, then meeting his frank, boyish face, she answered:

"If you will, please. I have lost my way."

"You are in the Abbey Woods; we are close to the old Abbey—the ruins are just beyond those trees."

"The Abbey!" exclaimed Alice in surprise. "I thought I was quite in the opposite direction—they have taken the wrong path."

"You have become separated from your friends," asked the young man, glancing again and again at her.

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps I can assist you. Do you want to find the Abbey?"

"I think I had better go there, as they will in all probability make their way to it," replied Alice.

"Let me lead your horse. May I introduce myself? I am Frank Meredith at your service."

"And I—call me Alice," said the young countess quietly.

"Miss Alice?" what a pretty quaint name—so old-fashioned. Do you like this part of the country? I am staying down here with friends. I have been shooting, as you see, though the sport is not good. Nothing seems to live round the old Abbey—even the birds and insects desert it. It is dead, indeed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VULTURE OF LAMBS.

It Is a Rare Bird and May Soon Become Extinct—One Shot Recently at Blegiers.

It appears that birds of prey are not so rare in the European mountains as is generally supposed.

A teacher of Blegiers, in the district of Digne, in France, was hunting not long ago in the mountain in the outskirts of the village. He saw on a rock two birds of prey devouring a lamb. He took aim at one of them and was fortunate enough to knock it over at the first shot. It was a "bearded-grypaete," the vulture of lambs. This bird, formerly so common in the Pyrenees, the high mountains of the Tyrol, of Switzerland, of Germany, of Corsica, and of Sardinia, has almost disappeared from Europe. So the capture made by M. Martin is of really scientific interest.

The bird was sent to the laboratory at Marseilles. It is a beautiful specimen of the species. The span of the wings measures two metres 80 centimeters. The length of the beak to the extremity of the tail, one meter 20 centimeters, and weighs over six kilogrammes.

Its plumage is black on the upper parts, marked with a longitudinal white line at the center of each feather on the back, and of the superior and inferior coverings of the wings. The plumage of the wings and tail are of an iron gray tint; some measure 70 centimeters in length and 11 in width.

The head is white, ornamented with two black bands, which, meeting at the base of the beak, mount to the forehead by following the orbits of the eyes, where they form eyebrows. Under the beak is a brush of bristles, black and stiff, of four centimeters, forming a beard, and giving the bird a peculiar expression.

The stomach of the grypaete contained the hair, nails of a hare rolled into a ball, also the humerus and a shoulder blade of a sheep. This bird will have a place in the Museum of Natural Science of Marseilles.

Queen Victoria's Dogs.

Dogs have been great friends of queens. Among them no sovereign has shown greater affection for dogs than Her Majesty Queen Victoria. One pet collie rejoices in the name of Sharp. He has all his meals with his mistress, being seldom away from her. During her long reign the Queen has had many pet dogs. One called Noble, given to her nearly 20 years ago by the Duke of Roxburgh, is still alive, but its once rich brown muzzle has grown white with age, and its eyesight is gone. The Queen's affection for him has increased with his infirmities, and when the royal hand caresses him as of yore Noble is as happy as when he frolicked in the breezes and sunshine of Deeside.

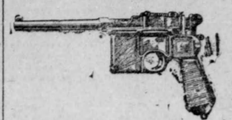
The earlier royal favorites were Skye terriers and turnspits, but lately Her Majesty has shown preference for collies and Spitzes. Snowball, a particularly graceful collie, was presented to her on the occasion of her jubilee.

A remarkable apple among the later introductions is the Bismarck. The fruit is large and handsome, yellow and red in color, the flesh tender and subacid. The dwarf tree is a heavy bearer

A NEW MAGAZINE PISTOL.

The Kaiser's Army Has Been Supplied With the Latest Invention in Automatic Repeating Firearms.

The German army officers are armed with a new magazine automatic revolver, of which wonderful things are expected. It can be used either as a pistol, or fastened to a gun stock treated as a small rifle. It is believed to be one of the most ingenious of the many automatic guns, revolvers, etc., that use the recoil to perform a number of mechanical actions. A charge in the new revolver consists of ten cartridges grouped together, and



A NEW MAGAZINE PISTOL.

these can be discharged with greatest rapidity, one after the other, by means of the mechanism.

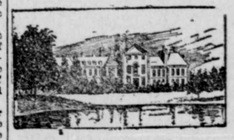
Each shot sets up this train of events. The movable breech is thrown back and the extractor rejects the empty shell, the carrier brings a fresh cartridge into position, the hammer is thrown up ready for the next shot, and a spring pushes the cartridge into the chamber and with a slight pressure this is fired and the revolver goes on working automatically until the ten shots are fired. The magazine is easily filled, it taking no more time to place the ten cartridges in their case than it takes to insert a single cartridge into the chamber of an ordinary revolver.

The case of the revolver is made in such a way that it can be fastened to the handle as a gun-stock, and turn it into a rifle. The bullet of hardened lead weighs 5½ grammes. The base has a jacket of lead with nickel. The calibre is 7 mm. 63. The muzzle velocity is about 1,400 feet a second. In trial the bullet has gone through a ten-inch pine target 33 feet away; at 500 feet it penetrates four inches of pine; tried on cadavers at 1,000 feet, it has gone through the body, breaking the humerus, and penetrated three inches into a second body. The sight is graduated to 2,000 feet, but the weapon will throw a bullet 4,000 feet.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

Recently Given by Her Majesty as a Public Museum.

Kensington Palace, which Queen Victoria recently presented to the people of the United Kingdom as a public museum, is valuable because of its association with English history. It became a royal residence in 1690, when King William III. bought it from Lord Nottingham. The King paid $190,000 for the stately pile, and the famed architect, Sir Christopher Wren, added another story. "as that," as the historian puts it, "the house seemed somewhat patched." Queen Anne took it up and made additions here and there, which accounts for the remarkably heterogeneous appearance of the building to-day. The first George stuck a cupola upon it, and the second added the west wing. The son of George III. died here, and there were many other deaths in the quaint building, but there was never a birth until the feet of Victoria. In the northwest corner of the dwelling is a room with three windows looking toward the gardens and the ponds. On one of the walls is a brass



KENSINGTON PALACE

plate bearing this inscription. "In this room Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819." Few public buildings in London are more interesting than old Kensington.

Poverty of Roman Nobility.

The sons and daughters of the princely families of Rome are said to have a proverbial lot. They are generally very poor, yet they have to live in enormous houses and keep up a tradition of magnificence. The young men drive in degcarts which, according to rumor, are owned jointly by a dozen of them. The young women are to be seen driving on the Pincio arrayed in stylish hats and coats, wearing good gloves and carrying pretty parasols. "And yet," says the English correspondent who is responsible for this gossip, "their distraits expressive shows that they are uneasy in their minds. The particular form of guilt which burdens their souls is a dread that some one will invite them to descend and stroll about the bandstand, revealing the fact that their coats or waists, and their boots more open to criticism than their gloves."

Bowel Made of Gold Nuggets.

A most unique punch bowl was recently made in San Francisco to be sent to British Columbia as a token of appreciation and good feeling on the part of the Yukon miners toward Captain Constantine, of the Canadian Mounted Police. It is a massive cut-glass bowl, with a heavy but artistic standard formed of more than 500 nuggets of gold soldered together just as they came from the placer beds of the Yukon region. This unique tribute to the Canadian official is strikingly suggestive of the golden wealth of the Klondike. Owing to the development of gold in the Yukon region Canada now takes high place on the list of the gold-producing countries. Our contribution for 1898 was nearly $14,000,000, and the probabilities point to a largely increasing production in the Yukon mines during 1899.

SINS OF GOSSIPING.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Strongly Denounces the Whispering of Evil.

It Is Classed Among the World's Great Villainies--More Harmful Than Open Slander--Destroying Good Names the Worst of Crimes.

Washington, July 2.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage vigorously arraigns one of the great evils that have cursed the world and urges generous interpretation of the characters of others; text, Romans 1, 29, "Full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity—whisperers."

Paul was here calling the long roll of the world's villainy, and he puts in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities and communities and places as whisperers. They are so called because they generally speak undervoice and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They speak softly not because they have lack of lung force or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they wants to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears the person whispered unto and the offender be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first-class liars!

Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others, but the creatures photographed by the apostle in my text give muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can only hear the sibilant sound as the letter "S" drops from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom.

Whisperers are masculine and feminine, with a tendency to majority on the side of those who are called "the lords of creation." Whisperers are heard at every window of bank cashier and are heard in all counting rooms as well as in sewing societies and at meetings of asylum directors and managers. They are the worst foes of society, responsible for miseries innumerable; they are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and to-day I hold up for your holy anathema and execration these whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles I conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal presence was very defective, and that made him perhaps the target of their ridicule, and besides that he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down to the stately age of 18,488 years, and though—and, some having failed in their connubial designs upon him, the little missionary was put under the raking fire of these whisperers. He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalization, and he cannot keep his patience any longer, and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue and gives them a very hard setting down in my text among the scoundrelly and the murderous. "Envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity—whisperers."

More Harmful Than Slander.

The law of libel makes quick and stout grip of open slander. If I should in a plain way, calling you by name, charge you with fraud or theft or murder or uncleanness, to-morrow morning I might have peremptory documents served on me, and I would have to pay in dollars and cents for the damage I had done your character. But these creatures spoken of in my text are so small that they escape the fine tooth comb of the law. They go on, and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perfidy, and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral sentiment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the Ten Commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about 1,000 or 2,000 people where everybody knows everybody, but they also are to be found in large quantities in all our cities.

They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors that can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a keyhole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

Some morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? It's outrageous! He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbors, and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "Oh, Mrs. Allear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down off the steps in a flood of tears. That brute of a husband has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and very gracious to some one who smiles back, and I thought then I would just go up to him and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family, who probably at this very time were upstairs bathing their eyes out. Oh, Mrs. Allear, do have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble! It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this way! It's awful!"

The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood a-boil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisite is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because if she have a large family then she would have to stay at home and look after them. Is is very important that she be single or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

Evil Words Travel Fast.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. There are telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great activity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a newspaper she stays at home and reads and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments.

Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors who before were friendly disposed toward each other oversuspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage they hiss through their teeth and say, "Ah, we could all these whisperers.

The Malicious Whisperers.

The work of malicious whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. Now, I suppose there are hundreds of men here who at some time have been in business trouble. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business."

One of your friends gets embarrassed, and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank, and the director whispers outside about it, and after awhile the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lips to another whisperer's lips until all one people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and, though you had assets four times more than were necessary to make your liabilities, crash went everything. Whisperers! Oh, how much business men have suffered!

Sometimes in the circles of clergymen we discuss why it is that a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had enough meanness practiced upon them to set their whole nervous system a-twitch.

Destroying Good Names.

Rather than the defamation of good names it seems to me it would be almost as honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand and go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is not a much worse business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confessional to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbors. The priest promised her absolution on condition of her performing a penance. He gave her a thistle top and said, "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said, "I can't." "Ah," he said, "I know you can't. Neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. John Wesley's wife whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the connubial relation was dissolved.

Jesus Christ had these whisperers after him, and they charged him with drinking too much and keeping bad company "A wine bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners." You take the best man that ever lived and put a detective on his track for ten years, watching where he goes and when he comes and with a determination to misconstrue everything and to think he goes here for a bad purpose and there for a bad purpose, with that determination of destroying him, at the end of ten years he will be held despicable in the sight of a great many people.

If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a man's character, how much worse is it to damage a woman's reputation? Yes that evil grows from century to century, and it is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or your mother has been whispered out of all kindly associations, and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell, but if there be no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character I am so high time that some philanthropist built one. But there is such a place established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things! Everlasting carnival of mud. Were it not for the uncomfortable surroundings you might suppose they would be glad to get there. In that region where they are all bad what opportunities for exploitation by these whisperers. On earth, to despoil their neighbors sometimes they had to lie about them, but down there they can say the worst things possible about their neighbors and tell the truth. Jubilee of whisperers. Semi-beaven of scandalmongers stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors only long enough to go to the iron gate and so some newcomer from the earth. "What is the last gossip in the city on earth where we used to live?"

It Curses Every Community.

Now, how are we to war against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to or believe a whisperer. Every court of the land has for a law and all decent communities have for a law that you must hold people innocent until they are proved guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperer, and that is the man or woman who listens without protest. The trouble is, you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of the stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hanged—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear—and I agree with him.

When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a smallpox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community asking people if they really thought it a case of smallpox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner for street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man; that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

Besides that, at your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they keps what they called "A Slander Book," and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody or detraction uttered it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after awhile there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slander book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming, and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out, and before they started on their flight they would always have a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. Oh, my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

An Old Cemetery Site.

The Honolulu authorities are considering the advisability of locating a cemetery in the crater of the Punchbowl, an extinct volcano. The only objection thus far offered to the site is that if not used for a cemetery it might some day become available for an amusement resort and residence section, especially if an adequate water supply could be conveyed to so great a height.

"The test of selfishness is not to forget ourselves - it is to remember others." Would it not be kind to tell your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea?

Our Boarding House Siren.

In the miserable boarding house where
morning, noon and night
I hide myself and scribble as my publisher commands
There burns no fire within my grate. I've hardly any light
By which to finish the articles my editor demands.
The only sunbeam shining in the darkness comes at meals.
When now and then I see you—I don't even know your name.
Your lovely face no gentleness of birth nor cleverness reveals;
You're commonplace and vulgar, but I love you all the same.

You never look at me; in vain I strive to catch your eye.
Your ever arctic coldness puts me in a fearful state
As you daily with the atrocity that's known to us as "pies."
If it is an outrageous thing to despoil
A man's character, how much worse is it
To damage a woman's reputation? Yes
That evil grows from century to century,
And it is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer
Who gets hold of it states the suspicion
As a proven fact, and many a good
Woman, as honorable as your wife or
Your mother has been whispered out of
All kindly associations, and whispered
Into the grave. Some people say there is
No hell, but if there be no hell for such
A despoiler of womanly character I am so
High time that some philanthropist built
One. But there is such a place established,
And what a time they will have when
All the whisperers get down there together
Rehearsing things! Everlasting
Carnival of mud. Were it not for the uncomfortable surroundings you might
Suppose they would be glad to get there.
In that region where they are all bad
What opportunities for exploitation by
These whisperers. On earth, to despoil
Their neighbors sometimes they had to
Lie about them, but down there they can
Say the worst things possible about their
Neighbors and tell the truth. Jubilee of
Whisperers. Semi-heaven of scandal-
mongers stopping their gabble about
Their diabolical neighbors only long
Enough to go to the iron gate and so
Some newcomer from the earth. "What is
The last gossip in the city on earth where
We used to live?"

A CHILD'S SUFFERING

Mr. Wm. McKay, Clifford, N.S., Tells of His Daughter's Cure.

She Was First Attacked With Acute Rheumatism, Followed by St. Vitus' Dance in a Severe Form—Her Parents Thought she Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgetown, N.S.

Wm. McKay, Esq., a well known and much respected farmer and mill man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N.S., relates the following wonderful cure effected in his family by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. About three years ago his little daughter Ella, then a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terribly bad case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time was utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact to move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hand. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and the pain she suffered was fearful. By constant attention after a month or so she began to gain a little strength, and after a while improved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit, after a fashion, by means of a support. But now she was seized with a worse ailment than the rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, appeared completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tumble down in trying to walk. In attempting to drink from a cup her hand shook so as to spill the contents all over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to her again and said she had St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. She took the medicine prescribed and followed the instructions of her physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost. About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent, and when four boxes were used she seemed so much improved that the pills were discontinued. She kept on improving and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredient in the pills which was deceiving us and that after a time the child would be worse than ever. All this has proved false, for now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restoring to us our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Telephone Wire Thieves.

For some time past Parisians have had occasion to complain of defects in the telephone service. Blame was officially thrown first on the influenza, and subsequently on the disturbance caused by tunnelling for the Metropolitan, but a third explanation is suggested by the arrest of a gang of men who have been stealing telephone wires for months. Their occupation gave them access to sewers, and armed with insulated nippers, they helped themselves daily to as much copper wire as they could carry away.

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 one disease and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in one, 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 frailest 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 disease has induced a 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.

Range of the Human Voice.

The range of the human voice is quite astonishing. There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383 sounds; 30 direct muscles produce 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity and of the indefinable something called expression.

Jerusalem's Population.

The population of Jerusalem has been rapidly increasing of late, and is now about 45,000; of these, 28,000 are Hebrews.

Garnished Eggs.

Garnished eggs are a good supper viand. Boil four or five eggs until quite hard. Lay them in cold water, shell, and cut them in halves crosswise. Carefully remove the yolks and cut the