A Country Courting

The July sun was sending its slanting rays across the kitchen floor, as Mrs. Jane Whitford moved about getting supper. Her spry step and energetic movements were in accord with the cheerful scene. Everything betokened thrift and neatness; not a fly was to be seen and no dust was visible to the naked eye. Of course it was there, for no housekeeper ever gets complete victory over the dust demon, but it was out of sight in Mrs. Whitford's kitchen, which is all that can be expected. There was reason for the absence of the fly, for the outer door and all the windows were protected by blue cotton screening, the frames of which were painted green, a discord in color to be sure, but the occupants of this comfortable farmhouse had strong nerves, hence no one was disturbed and the screens fulfilled their purpose.

A large black and white cat sat in the sunshine which streamed in at the door, lazily snapping at the flies on the outside, regardless of the futility of his effort. He had white paws and a white spot under his chin, which his mistress called his apron, and which was always in a state of snowy whiteness. "Sam" was evidently the family pet and had a reputation for great intelligence.

"Why," Mrs. Whitford would say, "if I tell him to roll over, he'll do it just as quick! and he does look so cute. He knows what I say to him as much as folks do."

But Sam was prone to mischief sometimes. He delighted in putting his paw through the screen door, and just now, as Mrs. Whitford came from the pantry, she spied him in the act of beginning his mischievous work. He had already made a small rent.

"Oh, you rascal!" she cried, as she took the broom to him and sent him flying out-doors, "if you aint the biggest rogue, now I've got to mend that screen again. This's the fourth time I do believe that cat has put his paw through that screen door."

She procured scissors, needle and thread and was repairing damages when a woman came into the yard and walked up the drive-way to the house.

"How'd do, Ellen?" called Mrs. Whitford, when her visitor was within hailing distance, "aint this a splendid day? I'm really glad to see you. Come in an' set down. I'll be done with this in a minute," she added, handing her visitor a chair and keeping on with her work.

The woman, Ellen Bemis by name, returned her greetings, and said "I'll jus' stop a minute long's you've got it most done. But you're gettin' supper, fer your table's set. I mustn't stay long if it's so late."

"Late? 'taint so very late an' if 'tis you're goin' to stay. I'd look well lettin' you go on home jus' supper time," returned Mrs. Whitford cordially, as she finished the rent and put away her sewing tools.

"Well," said Mrs. Bemis, with a proper show of reluctance which was wholly superficial, as she had intended to remain all along, "I's'pose I can, if it ain't goin' to be any trouble to you I sh'll be rather late to supper if I wait 'til I git home, sure enough."

She was a middle-aged woman, and, as she removed her bonnet in response to her hostess' urgent invitation, time's imprint was shown in the sprinkling of gray hairs among the brown locks parted over the narrow forehead. Her gray eyes spoke of many trials borne and misfortunes experienced, but there was a kindly light shining from them, notwithstanding.

"How's all your folks?" asked Mrs. Whitford as she oscillated from pantry to tea-table, and the two women exchanged news and family happenings.

Ere long, a tall sun-burned young man came in with a pail brimming with frothy milk in his hand. He spoke to Mrs. Bemis and then asked his mother.

"How much milk'll you need t'night, mother?"

"Oh, gi' me two or three quarts," she answered. He measured out the milk and went out, saying he would be in to supper soon.

Mrs. Whitford was a widow, and her son was the delight and pride of her life. She always talked about John a great deal to her friends, and never spoke as if he possessed a fault or lacked a virtue.

After the evening meal was done and John was finishing the chores at the barn, Mrs. Bemis remarked as she wiped the dishes for Mrs. Whitford:

"John's a payin' attention to Addie Churchill now, aint he?"

"Yes," said his mother good-naturedly, and then lowering her tone, she added: "Don't you tell, Ellen, but I expect he intends to speak t'night. He's goin' up there. You better stay 'til he's ready an' ride along with him as far's the turnpike. It'll save your walkin'."

"I guess I will," said the other.

There was a silence for a few moments as the two women went on with their work. Then Mrs. Bemis spoke.

"Jane," said she seriously, coming nearer, as she wiped a cup. "I come up here t'night 'cause I wanted to tell you somethin', if you'll promise not to tell John. I do' want to make trouble between lovers, but I thought you'd like to know."

"I shan't say an'thin," returned Mrs. Whitford calmly.

"Well," said Mrs. Bemis, "I was up to Elmiry Groveses the other day. She's Hiram's second cousin, you know. She lives in Bayville now, and when I was to the station waitin' for the train home, who should come in but Addie Churchill's mother. When she saw me, she walked right up to me an' says:

"'Good aft'noon, Mis' Bemis, as friendly as could be, tho' we aint much acquainted. I couldn't think what on earth made her so approachin', but I found out."

"Wanted to quiz you, didn't she?" asked Mrs. Whitford; "she knows you'n I are cousins, an' she thought she was goin' to find out 'bout family matters, I'll be bound."

"Yes, 'twas just that," said Mrs. Bemis; "she begun by askin' how my folks was, an' kinder led up to you and was terrible anxious about your health. Then she says, 'Mis' Bemis, I don't want to ask what's none o' my bus'ness, but I sh'd be glad if you'd tell me some things about John Whitford. You know he's been goin' with my Adeline for some time an' I think he's gettin' ready to speak. I want to know if he's liberal. The Whitfords haint had the name o' bein' very generous an' I don't want any girl o' mine to marry a stingy man. I've seen enough o' close folks. My oldest sister married a man who's terrible tight in the pure-strings an' she aint had no comfort o' life ever since. I hate to have another one o' the same kind in the fam'ly, though o' course John Whitford's a nice feller.'

"'Mis' Churchill,' says I, 'you needn't worry none about John. His father was kinder close, I's'pose, but he died when John wan't but four years old, an' he's ben brought up by his mother, as generous an' free a woman as ever I see, if she is my cousin. I guess he won't turn out very stingy,' says I."

"No," said Mrs. Whitford, with mild scorn, "she can sleep o' nights, for all the tight-fistedness there is in John. Come out an' set on the porch, Ellen, now the dishes are done. What else did she hev to say?"

"Sam," the cat, came purring around as the two women went outside, and ensconced himself in his mistress' lap.

"Oh, she kinder apologized an' said she didn't doubt he was all right, but she thought she'd like to know, that was all. She said she thought a man that was close wasn't near the man he ought to be in other things, it kinder warped his character in every direction. She had a great horror of it. She told how her sister's husband had spells sometimes; 'twas when he was worried over money matters. He'd come in an' set down to the table an' eat his vittles without sayin' a word all dinner-time, an' keep it up for several days at a time. 'Twas terrible depression," she said, 'to have to live with such a man.'"

"Yes, must be," assented Mrs. Whitford. "My man wasn't like that though he was a pretty good hand to stick to a dollar."

"Well, nobody's perfect. It's too bad, but when you git right down to the fine point, Jane, even the best o' folks has got some weakness or failin' that spoils the effect, sometimes. If I was to hev my choice of a stingy an' a spendthrift I don' know, but I believe I sh'd take the close man ev'ry time, for I'd be likely to hev somethin' in my old age an' not be haunted by the poor house, if I did hev to go without some things I'd like to hev."

"Yes, but jes' the same, a middlin' free man's more comf'table to git along with, to my mind," returned Mrs. Whitford, as she stroked Sam's back.

"I hear a minister preach a sermon once on generosity, an' he was awful cute. Some o' his ideas hev staid in my head ever since. I remember one thing he said: 'Twas a good thing some folks did die; 'twas fortunate there was an end to their meanness. Why,' sez he, 'I've known folks so close they wouldn't give you a piece of their minds, without chargin' for it.'"

Both women laughed.

"O' course I don' give jest his words. He said too that the New Jerusalem measured twelve thousand furlongs, but some o' the folks that expected to git there wouldn't need all that room unless they stopped puttin' coppers into the contribution box, an' I remember he give the Bible a great thump an' hollered up when he said it. As a gen'ral thing I don't enjoy a preacher that pounds the Bible, an' Hiram says 'taint usin' the good book proper, but we both thought he told the truth that time."

"Pretty plain talk, I sh'd think," commented Mrs. Whitford.

"Yes, but it didn't hurt us none to hear it. I told Hiram after meetin' I guess we was all hit an' that's what made the folks all laugh. We agreed we wouldn't put no more coppers in the box an' we haint. But I guess I'm lacking in the generosity o' love, I don't hev the patience with other folk's notions I'd orter hev an' its jest as bad to be stingy with our charity as an'thin' else, I's'pose."

"That's so, but I shouldn't wonder if we was all lackin' some in that line. I tell John human nature's awful weak stuff an' errin'. He seems to think Adeline's 'bout perfect, but he'll find out she aint. He was a talkin' the other day 'bout her bein' so independent, said 'twas all the fault she hed, an' he didn't think 'twas a very bad one either, only he thought a woman orter be willin' to lean on a an' be kinder easy influenced an' yieldin'. He expects she's goin' to change some after she's married; he should talk some of her ideas out of her, he said. I didn't say nothin', but I hed my private opinion."

"Guess he'll have somethin' to do to bring thet about," said Mrs. Bemis, smiling significantly. "But here's John an' the hoss all hitched up. I mus' be gettin' ready; he won't want to wait for me, if he's like the rest o' the men," laughing as she arose.

The young man tied the horse and went up stairs to make ready. Soon he appeared, arrayed in his best, and when his mother told him Ellen was going to ride as far as the turnpike, he assented with preoccupied air. As they rode along the country lane, bordered on either side with grey, ivy-covered walls, and now and then a stately elm or sturdy maple tossing its leaves in the evening breeze, not much was said. John asked if crops were coming along well with her folks and after Mrs. Bemis had answered, both relapsed into silence. The peace and quiet of the scene through which they were passing pervaded Ellen's mind and John was thinking of the future.

When they reached the turnpike the young man assisted his companion to alight. She thanked him for the ride, both said good-night and John drove on toward the home of the one girl the world contained for him.

The day had been hot and sultry, a typical July day, and as the twilight deepened, a dark thunder-cloud loomed up in the west.

A short distance from the Churchill's John found Adeline by the road-side, picking cherries from an old gnarled cherry-tree whose branches hun low. She stood on a stone wall, the folds of her thin muslin gown half revealing the supple lines of her slender figure, and the outline of her rounded arms was plainly visible through her sleeves as she reached for the fruit. She made a pretty picture, enchanced by a slight flush on face and forehead, as she turned her head and saw the team and driver.

"How'd do, Adeline?" said John, stopping his horse and getting out. "Pickin' cherries?"

"Yes," she answered, as her color deepened and then faded "I guess I better be goin' home, too. Looks as though we was goin' to hev a shower," and she sprang lightly from the wall to the foot-path by the road-side.

"Hadn't you better get in an' ride, then? I was comin' up to see you."

"P'raps I might's well," she answered slowly, and handing him the pail full of fruit she got into the carriage.

"I don't believe it's goin' to rain," he said, "don't you want to go to ride, Adeline? Let's go up by the South Dunham road."

"I think 'tis goin' to rain," she returned with decision, but pleasantly, "you better put your team in the barn and we can set on the front piazza. Then if it rains we'll be near home."

"All right," assented John, cheerfully. He drove into the barn, and before he could assist her to alight Adeline was out and had gone into the house with the cherries. A shadow came over John's face. "Just her plaugey independence," he muttered; "terrible afraid I'll help her out an' have a chance to hold her hand half a minute."

Adeline soon appeared with a wrap on her arm.

"Ma says she thinks the shower aint comin' this way, but I better put on my sacque 'cause the wind's cool."

They walked slowly round to the front of the house, Adeline, who was a great talker, chatting blithely about the church picnic and other matters of local interest. She finally asked him if he was going to the picnic.

"I'm goin' if you are," he made answer, seriously.

The quick color came to her face, but she merely said she intended to go if nothing happened. There was an awkward silence as they seated themselves on the piazza steps.

But John at length screwed up his courage. "Adeline, is there anybody—you—like better'n me?"

"No," in low tones, with averted face. John drew nearer, encouraged.

"Do you—think you could make up your mind to take — me, Addie?"

She put her hand in his silently and smiled up at him. He pressed her hand and looked as a respectable lover ought, under the circumstances; very happy.

"P'raps I shan't suit you, Ad'line; you don't know only the best side o' me," he said with some solicitude.

"Well, you don't know me neither," was the girl's reply. "I've got lots o' faults; you'll find that out," laughing.

"I don't b'lieve it; you're the best girl the Lord ever made," protested the loyal lover, and so they talked and cooed in their new-found happiness.

So absorbed were they the approaching thunder storm was unnoticed until a few drops of rain and a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a sharp report, warned them the shower was coming.

Adeline sprang up.

"Let's go into the parlor," she said, and led the way into the tiny front room dedicated to courtings, weddings and funerals. They were sitting at the two front windows watching the storm, when Adeline remembered her mother's injunction when they were discussing her future one day, for they were as fully assured that John would propose as that the sun would set. Flirting was unknown in their community.

"You be sure," her mother had said, "to hev it in the bargain that you're to hev the butter'n egg money, an' then you'll hev somethin' you can call your own. He may be all right an' think he's willin' to give you everythin' you want, but it aint best to take no risks. An' he's got stingy blood in him; maybe it hain't showed none yet, if his mother's free hearted an' brought him up gen'rous, but what's in folks is bound to come out sometimes. It takes circumstances to bring out what's in folks an' he aint never had a fam'ly to support. You listen to me, Addie, and hev it fixed aforehand."

Adeline had demurred at the time and said she didn't care p'tic'larly 'bout the money. She didn't think it would look very well to begin talkin' 'bout what you was to hev when a man asked you. But her mother insisted it looked all right, and she would be a good deal happier after she was married if she did as she said. And Mrs. Churchill's strong will and decided opinion won the day.

"You're goin' to let me hev the butter an' egg money, ain't you, John?" Adeline asked, persuasively, as they talked about their plans.

A shadow came over John's face as he looked at the lowering clouds and the downfall of rain. He made no reply at first, but presently said, stiffly;

"My wife'll be well pervided for." Adeline's mother was not aware that a prominent trait of John's character was a certain obstinacy if he thought he was driven. His mother understood this and was careful never to arouse his "contriness," as she called it. He was also quick to take offense but quick to recover from it, and he resented Adeline's question. He thought "it was some more o' her plaguey independence."

Adeline, who had been ready to let the matter rest was likewise disturbed by his reply.

"I didn't mean you wouldn't do well by me, but every woman ought to have somethin' of her own, ma says."

At this John flushed up, his petulance increasing.

"If your ma can't trust me to do the right thing prob'ly she wont want you to marry me, "and then repented and wished he had not said it. "Excuse me, Addie," he started to say, but she interrupted him.

"I think if you was lib'ral at all, you wouldn't be gettin' provoked at such a little thing. P'raps I better not have a man who thinks more of his money than he does of his wife," and Adeline's eyes flashed, for she was quick-tempered too.

It was now so dark they could not see each other's faces save when the room was lit by the flashes of lightning. The thunder was almost incessant and torrents of rain were falling. The storm of anger in the two young hearts increased also and it looked as if their future relations would be far from harmonious.

Suddenly, what seemed to them like a great blinding ball of fire, fell with deafening sound, and a noble tree lay prostrate in the road, near the house. In a trice Adeline was clinging to John, terrified and trembling.

"Oh John, John, aint you struck?" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered tenderly, as he held her, "right here," and laid his hand on his heart and laughed.

Some little details which would be uninteresting to outsiders ensued, and when the shower was over they went out to look at the tree. They found Adeline's father and mother and the hired man there.

"Pooty close call for my barn!" said Mr. Churchill.

"Close call for your house, Abner, I sh'd say," was Mrs. Churchill's rejoinder. They all laughed and the three men set to work to remove the tree from the highway, for it had fallen directly across the road.

Adeline went with John to the barn when the way was cleared, and it occurred to her as he unhitched the horse that their dispute was not settled. "John," she whispered as he kissed her good-night, "It's all right 'bout the money. I don't care. Ma put me up to it."

"Did she?" he asked quickly. "Well, you c'n hev it, Addie; I intended you should, but don't tell you ma. It's none o' her affairs."

She laughed coyly.

"I'll see 'bout that," was all she would say.

The next evening he had occasion to drive over to Mr. Bemis and his mother went with them. He went out to the barn to find Hiram, and Ellen asked Mrs. Whitford in an excited whisper.

"Did he propose?"

"Yes, an' he's got Adeline a diamond ring. Wonder what Mrs. Churchill will say to that!"

THE SHAH'S CIRCUIT.

He Will Visit the Principal European Courts This Summer.

The Shah of Persia, having been four years on the throne, wishes to see the world, and has planned a long journey. He will visit St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London and Constantinople, and will be entertained at all the courts. It will be a costly journey, and the shah is not reputed to be rich; but his credit is good, especially in St. Petersburg, where the treasury is always ready to made advances to the ruler of a vassal state whose territory Russia covets.

Muzaffar-ed-din, the shah, is nearly fifty years old. He looks younger than he is, for there are no traces of gray in his jet-black hair and long, drooping mustache, and there are no lines on his narrow forehead. His eyes are soft and dreamy, the contour of his face is regular, and his smile is that of an indolent and weak man who can be easily amused.

He is a ruler without strength of character, who is believed to have secured the throne through Russian support when his older brother had a clearer right to it, and would have resisted foreign influence more strenuously. He is a pleasure-loving sovereign who likes to go about everything in the easiest way.

Great results may follow the shah's circuit of European travel. An empire larger than France and Germany together may be opened to European commerce; and Russia may find herself on the Persian Gulf and on the frontier of India while Englishmen are asking whether Lord Salisbury was really in earnest when he declared that there was "room enough for all in Asia."

COLORING CANARY BIRDS.

A popular color for canary-birds in England at present is a reddish yellow, or deep orange. This color, it is said, can be produced artificially by dieting the birds on a number of different substances, the chief of which is cayenne pepper mixed with molasses. Dealers are able to produce particularly desirable shades by varying the quantity of pepper and by adding occasionally a little turmeric or madder. Each dealer has his own formula, which he keeps secret. The plumage of the birds thus treated is apt to fade, and they are kept as much as possible out of the light.

UNLOCATED.

Mrs. Stubb—John, the kangaroo has pockets in which her young conceal themselves at the first scent of danger.

Mr. Stubb—Well, Maria, if they are as difficult to locate as those of the majority of her sex I can't see how the young ones find them.

THE BREAKING POINT.

Bertie has discharged his German valet.

What for?

He told the Dutchman to crease his trousers, and the valet greased 'em.

MANY HOPELESS CASES.

NUMBER OF FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE CHEATED DEATH.

Cecil Rhodes Was Given Eighteen Months in Which to Live—Sir Andrew Clark Was Attacked by Consumption When a Young Man—Mr. Archibald Was Discharged From the Hospital as Incurable.

When a man is sentenced to death—by doctor or by judge—his career is regarded as closed. Metaphorically speaking, his grave is dug and his coffin made, says London Answers.

But in many notable cases the grim tyrant Death is cheated of his victim for many years. The condemned man most heretically refuses to die, and proves his vitality to the whole world.

If you were to examine the books of a doctor who used to practise at Bishop's Stortford you would find a hopeless entry anent the health of a certain Cecil John Rhodes. He was very ill, and the doctor opined that even South Africa would not prolong his life for more than eighteen months. He made this entry against his patient's name.

How young Rhodes cheated death and defied the faculty is shown by the

MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.

But for him the Boers would reign supreme, for it was his action in forestalling them by annexing Rhodesia that put the first spoke in their wheel, and earned for himself their undying hatred.

Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, was medically pronounced dead in the Crimea. He was so defiant of discipline and science as to live. His existence today is a standing instance of insubordination.

No one is more typically the British tar—bold, breezy, strong—than Lord Charles Beresford. But as a lad he was puny and delicate. As he stepped on board H.M.S. "Marlborough" an old tar scrutinised the puny middy, and remarked; "Nother candidate for sea-berryin' come aboard, Bill."

Sir Andrew Clark, the celebrated physician, who died at a ripe old age, was attacked by consumption when a young man. A specialist confirmed young Clark's own diagnosis of his case. "Twelve months," said the great man

SHORTLY AND SIGNIFICANTLY.

How he lived fifty times that period is well known. He cured himself by fresh air—for the modern out-door treatment of consumption was originated by Sir Andrew Clark from his own experience.

His Holiness the Pope is a standing defiance of death. He has always been of the frailest and most delicate health. It is a fact that he was elected to the Chair of St. Peter twenty-two years ago because the cardinals anticipated his early death, and the consequent early recurrence of the vacancy.

But he has outlived all those who counted upon his early decease. He has been Pope twenty-two years, and at least once every year he has been dying or dead, according to trustworthy reports.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, who died the other day, owed his chances in life to a doctor's sentence of death. He was a trooper in the Royal Dragoons in 1861. He had risen to acting quartermaster, and promotion would have soon followed, had not his health broken down. After eighteen months in the military hospital he was discharged as incurable. He placed himself under a London doctor, was cured in six weeks, and then

WENT DOWN TO ALDERSHOT.

to show the Army surgeon how he was. "Well you ought to be dead!" declared the doctor grudgingly.

Thus Britain and the Army lost a brave soldier, and journalism and the world gained a brilliant writer and the prince of war correspondents.

The life of charming and brave Robert Louis Stevenson was one long defiance of death. Pitifully weak in body, his great brain and brave spirit carried him to forty-four, when he died at his ocean-home, Apia, leaving behind that which will not let him be easily forgot.

It is not generally known that Mr. A. J. Balfour was formerly a death-haunted man. Until he blossomed forth as Chief Secretary for Ireland he was a confirmed hypochondriac and valetudinarian. He was not strong, but he made matters worse by his imagination, and by physicking himself.

The story goes that his mantelpiece was covered with medicine-bottles when the offer of the Irish Secretaryship arrived. He confided his fears to a doctor, who told him the office would save his life. He took it, and with it health.

Very different was the escape of another member of the House from death. In 1867 Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, now M. P. for Cork, was tried for high treason in connection with the Fenian movement. He was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

DRAWN, AND QUARTERED.

However, this was commuted to penal servitude for life, and subsequently he was released. No other man can boast such an experience.

Many famous men have cheated death for years, and so altered the world's history. Isaac Newton was so puny and delicate a babe that his survival was accounted miraculous. In 1753—thirty-eight years before his death—John Wesley was so convinced of his approaching death by consumption that he wrote his epitaph. He wrote himself as having "died of a consumption in the fifty-first year of his age, not leaving, after his debts are paid, ten pounds behind him." Both doctors and himself were falsified, and in three months he was travelling and preaching again.

Pitt the younger was another who defrauded death. He lived to forty-four, but the doctors had sentenced him to an early grave when a child. How he accomplished what he did was a miracle to them, as to us. These are but a few of the threatened men who have lived long.

PERSPIRATION.

Men, Monkeys and Horses Seem to Have the Most Use for This Peculiar Function.

Perspiration is almost peculiar to men, monkeys and horses. Horses sweat all over the body and so do human beings, but monkeys, it is said, sweat only on the hands, feet and face. The use of perspiration is mainly to cool the body by its evaporation, although it is generally believed that waste materials are also excreted through the sweat glands when the action of the kidneys is interfered with. In animals that perspire but little, the cooling of the body is effected by evaporation from the lungs, as we see in the case of a panting dog.

The amount of perspiration varies greatly, according to the temperature of the surrounding air, the condition of health, the degree of exercise taken the amount of fluids imbibed, &c. The average amount of perspiration is thought to be about two pints a day, but this is, of course, much increased in hot weather.

In damp weather evaporation from the skin is lessened and so one seem to perspire more profusely than in dry weather; but this is only apparent, for really transpiration is lessened when the atmosphere is charged with moisture.

Hyperhidrosis is the medical term used to denote an abnormal increase in gerspiration. The increase may be general from the entire body, or confined to some particular part, as the face, the hands or the feet. Profuse sweating is very common in cases of debility and in excessively stout persons. It occurs also in connection with various diseases, such as consumption, night sweats, pneumonia, inflammatory rheumatism and certain nervous disorders. Sudden emotion may cause increased perspiration.

The opposite condition, a great diminution or absence of sweating, anhidrosis, is much rarer, and occurs usually in connection with some disease of the skin. Sometimes the character of the secretion is changed, and cases of black, blue, gray, yellow or red sweating have been described.

The treatment of profuse perspiration depends upon the cause. Tonics, cold or cool bathing, especially salt bathing, temperate exercise, and rubbing of the skin are useful in cases dependent upon general debility or obesity. Spraying or sponging the body with brandy and water, vinegar and water, or a solution of tannin or boric acid is useful.

Certain drugs which have a tendency to diminish perspiration are sometimes employed to reduce the night sweats of consumption, when these are so excessive as to weaken the already debilitated patient and to prevent much needed sleep.

THE NEEDLE.

The Roman proverb corresponding with our "To hit the nail on the head" was "To touch the question with the point of the needle," a proverb which indicates not only how highly needlework was esteemed by the ancients, but that with the point of the needle we touch a fundamental industry, and one which rises often to an art. "A seam was the first effort to overcome a difficulty." This seam, which appears so commonplace, was the progenitor of constructive industry, the first civilizer of the race. Where that first seam was made, or by whose hands first fashioned, who can tell? The needle used was, no doubt, an eyeless bodkin, such as the Kaffirs use to-day, and the animal or vegetable fibre, which was the thread, was drawn with difficulty through the skins that were joined to form a garment. Muscle was required for the sewing of those days. The inventor of a needle with an eye had taken a long step, or, more strictly, a long stitch, forward in the seam which joins so many chapters in the history of the race.

The first needle with an eye which we have any knowledge of is found in the Neolithic cave man's grave. It is made of bone and neatly fashioned. Later came the needles of hammered bronze and iron, and in Pompeii have been discovered ever surgeon's needles. This venerable implement of industry has shown but small variations in form. Its long, slim body, its pointed foot, its Cyclops eye in middle of its head, are practically the same, whether made of bone and found in a caveman's grave or of bronze or gold in Scandinavia or of steel to-day.

In these days, when needles may be had at 5 cents a paper, each paper containing two dozen, it is hard to realize the value placed long ago on one, or how much the possessor of that one needle was envied. The value of this possession is emphatically set forth by the performance, in 1566, at Christ's College, Cambridge, of a comedy called "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the hero of which was the Gammer's lost needle. Time and machinery have changed all that, however, and with more than 60,000,000 needles made weekly in the Redditch district, England, to say nothing of those turned out each day in other countries, even the poorest woman can have her own needle.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that *does* cure

Diabetes

is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Uncle Cyrus' folks is goin t take a lot o' summer boarders in self-defense.

Land, is they a mor'gidge on his farm?

"No; but that's what he's guardin agins'. He's goin t'fill th' house up with boarders, so they won't be no room f'r his city cousins t stay with 'im f'r nothing' th' hull summer long.

BIRTHDAY GIFT.

A souvenir birthday spoon has the name of the month in the bowl, the handle is embellished with the flower of the month and with the sign of the Zodiac appropriate to it.

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CEYLON GREEN TEA

is superior to that of the finest Japan tea grown.

WHEN YOU WANT TEA, THINK OF

LUDELLA

CEYLON. The name Ludella, when associated with tea, forms a combination that is irresistible. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

WEIGH IT!

Thinking of painting? Weigh carefully the matter of "cheap" paint before buying it. Don't buy stuff in the paint line, because it's cheap—it's never cheap.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are not cheap paints, but when you pay for them you pay for the best that's made, and when you weigh the matter, weigh the "can" and see that you are getting mere paint to the gallon than you ever got before from any other.

A. Ramsay & Son, Montreal. Estd 1842. Paint Makers.

TOO NUMEROUS TO BE IMPORTANT.

Jimmy Jones brought his little brother to school with him, and I asked him who the child was.

What did he say?

He said: "Oh, this is just one of the Jones children."

PLACING THE BLAME.

She looked at him scornfully, even indignantly.

Would you let a woman stand while you occupy a seat? she asked.

Madam, he replied, do not blame me. The fault primarily lies with your own sex.

How so? she demanded.

If did not receive proper home training, he answered.

The New Woman

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by man. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—cures toothache in a moment Nerviline, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

Clara—If you don't love him, why should you accept his attentions?

Maud—Well, you know, some other girl might.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

In Austria a man and a woman are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the age of 14.

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The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College & Centre Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot. Two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.

How is business? asked the reporter.

Dull, said the marriage license clerk. I'm thinking about advertising that I'll give an oil stove and a pound of candy with each license.

OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS

Endured the severe marching of the North-west campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

LARGEST IN EUROPE.

The largest hospital in Europe is at Moscow and has 7,000 beds. Its staff consists of 96 physicians and 900 nurses, and about 15,000 patients are cared for every year.

NOT NOTICED.

De man dat nebber kicks an' de man dat kicks all de time, said Uncle Eben, is both mighty li'ble to git no tention paid to 'em.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

(SEAL.)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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According to the Soir, it will cost $150 to see all the sights at the Paris exposition.

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