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119 Bay Street, Tu

TORONTO, July 25,1

MARIA J KIMBE

circly cured, and

E CURED

Sacheler Club broke m as a wedding p of opinion that the boy has been iguo: auce of the manner of his that for reasons of his o FAST.—Patience is clures. Keep heart er failure comes upon enc. comes and urge ame soon afterthese wart Evringham has never told me soon after the

it seems to me that i.e ought to know said Mariel, thougattully. and our place to tell him, Muriel. It the chance to mention Louie's name to indparents, and they should think it tell nim, well and good, but it is

Laffair, my darling. quietly and calmiy he talked, just as was really no affair of his. Yet it pento you or me that the memories ed by the mention of the name Percy would be no light affair to Ar-

i you do not think there is any need sknowing it, either ?" asked Muriel

should she know now, dear, when ve thought it best to keep it from her

heald hate to tell her," said Muriel, "! think it would almos: fule to know her father's brother was tled on my lungs and ingive me. Russel; I did not mean you pair. It was so cruelty thoughtand to say that, for he was your twin rand you loved him.

be had started as if in pain. T t had come to him, statting keen and ise through his heart : What would say if she knew the white, shapely iato which she had lovingly slipped a small one, had been the one which alt Percy Evringham his death-blow! the knowledge kill her, his beauthul

tist suppose, Russel, that Louie and Erringham should grow to love each murmured Muriel, with wide-open eyes -- "should love, and want to mary

laughed a little low, unusual laugh. s so thoroughly lke a woman to that it two young people are together, they must, as a natural evitable consequence, grow to love

hat makes you think of that, dear ? you any reason to think that there is intest po sibility of such an event tak-

s," (very solemnly), "I have. You m harpy to inform for how Louis writes? Just as she talks; cured me after taking her letter she said a great manythings mank, innocent way, which lead me eve that Pe cy Evringham cares more rtify that the above to rthan she has any idea of."
In being in our employs pause la moment in deep thought;
WESTMAN & BAK aid, quietly:
119 Bay Street. To

would be very glad to see Louic and Evr.ngham man and wife."

, Russel' looking up at him in great e, my darling, it is true. If Percy gam's son and your-our daughter harred if the Evringham and Anthon

were thus connected—it seems to me old by All Drugg is would go a long way toward g the stain of blood from the Anthon

TERIALS. CARPET and there was a tone pers, wholesale and ret terness in his voice as he an-

munt you that, Muriel; it is a strange ere should call or send; conversation was too unpleasant, too ALIN, 53 a nd 55 Kings some; he resolved to break it off. Slip-

asams around her, he raised Muriel am not going to let you talk any longty ord House, 150 You be said lightly. "It is past two o'clock;

ught to be very tired, I am quite sure tong after Muriel's light breathing him she had arifted into the land of

Arundel lay beside her staring Wide eyes into the darkness, and thinkes, he said to himself, "it is a strange

but if they should be married, it would almost as if fate had promised me my sin should go unpunished—in this B world! This life of love and pleasure

Exery. Anundel Anthon's thought went

# CHAPTER XXVI.

est. Toronto. Agents wa now, mamma, we will have a long talk all to ourselves," said Louie Andropping down on a hassock at Muriel's otha sigh of perfect contentment. "It dice to be with you again, mamma; all, there is no place like home—that home with a mother in it."

terms of payment. J. ariel bent and kissed the fair face raised wingly to hers.

am very glad to have you with me my darling, 'she murmured. 'I have ed you very much! it seems as though and shafts complete. had been away a long time, much longer No. Deseronto. Ont. you really have."

four months," said Louie, thoughtfully ephine: the schooner last last land that; it does not ophine: the school as I have done in such a paratively short space of time. Mr. twood is the best traveller : I know I seen as much, if not more, of Europe, a great many people who have spent a ERS COLONY, N. W. teads with preemptions is fertile tract. For list or two there, and it is only bec use he just where to go- oh! mamma, we did such a perfectly lovely time!"

was the last week in October, a bright, morning, the day after Louie's arrival lew York, and the mother and daughter In Muriel's boudoir, whither they had directly after breakfast, for a long, y conversation, that pleasant talk made questions and answers which speedily the meeting of two relatives or intiefriends after a separation.

ery pretty Louie looked in her pale blue the flush of perfect health was upon her there was not a sha low of care or pain he soit, true eyes.

And now, dear, tell me all about your Said Muriel, leaning back in her chair eyes resting very tenderly upon Louie, ely giri whose beauty would have tide.

attracted attention anywhere, was her own child flesh of her flesh. E The claces you visited the people you all I was a glad when you wrote me that you had m Ragleys Paris." Oh, we met ever so many people we knew there, said Louis and the glided into a long convergation, speaking different people she had met there, growing very eloquent and excest as she described the various places she had vie And it was at Schaffhausen that you

met Mr. Evringham, was it not?" asked Muriel, when Louie paused for a moment to take breath. "Yes, maxma; and were not the cir-

cumstances that led to our meeting too ridi culous for anything ? There I was on the rock, unable to move, and he a perfect stranger to me had to take of my stoe and pull my foot out of that horrible hittle crev ice; it may have been remadtie, but it was awfully embarrasing. Then be 'old me his name, I told him mine, and then in a moment Mr. Wentworth, my escort, came up if you could have seen the look of horror upon his face when he tound me talking to a stranger," and Louis burst into a peal of laughter as the whole scene rose clearly and

distinctly to her memory. "How long did he remain with you,

"Oh, for some time; we went down the Rhine together; he travelled about conconsiderably with us, then we all went to Paris, where he was obliged to leave us and | go on with his party. He did not want to so with them; he could not bear to go, mamma; he seemed to be so happy with us," said Louie, innocently, all unconscious of the true reason of Percy Evringham's happicess with, and his sorrow at leaving, the Brentwood party, "out there was no help for it. You see, he went abroad with this party of gentlemen, and it would not have been right at all for him to have left them and come with us, as he would so much liked to have done; as it was, he spent more time with us than he ought to have done under the circumstances. His party would not hear of his leaving them. They will sail for home about the middle of next month, and he will stay here in New York for a little while before he goes to Baltimore, his home is there, you know, mamma; he was born in Mary and.'

"Yes, I know," said Muriel, quickly, thinking how much more she knew of Percy's Evringham's life than Louie

"I am so anxious to have you meet him, mamma," the girl continued, "I am quite sure you will like him, everybody likes him; there is nothing to dislike about him; he is so agreeable and entertaining, so kind and gent'e, and so very handsome. We all missed him so much after he had left us, even Mr. Brentwoo'l said it seemed as though he took the life out of the party when he went."

"Louie, do you like Percy Evring-

"Do I like him, mamma? why, I like him very much indeed, better than any gentleman I have ever met."

There was no need for Muriel to ask her daughter if her feelings for Percy Evringham were any warmer than those of mere friend. ship, the expression of her face, the innocent uplifting of the frank, truthful brown eyes, told very plainly that Louie spoke the truth when she said she liked him; it was only like, nothing more.

Arundel's ideas upon the subject, she could not bring herself to think calmly of her own child and murdered Percy Evringham's son, loving each other-Muriel sank back in her

"I did not think Aline looked weil at all when I saw her yesterday on the steamer," she said, changing the subject of conversation rather abruptly. " Perhaps it was only the effects of the voyage, but it seemed to me that she looked miserable; she was so very pale, and there was such a weary look in her eyes. Was she sick coming over?"

"A heavy storm overtook us the third day out, and we were all sick for a day or two; but it was not the effects of that illness that makes Aline look so pale and miserable. She has looked like that for two months at least," said Louie, sorrowfully. "She has never complained, yet at night she moans in her sleep, and she has changed; she is not gay, bright Aline any

"I never did think she was as strong as she looked," said Muriel; "probably travelling so constantly tired her all out : I know by experience that it is wearisome as well as pleasant. Don't look so troubled, dear, Aline will be herself again as soon as she get rested."

"I hope so," Louie said, wistfully. She loved her beautiful friend very dearly, and it had worried ner more than a little when her quick eye discovered the change in Al-

Aline B entwood had changed since that day when, in the cathedral at Cologne, her own heart had been revealed to her. Many changes are wrought by suffering, and she had suffis ed just as all women suffer who strive to tear out of their hearts a love that has rooted itself there; she was not the first or only one whose eyes have grown weary, whose face has gown pale in the struggle.

The remaining days of October, the first two weeks of November, passed swiftly and brightly to Louie Anthon. The season opened gayly, it promised to be an unusually brilliant and gay one. Theatre parties, receptions, weddings followed each other in quick succession: a!ready the fashionable world had plenty with which to oc-

Cupy itself.
The pleasures of society nad not yet begun to pall upon Louie, she was too young for that; she enjoyed them with a keen delight, and she was so innocently charming, seemingly uncon: cious of her own beauty, entirely free from all vanity; it was no wonder she was a general favorite, that she was spoken of as the "lovely Miss Anthon."

One morning late in November she went running into Muriel's room, her face flushed, her eyes shining, a telegram she had just received in her hand.

"Oh, mamma, the 'Adriatic' is in ; Percy Eyringham will be tere this evening to see me, I shall be so glad to see him again." Yes, she would be very glad to see him.

But one person can be very glad to see heart filling with fond pride that the another without loving that other one par-

evening, and when it was completed and she surveyed herself critically the long mirror. | was so an to run up there in an informal Louie knew she was charming, and no happy, innocent girl was ever yet indifferent to her own beauty. Her dress was a simple one of creamywhite foulard, better soft aterials get tired and sink me, I will wear my fell in clinging folds that tould have tisfied crimson roses at her waist.

seen her look more beautiful when she came into the reception-room, where he was waiting for her, and he had both the little a little note from Louie: Would Mr. hands she had extended to him in his own, looking down into the sweet face with glad, tender light in his gray eyes, to hear the sound of the soft voice, to feel the class of him and Louis. It was not Miss Anthon the little fingers-it had seemed to him that and Mr. Evringham any longer, it was he could not wait to go to her; and now he | Louie and Percy; and when two young had hard work to keep the flood of love in satisfied with the touch of the small hand, who to conjugate that wondeful verb "to he wanted to kiss the smalling like to fold love." They played and sand, walked and his arms about the graceful figure But with a heavy sigh he remembered that he had not the slightest right to do either, he could only hope that the time would soon come when that precious right would be

ery sweet and gracious was Louis show ing him very plainly that the was indeed glad to see him, and he said to himself while a great joy swept over him "She will soon love me : I have not very

long to wait." Muriel and Arundel had been out making a call, they came in about ten o'clock, and hearing their voices in the hall Louie rose; from her chair.

"Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Evringham; I want to tell mamma and papa y in are here; I am anxious to have you see them, and them

She was absent from the room a tew moments. When she reached Muriel and Arundel followed her. Was it singular that the faces of both were very pale?

There were strange, wild feelings in Arundel Anthon's breast as he looked into the face of the young man whom he had made fatherless. Though Percy Evringham had died by his hand he had been his dearest and most intimate friend. Arundel had loved the man he killed as he had never loved any man before or since. Looking now into the face which was so like the dead one which for so many years had been hidden from all earthly sight, the old tenderness rose within him. It was as though the years had rolled back, he was young again, there was no stain of blood upon his hand, the young man before him with the dark gray eyes and beautiful mouth, was not Percy Evringham's son but Percy Evringham himself-his gay handsome friend; and Arundel's voice trembled as he murmured some words of kindly greeting.

Muriel's heart, too, went out towards him just as it had gone out that night, many years ago, when her tears had fallen as she thought of the little five year-old boy whom her husband's erring brother had made fatherless and motherless; for it had always seemed to her that that was a double murder. The blow which had dealt death to Percy Evringham had also laid his young wife in her grave and she felt that God held Arundel Anthon responsible for two lives.

Her greeting was very sweet and gentle Percy Evringham thought Louie Anthon's father and mother were very charming people. They gave him a warm and cordial in-Very much relieved, -- for notwithstanding vitation to come to the house whenever he his home coming in a rather vague and indecould, and when Louie seconded that invitation Percy found it quite irresistible, and that evenings visit was the beginning of

# CHAPTER XXVII.

A strange and almost unaccountable feel ing with regard to Percy Evringham took possession of Arundel Anthon as the days went by, and again and again the young man came to the house. Any one would reasonably suppose that the handsome Saxon face, with its regular features and dark gray eyes, would have reminded him so powerfully of the man for whose death he was responsible, that Arundel would have feared and hated the very sight of Percy Evringham, but it was to the contrary: is not strange, when you stop to consider what Arundel Anthon's life had been, that his thoughts were wild and morbid, the outgrowth of a brain and heart distorted and warped. Instead of dreading to see Percy, it gave him a strange delight to see the handsome young fellow a guest in his house, happy and at ease there. He liked to converse with him, to entertain him in the princely fashion in which it was his usual custom to entertain his friends, to have him seated at his table, eating and drinking with him, to know that Percy liked him, honored and respected him, he, Arundel Anthon his father's murderer. It seemed to him that fate in thus bringing Percy Evringham into his life offered him an opportunity. to atone for depriving him of his father by heaping friendship and kindly feeling, favor and hospitalities, upon him. Always courteous, hospitable, agreeable, Arundel had never been more friendly and gracious to anyone than he was to the son of the man who had died by his hand. He gave him the warmest invitations to come to the house whenever he found convenient and agreeable for him to do so.

boy," he said, with that rarely fascinating smile which alone had made Arundel Anthon so many friends; " there will always be a seat for you at my table; we will all of us be very glad to see you any time; come in whenever you can.'

And Percy did go. There was no place in the world so pleasant to him as the Anthon house. He appreciated the warm welcome he never failed to receive there, no matter when he went; the bright smile with which Louie met him, Muriel's gentle, kindly greeting, Arundel's warm hand-clasp. It is always pleasant to know you are a welcome guest, to have the free ran of a house where every member of the family shows you plainly that they are really glad to see you; we all know the difference between a warm, sincere greeting, and a coolly polite one. The Anthons did not seem like strangers to Percy, he did not feel like a stranger their house; after a very few visits all feeling of tormality wore away, he felt peofamily. Scarcely a day passed that he did had been watching the falling mow, waiting not spend some part of it in Louie's society; for her to see him, a smile upon his hand-

She made her toilet very carefully for the | it was only a step from the Windsor Hotel, where he was stopping, to her home, and it way. Many mornings he would say to himself : " I will not go there to-day, I have been there every day this week; they will we ome at." And while he would an artist, and she wore a great closter of wondering cournfully what he should do with himself, a messenger boy would come Percy Evringham thought he had rever in bringing a message from Arundol. Would Evringham drive with him that afternoon, and dine afterward at his house ? Ur, Evringham go here or there with her that evening?

A close intimacy had sprung up between

people take to calling each other by their tirst name, it is not very long, gonerally speaking before one on the other of them bethrove, visited various places of amusement, spent hours and hours talking to each other. and though they did not discuss politics and matters of state, high art and scientific questions, though their conversation was never of a very weighty nature, it was none the less agreeable and thoroughly enjoyable; and Percy would have rather sat by Louie's side in Muriel's exquisite little boudoir and heard her give her opinion upon a checlate bonbon than to have a seat in the gallery of the Senate Chamber at Washington, and heard the Vice-President address the House. Percy was too well bred to neglect the Brentwoods; he went to their house very often, and Aline, crushing down the bitter pain in her heart, entertained him in her own graceful way, listened to him when he spoke of Louie Anthon, saw the flush that came upon his face when Louis name was mentioned, and made no sign of her own pain. Once her strength nearly forsook her, when one day Percy, noticing the wistful expression in the great dusky eyes, the sorrowful look about the beautiful mouth, said earnestly, taking her hand in his, looking down into her face as he spoke:

"Aline, what is it that is troubling you? So many times I have noticed a look in your eyes that was not in them when I first met you. If I did not know that your life was all sunshine, I should think you were not perfectly happy, Aline."

He saw her lips quiver pitifully as she turned her face from him, murmuring: "There are few of us in this world that are

perfectly happy.'

"I wonder if it could possibly be that she loves some one who does not return her love, he said to himself thoughtfully, ar he walked away from the house, bearing with him the remembrance of the lovely face, with its quivering lips and sorrowful eyes. "But no, that could not be! Aline Breatwood is too proud to give her heart unasked, too beautiful to ever love in vain."

Blind, indeed, you say, was Percy Evringham, and blind he was, I grant you; but no blinder than other men have been and will be so long as there are men.

It is not to be wondered at that Percy found New York very pleasent, that he lingered there quite unable to tear himself away from Louie Anthon, to break up the dangerously sweet life that he was leading, although he knew he ought to go back to Baltimore, and see his grandparents. He wrote them, apologizing for remaining so long away from them, and speaking of finite way.

Percy did not like to write letters. He considered letter-writing a most unmitigated bore, consequently when he found it absolutely necessary to write one he said what he had to say in as few words as possible, without any mental rambling from the subject in his thoughts. He never would write much about himself, the life he was leading the people he was thrown in contact with. His grandmother was wont to say in her gentle way, "I know Percy is alive wheu I receive a letter from him, that he is alive and is my affectionate grandson, Percy Evringham, but that is about all his letters ever tell me."

He had written to his grandparents about the Brentwoods, but it never occurred to him to tell them about the Anthons. He only wrote that he had met some very pleasant people, friends of the Brentwoods, who were very kind to him, at whose house he spent much of his time, and whom he liked very much indeed. So neither Howard Evringham nor his sweet white-haired wife, in whose gentle eyes still lingered the shadow of bitter pain which had come into them years before, when, gently as they could, they had told her that her boy—the father Percy never saw-was dead, knew that the name of the family whose society their grand son found so agreeable was one terribly familiar to them both. November passed. December came, still Percy Evringham did not go back to Baltimore.

One Sunday atternoon, just before Christmas, Louie Authon was standing in one of the windows of the reception-room watching the white, downy-looking snow-flakes as they hurried down from the gray clouds. It was a cold, wintry day. Since early morn ing the snow had fallen steadily, shrouding the great city in a mantle of white. Fifth Avenue, generally thronged on Sunday afternoons with fashionable church-geers and promenaders, was almost deserted. Now "You will always be welcome here, my | and then a carriage rolled along, or a gentleman, with top-coat, closely buttoned and hat pulled well down over his eyes, went hurrying by. But Louie was not at all interested in the few passers by, although more than one of them cast an admiring glance up at her as she stood there. She was deeply absorbed in watching the snowflakes as they chased each other in mad haste past the window.

"I wonder why they are in such a hurry to get down to earth," she thought. "Don't they know they will be trampled under foot until all their beauty and purity is lost for-

And then she looked straight up at the millions of feathery particles which were whirling swiftly down through the still air, while thoughts, light and fanciful as the snowflakes themselves, crowded into her brain. She had followed a particularly large flake as it floated down to the ground, when her eyes fell upon Percy Evringham. He was standing on the sidewalk under the fectly at home there, almost like one of the window, watching her as earnestly as she

some face, a merry look in his dark gray eyes I Louis waved her hand to him, and then ran out into the hall and threw open the heavy street door.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. gleefully, as he came up the stone steps and into the hall. "I have been wishing for you ever since dinner, it is such a dreary aftermeon, and I have been here all alone. I was half tempted to send Thomas down to the hotel for you." "

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Late Hours. .. There are few people who are so constituted that sleep seems to them no pecessity, and they can, year after year, carry on their business avoc tions and fulfi! their social duties without seeming loss of health or strength, with only four or five hours out of the twenty-four devoted to rest. There are again persons who can at any moment cempose themseives into sleep, and enjoy a short nap, if only for a few minutes. The great Napoleon was one of those who, by sheer force of will, could put bimself to sleep when he chose, and thereby, repair the damage to health and strength that want of sufficient test inevitably brings. these people are, however, exceptions, and the general run of mankind really needs eight hours out of the twenty-four for

sleep. In the cities and towns the desire for making quick fortunes is the real secret that underlies many of our mistakes of living. The class of persons among us who live on their income without the claims of business are comparitively large, and late hours that might not affect them are the same that other men differently situated are obliged to keep during the gay season; yet the latter are ander the necessity of going to business at an early hour of the morning. No wonder that by May many young men are worn out, and stimulate on quinine and morphine, and various other preparations, to as to

keep up at all. Any young lady as the end of the season of balls, theatres, and operas can testify that she looks worn and jaded; that she has no appetite, and that champagne, and even b andy are necessities. There is a woman, to our certain knowledge, who contracted, a taste for stimulants that affected her health for years during a long and gay Winter season. And her case is only one of many. To repair the havoc made by late hours on the complexion-and they are certain to ruin a fine one-cosmetics are resorted to, and rougue renews the blush of health, and powder the purity of the snowy skin. The Russian and Turkish baths are found to give some strength and renewed vigor, and the number of them testify to thier patron-

And yet it lies in the power of the mattrons, the leaders of society, those who naturally suffer the most from the evil of late hours, to remedy it. They can easily insist on a change, and a change for the better.

The chaperones who wearily sit through "just one more dance" are to be pitied, but

they are to blame as well. Vanity will do much; indeel, it is a lever that can move the world when rightly applied. Vanity, then, may step in in some cases and perform what good advice or sensible counsels could never do. All doctors agree that sleep produces flesh, and a story is told of a fashionable physic an, who, when a young belle called on him and complained of the thinness of her arms and asked for a remedy, prescribed a course of treatment that, if faithfully adhered to, would round cut the offending members into perfect and matchless proportions. It was simple, and contained no nauseous drugs or change of diet, no athletic evolutions, or modern gymnastics, no modification of costume, or hints as to thick boots, long walks, early rising, copious draughts of milk or bowls of oatmeal; neither was that terrible last and most fatal cure suggested-arsenic. No, nothing but simply to go to bed every night at nine o'clock, without loss of one minute, and sleep till nine the next morning, if pcssibie. Whether the young woman purchased the wished-for improvement to her arms at that price, we are unable to state, but the doctor probably pocketed his fee,

# Solid Milk.

and justly, for his advice was well worth

consideridg, at least.

To make condensed milk, the milk is subjected to a heat of some 230 degrees, which, it is said, scalds it. By a new process the heat is only about 130 degrees, and the product is called evaporated milk. When the time of exposure to that moderate heat is sufficiently prolonged all the watery part of the milk is driven off, and the remnant is a tough, solid mass, creamy white in color, and much resembling a dried chunk of wheat flour dough. That is granula ed, by artificial meens; a l ttle fine white sugar is added to make it keep, and then it locks like corn meal, and is corn granulated milk. The evaporated milk is only about half as near solid as the condensed milk, but is very rich, and so little affectee by the process through which it has passed that when water is added the most delicate taste cannot detect a difference between it and pure natural milk; cream rises on it, and butter can be made from it. The same desirable peculiarities belong to the granulated milk. The evaporated milk is used in the Nursery and child's Hospital, and on most of the steamshiw lines. The granulated is made to keep in all climates, for any desired length of

# An Odd Old Lady.

An old lady in Hartwell, Ga., has made all the necessary preparations for her burial, except her coffin. She has a black silk dress, all the necessary underclothing, a cap, gloves, etc. ; she even has a cake of perfumed soap, wash-rag and towel, for washing her body, and a candle nearly two feet long, which she has had ever since the war, and which is to afford light for the watchers when she is lying in state.

# A Pickled Pun.

A 7-year-older, with the punster's mark on his brow, at dinner, asked his mother what was in a jar on the table.

"Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stunning force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted. 110 pr 70 . "

Comment of the first borner light allegen their first on on T. De. S. confusion of 

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and Cider Mills: also der; business well built der; business well built der; business well built st south of the pure rist south of the pure rist a short time for less a short time for less; balance on easy payments, or by letter to Goral RY, Proprietors.