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EDGAR CRANDAU

n England.

ax, N, S., Dec. 13, 188 I., Boston, Mass: De world. in informing you the use your well know come Tuesday." ime I felt run down in to business. I had m les of your popularme ook her a bottle of Ve nd sent her half a don ints she writes me

the Nervous.

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es will receive by the troduce staple goods now. J. D. HENRY

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

And why did you not?" he asked, as aring removed his top-coat and placed it on to hall rack, he followed her into the re-

"Why " glancing sancily up at him, because I had a faint hope that you would the of me and would come without being

Percy fetched a sigh, but he did not tell this that she had been in his thoughts all day and half the night before; he only down on a quaintly shaped couch coverwith curiously wrought velvet which drawn up near the fireplace, and d rather gloomily iuto the fire that blazing and crackling on the tiled

here," said Louie, as having drawn the agnificently embroidered portiere which escribing for me. Percy on the little couch. "Now it may just as hard as it wants. You will stay ompper, Percy, this evening, we will sing mma always likes a little sacred meic Sunday nights, you know—and altoether we will have a very happy little time

Percy certainly ought to have been perice, R. I., Feb. 25, 18 in the exquisitely sir.—After trying with Louis looking the been persent with flowers, was cured of the line with Louis looking the blazfire, with Louis looking very lovely in king several bottle dainty toilet of white cashmere, to enertain him; but that he was in anything No. 22 Perkins & high spirits was quite evident, and he ighed again very heavily as he looked the sweet, smiling face that was to in the loveliest, sweetest one in the

> "Louie,"-he said, serious y, " I am going "Going home! Oh, Percy, really and

rdy!" said Louie, regretfully. y invigorated and fit "Really and truly," answered Percy, k in connection with d has been alling to be hotel from here, I found a letter from my Want of Appetite and father; he isn't feeling very well and wants to see me. The old gentleman has the an affection for me, and he thinks I and feels as though the been away from home long enough. as ever. I am sure to have not treated him just right—you a large sale in Englance he and my grandmother have no one but ee he and my grandmother have no one but me; so I wrote home last night that I would E. T. MAHON, mart for home Tuesday."

Dry Goods Merchant This time it was Louie that sighed. "I wish that you did not live in Baltimore. 'ercy," she said wistfully, "I cannot bear dose of Vegetine take have you go away; we have been such bed will insure a con god friends, have been so happy together, the nervons suffer on do not know how much I shall miss

> Percy turned his head away. You don't know how much I shall miss ou, Louie," he murmured.

"But then you can come and see me, can ion, doing cash trade a make little flying trips to New York," she about \$4,500. MACKIN aid, laying one hand upon his arm. "Realy, Percy, it is selfish in me to want you to FANCY GOODS BUE sayher; your grandfather and grandmother thriving western city about \$1.400; in first be so anxious to see you. and you must TOSH & PETERS, To me so many friends in Baltimore. wonder," looking innocently up at him, OR'S BUSINESS FOI that you have remained here so long as you first-class stock bought

He caught his breath, his handsome face

"Have you wondered at it, Louie? have ts gas works (water you never guessed the reason of my long stay KINTOSH & PETERS bee! Oh, Louie, my darling, don't you know that I love you j have loved you ever MANTLE BUSINESS since that day I found you there in the eral merchant, in live woods at Schafihausen, that it is because population, with a good wild not leave you that I have lingered here in New York week after week?"

Percy's secret was his no longer. He had by intended to offer Louie his hand that day, but not in the impetuous fashion in which he had just told her of his love for her; but the passionate words had fallen from his lips before he could check

A crimson flush stained Louie's fair face; she looked up at him for a moment in startled surprise, then suddenly the long-lashed

lidsfell over the brown eyes. "Oh, my darling," pleaded Percy bending his head until his eyes touched Louie's soft hair, and making a desperate effort to restrain the desire to strain the little figure to his heart, "won't you look up at me and tell yon?" me that you love me and will be my own precious wife ?"

She clasped her small hands nervously to-

"Percy, I can't tell you that yet-I do bot know myself-1 have never thought

Never thought about loving me-oh The passionate pain in his voice, the sortow in his eyes, went to her heart. Louie was no coquette, it afforded her no pleasure to know that for love of her a man was sufering. She looked at him helplessly, as she

said, hesitatingly: "I did not know I never thought that loved me, Percy; I thought we were good friends, almost like brother and sis-

You like me, Louie ?"

Like you, Percy? You know I like you better than any one I have ever met." "And would it be very hard to love me?"

asked Percy sorrowfully. She looked at the handsome face raised so pleadingly to hers, and asked herself the mestion. Would it be a very difficult matler to love Percy Evringham? Perhaps, she did love him, she was always happy with him, she would miss him very much when he went home, yet --- Yet, deep down in louie's own true heart there was something hattold her she did not love handsome Percy women sometimes love. Still something in the expression of her face gave Percy a little hope, for he said, impulsively taking both

her hands in his own: "Den't give me your answer now, Louie, will wait for it until I come back to you again, then you will tell me, darling, won't and God grant that your answer will e ' Yes.' "

"Yes, that will be better, Percy," she harmured, lifting her frank eyes to his when you come back to me again I tell you whether or no I will be your

And then the conversation was broken by lariel's entrance into the room. Both Percy and Louie were rather silent wife."

that evening, Muriel and Arundel doing most of the talking. When Percy rose to ham?" J while the me had been been the hell liques Louis week with him into

He was coming the next evening to dine with them, so they would see each other again before he left the city; still a great sorrow at leaving her rose within him as she gave him her hand, raying :

"Good-night, Percy." Holding the little hand tenderly, he looked down wistfully into her face. "Louie, when I come back to you, what do you think your answer will be ?" And in all truth and sincerity she an-

wered: "I think, Percy, it will be 'Yes."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Long after every one else in the house was sleeping that night, Louis lay wide awake thinking very earnestly and deeply about Percy. The knowledge that he loved her and wished her for his wife had been a great surprise to her; she had spoken truly when she told him she had never thought about loving him. Had she been older, more worldly wise, probably she would have thought about it, as it was, the idea had not entered her head. She had been happy with Percy, had enjoyed his society and the pleasant intimacy which had grown up between them, and it had never occurred to her that his feelings for her were any warmer than hers for him.

And now he had told her that he loved her, and asked her to marry him, and the pleasant intimacy, the happy friendship. must be changed: it must either be an intimacy warmer and closer than it had ever been, or it must be separation; she must be either Percy's betrothed wife, or she must be nothing to him. She knew she liked him, there was not a shadow of doubt in her mind as to that; but did she love him, love him as her mother loved her father? Louie asked herself that question and the answer her heart gave her was decided-

ly unsatisfactory. Still she liked no one better than she did him, and she had no wish to sadden his life as she knew she would do if, when he came back for her answer, she should tell him ne. Handsome, graceful Percy, why should she not love him? Perhaps she did, for his sake she hoped so; and then with a great many perplexing, worrying little thoughts, tangling themselves in her brain, Louie fell

She was practising the next morning in the music-room when Muriel came in partly to listen to an exquisite nocturne—one of Chopin's-which Louie was playing, partly ful. because she wanted a little quiet conversation with her.

Neither Muriel or Arundel had failed to notice Percy's plainly manifested regard for Louie. It had worried Muriel not a little at first, not because she entertained any feelings against Percy, she liked him very much indeed, there was a very tender place in her heart for him; as far as he was personally concerned she would rather have given her daughter to him than to any young man she had ever met; but it seemed to her that it would be such a cruel mockery for him to marry the niece of his father's murderer. She had finally allowed herself to be persuaded by Arundel's arguments, and had come to think almost as he did. The day his eyes darkening with suppressed exciteprevious, when she had gone into the reception-room and found the two young people there alone, she had noticed the flushed, eager look on Percy's face, the troubled expression in Louie's eyes, and the thought had that it had seemed to him that the marriage flashed through her mind that Percy had

spoken his love. Obedient to her mother's request, Louie played the nocturne through, then sat idly running the fingers of one hand over the ivory keys; and Muriel gazing intently at the averted face noticed the violet shadows under the brown eyes, the little sorrowful look about the curved lips.

"Louie" she said, suddenly, "you are sorry, are you not, that Percy Evringham is going home ?'

The fair face flushed as the girl answercd:

"Yes, mamma, I am very sorry; we have been such good friends, Percy and I, and I shall miss him very much." Muriel was silent a moment, ther she said

"Louie, dear, have you ever thought that this intimacy between you and Percy might possibly mean more to him than it does to

The small hand fell heavily upon the keys, which clashed discordantly, the flush deepened on the sweet face as Louie answered almost wearily. "I never did think so, mamma; I thought we always could be

friends like this, until-yesterday. "It is just as I thought," said Muriel, half regretfully to herself; then tenderly,

"Tell me all about it, cherie. Louie had meant to tell her mother; there had been no thought in her mind to keep Percy's proposal from her; she had perfect confidence in her beautiful mother-see was too true by nature to admit a love which was not half made up of trust, and loving Muriel with all her heart, she had always placed implicit faith in her, had never thought of keeping back anything from her, had always gone to her with all her little griefs and troubles as well asher joys. So, leaving her seat on the piano stool, she slipped down in her old place at Muriel's feet and mur-

mured: "There is not much to tell, mamma; Percy loves me and wants me to give him my promise that I will some day be his wife.

That is all." "I think that is enough," said Muriel, thoughtfully. It was so hard to realize that somebody wanted to marry her little Louie, her dainty baby girl; she had thought of it many times, of course, as all mothers think half sadly of the time when their children shall leave the home nest and go away to make homes of their own, but in a vague, dreamy way, as of something still far off in

"And what did you tell him, Louie; what the future. answer did you give him!" she asked, winding one of the girl's sunny curls around her finger, her thoughts going back to the time when she, Muriel Trowbridge then, had

been sought in marriage, "I gave him no answer, mamma, I could not; it was so sudden, so unexpected, that I was totally unprepared for it, and Percy is willing to wait until he comes back here again, and by that time I will know whether I love him well enough to be his

"Louie, do you love Percy Evring-Louis raised her truthful eyes to her moth-

er's face. "I do not know, mamma," she answered,

If Muriel Authon's experience had been more like the experience of many women she would have known that her daughter did not love Percy, that the feelings she entertained for himwere only those of smcere friendship, a friendship which would never under any circumstances develop into anything warmer or deeper; but Muriel had knowledge of that love of which married is not the beginning but the consummation; she only knew that her love had come after marriage, that few wives had beer so perfectly happy as she had been, consequently it seemed to her that a love which began at the altar was the love which endured through life and eternity.

There is no use arguing the point; we all of us judge the world and human nature by our own personal experience.

"Would you be pleased, mamma, if I should marry Percy?" continued Louis "is it your wish that when he comes back to me for my answer I will tell him

A shadow fell over Muriel's face. Would it please her? ah, she could not tell. Still, perhaps, as her husband said, if an Anthon should marry an Evringham, the stain of blood upon the Anthon name would be in a measure wiped away.

"I like Percy very much, Louie," she answered, speaking slowly and hesitatingly: "I should think he would make you happy; I could give to you him without fear, and I

know it would please your father." "I would like to please papa," said Louie, wistfully. "Do you know, mamma, it has always seemed to me that I have never quite pleased him: I have always thought that he did not love me-well, as much as Mr. Brentwood loves Aline, or Grandpa Trowbridge loves you."

"Oh, my darling," said Muriel, reproachfully, "why do you think of such things? It is unjust to your father; it hurts me to hear you talk so; he does love you very dearly, Louie. And why should he not love you? Are you not his only child?"

But after Muriel had left her, going into the reception-room to entertain a lady friend who had called, Louie sat there thinking, and mingled with her thoughts of Percy was the wish that she was dearer to her father than she knew full well she was.

When late that afternoon Arundel came home he found Muriel waiting for him in the library, her beautiful face very thought-

"I have something to tell you, Russel, she said, so earnestly that Arundel, looking down in surprise, saw the shadow in the lustrous eyes, and folding her in his arms, kissed her until her face flushed and brightened under his caresses.

"What is it, my darling?" he asked. "Russel, Percy Evringham has asked Louie to marry him." A sudden light flashed into Arundel's

"And she has promised him, has she, that she will be his wife?" he said, eagerly.

"No, not yet; she is not quite sure whether she loves him well enough." "But she must marry him, ' said Arundel, ment. "I have always felt that if your-

our child should marry Percy Evringham's son-" He paused abruptly; he could not go on and speak his thoughts; tell Muriel would seem a sort of compromise with fate that the retribution he had always feared would come upon him through Louie-the child of the man he had wronged so terribly -would be warded off; that he would in some way escape the earthly punishment of

"I know what your thoughts are upon the subject," murmured Muriel; "but still I cannot make it seem just right to

"Muriel, if a higher power than ours has ordained that it has been so, surely it is for some good and wise purpose."

The musical voice was smooth and unbroken; wonderful powers of self-control had Aundel Anthon when he cared to exercise them.

"Yes, that is so," murmured Muriel, musingly; "and no one believes more implicitly than I, that the smallest workings of our lives tend to some great result. But, Russel, I have been thinking all day that you ought to write to Percy Evringham's

grandfather.' He started in positive horror; he write to Howard Evringham! to the fathor of the man who had died at his hands! Great heaven! the thought was horrible.

"Muriel, what a strange idea! Why should write to him?"

Try as he would, he could not keep his lips from trembling, his voice from break-

"Because, Russel, Percy will tell his grand-parents about us; will tell them, perhaps, that he has asked Louie to behis wife; and it cannot help but be a great shock and surprise to them both. They would be justified in thinking it very strange if you did not send them some word-you knew them so well once. They know that you have not forgotten the terrible link which binds the Anthons and Evringhams together; and, besides this, Russel, I will never give my consent to Louie marrying Percy until I know that he is aware that her uncle was his father's murderer.'

Arundel had never seen before the firm determination uprn Muriel's tace that came over it as she spoke; he felt that ne argument of his could alter her resolve.

"And you want me to write and ask Howard Evringham to tell his grandson that Arundel Anthon killed his father," he said, slowly, while his face whitened until it was perfectly colorless-small wonder considering the terrible significance the words held

"Muriel you do not know what you are asking me to do.'

"Yes, Russel, I know that it will be no easy task," she said sadly. "It will bring back all the past, you will live over again all the sorrow and pain, just as you did that night so long ago when you told me Arundel's history; but you will do it won't you,

dear ?" He looked down at her. What would he not do for sake of that dear face? "You wish it, Muriel-yes, I will write to

Howard Evringham," he said. Peroy came that evening, and after dinner

he and Louis went to spend an hour or so with Aline Brentwood; and while Muriel Arundel sat alone in his library and wrote a long letter to Howard Evringham. Heaven only knows what it cost him to do it; still, when it was finished, it was a well-written, manly, straightforward letter, such as poor, wronged Russel might have written with all

Percy was very much surprised, when just love for their daughter. before be left the house, Mr. Authon gave him a letter, which he desired him to give to his grandfather.

"I did not know you were acquainted with him," he said.

And Arundel answered quietly: "It is many years since I saw your grandmother or grandfather, but I once knew them very well. Your grandfather will explain it all to you; perhaps you will feel differently towards us when y. u know

And Percy, very much mystified, said ear

"Nothing could make me feel differently toward you, Mr, Anthon,'

The next morning Percy Evringham went home to Baltimore, his heart filled with hopes which, though they were not certain, were none the less bright and sweet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louie missed Percy Evringham very much after he had gone; she had seen so much cf him that it seemed strange indeed to have a day go by without bringing him to the house. It had been so pleasant to have him run in at any time sans ceremonie, to know that he was willing to go anywhere with her, do anything for her; she missed the walks and drives they had been accustomed to take together, the songs, in the twilight, the merry conversations, the visits to the theatre, the little suppers at Delmonico's. Percy had been a charming friend, a most agreeable companion, and before many days had gone by Louis found herself thinking that life with him was very much brighter and pleasanter than life without him.

Still she was far from satisfied with her feeling for him. She felt vaguely that the feelling she had for him, warm and tender as it was, was not the love of which she had read and heard—that grand and noble passion which in its time had made men and women capable of deeds almost divine, of sacrifices almost superhuman. She found herself wondering if for Percy's sake she could patiently suffer grief and pain, whether for love of him she could give up every.

" For it seems to me that a love which is not capable of suffering and sacrifice is not the love which God meant husband and wife should bear each other," she said to herselt.

Dearly as she loved Aline Brentwood, she had not meant to tell her that Percy had asked her to be his wife. It did not seem quite just to him: but one morning she had been sitting with Aline in some way it had come out, and Louie looking dreamity into the fire as she talked, did not notice the death-like pallor that crept over Aline's face, the drawn look that came about her mouth. Ah, sure, Aline Brentwood had suffered patiently for her love's sake. She had made no outward sign of pain; bravely she had borne the grief which had come so suddenly into her fair young life, and it was no light grief to love as she was by nature capable of loving and to know that love would never meet with any recompense. Finding, as she soon had found, that it was not possible to tear her love for Percy Evringham out of her heart-so deeply had it rooted itself there—she buried it as deep as she could and went on with her life, and though the bright sunlight had faded out of that life no one suspected it, not even her

own fond parents. "My sorrow shall not sadden any one else," she said to herself.

She had never been more admired than sae was this season. People said of her, "she is more beautiful than ever," and they said truly. She was more beautiful than she had ever been. The shadow of sadness in the great dusky eyes, the sorrowful look upon

rarely fascinating one. It seemed so strange to her when Louis told her the reason she had not given Percy

her answer at once. "How can she help loving him when he loves her as I know so well he does," she thought sorrowfully. Then, bvingly as though she might have been his sister, she spoke of him, telling Louie that she had Louie listened, her heart growing very ten-

"I think by the time he comes for my an swer I shall have discovered that I love him very dearly," she said, her face flushing softly. And though Aline's heart was aching as it had never ached before, she said, none the less earnestly:

"I hope you will, dear, for I know he loves you very truly, Louie, and it would make his life bitterly sorrowful if you should tell him

you could not be his wife." "Aline, if anything should happen to shew me that I did not love Percy as I think a woman ought to love the man she marries, could not tell him I would be his wife, though he loves me a thousand times more than he does," said Louie suddenly, her eyes almost

black with earnestness. "I would not want you to," answered Aline, "I think a woman who marries a man out of pity does him a greater injustice than him, and so could not be his wife."

Between Christmas and New Year's two letters came to her father, of which Louis knew nothing, though one of them was from Percy Evringham, the other from his grand-

Howard Evringham wrote a very beautiful letter; Arundel clenched his teeth together as he read it, remembering the terrible serrow he had cast upon this man whose bread he had eaten, whose hand he had clasped, whose son he had killed. He wrote that he had never cherished any bitter feeling towards the Anthons, had never held them responsible for Arundel's crime. had been surprised when Percy had told him found was so pleasant while he was in New each other they need not be parted because profitable to a vertise.

with all to leaving the

had voluntarily renounced all claim to his entertained some friends who had called, family name, had severed himself from all his relatives, who had died a stranger in a strange land. As Russel had desired him. he had told Percy the story of his father's death, and though the boy had been terribly shocked and saddened it had not changed in any degree his feelings of friendship and regard for Mr. and Mrs. Russel Anthon or his

(TO BE CONTINUED

Laid away among the treasures of the past, in strange and almost grotesque forms. are many ancient "timepieces." Cunningly wrought were they; deft fingers chiselled thereon rare traceries of gold and silver, with much adornment of priceless gems. In one, within the body of an eagle, opening across the centre, are seen the works, scrolls and flowers, richly engraved on a ground of niello, adorn the dial-plate. This pretty bauble, when not connected with the girdle by the ring in the centre of the bird's back, can stand out bravely upon the strongly developed claws. The Earl of Stamford owned an amount

time-keeper royally adorned. Jacinths formed the cases, and the cover was set about with diamonds on an enamelled border. Think of a "nut watch!"-golden accen in shape, and at a certain hour hearing from

its contracted proportions the report of a diminutive wheel-lock pistol. Still another fancy was for cockle-shell cases, having them richly chased and enam-

Quite an elaborately finished watch was in the shape of a duck; the case was of silver, the features heavily chased. Opening the lower part, one finds a silver dial-plate. encircled with much gilt ornamentation ia floriated scroll-work and angels' heads. On small rubies the tiny wheels moved noiselessly on in their appointed ways. This was

made in the reign of good Queen Bess. Prominently among such relies mention must be made of the silver clock of Charles the First, and given by him on the morning of his execution (January, 1649) to Sir Themas Herbert. It was a remarkable specimen of the finest handiwork of the times; a picture discloses rich tracery upon the back, rim, and face of this historic time-keeper of scroll-work and elaborately finished foliage. Upon the back one sees a large central flower, from which radiate with true artistic touch leaves, buds, and swaying tendrils. It has descended as an heirloom to William Town. ly Mitford, Esq.

Poles for Beans and Other Climbers.

White birches and alders so commoner used for bean poles, are about the poorest, for they last only one season at the best. and sometimes break off at the surface of ground, and let down the beautiful pyramid of green before the pods are ripe. White cedar from the swamps is durable, and the rough bark enables the vines to climb without any help from stringe, but these are not always a:cessible. Red Cedar is much more widely distributed, and on the whole makes the best bean pole. The wood is as durable as the White Cedar, and young trees, from which poles are made, grow quite stout at the ground, and if well set, will resist very strong winds. A set of these poles will last for a generation, For bean poles all the side branches are trimmed off, but for a support for ornamental climbers, these may be left on. A Cedar, six or eight feet high, with the branches gradually shortened from below, upwards, makes an excellent support for ornamental vines, One of these covered with a clematis, or other showy climber, makes a pyramid of great beauty. It is well to prepare a supply of poles for beans and other plan's before the work is pressing.

He will not speak his Father's Name.

There is a boy 8 years old whose parents live in White County, Ark. They are highly esteemed citizens, and people of decided the perfect mouth made the exquisite face a | culture and refinement. The boy has never been heard, nor can he be induced by any means to utter his father's name, or address him even indirectly. His strategy is more than equal to both his parents and the other members of the family, who have laid all manner of plans to force him into a single utterance of his father's name. Upon one occasion they planned not to get him any boots until he asked for them like the othknown for a long time that he loved her; and | ers, but this was a failure also, for he went on through the snow with his bare feet just der for absent Percy, while Aline pleaded | as though he were in calfskin to his knees. He has a profound respect for his father, and will follow him about the farm for a whole day at a time. -St. Louis Globe Dem-

Wagner's Incivility.

Apart from his musical gift, Richard Wagner was a man of very common mould. Delicacy of feeling, the grace of manner which poetry should beget, he had none. A year ago he spent the winter at Palermo, meditating his score of "Parsifal," and a great banquet was given in his honor by the Sicilian aristocracy at the Villa Tasca. He came three hours late. He then strolled in with an old felt hat on his head, a battered Scotch cloak on his shoulders, and a cotton

umbrella in his hand. His hosts, who had waited for three hours, were disgusted, and the incident was so hotshe would do if she told him she did not love | ly discussed in the Italian papers that the composer's official organ at Bayreuth published a statement saying, "The maestre felt bound to act as he did, to prevent the Sicilian nobility from worrying him with more invitations."

Advertising in America.

The prices paid for advertising in the United States may be gathered from the following figures:- The Chicago Tribune it is said, for a column a year receives 26,000 dols. The New York Herald receives for its lowest-priced column 39,723 dols., and He | for its highest 348,000 dols.; the New York Tribune for its lowest 29,764 dols., and for the name of the family whose society he had its highest 85,648 dols.; and these papers are never at a loss for advertisements to fill York, surprised when he told him of his their columns. Their patronage comes not love for Bussel Authon's daughter, but he from any desire to assist the respective thought that if the two young people loved papers, but from business men who find it