We knew we were not the first married people who had had misunderstandings, though we both seemed to try to understand. It went along month after month, until my wife said she couldn't bear it any longer, and told me frankly that she could'nt live with me in this way, and must go awaysomewhere. So we agreed to see what a temporary separation would do for us.

We had known and seen so many happily married people, as well as many others whom we knew who were completely miserable in looking back, and more hopelessly forward, that, before starting life together, we had agreed that in the latter case, under similiar circumstances, life would be unbearable to us, and we would find a remedy some way; that life was short, at best, etc., etc. Yet here we were, less than two years married, growing farther apart every day, and less happy, scarcely realizing why.

One thing she said, I continually aroused her combativeness as no other person had ever done, awakening a resistance in her nature which she never knew she possessed in such a degree until she married me. And, in return, I told her that she tried my patience more than any living being, and sometimes, beyond its utmost limits.

When the good-byes were said I remember the regretful look in her eyes as she said, "I am afraid sometimes, Albert, that you do not love me;" and, hard as it was to part from her, and in such a way, in the endeavor to conceal my emotion, I, perhaps coolly, replied, "I shouldn't wonder if there was something of the kind the matter on both sides." She made no answer to this, but said "Good-by" once more. Only two weeks since she went away, and it seems like two years. There! there! I'll be a man, and not a silly, lonely boy. I guess. can manage to get along without her very well. I'll ride: I'll walk; I'll write, read, and smoke. Oh, there are plenty of ways to occupy one's mind, and get out of one's self—confound it!

Two weeks since I left home. Home It wasn't a home in the true sense; for it lacked nearly everything but external comforts. Still-if "the home is where the heart is," I think—I will not be so foolish. I can scarcely believe I possess a heart, or I should not be the woman I am, and here.

Oh, I shall get along by myself, all alone! How beautiful, how quiet it is here! The view from the window alone would charm the eye, and warm the heart of any sensitive appreciative beholder. Nature's restfulness a night like this should calm all inward restlessness. Strange it does not mine. Ah there are some bicyclers coming around the curve in the road. I'll watch them. Perhaps my husband is with them. But, no; I am sure he would come alone tor me. How often he used to laugh at me, and say it seemed the height of my ambition to ride a bicycle. Well, I couldn't think of anything that I imagined would make me happier sometimes, when he would mount his wheel at the door, and ride off. The thought of being able to do the next thing to flying, your own will the master of the thing you guide, few unseen obstacles in the way, giving courage to conquer the seen, if there are any.

I remember saying to my husband once, when he left home looking very sober, and came back with his face lighted with real pleasure and the healthful glow of exercise, that it seemed to me there were more recreations and pleasures in life, at any rate more panaceas for lack of pleasures, for men than for women. He replied (though I don't believe he really meant it), "You women don't ask for them, thereby creating a supply for the need. A woman's way, if anything is the matter, is to think, and feel, principally the latter, instead of actively taking hold of some kind of work or diversion." I always seemed to provoke such replies from him, though there isn't a better or kinder-hearted man in the world, I know.

If a woman's only true place is in the home, and her mission to make it happy, then, indeed, my life is a failure in spite of my efforts. But what's the use of sitting here so down-hearted? I came to get rid of it. I'll take a walk.

"It seems to me 'twould be better to go back the same way we came, and take the first road to the right after we get around the curve, for I am sure we ought not to have come this way," said one of three bicycle riders to his two companions. "All right," replied the others.

"Look at that house over yonder, George," continued the first speaker. "I wouldn't object to the daily view one would have from those upper west windows for a morning tonic and evening sedative, would you?"

"'Tis fine, that's a fact," answered the person addressed as George.

"I caught a view of a woman's face at one of the windows, as we passed before, that attracted me. Dideither of you notice it!" asked the third gentleman, who had not spoken until now. "No," they both replied.

"I believe there it is now, coming toward

us. Yes, I am sure!" rather eagerly said the one who had seen the face first at the window. The three rode past her, meeting her in. terested half look at them with a sort of

respectful response, as seemed allowable on the quiet country road under the circumstances. "I don't think it would be a very grievous act of impropriety to ask her if she can

direct us to R-, do you?" said Number Three, after they were some distance by, addressing the others. "You can if you want to," said One and

Two, "and we'll dismount and wait here." Turning his wheel, and quickly overtaking her, as quickly dismounting and raising his

hat, he said, -"Madame, pardon me; but would you be kind enough to tell me, as a representative of my party, the nearest, most direct

way to R-In a full but sweet voice, that was an influence in itself, she replied,—

"I am not thoroughly familiar with these surroundings yet, as I have only been here a few days; but I think you take the first road to the right after passing the curve. If you wish to feel more sure about it, the peo-

ple in the second house on the left will gladly tell you, and more in detail."

"Many thanks, and I trust you will excuse the interruption of your walk," said the bicycler.

"There is nothing to excuse, and I should be happy to tell you more definitely if I knew," replied she.

Gracefully lifting his hat again, he mounted his machine, rode to the house she had mentioned, and after a few moments joined his party, and told them the result of his inquiries.

. We never knew before that you were such a susceptible follow," said one of his companions, laughingly, after he had told the result of his inquiries. "Why didn't you go to the house first?"

asked the other. He made no reply to either, and seemed unusually indifferent to their attempted

jokes. It has always been unexplainable, and probably always will be, the instantaneous but lasting impressions that men and women sometimes make upon each other, -impressions that, under favorable conditions,

throw the remainder of their lives into real and actual associoation, of greater or less intimacy, for the happiness or misery of all concerned; and, on the other hand, if not amounting to this, never wholly losing powdifferent ways, all through life. This woman who, from a moment's con-

versation, had been able to cause immediate and noticeable abstraction and inattentiveness on the part of the man who was always one of the most attentive and appreciative companions, had brought such a moment to his life, though he did not at once realize it he meant to see her again, somehow.

It was not so difficult a matter, after all; for, in his inquiries and short conversation at the house to which she had directed him, he had learned that summer boarders were solicited. And following the thought came others as quickly; that vacation time was near at hand; what a place it would be for a man to rest in, to ride in, to fish in! etc. All the country around was attractive and picturesque; roads good; fishing good, so they told him; and hesides—ob, well! let that take care of itself.

In a week more he and one of his friends were domesticated at the house.

I never thought five weeks in a man's life could be so long. Can there be any way or anything that I have not thought of towards solving a problem that will turn the scale of two lives for the future years, for happiness or its reverse? I begin to know my wife since she left me, -to see and understand her better, I think, than when she was with me. I begin to see now that it was possibly the strong, intense individuality of her nature, coming in close contact with mine, that irritated and annoyed me, and aroused my impatience. I used to think often, before we were married, that her will would be hard to bend to another's; and yet she had the noblest heart, -kind, loving, impulsive, forgiving, charitable, high, and sincere in all its motives, but yet in constant conflict with her head; perhaps I have not studied the heart enough. This letter before me doesn't help matters much in that direction, however:

M-, June 10, 1882. MY HUSBAND :- Believing that every sincere letter is worthy of an answer, I answer yours, though I understood you were not to communicate with me.

that you missed me very much; but I dare not call it so, and attribute its being sent out of regard for my personal comfort as to manner of every-day living, etc. I thank you, and am glad to write that I am very comfortable; in fact, this is an unusual place in every way. One funny thing I must tell you, and a

joke I rather enjoy; they all call me Miss Woodbury. In answering the advertisement of course I signed my name as usual, Emily A. Woodbury; and not being inquisitive people. and I not correcting their mistake, they took it for granted that I must be Miss I suppose—an old maid with some means, very likely. and here for rest and quiet.

After I had been here a week two other ladies came, -a middle-aged lady and her very pretty young sister, -and a day or two later two gentlemen made their appearance. It seems that they were attracted by the beauty of the place when riding by a few days before on their bicycles. They are all really very delightful people as it happens, and a good deal of the same mind, as they like to be let alone when they feel like it. Mr. Arnold and Mr. Barker (the two gentlemen) have made some very pleasing discoveries in riding around the country on their bicycles; and, last night, for the first time, but perhaps not for the last, the two gentlemen, on their bicycles, and Miss Raymond and I, on very fair saddle horses, rode several miles and back, reaching home about nine o'clock, finding a nice little lunch awaiting us. Mr. Barker says he often rides this way with his sister.

All this in answer to your inquiries as to my surroundings; and towards you, as you ask "how" so earnestly, like the friend I always mean to be. - Sincerely,

EMILY. P.S.—If you want to write occasionally, I shall be glad to answer.

Humph! Miss Woodbury! Two gentlemen bicyclers! Two lady horseback riders!

Nice little lunches! I can see pretty well, what my wife will she would only tell them she is married ]

be the last to see, what will come next on the programme; for she is an attractive woman, and unusually unconscious of it. If should feel better satisfied. However, I'll not fret about it new as she seems to be having a good time. And I'll bear this way of living as long as I can, anyway until we can come to a better understanding some way.

"Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain, which, with pain purchased, doth in-

He had not meant to tell her so soon, but everything helped to make it easy; the earnest impulsive nature within him could not withstand the magnetic power of the surrounding scenes of this closing of a rare June day, and the stronger magnetism of the woman sitting beside him. He told her in the sincere, ardent language of an earnest and whole-souled man, to whom love has

come unexpectedly and as an unlooked for possession, that he loved her, that as they were companions to night for an hour, so he wished for her harmonious companionship for every future hour of life; and-

With a strange look upon her face, she interrupted him with, "Please, oh, I entreat you to stop for a moment; give me just a chance to think before you go further." The look of distress on her face as she appealed to him he could not interpret, but it quieted him at once. After a few moments of silence she turned to him, and, in a voice filled with emotion, said, "It was my duty long ago to be frank with you; and if you can find it in your heart to forgive me for delaying it until now, it will be an hour that will stand out forever in my life. I am married; and, though not wishing to or thinking of deceiving anyone, I have allowed a mistake to pass uncorrected that was taken for granted as correct. I want you to believe that in our pleasant hours together I have had no thought or wish to lead you on to this. Tell me truly if you think I have."

"No," sadly, "you haven't," was his

She went on: "I came here six weeks ago, to the house where we are boarding, to find respite, or relief, or remedy, or something,-I did not know what,-from troubes er or influence at different times, and in | that hung like fast gathering shadows over two lives. I have been contented to dream, to sleep, to ride, to be social, -in fact, to do almost anything to help find a way out, and that the days have been pleasant in many ways I cannot deny. I cannot ask you, as maybe many woman would, if you can forget at once, and simply be my friend. I have found out (though not perhaps until in any great degree; but he did realize that | this very moment) that the man who really loves the one woman, or the woman who really loves the one man, cannot forget, and will never be resigned, more than outwardly, to be simply the friend. But I do ask you, with humility, to forgive me, -forgive me for having brought you to caring for me. Can you?" hesitatingly.

> A longer silence, and then he replied: "Let me take your hand; let me look in your face, in your eyes. Yes, I forgive, though there is nothing to forgive. I thank you for giving me an insight into your noble, womanly nature. If my love is a hopeless one, I can never deem it a frivolous one, when the object is the woman you are and will ever be to me."

> After a silence that it seems hard to ever break, at last finding courage he said, "You will not think me ungallant if I ask you to allow me to leave you here, after helping you to your saddle, as it will not be dark for two hours yet, and the way home is a safe and familiar one? I cannot go with you to night"-"I had rather you would leave me," she replied, with deep but unspoken sympathy in her glance and tone; and with his help mounted the horse they had left grazing by the roadside, and rode away. After standing where she had left him for a few moments, he walked to his bicycle that was standing by a stone wall near by, and, wheeling it to the road, stood looking at it as if it were human; and in a sort of undertone, addressed it, saying,

"You have been a good friend to me; you brought me health when I thought it was gone beyond return. Be my still dearer friend now. Help, in future days, to carry me where sunshine and brightness will shine into my inner life. that seems darkened forever. You brought me to her; you take me away from her; but still I do not blame you, and shall always believe in you, -my good companion, my faithful steed !" It almost seemed like a love letter, and | After having walked some little way by its side, he mounted and rode away; and, when all the inmates of "the second house on the left" were supposed to be sleeping, he rode into the yard, entered the house, and after leaving his machine in its accustomed place went to his room.

A thoughtful, tired man, sitting at a desk writing, with plenty of work heaped around him, is aroused by a knock at the door, enough to respond with a faint "Come in." He cannot see from where he sits who enters the door as it opens, but soon by his side he see "Emily!"

"Yes, Albert, I've come home." "Dear little girl, lay your head here on my shoulder. Look in my eyes, Emily. Are you any longer 'afraid sometimes' that I do not love you? I know that you are not. Your dear eyes are shining with the new light of awakened love, and this is truly a joyous home coming. Do I want you to tell me how you learned to know? No, my ever, and always."

"Albert, I'm too happy to believe this can last,—that I am with you never to leave you; that you are mine,-I am yours. And I think I have found out one secret. If you will try and be more patient with me, I am sure I can be less impatient myself, more unselfish, more"-

"Stop, Emily! I am the one to ask this of you; and when I forget to be so, I deserve to forfeit the love that never came to made home. They drifted as thick as snowme until to day, in the same way; and flakes to the bending boughs and pliant while we may always be 'friends,' can we not be lovers too?"

"From April to June, from June to April; now, always, and forever, my husband, my friend, my lover."

A Kathleen Mavourneen Loan.

A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plantiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mayourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan?" replied the Court with a puzzled look. "That's it, judge, one of the 'it may be for years, and it may be for ever' sort."

A man who had never seen the inside of a law court until he was recently introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scotch courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and corteous manner, said-"Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause, but, not comprehending what was said to him, forthwith continued his narrative. The judge was then more explicit, and said to him-"Speak to the jury, sir-the men sitting behind you on the benches." The witness at once turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner - "Good morning, gentlemen!

TURKISH WOMEN

Their Larger Liberties and Their Own Exclusive Tea-Parties.

A Constantinople letter in the Brooklyn Eagle sajs: Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please. If a husband meets his wife on the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Mash Allah." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes natural to the Mussulman, who has been taught from boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. Turkish girls are unaffectedly modest. Those of the lower class who are engaged as servants in the houses of Frank residents are much preferred to Greeks or Armenians for their excellent behaviour, cleanliness and regard for truth. Looking upon marriage as their natural destiny they are careful of their reputations, and when married make first-rate housewives. No doubt a tourist who compares the Turkey of to-day with that of twenty-five years ago would find some departures from the strict womanly reserve which used to be the universal rule. The mistress of the harem dresses much like a French lady nowadays. reads French novels and plays the piano; though she has some gorgeous Turkish costumes which she dons upon state occasions, such as the calvas, when she entertains other ladies. Calva means a cake, but it has come to designate a party at which the dainty is eaten. When a Turkish lady gives a calva her husband is excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive toward 6, accompanied by their maid servants and negroes carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses in the ante-room, and put on delicate satin slippers which they have brought with them in bags. The reception rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand shaking between the hostess and her guests; but each lady as she comes in lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth, and mind." This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed is very pretty. The greetings being ended, the company seat themselves on chairs if there be any Frank ladies present, if not they betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together to be regaled in some other room. Cigarettes, coffee, and sweetmeats are handed round, and, while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another complements about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and, indeed, are sometimes worth a fortune. After the coffee, dancing girls are introduced, and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon. In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, a lady pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music to amuse the crmpany; but this does not exclude the performance of the native dancing girls, whose gyrations and music with lambourines and castanets are much appreciated. These almees are seldom older than 14, and no married woman ever joins the dance. 

Oysters Grown on Trees.

For years the waters of Poquonoc River, Conn., have been noted as producing the most delicious oysters known in the world. The demand was far in excess of the supply. On account of the thick black mud that plastered the bed of the river, and which is fatal to oyster-culture, only a small margin of the bottom, a rocky strip far in shore, could be utilized by the oyster- growers. It was not until three or four years ago that a speculative and inventive Yankee devised a plan for extending the oyster cultivation upon the mud bottoms. He went into his woods and cut down a forest of tough, wirv white birches, dragged them to the bank, bore them to his boat upon the river, and dumped them overboard, taking care that they should be left at proper intervals on the bettom He had an idea that the oyster spawn would come sailing along in the season, catch hold of the birch boughs, and grow into a fabulous fortune for him. The idea was a good one, but not perfected. He allowed the birch to lie a suitable time and then pulled them up. Every bough and twig was thick with half-grown bivalves, but the weight of the growing shells had dragged the brush down into the fatal mud, wife, I can guess; and I trust you now, and the oysters had perished by the million.

Enlightened by his failure he made another trial. He planted the birches upright on the bottom, setting them at an angle with the current. The submerged trees were from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and the butts, which were three or four inches in diameter, were thrust three or four feet into the mud. Their tops just pricked through the waves at low tide. It was just what the oysters wanted, a readytwigs. Singly they were so small as to be almost invisible, but their legions speckled the trees with brownish patches. The trees bowed under their load of growing shells, but the elastic wood kept the fruit clear of the mud. At the end of a few months it was seen that the oyster orchards promised an astonishing harvest. All the oystermen along the river were anxious to try their hand at the new style of oyster farming Under the law of the State the mud bottom on each side of the 100-foot channel was staked and set off in plats to a dozen or more applicants to be planted with oyster trees. Soon both sides of Poquonoc River, from its head for a long way towards the sea was, bristling with sunken birches, waving an ebbing and flowing welcome to the drift ing spat. - Norwich (Conn.) Correspondence N. Y. Times.

Prince Bismarck has of late repeatedly expressed himself in very despondent language in reference to the state of his health. The Chancellor is believed to be in no imminent danger, yet his maladies are such as frequently to prevent him taking any outdoor exercise. This is the case at the present time. The consequence of the confinement, in addition to the neuralgic complaint from which he suffers so much torment, is to lower his general tone of health, besides compelling him to decline invitations from the Imperial tamily, or from any other quarter, however distinguished.

Eccentric Phraseology

Public speakers no doubt have contend with, or what could have it a leading lecturer to classify his thus: The "fidgetyites," the "internal and the street, and the "all-attentives," the "quick-response the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't in and the "get-up-and-go-outs." This way, is somewhat on a par with reaches us from Chicago, where the men are said to be known, according to skill as velocipedists, by such names "timid-toddlers," the "wary.warben" "go-it-gracefuls," and the "fancy-fer" fact, from this particular quarter of globe we are furnished with some of puzzling phone of specimens of puzzling phraseolog. said that when a Chicago girl quarter her lover, she communicates the impor fact to her intimate friends in the re that she "isn't on squeezing terms with fraudulent individual no more" tionary, too, of the same place has to lowing on his signboard: Letter care appointment, altisonant town-rier, to envoy, external paper-hanger, renorm faded habiliments, nair abbreviator, in sia dealer, adroit horse-trimmer, agent, nightman, &c." And in the neighborhood we are informed that a tel-keeper writes his own bill of fare, by saving the cost of printing; it announces "Coffy, soupe, roste befe, fride am be and bakt potaties, fride coul puddir mins py.'

There is decidedly something peccie these announcements, especially to us ishers;" but probably nothing is further the minds of the people themselves the notion that there is anything about funny, or even odd. A magistrate of parts, for instance, would hardly en himself after this fashion. Une was a by an attorney upon some strange in "Is that law, your Honor!" He rem "If the court understand itself, a. think she do, it are!" On the other is London possesses a phraseology of in and is at times rather amusing than of wise. Two pedestrians were recentir costed in terms the most magniforen a street-beggar: "Good gentlemen, Fill kindly administer the balm of county

to a wrecked and debilitated constitute "Our 'buses," said a conductor in any an inquiry made, "runs a quarter arte. arter, quarter to, and at!" A young from the country, while exploring one of orth-west from the East quiet lanes in the City for a dinner, but ears mysteriously saluted by a shrill a from an eating-house, which uttered in tones the following incomprehensible sers. M. J. Haney, G. R. gon: "Biledlamancapersors, Rosebear goos, Bilerabbitbileporkanonionson, k muttonantaters, Biledamancabbagers ig filth and refuse to be bles, walkinsirtakeaseatsir!" It is sain the astonished countryman hastened pace, in order to find a house were to English was spoken; and the probability had he ventured as far as the suburbs of town, he would have been equally at wildered. At a public garden in a same suburbs, a waiter during last stra observing some of his master's custom surreptitiously departing before the hall paid, roared out to another attendant: "I run Joe there's a glass of brandy and relevel as last August. two teas a quart of shrimps and a sater birdseye just bolted over the blessed in After 'em."—Chambers's Journal.

View from the New Brooklyn and

York Bridge. It must have pained Abd-el-Kader ag deal not to have seen the Brooklyn before he died, but such is life. I have to over the bridge myself on foot, and it? all the same to the trustees, who was: the odd cents they can pick up, I shant it again, not if the court knows herself. pe is the brightest sta first had to walk a half mile up hill and of youth. half a mile down hill, and the day was liction, like the ironsmi and there was quite a crowd, and was got to the end of the trip and dropped a street car, I felt as if I wanted to bo there a week and have a good rest. the bridge is a success, anyway, whether patronize it again or not. It has been of just a week, and about 1,000,000 have my ed it already. When the curiosity to see suspected himself. wears off, and the rush settles down. steady travel, the number crossing end will probably be under 100,000. As may as 20,000 can cross at one time, bat a makes a crowd, and the crowding wa last. The trains will be running in and mouth, and they will probaby relieve foot-path a good deal, though the lare soon as we divorce love five cents for about one mile will be pro as of life, we find that steep. The bridge is a good place to ge pto drudgery. view of New York and its surround The metropolis itself is all spread out below, and all notable buildings and pour of interests from the Battery to Harleman plainly visible. If the air is clear, the our big bridge, High Bridge, which was out great a wonder as this is, and which end the Harlem River about ten miles and can easily be seen. Looking over New 100 and across the North River, which always be called by its right name, to lingle bitter word may Hudson, but isn't, the eye takes in Jens City and Hoboken, with the high wood ridge to the north where Hamilton Burr fought their famous duel, and in far distance a glimpse of Newark mar had, with the misty blue line of the One Mountains beyond. On the south lies beauty, so kind words ten Island, apparently not over the weet dispositions make four miles away, and almost directly miles called home. No mate neath is Governor's Island, so near this miles, the heart will tu mustache might almost be recognized is, with Williamsburg, Greenpoint and Hose learest spot beneath the ter's Point extending in succession towns Brooklyn is all spread out just as New 100 the north, the hills of Long Island looming up beyond, Blackwell's Island and Hard Island showing plainly toward the sound and the sound itself, beyond Hell Gate, mis visible by the contrast of white sails the blue water. It is really worth while cross the bridge for the sake of the view.

"I wish my hair cropped very close, marked Charles to the barber, "and," and ping his voice, "I'll come in the last of the barber, "and the week and pay you." Charles still wears is hair long; the barber was willing "shingle" but not "slate" him.

The Women's Club, of Pittsburgh, lister ed to an "exhaustive paper on coal," read by one of its members. Reporters were not admitted, so that it cannot be stated whether in the opinion of the cannot be stated whether it is the cannot be in the opinion of the club, coal should it brought up by the husband, with the kind ling, or separately.

NORTH-WEST NO hy Paragraphs Selecte Prairie Province Pa tage la Prairie has had a

temper prevails among rout was brought into M ich weighed thirty poun wards of 600 men are n C. P. machine and re

> C. P. R. are about to a new \$120,000 car sho tage la Prairie will assis mill in that tow

> of \$1,500. o bents of the temporary Swift Current Creek las R., have been carried of e C. P. R. has abandone care water at Pense. A e depth of 450 without so npson's survey party is north-western end of thirty-five miles east of

Custom House at Branc quantity of goods in bon and the extension gives s said the party of C. P.

Nary Jane Pass, have cting the country North rs are now being taken ing Moose Jaw as a city ings were erected in fiv lations are being laid in

re camped in the valley

little two-year-old Cree at Edmonton from A man chased her do and she fancied that it oursuing.

siness is not lively at owns, although it is bet The money market ent, which accounts for

Lameroeux, in digging a claim in rear of Saska Sturgeon River mill of first-class coal, five a few feet below the sur. out 99 per cent. of the fi he Thunder Bay road. on that branch is taxed

yd have jointly enter at the corporation of Wi residences; \$15,000 dam

Vinnipeg paper says th given a great impulse ghout the country. The ne of railway appear in ncouraging condition, a rs have every reason to ir prospects for a good of Red River has about it now would hardly be reach the height it does iver is both wide and d derable change in the ba

s in several places they ed. Such being the cas e less yearly. Very high

GEMS OF THOUG

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Bible without the Spir who throws out suspi-

adgery may occupy the service goes from the h actions must clothe us loathsome or glorious. ere is no religion withou is no worship without t

religious observances may legitimately be to the Christian life. e of the best rules in to say a thing which a can reasonably wish

Home.

amily for a whole d casts a gloom over a mile, like a gleam of up the darkest and unexpected flowers w our path, full of fresh s it from all the tumu! ome, if it be ever so

An Electrical Therr Casella-Goolden de ical Sixe's thermomet cularly adapted for g wards, and sick rooms lation of theatres, and essential to preserve a u If the temperature e ls below the set limits, ne other signal given this is the only accura

deviced which can b ing of ar excess of bot