"My friend, you seem to be just in the right frame of mind to die, and I am going to kill you."

Startling words at any time, but doubly so when uttered by a man with whom one is sitting quite alone, and emphasized with a loaded pustol leveled at one's forehead.

The two men sat facing each other across table covered with the remains of a regular Brazilian dinner, in the spacious giningroom of Mr. Stewart's country-house, four miles from Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. There was not another white man in the house—the negro servants were either fast asleep or far away on the other side of the enormous court-yard-and Mr Stewart had just discovered that his only companion (whom he had hitherto regarded as a good fellow enough, though with some queer flighty ways of his own) was a furious madman, armed with a deadly wespon and bent on taking his life.

Stewart was a brave man and celebrated for his coolness; but for a moment he lost his head completely, and sat staring helplessly at the threatening muzzle of the pistol, now within a foot of his face.

But the click of the weapon as the madman cocked it brought back all his courage through sheer desperation. Help from outside there was none to be hoped for, as he well knew.

If his life was to be saved, he must save it himself; and in the very nick of time; a lucky thought occurred to him.

" My dear Scott," said he, in a grave, impressive voice, looking the maniac steadily in the face as he spoke, "it is like your kindness to say that I am perfectly fit to die but it only shows how little even you know

"What !" cried the lunatic, staring at him. "Is it possible that you have not got a clear conscience? Why, every one calls you the most trustworthy man in the whole

"That is what they say, sure enough," replied Stewart, with a look of utter dejection; "but if they knew the real story of my life, they would have a very different opinion of me, and so would you, too, Scott."

The madman's curiosity was evidently aroused, which was just what Stewart wanted. He uncocked the pistol and laid it down in front of him (still keeping his hand upon it, however), and leaning forward across the table, said, eagerly :

"I should like to hear that story. Vill you tell it me? There's no one else within hearing, and I'll promise to keep the sec-

"Listen, then," replied Stewart. And he began accordingly.

Mr. Stewart was famous for telling good stories, and for telling them well : but nobody would have believed it had they heard him on the present occasior. On, or, on, he went, with a tale that seemed to have neither beginning nor end, so long, so rambling and so confused, that no sane person much less a madman-could have made head or tail of it. Poor Scott was completely bewildered, although he still listened as attentively as ever.

But all this was part of Stewart's plan. He was talking "against time," knowing that, soonor or later, one of his black "boys" must come in with coffee and cigars, and that if he could only contrive to spin out the time till then, he might be saved yet.

So far all promised well; but in an evil hour for himself, Mr. Stewart conceived the idea of getting hold of the pistol, from which Scott had now withdrawn his hand.

Being considerably the bigger and stronger man of the two, he counted upon being able to overmatch the lunatic in a frir hand to-hand struggle without weapons, and, in any case, he was anxious to cut short this terrible trial, feeling that he could not en dure it much longer without giving way. Suddenly raising his voice to its fullest

pitch, he cried out, as if in continuation of his story : "There it was that I met a man, whose

face I then saw for the first time. Little did I dream that that face was destined to me forever. Twenty years have passed, and I see it still-day and night I see it. It stards before me now !"

As he spoke, he pointed straight at the opposite wall, with a look of horror and ag' ony that would have made the fortune of an

The startled Soott glanced hastily behind him, as if expecting to see some horrible apparition there. But the moment he turned his head. Stewart sprang from his seat and pounced upon the pistol.

This brought matters to a crisis at once. With a roar like a hungry tiger, the madman leaped right on to the table. Stewart started back, and as he did so, the pistol which he held in his hand exploded. But the bullet flattened harmlessly against the wall, and in another instant he was in the clutch of a madman.

Stewart tried to sieze a knife that lay near, but instead of it, his hand encountered a heavy china dish, with which he dealt his assailant a terrific blow on the head, smashing the dish to pieces, and making a fearful gash across Scott's forehead. The blood poured from the wound in torrents, but so far from weakening the madman, it seemed only to rouse him to fresh fury.

as men fight for their lives; but he speedily | now sing our closin' poems an' go home." found to his cost that all his vigor was no match for the unnatural strength of the maniac. In spite of his tremendous struggles, he was soon beaten down and laid prostrate on the floor, while the lunatic, planting his knee on the fallen man's chest, fastened with both hands on his throat like a tiger-

Flashes of fire danced before Stewart's eyes, and his face grew purple. Already all seemed over, when suddenly there was a clamor of voices outside a rush of hurrying feet then the sound of a heavy blow close to his ear.

The strangling clutch at his throat relaxed, and then, dimiy as if in a dream, he beground by half a dezen of his negro servants and of seeing his terrible assailant lying

Some of my fellows luckily heard the report of the pistol !" (so Mr. Stewart used to tell the story in after days), " and thinking that something must have gone wrong. they came running to see, and arrived just in the nick of time. But I've never dined alone with any man since that day, and I never will again so long as I live."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Am Kurnel Paradox Johnson in de hall dis eavenin'?" blandly inquired Brother Gardner, as the regular weekly meeting opened on the forty-seventh degree, in due and regular shape,

The "Kurnel" arose. He was there. Some time ago he invented the theory that Canada thistles could be cultivated to bear mustard plasters, and his countenance now betrayed the fact that he expected to be patted on the back, and ordered to take the stool of honor, under the Bear Traps.

"Kurnel Johnson will please step dis way," continued the President, and the Kurnel advanced to the front, bestowing a look of three-ply contempt on the Hon. Erastus Furlong, as he passed him.

"Brudder Johnson," said the President, as the victim stood before him with folded arms. " I want to spoke to you in the plainest English language. I l'arn dat you hev invented a theory ?" "Yes, sah.

"It has bin a long time workin' up to a climax, hasn't it ?" "'Bout a y'ar, sah."

" I thought so. I remember when you gin up de curbstone fur saloon society. Later on you began to play 'craps' an' policy. Towards de last agony of your struggle you begun to shake dice an' buy lottery tickets on de money your wife airned at the washtub. Inventin' a theory am powerful hard work, Brudder Johnson."

"Yes, sah." "It am so hard dat your wife an' chill'en am now beggin' fur bread an' ole clothes, while you am in debt to everybody who d trust you, and your landlord am gwine to frow you out o' de house."

"I-I is sorry, sah, but I couldn't help

"Brudder Johnson !" said the President in a voice which made Elder Toots shiver like a faded burdock in a winter's gale, " want to say to you, an' to all other members of dis club freu yo", dat no cull d man in America has any bizness wid a theory—an original theory. If white folks has got time 'nuff an' money 'nuff to loaf around an' diskiver-in deir own minds-dat de moon am full o'jackasses which gallop up an' down, or dat de Norf : tar contains a race o' people who walk on deir heads an' feed demselves wid deir toes, dat's all right. De problem wid de cull'd man am, furt, bread an' butter: second, house rent an' raiment; third, sich eddicashun as will enable him an' his'n to write an' receive letters; keep posted on current events; figger up how much a week's wages comes to at a dollar a day; realize dat de Atlantic am upon one side of us an' de Pacific de cdder, an' hev' de sense to go to de polls an' wote fur honest, decent candidates, no matter on what ticket deir names appear. I shan't fine you, an' I doan' want to expel you. but you will retire to de anteroom with Giveadam Jones for de space of ten minits. If you hold to any pertickler theory arter he gets freu wid you it will be sunthin' you am perfeckly welcome to!'

When the "Kurnel "returned to the ha'l after the "proceedings' he was a changed man. One coat tail was entirely missing, the other badly battered, and his general appearance was that of a man who had met the tail end of a cyclone in a country where there was nothing to hang to.

ALL GONE.

A RIGHT STEP. A communication from Halifax, N. S., announced the fact that the colored residents of that locality, in order to protect themselves against the gradual usurpation of their rights by the white race, had formed "The Colored Peoples' Protective Society of Halifax," and had drawn the color line

1. White people will not be allowed at colored skating rinks. 2. Colored churches are for colored peo-

ple only. 3. If the law won't protect our hen-

roosts from white invaders our shot guns

White people will be allowed to ride in the same public vehicles with us, but they must behave themselves.

The Secretary of the Lime-Kiln Club was instructed to reply to the effect that the step thus taken was considered to be in the right direction, and that the Detroit organization was in full sympathy with the movement.

A COMING TREAT. It was announced by the Secretary that at the next meeting he would read the lat of the poems sent in for the watermelon prize, and he assured the members that a rich treat was in store for them.

HE GOT IT. Samuel Shin arose to ask for information. Suppose, for instance, he should come down some Saturday evening to open the hall for the regular meeting and should find a keg of powder just ready to explode and blow Paradise Hall into the middle of next year Would he have a duty to perform? If so, what? He couldn't make up his mind whether to turn in a fire alarm or whistle

for the pelice. "In sich an event," replied the President as he looked over his spectacles at Samuel. "it would be your dooty to perish wid de hall. If you didn't do it, sah, you would be fined \$10,000 at de nex' meetin', if not expelled. Disclub expecks ebery offishul Stewart was a powerful man, and fought | to do his dooty widout shrinkin'. Let us

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

BY C. H. THAYER. She does not work, she does not paint Kensington patterns odd and quaint; A crasy-quilt she ne er hath made,

Nor stork on tidy yet essayed. She cannot boast a cultured ear : Beethoven's symphonies, I fear, She'd call a bore, nor crr one bit

Wha; Mrs. Grandy said of th. She does not poke her elbows out, Or paint her lips in scarlet pout, Or smoke her eyebrows to a carve As fascinating lure to serve.

She does not wear her sleeves so tight She has to set her hat aright Before she gets inside her dress (As fashionable dames confess). She's fond of horses and of big.

And noble dogs; no centre at: Or bloated and bracklesses. To lie upon sessimento reg. She never could be bought or sold; Her love is worth a nation's gold. And who is the favored one? Ah, well, Twould seem like boasting should I tell.

THE

Another World - his position A

A German writer gives this as a remedy for inflammatory rheumatism, of which malady he was cured in two days' time Make a soup of the stalks and roots of celery. Cut the celery into bits, boil it in water till soft, then serve warm on pieces of toasted bread; drink the celery water. In Germany the roots and staks are boiled and eaten as a salad with oil and vinegar.

Do not est fruit skins or seeds. The skin of an apple is as bad for your child as a bit of your kid-glove would be; that of a grape more indigestible than sole leather. A polish for delicate cabinet work can be

made as follows: Half a pint linseed oil, half-pint of old ale, the white of an egg, one ounce spirits of wine, one ounce spirits of salts. Shake well before using. A little to be applied to the face of a soft linen pad and lightly rubbed for a minute over the article to be polished.

Canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dry, dark closet. If one hasn't such a closet the fruit may be kept covered with paper or cleth and the light be excluded from it, Light seems to have an influence on canned fruit unfavorable and injurious to its flavor. Have any of our readers tried painting the outside of their glass cans to exclude light

It is stated by a dietetic publication that | gents price for similar machine 36! baked milk possesses extraordinary properties of nourishment for consumptives, and invalids generally. This is the way to prepare it: Put a quart of good milk into a stone jar; cover with writing paper, and tie it cown. Leave in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours, until it has the consistency of cream. Administered ad

Prof. Brinton says that the best thing for a sprain is to put the limb into a vessel of very hot water immediately, then add boiling water as it can be borne. Keep the part immersed for twenty minutes, or until the pain subsides; then apply a tight bandage, and order rest. Sometimes the joint can be used in twelve hours. If necessary, use a silicate of sodium dressing.

Choice Recipes.

CREAMED EGGS.—Boil twelve eggs hard and slice in thin rings; put in a baking dish a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of eggs, and so on till the dish is full; season with salt pepper and butter; pour over a cup of sweet cream and bake to a nice brown in a moderate over.

SPICED BEEF. - Chop a raw beefsteak and a piece of suet the size of an egg; season with salt, pepper and a little summer savory ; add two eggs, four tablespoons cream. and a small piece of butter; mix, and work in a roll with flour enough to keep together; bake in a pan with a little butter and water; slice when cold.

BAKED CABBAGE. - Boil one head of cabbage fi teen minutes; change the water for fresh, and boil till tender; then set aside till cold; chop fine, add two beaten eggs, one tablespoon butter, three of cream, pepper and sals to taste; stir all well together, and bake in a buttered pudding dish til! brown. Se ve very hot.

ALMOND CREAM CAKE. - Make a good sponge cake; bake it a half-inch thick in jelly-cake tins and let the cakes get entirely cold. Have a pound of almonds blanched and pounded. Take a pint of thick, sweet cream and beat it until it looks like icecream; sweeten very sweet and flavor with varilla, and lastly stir in the almonds, and put very thick between the layers of cake.

RICE CREAM. -To a pint of new milk add a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a little lemon peel, and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, Boil them together for five minutes; then add half an ounce of isinglass which has been dissolved, and let the mitxure cool. When cool add half a pint of good cream whisked to a frost, stir all together well, and set on ice. When used, put any favorite preserve or canned fruit around it. Apple sauce is very nice.

Pickles.

I try to get the cucumbers as fresh as possible, all about the same size; latterly I have preferred to have them the size of my forefinger. It is hard work to put them up, and when they are so small nothing less than half a dozen or more will satisfy a genuine lover of pickles.

Let them lie in salt water over night, the strength of a small half teacup to the gallon. In the morning put them into clean, clear water for an hour. In your porcelain kettle put some weak vinegar, three large grape leaves in the bottom, a piece of alum the size of a large pea; put in your cucumbers, and cover with grape leaves. Let them cook till thoroughly hot through; then put into quart glass jars, adding a teaspoonful each of black and white mustard seed, white sugar, mustard, celery seed, a small red-pepper pod. Fill your cans with hot, strong vinegar, seal immediately, and set away for winter. Should you want them for immediate use, put into a crock and let them stand two days. You will find these the most toothsome, crisp, green pickles you ever ate.

I have quit using cloves and cinnamon, as it darkens them so and always gives them a bad color. For sweet pickles, though, such as pears, watermelon rind, etc., I use the cloves and cinnamon, but make a rich sweet and sour strup of sugar and vinegar. If you have an abundance of grapes, they are very nice as pickles. Pack the bunches in crocks, and pour over them a rich spiced vinegar for four mornings; then tie a cloth over then, then a sheet of wadding, then another cloth. This will keep equal to sealing wax,

India woman do not like to be doctored by men. Lady Dufferin is President of a society to educate women for merdica practice. The railroads of the world are said to carry 6,500,000 passengers a day, It takes all

this vast army to down the railway eatinghouse sandwiches. An exchange sake: "What should we stuff enions with !" Most anything would be an improvement upon the original stuf-

A new paper in Kansas is called the Thomas County Cat. A man in the same town proposes to start a rival journal called the Bootjack. He expects to make a hit,

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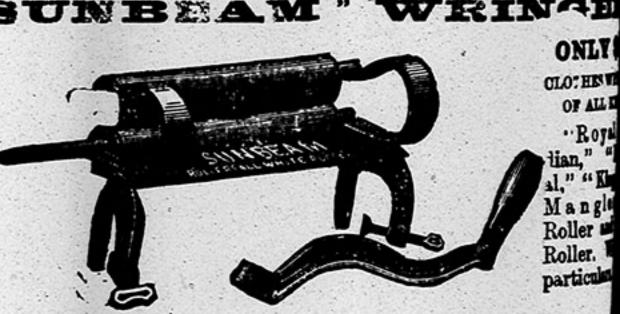
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lorsly purple bell,

of purple heather. s gold must come and go, with spotles; snow the spins and the glens where grow the thyme and purple heather The myme and purple heather

Better he my Bertha's face;

Better he mks I'll gently press.

This sprig of purple heather.

Author of "THE FLOWER GIRL," LOVELY LADY LYNHURST," &c , &c.

CHAPTER V .- (CONTINUED.)

ly looked on with dry eyes, but everfear and agony in her heart. She instinctively, before the doctor had ed s word, what his verdict would be : he head gently bick on the Joe had improvised, and uttered the witable "dead" it was no surprise to

It is a terrible aff ir !" Doctor Seymour slowly, as the three stood gazing down different emotions upon the handsome res already fast stiffening in the icy that hald them. "Fearfully sudd n thus cut off in the very prime of life. with such brilliant prospects before him! Lady Braithwaite; it will be a sad for her and almost as great for Miss waring! Smith, I think it would be for you to go to the Hall as quickly as and ask to see the butler; he will but how to break the news. Perhaps hald be as well for you to say that the ain is dangerously hurt; they will be prepared to hear the truth, which will nown soon enough. I will remain here keep watch in the meantime."

ntly: he wished the Doctor had underait himself, and left him free to talk Dolly. He had something he wished he cularly to say to her, and he might have such an opportunity. He dared e lowever do otherwise than obey the mads be had received, and therefore be at on his mission without delay.

e started on his errand somewhat re-

hen he was out of sight. Doctor Seyturned to Dolly and laid bis hand gen-You can do no good here, my child. This fellow is beyond all earthly care and W ideration, and you must think of your- tr now. Take my advice and return home

ediately before any one arrives from the | me Your presence here would only give to remarks and surmises, which are best | an Besides, your father doubtless | ho be growing anxious at your absence | ilv home at this late hour."

My father !" she repeated, raising one | wa to her ferenead in a confused manner; | sio the Doctor saw again that curious look | to er eyes, while a slight shiver passed her frame. "You are right," she | wif dia a more natural tone; "he will be | the and since, as you say, I can do no sen WEIN HE TO I will go now-only-only-" And before Doctor Seymour could interor was even aware of, her intention, had flung herself upon her knees and covering the dead man's hand with paster. The next moment she had The a to her feet, and, throwing back her and with a gesture of defiance, she exclaim- for roudly, "They say he would have mar-Miss Mainwaring; but he loved me- | wa me-Dolly Jarvis, the blacksmith's shi

> en she turned, and, without one back- it glance, moved rapidly away. Well, well, to be sure !" muttered the by Doctor, rubbing his hands slowly Mi and staring after the retreating ter a little blankly. "It's a strange d! The goesipe were right, after all."

at, being no gossip himself, and discreet

Goods stam

old Doctor never divulged to a single you what had taken place after Joe's de- to esnwhile, Dolly sped on her way. At wet walked quickly, her feet keeping | tial with the tumult of her thoughts, but day, the high nervous tension began lar, the excitement which had borne up in a measure died away, and her leged wearily. A sort of stupor bese creep over her, the shadows of the formed themselves into fantastic shapes, stemed to her distorted fancy like so doo impe dancing round her and gloating

wondered whether her father had gow whether he would be very an when he learned where and with whom had been, whether even he would refuse coive her into his house again. Well, it not signify—nothing signified, now that Dad! Oh, no, it could not just seed been talking together, he her how much he loved her, a had struck him from behind. so sudden, the assault and ruggle that followed. She that she had, after, shoo buried her face in her at not witness that terriherd the deep breathe muttered imprecation, ound of retreating footthat the was fain to look
that no trace reand the brambles broken those huge boulders!

Lither by some force

will, she had crept to state and looked over, to

and lonely walk she anyt se she had just gone