among themselves ... Raymond, and Tan... vals, embraced while ... on. But Saladin retook ... the last four hundred years ... possession of cruel and ... medanism!

Another crusade is needed ... Jerusalem, a crusade ... century greater than all those ... centuries put together. A crusade ... which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the Sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of gospel peace! And the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once, an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion becomes the dwelling place not of David but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in His Beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.

A COMBINATION OF TROUBLES WHICH MADE LIFE MISERABLE.

Mr. Eli Joyce Relates His Experience With These Troubles—Could Not Retain Food and Was Thought to be Beyond Hope of Cure—But Relief Came and He is Now a Well Man.

From the Coaticook (Que.) Observer.

The readers of the Observer have become familiar with the remarkable cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through their reiteration in these columns, as taken from other reputable newspapers. It is now our purpose to tell them of a cure, hardly short of miraculous, which was effected in a person with whom many of our readers are acquainted. We refer to Mr. Eli Joyce, formerly of Dixville, but now living at Averil, Vt. A few days ago we saw Mr. Joyce and asked him about his recovery. He stated that for four or five years he had been afflicted with rheumatism and dyspepsia. He was laid up and unable to do anything for an average four months in a year, and was constantly growing worse, although treated by good physicians and trying numerous remedies recommended. A year ago last August he was taken seriously ill while at his sister's, Mrs. Doll..., of Dixville. He could not retain anything on his stomach and the physicians who attended him were powerless in improving his condition. One of them stated that he had cancer of the stomach and could not live long. It was while in this precarious condition that he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before long he was able to retain food in his stomach. His pain gradually became less, and in six weeks' time he was back to his home in Averil, feeling that he had obtained a new lease of life. He continued taking the Pink Pills for some time longer, and gained so much in health and strength that he is now able to do the hardest kind of a day's work. He frankly gives Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit for his rejuvenated condition, and says he believes their timely use saved his life. The Observer has verified his story through several of his neighbors, who say that it was thought that he was at the point of death when he began the use of Pink Pills; in fact, when we mentioned his case to one of the doctors who had attended him he said he supposed he was dead long ago.

When such strong tributes as these can be paid to the wonderful merit of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, at either address.

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Says Inexperience, and Gets what the dealer Pleases.

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Says Experience, and Gets what pleases him.

MORAL: When you want a good thing, ASK FOR IT.

E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.

A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

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(CONTINUED.)

The front rooms on either side of the hall, being the largest as well as among the pleasantest rooms of the house, were fitted up as parlors for the use of the patients; and the private office and sanctum was in a wing midway between the front and rear entrances, and overlooking but a small portion of the grounds. It was here that Doctor Burton received his visitor.

The doctor was a funny, pleasant little man, who after all, possessed more humanity than actual professional skill. He was beloved by the most of his patients and his servants voted him the best of masters.

"Be seated Mr. Austin," said the good man, as his visitor entered his presence, "and tell me in what way I can serve you."

The doctor was an energetic man, counting his time as valuable, and, he was famous for coming straight to the point. The young man took the seat indicated, and promptly began his business.

"I have just come up from Fairlie, and have called upon you at the request of Doctor Austin."

"Oh! You come from my friend the Doctor. Is he well, Mr. —— why bless me, your name is Austin, too. Are you a relative?"

"A very distant one, sir. I am studying with him, and called to enquire in his behalf, after the young lady he left in your charge not long ago."

"About Miss Lee. Yes, yes! Miss Lee is doing splendidly, splendidly. Her malady was a peculiar one."

"I never saw Miss Lee," said Mr. Austin, frankly, "indeed, I hardly remember if my friend mentioned the nature of her peculiar aberration, as he termed it, except as an aberration. He desired me to call and to see her, if you considered it best."

"Oh, Miss Lee is well, comparatively speaking; why she is as sane as you or I, except that at times she becomes possessed of the idea that she is about to be murdered. She has not had this notion for some time now, and seems as sane as anybody. Shall I send for her?"

"If you please; I had hardly time to receive full instructions, I came on a matter of business, and at a moment's notice, in response to a telegram in fact, having barely time to catch the stage. The doctor's messages were, necessarily, very hurried. He wished me to assure myself concerning her welfare, and ask when you would think it advisable to remove her."

"I don't think it would answer to take her to any public place," said the doctor, gravely. "But if she were taken where she would have quiet pleasant surroundings, and see few strange faces, the change might be made at any time."

"Indeed! Then under your treatment the malady has become a more idiosyncracy, I infer?"

"Merely that, Mr. Austin; merely that," replied Doctor Burton, touching a little hand-bell.

"Step up to Miss Lee's room, Jane, and ask her to come down for a moment," he said, as an elderly woman answered his summons. Then, as she went to do his bidding, "after you have seen Miss Lee, I shall be happy to show you some of my other patients, Mr. Austin."

Mr. Austin signified his delight at this arrangement, and they continued to chat pleasantly while waiting for the arrival of Miss Lee. Meantime, Jane proceeded up stairs and rapped at the door of the pretty front room. There was no sound from within, and she rapped again, at the same time saying:

"Miss Lee, are you there? It's I, Jane."

Then she heard a movement from the other side, and a soft voice asked:

"What is it, Jane?"

"A message from the doctor, miss; please open the door."

In a moment the door opened a little way, and the lovely young lady looked out.

"Doctor Burton says, will you please come down to his office, Miss Lee. Why, what's the matter, ain't you well?"

"I'm a little tired, Jane, that's all. Who is with Doctor Burton?"

"A nice-looking young man, miss; some of your friends, I reckon."

"I suppose so," with an odd laugh. "Did you say they were in the private office?"

"Yes, miss."

"And—who is down in the hall?"

"Nobody at all," replied Jane, wondering a little at the question.

"Jane," said the young lady, "I have been writing, my hands are all inked, won't you just run down the back stairs, quick, and bring me a pitcher of warm water?"

"Yes, miss. Shall I come back by the front and tell the doctor you will come?"

"Yes; no; bring the water right up the same way, and I will leave my door open, you can put the pitcher down outside, and then run right down the front stairs, now hurry, Jane."

Jane turned and moved quickly toward the rear stairway. Scarcely had she disappeared when the young lady snatched up a hat and shawl that lay in readiness and leaving her door ajar ran lightly down the front stairs, opened the door softly, and, in another instant, was speeding down the path leading to a small side gate; through this she hurried, and then, casting one swift glance behind her, turned her face city-ward. Meanwhile Jane fulfilled her bidding to the very letter; she came puffing up from the kitchen and deposited the pitcher on the floor as directed.

"Here's the warm water, Miss Lee," she said as she put it down, without glancing within the room or stopping for an answer, she went down the front way and announced that Miss Lee would be down "soon."

Doctor Burton and John Jacob waited nearly half an hour, and then the former began to feel surprised, and the latter uneasy.

"Really, it's unusual for Miss Lee to be so slow, or so careless," said the doctor, finally. "I'll just send her up another message." And he touched the bell once more.

"I think it is as well," said the visitor. "The fact is, I am a little pressed for time."

In a moment Jane presented herself.

"Jane, go up and see what detains Miss Lee, and be quick about it," said Doctor Burton.

Jane was quick about it. She went and came back in less than half the time usually employed in going up and down a flight of stairs.

"She ain't there, sir," she said, bursting into the office like a comet; "she sent me for a pitcher of warm water and told me to set it outside the door; I did so, and the pitcher is just where I left it, and her door open just the same."

"Bless me," cried the doctor, "she must have had one of her attacks again!"

"Yes; I presume she has," replied the visitor dryly. "Jane, did you tell her that any one was with the doctor?"

"Yes, sir," replied the wondering Jane. "She asked me who was here, and I told her, a young man was."

"You did? Well, I'm sorry for that. Doctor Burton, I must ask to see the room just deserted by this young lady at once. If you have any idea where she may have concealed herself, please search for her immediately."

Doctor Burton looked more than astonished; he looked indignant.

"What, sir; what?" he cried, "you really presume too much. I do not run down my patients in this manner."

"I tell you, sir, you must search for this one with all the force you can command," cried the strange doctor's student. "Jane, conduct me to her room instantly."

"You ... this; if my ... to see she shall not; I believe you are an impostor."

The visitor laid a firm hand on the shoulder of the little man, and said in a stern tone: "I am a detective doing my duty; stand aside, Dr. Burton, and let me pass."

Then he set the doctor aside as if he had been a wooden man, and rushed out and up the stairs.

As soon as he could recover his breath, Dr. Burton scampered after him, and Jane followed at his heels.

"Sir," he panted, entering the room, which Jane's mention of the open door and pitcher had enabled the detective to identify as the room of Miss Lee, "explain yourself; did Dr. Austin send you here? dare you say that he would bring a criminal to my house? Bless my soul!" puffed the little man. "If I don't think you are a madman."

"Dr. Austin did not send me here, sir; neither is that good man aware of the charge which stands against this girl. Jane, come here; is there anything missing from this room?" he asked quickly.

Jane glanced about her.

"I saw her hat and shall lying on that chair, sir, when she opened the door and sent me for the water; I expect she wore them."

"Wore them! Doctor, quick, how much liberty does this girl, this patient, have?"

"Liberty! bless my soul! she has perfect liberty; she goes in and out as she pleases."

"What! out of the grounds?"

"Yes, anywhere."

Muttering a remark not at all complimentary to the doctor and his system, the detective, without the ceremony of an adieu, rushed down the stairs and burst in among a few mild maniacs sitting in one of the parlors.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon," he said, suddenly recovering his politeness, "did you see a lady go out from the grounds a little while ago?"

"Do you mean the proud woman with the yellow eyes?" asked a young girl, who was religion crazed. "She went down that path fast, very fast, and then she went out at the gate and flew up, up, up; she is in heaven by this time."

"She didn't fly up," said an elderly woman testily; "she ran, ran, ran; I saw her."

On one point the two lunatics had not differed, and the detective, resolving to accept their testimony, dashed open the street door and hurried on to the side entrance.

"Bless my soul!" cried the doctor, looking after him, "I must write to Doctor Austin right away. Bless—my—soul."

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE BALL TOSSER'S DAUGHTER.

For two or three blocks the flying girl kept on in a straight course, and then she paused and looked irresolute. She could not keep straight on like this; she could not tell how soon a pursuer would be on her track. At this moment the tinkle of a bell, sounding two blocks distant, struck her ear—the street cars; if she took the first one, it would be far down toward the busy part of the city before the next would overtake it; and her pursuer had not brought a carriage.

She turned down the side street and ran swiftly; it is safe enough to run when one runs toward a street car, and her speed brought her to the track just as a down-car was passing; she hailed it, and soon, panting and breathless still, was jogging along "down town."

They were a long way out as yet, and, it being too late for many people to be going down town, and too early for them to be coming home, there were only one or two passengers in the car. Nevertheless, the fleeing one drew her veil carefully over her face, and tried to look as indifferent as possible.

Where was she going? She hardly knew; if she but dared to go straight to some railroad depot; but she knew that by so doing she would incur heavy risk; besides, she did not know where to go if she left the city. Sitting there, she thought of her first ride in a street car, and of Kate Seaton's laughing plea, "You won't disappear soon, will you, Nora?" And she had replied that she would "not ride away on a broomstick." She would break even that promise now if she could. Oh, to be able to disappear, to vanish utterly!

On the seat, not far from her, lay a crumpled newspaper, one that had been abandoned, probably, by some passenger who had no use for a paper ten hours old. She put out her hand and drew it toward her; if it would only tell her where to go!

Probably the last reader had been perusing the advertising page, for it was turned outward, and the eyes of the girl fell upon a column of wants, wanted, wanted, wanted. It was the miscellaneous column, and presently she paused, and considered over this advertisement:

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—WANTED—twenty young ladies for the Ballet. Also, private lessons given in all branches of the theatrical profession. Apply to Mrs. A. Harris, 401 S—— Street.

"I wonder where it is," mused the girl. "I could go there and rely upon chance for my inspiration. It is the last place one would think of looking for me."

A moment later the conductor entered from the rear platform, and she leaned toward him and asked in a low voice:

"Where is S—— street?"

"S—— street? About seven blocks away. We cross it."

"I will get off there, please."

"How fortunate," she thought; "I can't have far to walk, either." She left the car at the street designated, and, after looking up and down for a moment, to ascertain how the numbers ran, she turned and walked briskly southward; three, four, five blocks, and then she paused before No. 401. Mercy, what a shabby little house it was, standing a little back from its loftier neighbors; and what a very muddy entrance; it looked as if people had been tramping to and from it through an ocean of mud for ages and ages.

Miss Lee, or Lenore Armyn, as we may as well call her, became conscious at this stage in her observations, that a feminine face was looking out at her through the not particularly clean window; and with a mental resolve that let come what would, no one should see her play the coward, she drew her shawl closer about her and resolutely approached the door. More than once since her voluntary imprisonment at Dr. Burton's had she fancied herself in a position similar to this her present one, and she was not altogether unprepared for this portion of the emergency. She had had no forewarning of the ballet mistress, of course, but she had thought it possible she might be traced even to a mad-house, and she had fancied herself as she was now, wandering alone and asking for some secure hiding place. She had even prepared her "little story," and now, with a few impromptu alterations, she must tell that story to the mistress of this the shabbiest abode she had ever entered.

"Does Mrs. A. Harris live here?" she asked of the woman who had been looking from the window, and who now beamed upon her from the half-open doorway, not quite half open either, for the woman's form filled up the opening, and it was a very meagre form indeed.

"I am Mrs. Harris," replied the woman, opening the door an inch or two wider and scanning her visitor closely, "Do you want to see me?"

"Yes, madame," and now the woman observed that the vailed stranger spoke with a slight foreign accent, "if I may talk with you alone."

"I am alone," said Mrs. Harris, stepping away from the opening; "come in, please."

Lenore was only too glad to get out of the street, and she glided in quickly.

"I understand that you want some pupils for the stage, madame?" she said, without lifting her vail.

"I take a few pupils," replied the ballet mistress, loftily, and at the same time removing some stray bills and papers from the only really safe looking chair in the room; "take a seat, miss."

Lenore seated herself and took a rapid survey of her surroundings. There was, first, a very dirty and very much worn carpet; a table, that creaked when you touched it, was covered with an ink-stained scarlet cloth and littered with old play-bills, other looking letters, two or three play-books, a quantity of photographs of "the profession," one or two shabby bound volumes and a pile of printed business cards that looked as if fresh from the press; pens and ink and a big ledger completed the contents of this table. Above it hung a few cheaply framed pictures of scantily clad actresses and one larger than the rest and better framed of Mrs. Harris arrayed as the Goddess of Liberty.

A rusty stove that looked like an elongated barrel, and gave out a little more heat than does a refrigerator, stood nearly in the centre of the room. A piano, the smallest and oldest and most hopelessly tuneless of its kind, stood opposite the table, and six cane chairs, all more or less decrepid, were ranged along the walls. And this was the drawing-room, receiving-room and private office of "Mrs. A. Harris, Ballet Mistress."

Mrs. Harris herself was a little ferret-eyed woman, with sandy hair, sallow complexion, sharp features and figure to match, and was apparently on the border land of her fortieth year.

An observer of ordinary intelligence could hardly fail to interpret aright some of the characteristics of Mrs. Harris. Her surroundings gave evidence that she was not overburdened with riches, while Lenore, who was something more than an ordinary observer, quickly decided that she was keen, cunning and avaricious. A woman whose affections and sympathies would be quickly drawn toward a full purse. Having taken a hasty inventory of the lady and her surroundings, Lenore renewed where she had left off.

"I called in response to an advertisement, madame," she said, as if duly impressed with the majesty of Mrs. Harris. "Have you—room for any more pupils?"

Mrs. Harris looked dubious.

"I have a pretty large class on hand," she said, as if her large class were at present securely packed in sawdust and carefully put away. "What branch do you wish to study?"

"Really, I hardly know," replied Lenore, flinging back her vail, as if she had just thought of it. "I am quite ignorant regarding these matters. What do you teach, Mrs. Harris?"

"Everything!" with a comprehensive flourish of her bony fingers. "Acting, singing, burlesque, song and dance, clog, jig, club swinging, ballet dancing, trapeze."

While Mrs. Harris was running through this list of "branches" she had been mentally cataloguing Lenore after this fashion:

"Handsome, educated, no fool, little feet and hands, nice form, lovely voice, dressed awful dowdy, but rich; may have a little money, but still green—one could make a fortune off her if one could catch her."

All unconscious of this mental review and ultimatum on the part of Mrs. Harris, Lenore sat struggling to recall the list of accomplishments as given by her and wondering vaguely if she taught them all herself. This question shaped itself into words.

"Do you teach all these—branches yourself," she asked.

"Oh, no, I can teach everything but trapeze and club swinging, I have several teachers; but some of my pupils do not care to have a gentleman teacher, and so I take them myself."

"I should not like a gentleman to teach me," said Lenore.

"No, I suppose not." With a nod of approval. "What do you think you would like to study?"

"I—I think I would prefer acting."

"Oh! dramatic lessons."

"Yes."

"Let me see. How is your elocution?"

"I am a graduate, madame, and am considered a fair elocutionist."

"Oh," suddenly losing her animation on this subject, "Well, you can do as you like. May I ask your motive for taking lessons; do you want to go on the stage?"

"Why—oh, yes of course, Mrs. Harris. The stage is my ambition," adding sotto voce, "for the present."

"Well, then, I'll tell you frankly that dramatic acting is poorly patronized and worse paid. You can make double the money in some other branches that you can in the dramatic business."

"Indeed—then perhaps you can advise me what to study."

"Can you sing?"

"Yes—that is—a very little."

"Do you play the piano?"

"Not—much."

Mrs. Harris, being a close observer, here made this mental note:

"I believe she lies"—then aloud. "You have a fine stage presence, and a nice form; I think you would make a decided success as a song and dance lady."

"I—I'm afraid I don't quite understand," hesitated Lenore.

"Why! It's a branch of the variety business, you see, and variety is the only business that pays in these times. In fact it is the rage. I presume you could sing enough for that, and the steps are very easy. You would look splendid in a song and dance suit."

"What kind of a suit is that?"

"Why—knee breeches, you know, and a cut-away coat—"

"Do you mean dressed like a boy?"

"Well—yes, similar; only you wear satin, etc."

"I will leave it with you, Mrs. Harris. Your judgment is better than mine. If you really think that I will do nicely in that line I will try and learn. But I may prove stupid."

"If I didn't think so I should not say so," replied Mrs. Harris, with her lofty air, at the same time drawing her chair to the table, opening the big ledger with much alacrity, and taking up the pen. "Do you wish to give me your name to-day, and begin immediately?"

"Yes," looking curiously at the big book. "My name is Lona Voss."

Mrs. Harris bit the end of her pen, and sat as if waiting; finally she said:

"Then, ahem—I suppose you wish to make a payment?"

Lenore atonce saw her cue. Of course this ballet mistress must have money. She promptly drew out a well filled purse, and did not fail to mark the hungry look in the eyes of Mrs. Harris as she saw it appear.

"This woman wants money, needs it too, I should think," thought Lenore. "So much the better for me." Then she said:

"I had neglected to ask your terms, Mrs. Harris. What am I to pay you?"

"I shall charge you twenty-five dollars for a course of twelve lessons," said Mrs. Harris, rising unblushingly from her usual price of fifteen dollars. "And I find it necessary to require at least ten dollars in advance."

Lenore promptly opened her purse and took out a roll of bills, from which she drew a crisp ten dollar note and passed it to Mrs. Harris.

"Now, then, Mrs. Harris, I may be intruding upon your time if I talk too long, but I want to consult you, or ask your advice, when we have settled about the lessons," she said.

Mrs. Harris wrote out a receipt for the ten dollars with a flourish, and handed it to Lenore before she replied.

"There is nothing to settle except when you will take your first lesson. You must get the steps the first thing. So I am ready to hear whatever you wish to say."

"The truth is, Mrs. Harris," began Lenore insinuatingly, "I am in want of a friend and advice very much just now. I am alone and and an entire stranger in the city, and I want a quiet place to board at. I shall be glad to pay you for any extra trouble I may cause in asking advice or aid from you. I am not without income, but I am in a little trouble at present."

Mrs. Harris began to look interested. It was not unusual, by any means, for Mrs. Harris to come in contact with young ladies who were in a little trouble, in fact, among the young ladies who applied to Mrs. Harris for "situations" on the stage, those who were in "a little trouble," were the rule, not the exception. But young ladies who were in trouble, and yet carried a full purse, were exceptional characters, and to be treated as such; therefore, Mrs. Harris bestowed upon Lenore a look of beaming interest and her undivided attention.

"I shall have to tell you a very little about myself," went on Lenore, who had not once forgotten her foreign accent. "I am, as you perceive, a foreigner. I am also an orphan; I have a small fortune in my own right, and it is so arranged that no one can prevent my drawing the interest of it, so long as I retain my liberty. But my guardians, who are also foreigners, decided German in fact, have fairly lived upon my income, and have supported, and partially educated their own son and daughter at my expense, and I have submitted, because I knew no one who could help me—had no acquaintances, in fact. They move frequently, and give me no chance to make friends, and about a month ago they came to this city. Well, last night I overheard them planning to try and make me promise to marry their son, and I found that, to put me in their power, they had given their neighbor the impression that I was partly deranged; saying that they had only to watch me in oders to be convinced of my insanity. Well, to-day I had to draw my money, and my guardian's wife came with me to get it. I had made up my mind to leave them for good, for I knew that they would shut me up if they could not make me marry their Hans in any other way, and I was very unhappy there. I had seen your advertisement, and made up my mind to come to you, and if I could become an actress I would go away somewhere where they would never find me. We went into a store, and while the woman was looking at some silk, I stepped out and found my way here. These people will look everywhere for me, but if I can find a safe place to stay in, I can pursue my studies for the stage unmolested; and the banker who pays my income to me, will never reveal my hiding place—indeed, he need not know it."

Lenore had hurried on, determined to get her story told all at once, and, by the time it was told, she began to believe herself quite an actress already. It was not a very original story, to be sure, but it was original for Lenore. Meanwhile, the ballet mistress, listening intently, and her imagination began to lay its greedy hands upon many more ten-dollar bills from the purse of the young lady in want of a friend. She was inwardly regretting that her house was not more commodious, but back of this "place of business," there was only a small kitchen and a smaller sleeping room; and compared with the furniture, not to mention the cleanliness, of these more private rooms, this front parlor was a palace. But let us not be unjust, poverty is a hard task-master, and Mrs. Harris had learned her worldliness while struggling hand to hand with fate, for her daily bread. The time had been when Mrs. Harris had been young and pretty; when she had pirouetted behind the footlights, in the pinkest of tights, and the airiest of gossamer, and when life had for her some downy places. Mrs. Harris had known some generous impulses in her palmy days, and if she could have afforded it, would have been generous now; as she could not afford to be genuinely generous, she began to evoke from her "inner consciousness," a feeling made up of two parts of avarice, and one part admiration; and this combination she formed affection, and promptly proffered it to Lenore. She pondered a moment, and her ready wit soon put her in possession of a bright idea.

"Let me see," she said, as if she had not already made up her mind. "Your story has interested me wonderfully, and you may rely on me to do all for you that lies in my power. My place is very small, or I would offer you a home with me. You don't want to go out much, I suppose?"

"Oh, not at all, madame!"

"And you will want to be pretty near me, then?"

"Yes, if possible."

"Then, I think I have the idea. There is a lady living on the very next street, who has one or two very pleasant rooms; I have been of some service to her, and she will be glad to do me a favor. I can get you in there I think. But we must use caution, we must not tell her your story."

"Then I must trust you to invent one," said Lenore.

"Then I would suggest something like this," said Mrs. Harris, becoming very confidential and business like, in her tone and manner. "I will tell Mrs. Horne that your father is a German ball tosser."

"What's that," interrupted Lenore.

"A performer who juggles cannon balls with his feet, you ignorant child," laughed the now elated Mrs. Harris.

"Oh! well, my father is a cannon ball tosser, is he? Go on, Mrs. Harris."

"I will tell her that he is travelling with a circus—"

"A circus?"

"Of course! Ball tossers always go with circuses."

"Oh, do they? Well, I won't interrupt you again, Mrs. Harris."

"I will say that he is away with a circus, and that you have been in a convent school; that now your education is finished, and he intends fitting you for the stage; as he is constantly travelling, he has put you in my charge; don't you see?"

"Oh, yes; that's excellent."

"Well, if you are known to have money, some suspicion may be excited, so, as your guardian, you had better put some money in my hands, from time to time, and let me attend to all expenses; this will be safer for you all around."

"And will please me better, too," said Lenore, as if she did not see through this proposition. "You make all the necessary arrangements, Mrs. Harris, and I will let you attend to all the business, and be glad."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Absence Wanted.

An English doctor, attached to the court of a rajah, made himself almost indispensible to his highness. He had fortunately also made a friend of his prime minister. On one occasion his highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a seidlitz powder, with which he expressed himself delighted. Its tendency to "boil and fizz ready to blow your nose off" seemed to him to "scatter coolness;" and he seemed so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining in a hunting party. Presently a horseman from the palace, in the confidential employment of the grand vizier, galloped up to him. "My master bids me to tell you," he said, "that his highness has broken open your medicine chest and taken, first, all the white powders and then all the blue." "Gracious goodness," cried the doctor, "there are twenty-three of each of them." "My master adds," continued the messenger, dropping his voice, "that you had better make for the frontier without one moment's delay." The doctor put spurs to his horse and never drew rein till he was "out of the jurisdiction of the court."

Helping of a Human Soul.

Thank God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that, too, he can never trace the consequences. Thank God for that in which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, did ten years ago ro mase your brother's faith a little more strong. To establish the purity of a soul instead of staining it and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live, that, too, runs forth. Do not say in your terror, "I will do nothing." You must do something. Only let Christ tell you—let Christ tell you that there is nothing that a man rests upon in the moment, that he thinks of, as he looks back upon it when it has sunk into the past, with any satisfaction, except some service to his fellow-man, some strengthening and helping of a human soul.

MISCELLANEOUS READING

GRAVE AND OTHERWISE.

Leisure Moments Can Be Profitably Employed In Carefully Reading These Interesting Selections.

COME, PETE!

PETE SMITH was, or had been, a miner, but at the time at which this story opens had been for some years resident at one of the villages on the Texan frontier, in order, presumably, to enjoy the advantages of civilization, but possibly because he found from sad experience that those who were going to the mines had more money than those who came back and that there was a good deal more profit in selling mining outfits to intending explorers than in mining on his own account. Anyway, he was recognized as the leading authority on mines and mining in the town and his advice and assistance were much sought after by the many would-be millionaires, who hoped, with Pete's help, to accumulate a fortune with pan and shovel.

He was a queer, silent man; tall and lean, with dark, questioning eyes that produced a most uncomfortable, creepy feeling when you looked into them; a face that the modern descriptive writer would term a "strong" one, though his companions respected him more for the strength of his muscles than of his features; for that attribute had been made unpleasantly apparent to not a few of them. His evenings were invariably spent in the saloon down at the corner, where he was noted for one peculiarity. Every night when the clock struck nine Pete would rise from his seat, knock the ashes out of his pipe and with a muttered "good night" leave the room. It mattered not who was there or what was going on, every night at the same hour he strode out and none cared to ask him the reason why; for his story was well known to most of them and was sure to be the first of the traditions of the place that newcomers would be regaled with.

Years ago, the old-timers would tell you, when Pete came to the settlement he brought his young wife with him, a fair, slight girl, with light brown hair and great gray eyes that had taken Pete's heart captive a few months before. Not a well assorted couple, you say? Yes, they were; for she loved Pete and he fairly worshipped the ground she trod on; they were always together and never seemed as happy anywhere as in each other's company. In the evenings Pete would often light his pipe and stroll down to the tavern and join in the song and story with a cheerfulness that betokened the absence of all care, and every evening when he did so the little woman he loved, when her evening's work was done, would throw a shawl over her shoulders and follow him; punctually at nine she would put her head in at the saloon door and call, "Come, Pete," and her husband never failed to rise and follow her.

This went on for a couple of years or so, till one day it was whispered around the village that "Pete's woman" was sick, for the blinds in the store were pulled down and kindhearted women silently shook their heads as they passed each other on the narrow path leading to Pete's house. Indoors Pete sat by his wife's side holding both her hands in his and barely comprehending what the doctor meant when he hinted something about sending for a clergyman; then they called him aside and told him plainly that she was dying. There was no outcry and no paroxysm of grief—his eyes were dry, and yet twenty years of life seemed to have passed over him as with bowed head and faltering step he went back to his place beside the unconscious form of his darling. Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw him; raising herself with a tremendous effort she drew him towards her with her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Come, Pete!"

There was a general belief in the village that Pete's wife still came for him night after night as she had done in her lifetime. Some few there were who ridiculed the notion, but their incredulity was more than counterbalanced by the testimony of others who averred that they had seen the latch of the door move before Pete touched it, and one went so far as to say that he had seen the door open of itself to permit him to pass out. Be that as it may, no one ever offered to walk home with him, nor would any one of them dare to go to his house after his return home at night. No one dared to arouse his anger by asking him about it, and he never in any way referred to the matter or gave the curious any inkling as to whether he went home alone or not. His heart knew its own bitterness, and if that angelic presence put her hand in his and nightly led him homeward along the familiar path, it was equally plain that a stranger should not intermeddle with his joy.

Years went on, and the tavern frequenters got used to Pete's ways and ceased to talk about his old, abrupt leave taking. In fact, they scarcely noticed it, so well understood was it that every night at 9 o'clock Pete would glance at the door, and ere the clock finished striking get up and go out. One day, however, the regular routine of their lives was interrupted. That afternoon Pete had been out with a party of prospectors who were looking for a location. They were walking along the base of a precipitous mountain in ignorance of the fact that some miners were preparing to set a charge near the summit, each party being hidden from the other by intervening brush. A boulder loosened by the explosion came tearing down the steep side of the mountain, and gathering speed as it came crashed through the light underbrush and struck Pete fairly in the side, knocking him senseless. Tenderly they picked him up and carried him to the tavern, where the doctor hastily summoned confirmed the worst fears of those who were not unused to such accidents, "serious internal injuries; cannot live." They made him as comfortable as they could and waited in silence for some sign of returning consciousness. As the clock struck eight he opened his eyes and seemed to be counting the strokes, and painfully shook his head when they asked him if they could get him anything. An hour passed amid silence broken only by the howling of the wind that rattled the window sashes and drove the dust in blinding clouds along the deserted road. With the first stroke of nine he opened his eyes once more, raised his arm as if to embrace someone, and almost shouted, "I'm co——!"

A terrific gust of wind that made the building shake and quiver drowned his voice. It burst open the frail latch of the door and extinguished the solitary oil lamp that had flickered and spluttered in the draft; and when the terrified watchers closed the door and re-lighted the lamp, they saw by the calm smile on his face that all was over.

Pete had come.

A NAUTICAL KNOT.

How It Differs From a Nautical Mile—Origin of the Word.

A nautical knot is frequently confounded with a nautical mile. The length of a nautical knot is 50 feet 8 inches, no more nor less; that of a nautical mile sometimes as long as 6,107 feet 10 inches, and at other times as short as 6,046 feet; for a nautical mile has to conform to a line measuring one minute of arc of the earth's surface at sea level, and as the earth is not a perfect sphere the radii differ so must the arc. But the length of a standard nautical mile, according to the United States coast and geodetic survey is 6,080 feet 3½ inches, that being the length of one minute of arc of a great circle of a true sphere whose surface area is equal to that of the earth.

In the earlier days of navigation the method of determining the distance a vessel sailed at sea was by what was called "heaving the log." A three-cornered board with a lead attached so as to float on its edge that it might not drag through the water was attached to a long line and about 100 feet from the log or three-cornered board a knot was made in the line, and when the log was thrown into the water as the vessel sailed away from it, the line was drawn out of the vessel by the log, which remained stationary in the water. As soon as the knot passed out over the rail or stern of the vessel a half-minute sandglass was turned to denote the time, and the sand carefully watched until the last grain dropped into the lower bulb, and the logline was then instantly stopped at the rail, the distance was measured on the line as it was hauled in from where it was stopped at the rail to the knot before mentioned, and as a half-minute glass denoted the 120th part of an hour, so the distance on the logline was the 120th part of the distance the vessel would sail in an hour. To make the computation more easy knots were placed on the logline every 120th part of a mile of 6,080 feet, which placed the knots 50 feet 8 inches apart, and the number of those knots which the vessel sailed in half a minute were, therefore, equal to the number of miles that the vessel would sail in an hour if she continued at the same rate. The knot received its name from a simple knot tied in the logline, and is not equal to a nautical mile, but is the 120th part of it.

On the Overland Trail.

"Did ye see that?"

A stage coach which has been pushing along the Overland Trail in Western Kansas is suddenly pulled up by the driver, who rises in his seat, points to the broken ground on the right and ahead, and turns to the two outside passengers to repeat:

"Did ye see that? Thar's Injuns ambushed in the dry ravine ahead!"

Two passengers on top—five inside—seven in all, but two of them are women—wives of army officers. Five men with guns and pistols. The driver won't count unless a bullet brings down one of the horses.

"Ready inside thar?" he asks. "Tell them wimen-folks to crouch down on the floor and keep quiet. Throw open them doors and fasten 'em back. One of you better cum up yere. Now, then, thar' may be ten or fifteen, or thar' may be fifty or sixty of the varmints. They have got their ponies in course. They'll make the rush jest whar' the road bends to'rds the river. They'll come whoopin' and yellin' like lunatics broke loose, but don't let the noise rattle ye. I'm goin' to put my horses on the dead run and keep 'em going' at that, and I expect the rest of ye to do the shootin'. Everybody ready? Then here we goes!"

Two women crouching on the floor of the coach praying to God—five pale-faced men with teeth hard-set gripping their rifles and determined to make a good fight of it. With a shake of the lines the driver breaks the four horses into a run, and then braces his feet and looks straight ahead. The spirited animals will be terror-stricken at the first yell, and run away. He must keep the coach in the road or a wipe-out is certain.

Yes, the Indians are there—half a hundred of them. They have been in ambush for an hour. This is the first stage to the west for three days; it will be the last for a fortnight. It is another Indian outbreak and Custer's men will ride over the Smoky Hill section to find mutilated corpses at every relay-house for a hundred miles.

The bend in the road is reached, of a sudden fifty ponies rush out of the dry ravines, which spread out there like the fingers of a human hand, and fifty Indian warriors whoop, shriek and yell at the top of their voices. They fire their rifles and discharge their arrows as they charge, but it is a wild fusilade.

"Steady, now!" calls the driver, but keeping his eyes on his flying horses. "My little trick has knocked 'em out. They'll hev' to swing in behind us, and you fellers want to take it cool and not waste yer lead. Gee whew, but ain't them horses cuttin' out the pace?"

The Indians fire at the men on the roof—they urge their ponies to overtake the swaying, bounding, flying coach—they yell like devils let loose. Crack! crack! crack! go their rifles. A pony falls—a warrior throws up his hands and tumbles to the earth—the driver gets a firmer grip on the lines and mutters: "Splendid! splendid!"

The warriors are gaining. With a sudden rush the mob parted to take the stage right and left and to get at the horses. Then from the open door rifles and revolvers cracked—from the wounded crouched on the floor with faces buried in their hands came shrieks and wails of despair.

"It's a straight run now, and the Lord help us!" whispered the driver, as he shifted all the lines to his left hand and drew his revolver and opened fire. "Take that, yo painted devil! Down yo go, ye spotted cayuse! That's yer last arrer! Revolvers is the thing, boys—down with yer rifles and use them barkers!"

"Oh, God! have pity on us!" prayed the women between their sobs, but the white-faced men firing through the open doors over their heads heard them not. Thud! splash! whizz! came bullet and arrow. There was the jingle of breaking glass—splinters flew about—drops of blood fell upon the up-turned faces and burned like fire. All at once pandemonium ceased and silence reigned. The Indians had abandoned the attack. On that three-mile stretch lay a dozen dead and wounded bucks—more than that number of dead and wounded ponies.

"Whoa! my beauties!" called the driver, as he laid aside his pistol and separated the lines. "This ere fout is over, and ye needn't throw any more shoes off. Easy now—whoa! How is it with you fellers back thar?"

As the frightened horses began to slacken their pace he cast a swift glance over his shoulder. The three men were lying down on the roof. Half a mile further on he brought the horses to a halt and called to those inside. A man with blood on his face and hands stepped out and asked:

"Are they gone?"

"Yes—licked 'em in a fa'r fout. Anybody hurt down thar?"

"Women all right—men all wounded. How is it up there?"

"Whoa, horses! Lemme see. This feller's dead—that one's dead—t'other one only hard hit, I guess. That'll do, though. Git in and chirk up the women. We've passed the danger p'int, and it's only two miles to No. 4. Somebody must hav bin prayin' to God to pull us through, and He's dun it in purty good shape, too."

Why He Wears a Bracelet.

An uncle of mine found a horseshoe on his twenty-first birthday while going to apply for a mate's appointment on board a ship. He obtained the birth, and ascribing his success to the horseshoe, had the metal hammered into a rough bracelet round his left wrist.

Six months later, while leaning over the taffrail, a block fell from aloft on to the bracelet, which probably saved him from a broken arm. Two years later a mad dog flew at him, only to break his teeth on the bracelet. Subsequently, in a mutiny aboard ship it saved his hand from severance by the blow of a cutlass.

Some time ago he decided to have it mounted with silver and hinges, and had it filed off for that purpose. Upon leaving the shop where he had left it he was run over by a cab and had his left arm broken. He is now in California, and I had a letter some months ago saying that his charm had again done him good service.

Women as Drivers.

When one woman invites another woman to go driving with her the safest course is to refuse the invitation. While a firm believer in the higher destiny of my sex, experience has compelled me to doubt a woman's fitness to hold the reins. Generally speaking, a woman is neither a good nor a safe driver. To be sure, the fame of an occasional woman stage-driver has penetrated beyond the bounds of the wild and woolly West, just as there are women who have gone to the wars disguised as men or as once in a while one becomes a master machinist or a steamboat captain. Of course, women will resent the charge that they do not know how to drive, but the proprietor of more than one livery stable in this city is well convinced of their inability to hold the lines. "Whenever a lady wants to hire a rig from me," said a well-known livery-stable man, "I always am very sorry that my last rig has just been taken out. Why, I wouldn't let a woman have a team from my stable for any money. Women are careless, apt to wreck the rig, lose the robes; and it gives the place a bad name to have the horses running away and going to smash. No; there's more money in refusing them than in renting to them. Sorry to be disobliging to the ladies—but——" and a shrug completed his sentence and set the seal on his opinion. There is a rule which holds on all stage routes. One woman may ride on the front seat with the driver; two women may not. The reason may be that they take up too much room with their voluminous skirts and hand-satchels and parasols. Or it may be that it is safer in case of an accident to have the third person on the front seat a man, to hold the woman, while the driver holds the horse. It is almost safe to count on a woman's screaming, trying to jump, or to clutch the reins. Many a woman has lost her life simply and solely because she lost her head first. It is not so long ago that a crowded stage was descending one of our mountain roads. The hillside rose steep on one hand, and on the other dropped abruptly into the bed of the creek below. On the steepest part of the down grade the horses took fright, but the driver had them well in hand and called to the passengers to keep their seats. The lady who sat at his left suddenly seized the reins nearest her and pulled with all her might. The horses swerved, the stage was overturned, the officious lady had her face cut, her front teeth knocked out, and her back hair knocked off, and, covered with mud, confusion and bruises, she said, "I thought the driver called to me to help him, and so I tried to pull in the horses." This was a very lame excuse. She limped for weeks herself. It is one thing to drive a safe old plug in a basket phaeton, along a wide suburban road, with plenty of safe "turn-out" places, and quite another to drive a hired horse in the crowded streets of a bustling city or along the macadam of Golden Gate Park. It is not to be denied that the public never hear of one-half the accidents that take place at the park, and that more are not of frequent occurrence in the space around the band stand is due more to the intervention of Providence than to the good driving of women who push themselves into the throng of vehicles. Were the danger only that of a runaway horse, it might be shorn of serious results, for a strong, firm hand may control and guide a runaway horse as to keep the rig right side up on the road. But few women have enough strength in their wrists to be able to hold in a horse, and the very way they drive, sawing on the bits, clucking and chirruping, and flapping the reins on the horse's back, is enough to make any self-respecting animal take the bit in his teeth and run away. Women take risks that veteran drivers would pass by with averted eyes. For instance, last week two ladies went out driving in the park. They attempted the ascent of Strawberry Hill despite the fact that a little steam engine was toot-too-tooing on the road and a train of dirt cars pulling out. "I'm afraid Temple's going to shy," said the driver. "I think we're off the grade as it is," said the other. With that the driver stepped nimbly to the ground, handing the reins to her companion. Her idea was to take the horse by the bridle. It was too late; the whole team was plunging down the steep grade on the side of the road, the horse describing a semi-circle as he dragged the buggy around in his mad endeavor to escape from the steam engine. Over turned the buggy, out shot the only occupant of the vehicle, and flying upward and then downward through space, landed on her head, face foremost. The force was terrific, and that her neck was not broken is a mystery. Woman fashion, the other stood on the bank, yelling and screaming at the top of her voice, "Look out, look out for the buggy!" It was surprising how fast the one who had been dashed to the earth managed to roll out of the way of the descending wreck—for having been thrown, she had got there first, so to speak. Her first act was to feel her nose, to see if that member was broken. As the two women footed it to the cars from Strawberry Hill, leaving the horse and the wreck in the care of the workmen, the driver said, "Well, I didn't think Temple would do that, although, to be sure, he did spill me out by the almshouse last week." No, women haven't much horse sense.

The Lost Tribes.

People have bothered their heads a great deal about the ten lost tribes of Israel. Many a headache these ten lost tribes have caused—many a bitter discussion, and they are responsible for far too many sermons, lectures, pamphlets, essays and jokes. But we don't have to go to the Holy Land in order to seek a lost tribe; we can find quite as great a mystery right here in Ontario. We have lost tribes in this country whose disappearance is as mysterious as the falling out of the ten sons of Jacob.

Where are the saw mill people?

Within a radius of two miles of where I write there used to be five saw mills; their ruins are still to be seen. Around each mill clustered a little village, inhabited by the saw mill employes. The boss foreman, the head and tail sawyer, the edger, the lumber pilers, the fireman, the truck drivers and the teamsters, with their families, dwelt there. From my window I can see a big level field now, green with fall wheat, which was once a site of a big saw mill and its village. A whole village, with its big man and its little man, its good man and its bad man, its generous man and its mean man, its honest man and its thief, its philosopher and its fool, its joys and sorrows, excitements and grievances, its scandals, its births, deaths and marriages—in short, a complete community. Where did they come from? I don't know. Whither have they gone? I cannot tell. The rude shanties they lived in, the piles of lumber, the mounds of sawdust, the heaps of slabs, the acres of sawlogs, the great mill itself, all are gone, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a rack behind. For years the mournful half-savage complaining, splintering roars of the saws was ceaseless. There was the day shift and the night shift, and six times every twenty-four hours the hoarse, wild-voiced whistle sent its fierce war cry echoing through the trembling but passive pines that stood resignedly awaiting their fate. Now the Iroquois-voiced whistle is at the bottom of the pond, long ago filled up, and one of the saws hangs in our back yard, a dissonant gong, with which the women folks call us home to dinner by beating on it with the kitchen poker.

The saw mill people were a peculiar people. They never tilled the ground; they rarely had a garden, however small. They drew their living from the ramshackle cross-roads store by way of the saw mill. They were chiefly paid in store goods. They got their factory cotton and flannel, their tea, sugar, raisins and soap, their Labrador herring, codfish and salt pork, their penitentiary-made boots and their cloth caps, straw hats, mitts and socks there, and were content. They consumed vast quantities of black strap tobacco and molasses, and when the big circular saw cut one of their number in two they were wont to be kind to the widow and orphans.

They are a lost tribe.

Where are the children, their hair and clothes stiff with pitch, who used to teeter across the saw logs and play hide-and-seek among the lumber piles? Where are the women, ever with babies in their arms, who used to lean over the slab fences and stare at the passer-by? Where are the men muscular, taciturn, who built the pyramids of pine?

They are a lost tribe.

Even the taste and fresh flavor of new lumber is gone. One used to taste it in his tea, in his soup; it flavored his pancakes, perfumed his Sunday suit. You could detect the taste of it on the lips of the head sawyer's daughter when you kissed her good night beside the chain-way. They were a community in themselves, with their monotonies and their terrors. I remember one hot August day. The air was pulsing with the heat, the saws were drawing and snarling, the open-mouthed oxen, their tongues lolling out, were merely crawling with their loads, the women were nursing and gossipping in the shadow of the cool, sweet lumber. Suddenly, from a group of children, a long, wailing cry. A great saw log has rolled over a little child. The whistle shrieks, the machinery stops with a grunt, the red-shirted men come tearing out with loud cries, the women run, leaping over the logs like antelopes—the women first—always first. Dead! the dark blood oozing from its mouth, nose and ears—quite dead. I yet can hear that awful cry of maternal woe, yet can see the big chain boss pick up and hide the crushed head in his hairy bosom.

And that was over in that smooth, level field of fall wheat. Looks as if it would be a good crop, if it don't winter kill, but I'm thinking it'll drown out in the northeast corner—a little too low for wheat.

The Girl of To-day.

Every few days some apology for manhood with more brass than brains jumps up with an essay on girls. This abominable class of literature always begins with a sneer and ends with a kick. A distinct flavor of sourness permeates it. The genuine girl is absolutely unessayable. Nobody understands her; she does not understand herself. She is a delightful bundle of contradictions. As wise as a serpent, she is as innocent as any sucking dove. She is modest as a violet and sweet as a barrel of molasses. She is as rosy as a winter apple and as plump as an Indian summer partridge. She knows something about the piano and lots about making biscuit. She is tender with her sweetheart and sets the dog on the other fellow. She is an armful of delights, and blessed is the youth she takes into partnership in wearing out the sofa. She is a daisy and a dumpling, and in all God's created creation there is nothing worthy to be named in the same breath with her. Them's our sentiments, and the man who differs from us has treason in his soul and bile on his liver.

Onions Good for the Complexion.

If the ugly girls will eat onions they won't be ugly. Ugliness is another term for sickness. Well people feel good and look good. Health is beautiful, and onions are health-giving.

The onion contains sulphur, albumen, sugar, starch, phosphoric acid, lime and ascetic acid. It is a stimulant, whether used as a medicine or a food; it is a valuable expectorant, having the power to remove inflammation from the lungs; it is a diuretic, promoting the action of the kidneys, and it is rubefacient.

Taken at intervals, raw or cooked, the vegetable increases the appetite of the invalid or convalescent, aids digestion, brightens the complexion, and besides, nourishing the body dislodges so many impurities by stimulating the secretions that it has been called the "scavenger of the stomach." Onion juice prepared with honey is frequently given to children for croup and catarrh; onion poultice is a familiar cure for sore throat and baked onion split and applied to tumors is one of the best of emollients.

Boiling removes the essential oil from the vegetable. The value of fried and raw onions as a food and medicine is well known to soldiers.

Onions are good any time and in any style, but they are best in the morning. If the girl with an appetite like a stoker's and a complexion like an earthen jar will breakfast on raw green onions or fried Bermudas and brown bread, she would have no need for pills or purgative medicines. Boiled onions with cream gravy, or baked onions with butter sauce is a lunch course for beauty. Potato salad, edible with garlic or some other member of the sleek family, is worth a weekly trial for the complexion, and there is good digestion and hostility to cholera in a dish of vinegar and sliced onions. There is a great deal of oil in the vegetable which may not be beneficial to every person, but boiling removes it, and it may be best to vary the manner of serving. The best results will be obtained by treating the complexion with an onion cure three or four times a week.

Young Philosophers.

First little girl—My mamma brought home a teaspoon with "World's Fair" on it. Second little girl—Hugh! My mamma brought home a tablespoon with "Palmer House" on it.

Toddles—Papa, which are the bestest, ladies or mens? Papa—Ladies, my dear. Toddles—Then don't you fink you an' mamma ought to be patienter wif us boys, 'cause we got a wrong start—don't you see?

"My baby brother knows more than yours does, asserted Mollie. "Betcher he don't," retorted Jennie. "My little brother can talk so plain you can understand what he says." "Huh!" jeered Mollie. "My brother can talk so the smartest man can't understand him; but he knows what he means."

Visitor—Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar. Tommy—Yes, sir. Visitor—If I give you the sentence, "The pupil loves his teacher," what is that? Tommy—Sarcasm.

Emma was taught by her mother to go through her regular prayers—and to add any special petitions suggested by her needs at the time. On one occasion she was ill and suffering some pain and considerable inconvenience from nausea, and her simple prayer at the end of the regular vesper offering was, "Oh, Lord, bless poor little Em and make her well, for who wants to be frowing up all the time?"

Teacher—Robert, here is an example in substraction. Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in? Robert—Yes'm; seven.

A small boy from the slums had been brought into the mission school and for a couple of Sundays he had been instructed in the rudiments. On the third Sunday he brought with him his brother William. To test his memory the teacher began to go over his previous lessons. "Who made you?" she asked. "God," he replied promptly. "And what else did God make?" The youngster studied a moment and looked around hopelessly till he noticed his brother; then his face brightened. "He made Bill, too, I guess," he answered, and William said, "you bet."

"Georgie," said his mother, "I will not whip you this time if after this you promise to be a good little boy like Willie Jones." "Mamma," said Georgie, earnestly, "you may whip me, please."

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