grow from the bone, but is a mere excrescence of the skin, like the hair and nails. It can be separated from the skin by the use of a sharp knife.

The chameleon's eyes are situated in bony sockets projecting from the head. By this contrivance the animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

The habit of turning around three or four times before lying down has survived in the domestic dog from his savage ancestry. It then served to break down the grass and make a bed.

Animals that live in cold countries have a warm matting of wool, or fine fur, underneath their hairy coats, so that they are almost perfectly protected from the cold. This wool usually falls out in summer.


Many persons to whom Cod Liver Oil would be of the very greatest value refuse to take it under the impression that the taste is so objectionable as to counteract any benefit it might otherwise be to them. To such we desire to prove that this is a decided error, as in our preparation "Maltine with Cod Liver Oil," not only is the objectionable taste entirely removed, but the preparation is really palatable—relished alike by old and young. It is the ideal 'builder,' and will restore health and color where the system is "run down." To any one desiring to make trial of the preparation we will send Sample *free*. Address Postal Card to The Maltine Manufacturing Company, Wellington St. East, Toronto.

JAP-A-NESE

UNIQUE. A cute little box of real Japanese Tooth Powder (imported) will be sent by mail free on receipt of 15 cents, stamps or silver. Makes teeth like pearls. Crown Med. Co., 43 Howard street, Toronto.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

OAKVILLE, ONT

For the treatment and cure of ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE HABIT, TOBACCO HABIT AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

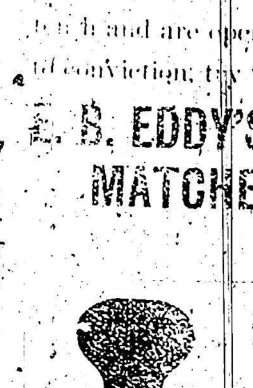
The system employed at this institution is the famous Double Chloride of Gold System. Through its agency over 500 Slaves to the use of those poisons have been emancipated in the last four years. Lakehurst Sanitarium is the oldest institution of its kind in Canada and has a well-earned reputation to maintain in this line of medicine. In its whole history there is not an instance of any after ill-effects from the treatment. Hundreds of happy homes in all parts of the Dominion bear eloquent witness to the efficacy of a course of treatment with us. For terms and full information write

THE SECRETARY,
28 Bank of Commerce Chambers,
Toronto, Ont.

ELECTRIC MOTORS from one-half Horse Power up to Eleven Horse Power. Write prices, stating power required, voltage of ... to be used and whether supplied by street line or otherwise.
TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY.

ONE OUT OF every ten asks for and gets E. B. Eddy's Matches. Experience tells them this. If you are the tenth and are open to conviction, try

E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.



AUTOMATIC NUMBERING MACHINE
... Figures Per ... Printing and Accur... For prices address TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg

THE Very Best

Shorthand and Typewriting, or to get a Business Education, is at The Northern Business College. Circulars free. C. A. FLEMING, Prin'l, Owen Sound, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED immediately in every unrepresented part of Canada ... Permanent and Profitable. ... elderly men and women preferred. ... stamp for particulars. Address VITE ... Co., Toronto.


# A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

Published by permission of the owners of the Copyright.

(CONTINUED.)

Lenore bent over the picture and murmured, half to herself, "I have seen it, or dreamed of it, long ago," then she looked up quickly, "it is my"—she broke off abruptly, and flushed painfully.

"It is your mother's husband—your father. You have seen him, Miss Armyn; but you were a very young child."

Lenore bent over the picture again. Her father, the father she had never heard of, of whom she knew nothing; she had recognized her mother's face; her mother's handwriting, and it never once occurred to her now to doubt the sincerity of the man before her. Soon she looked up with a flash of her olden imperiousness.

"Do you know my father?" she asked. "Can you tell me about him?"

The detective glanced at the woman sitting on the other side of the fire. Lenore interpreted the glance.

"Is your story anything that others ought not to hear?" she asked. "Is it anything," shuddering, "that must be kept a secret?"

"I think that all your friends should know what I am about to tell you," he replied, gravely.

"Then speak," said Lenore, with a breath of relief. "This good lady is a friend indeed."

"I am aware of that," replied he, bowing toward the silent old lady. "Then I shall begin at once, only prefacing my story by saying, that I shall make it as brief as possible. And," with a slight smile, "if I am not banished from your presence, I can enlarge upon it later."

At this moment there came a quick step along the hall, and then the door opened, and Gentleman Jeff appeared upon the threshold. His face became very dark, as his eyes fell upon the intruder, but Francis Ferrars arose to his feet with perfect composure, and said:

"Come in Jeff. And pray pardon the trick I have played you. Miss Armyn, is not this friend also entitled to your confidence?"

"He is, indeed!" said Lenore, warmly. "Come in, please, and hear what this gentleman is about to say."

Thus adjured, and much wondering, Gentleman Jeff closed the door and came toward the group.

"I can't understand this," he said. "Have you been shamming 'down stairs,' sir?" to Ferrars.

"I have been shamming," replied Ferrars, quietly. "Listen, my friend, and you will know why."

The gambler seated himself, with the puzzled look still on his face, and without pausing for further explanation, the detective spoke as follows:

"More than twenty years ago, the only son of a proud and arrogant English nobleman fell deeply in love with a young woman, who was the daughter of an Italian lady of high family, who had made a misalliance, marrying a handsome young Frenchman; a son of the people. The marriage had been a happy one, but the parents had died within the same week, of some malignant fever, leaving this daughter with a small but sufficient fortune, and otherwise at the mercy of the world. As I have before stated, she was loved by an Englishman of noble blood, and shortly after the death of her parents they were privately married; they lived in seclusion for more than a year, and were very happy; happier than ever when their child, a girl, was born. But presently there came a change. The father of the young husband knew nothing of this marriage; he believed his son to be travelling for pleasure, and had himself chosen a wife to bestow upon him when he should return. But one day there came an anonymous letter, telling him of his son's marriage, revealing the secluded home of the young pair, and bidding the father to go and see for himself. Now the young husband had trusted one person with the secret of his marriage, had even permitted this trusted one to visit his home and know his beautiful wife. This man betrayed his trust; step by step he wormed his way into the confidence of his young wife, and when one day the husband went from home, for a two days' absence, his plot was ripe for development. On that very day the father, blinded, mad with pride, anger and disappointment, came to the home where the young wife was alone. A terrible scene ensued, and it ended in the father's declaring that he would give his son his choice between her and him; if he returned to her, then she might claim him, and keep him; if he did not come back, she must abide by the consequences, the law should free his son. Well, he did not come back; through the treachery and deceit of the friend he had trusted, he was kept away, and then the schemer came with a false tale to the distracted wife; her husband had abandoned her, and returned to his father, this and much more she was made to believe, and then her mother's fierce Italian blood asserted itself; she would take her child and go away; above all she would live. The fiery old nobleman had made one mistake, the Church would not annul the marriage, neither would the State. She knew this, and she knew, too, that her infant daughter was heiress, after her father, to one of the oldest names and finest estates in England. Still trusting the false friend who had wrought all her misery, she left her home, and her friends lost all trace of her. A little more than a week after his departure from his happy home, the young husband who had been decoyed away by a false report of his father's illness, returned; he found his home desolate, his wife and child gone. Then he returned to his father, accusing him as the author of all this misery, and the father believing his visit to have been the sole cause of the flight of his son's wife, did not deny the charge; there were many angry words, and they separated without fully understanding the cause of the trouble. All that the wily false friend had done, the son believed the father guilty of. The bereaved and forsaken husband left his father's house never to return. He became reckless, and still the destroyer was on his track, urging him on, keeping him alienated from his father, who now longed for a reconciliation. After ten years he died, and the proud father was left childless. Then this old man married, married a young wife, who died within the year, and then—he was forced to see that his grand name and his ancestral halls must come into the hands of a distant relative, a man who came of a wicked and debased, as well as a very distant branch of the family, and who was hated by the old nobleman for many reasons. He had never dreamed of this man as a possible heir—but the man himself had schemed for years to this end. He was the same man who had played the Judas to the old man's son; the man who had made the mother a wanderer, the child homeless and nameless, driven the father to an untimely grave, and rendered the proud old man childless and desolate. When this man presented himself and his pretensions, the old lord swore that he should never inherit his acres. Then he sent for me, and for years I have searched over Europe to find his son's wife and child. Miss Armyn, this proud old nobleman was your father's father; that wronged wife was your mother; the villain who wrought this evil was Jason Bradwardine; and the long-sought heiress, is yourself."

The three listeners sat with faces turned toward him, silent and astonished, and the detective continued.

"Jason Bradwardine saw but one straw in the way of happiness. You know what that was, Miss Armyn?"

Lenore started as if from a dream.

"Yes," she said slowly. "It was my life, and I had been warned against him." Then suddenly; "sir, who are you? I thought when you came that you were a detective."

"I am a detective, my lady. I am Francis Ferrars, of Scotland Yard."

Lenore's face became suddenly grave. "You have come on a fruitless mission," she said, gloomily. "I must live and die an outcast like my poor mother."

"You are wrong, Lady Lenore; you have strong allies. I know to what you allude, and I know that a week ago you fled from your best friend. The man who rescued you from Jason Bradwardine does not believe you guilty of any crime. He would have done for you what Gentleman Jeff has done; provided you with a safe shelter until the storm is past and the true criminal brought to light. Neil Bathurst, the detective, is your friend and not your enemy."

Lenore turned her eyes upon him and asked, almost breathlessly:

"Is that the truth? Do you believe in him?"

"Believe in him? Lady Lenore, he has held at arm's length that eager mother and keen lawyer, at the risk of all that a detective holds dear. He, aided by a friend, a grand fellow like himself, is at this moment busy ferreting out suspected parties in order to fasten the guilt where it properly belongs. Twice you have evaded him, and because of this, another man would pronounce you guilty. But two hours after your escape from his carriage, half a block from this place, Neil Bathurst said to me, 'In spite of this seeming guilt, I believe her innocent, and she shall not be arrested while it is in my power to prevent it.'"

Lenore arose and stood before him. "Do you believe me innocent?" she asked.

"I do," solemnly.

"And—will others ever believe it?"

"I have crossed the ocean to find and save you," he replied; "and you have two strong champions in Neil Bathurst and Robert Jocelyn. Gentleman Jeff knows their reputations. Ask his opinion of your chances."

"I know their reputations, and I know yours," said the gambler. "Miss Armyn, you are safer than if protected by a standing army."

CHAPTER XLIII.—A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

Aura Durand returned from the shopping expedition feeling, for some reason, in low spirits. During dinner she seemed preoccupied, and soon after she excused herself, saying that shopping always wearied her, and retired to her room.

If she sought solitude, she was doomed to disappointment, for scarcely ten minutes after she had left the drawing room, Mrs. Richards, too, arose and walked leisurely up the stairs, stopping leisurely at Aura's door. She came to consult the young lady upon some unimportant household matter, but she remained long after that matter was disposed of, chatting pleasantly, and seeming not to observe that Miss Durand was yawning, and her eyes growing heavy with sleep.

Suddenly she looked narrowly at the girl, and then exclaimed with marked solicitude:

"My dear child, how heavy and dull your eyes look! Does your head ache?"

And Aura, with seeming reluctance, confessed that it did; and remarked that she would ring for Laura, if Mrs. Richards would excuse her and retire. Instantly Mrs. Richards was at the bell.

"How thoughtless I have been," she said self-reproachfully, "to keep you up like this. Laura will put you to bed, and I shall bathe that poor head for you. Now don't object, it will be a pleasure to me, and I know I can relieve the pains. I am a strong magnetizer."

It was quite useless to object; Laura was summoned and the disrobing process commenced. While Laura was brushing out her mistress' blonde hair, Mrs. Richards moved softly about, from the dressing room to the bedside, and back again. On a tiny stand near the dainty bed stood a little ewer and a glass. As Mrs. Richards, in one of her silent marches to and fro, passed this stand, her hand hovered for an instant over the drinking glass, and when she turned away three tiny crystal drops were in the bottom of that glass.

At last Miss Durand was duly ensconced in the snowy bed.

"Now," said Mrs. Richards, "prepare to go to sleep. Do you feel in the least sleepy?"

And Aura said that she did, thinking the while, with an inward laugh, of Nina Annin and her all night vigil.

"You must have your water, I see," said Mrs. Richards, touching the ewer. "Take a sip then, and go to sleep."

She poured out the water, and Aura drank it obediently, and then closed her eyes as commanded.

To and fro, to and fro, moved the deft hands of Mrs. Richards, and presently Aura's breathing became slow and regular, her clasped hands relaxed themselves and fell apart; she was sleeping. Mrs. Richards satisfied herself on this point, and then she turned away with a triumphant smile upon her lips.

"Go to bed, Laura," she said to the little maid. "Poor child, you look tired, too; I will close Miss Aura's rooms; go to bed."

Laura obeyed quite willingly, and soon Mrs. Richards withdrew, leaving Aura Durand locked in a sleep from which she would not waken for hours. How fair she is as she lies there under the soft glare of the wax lights; Aura never sleeps without lights, near her, and tonight Mrs. Richards has left a few wax tapers ablaze, not only in the bed-chamber, but in the dressing-room and boudoir beyond. Moveless and still lies the fair sleeper.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, the little bronze clock in the dressing-room tells off the seconds, the minutes, almost an hour. Then the door of the boudoir opens as if by the hand of a spirit. Slowly, slowly, it swings inward, and then a figure glides in, the figure of a man, a man clad in a long, loose, gray garment, and with his face and head entirely hidden by a velvet mask, and close-fitting velvet skull-cap. He closes the door through which he came, and bolts it without making a sound; then he takes up one of the wax tapers, and, holding it in his hand passes through the dressing-room and approaches the bedside. He holds the taper aloft then, and bends down, gazing steadfastly at the sleeper. Then he starts back as if astonished; but a moment later he bends still nearer, holding the taper so close that the blonde hair upon the pillow seems almost endangered. At last he seems satisfied with his scrutiny, and then goes back to the boudoir, replaces the taper, and draws from a pocket of the loose gray garment a tiny lantern of the "bull's eye" order; this he lights, and the beams that shoot out are strong and bright. Now he is ready for work. He moves without apparent effort, but as noiselessly as a shadow. He must be the very prince of burglars, this masked man.

First, he goes straight to the bedside again, he puts down the bull's eye, and begins a search about the bed. He puts his arm under the pillow on which rests the head of the sleeper, and lifts it from the bed. Then, with the other hand, he explores. Several articles he takes from underneath the pillow, and then he replaces it and the sleeper's head very gently, and turns to the stand whereon he placed the things just removed from their hiding place.

He draws a chair toward him; this nonchalant burglar, places it before the stand, turns the light of the bull's-eye full upon himself, and sits calmly down to examine his booty, there by the very bedside. First, there is a case of jewels, diamonds, superb ones; great blue gleaming sapphires; emeralds, of course Aura Durand would have emeralds; and a necklet of wonderful great pearls, with a shimmering pinky radiance. They are worthy the jewel case of a crown princess, these gems, and the man seems to admire them, as he holds them up to catch the light, one after another. The settings, too, are splendid, and, most of them, seem quite new. He gazes at them after having replaced them in their satin beds, and seems to ponder. Then he closes the case, places it upon the stand once more, and takes up the next article.

It is a smaller case; opening it he beholds a beautiful diamond-studded watch with its golden glittering chain. On the case of the watch is engraved these words: "Aura, from her Father;" the burglar merely glanced at this, and then closes the case and places it beside the jewels.

Then he takes up a tiny, elegantly mounted pistol. It is loaded, ready for instant use. He turns his face toward the sleeper as he holds it; perchance he smiles behind his mask. Aura Durand is prepared to defend herself, it seems; but she is quite defenseless now. The man turns his face away at last, and bends over the gleaming little weapon, examining it closely. It is of foreign manufacture, this he sees at a glance; and his quick eye soon discovers the name of the maker engraved upon it in tiny lettering.

And now he does something strange, something unprecedented, for a burglar; again he lifts the head of the sleeper, and carefully replaces the jewels, watch and pistol, just as he found them, retaining nothing but a tiny bunch of keys. Then, lantern in hand, he moves about the room, and from that to the next; he opens dressing cases, drawers, receptacles of every sort; he searches for secret hiding places, he inverts chairs, he searches their paddings, he feels about the cushions of divans and lounges, he overturns footstools, he peers behind pictures and hangings, he searches everywhere.

Finally, he pauses before a trunk that stands in the dressing room, a lady's travelling trunk, huge enough for a Flora McFlimsy. It is locked; and now he glides back to the bedside, takes from the stand the bunch of keys, and, in a moment is kneeling beside the trunk, trying the lock with key after key. At last he has the right one, and presently the trunk is open, and he is rapidly turning over and examining its contents. It has a great many compartments, after the fashion of ladies' trunks, and, one after another he opens them. Then he lifts out a tray, and begins swiftly to remove the dresses and shawls, the furbelows and laces, the soft silks and dainty linen. And now the trunk is empty, or so it seems, and the burglar is bending over it running his hands along the sides and over the bottom. Presently he plunges his hand into his pocket and draws out a bundle, wrapped in soft flannel; this he unrols, and then places upon the floor, beside him, some small and queer-looking steel instruments. One of these he takes in his hand and half his body disappears within the trunk; then it emerges, only to disappear again with another twisted bit of steel. When he again rears himself he holds in his hands not only the instruments of steel, but a flat morocco case and two flat packages. The bottom of the trunk, or what seemed the bottom, has parted in the centre, and underneath is a shallow space. It is a trunk such as has been used by smugglers. A trunk with a false bottom.

The burglar places the morocco case and the two packets in his bosom, and then without replacing the contents of the trunk, or closing the hidden opening, he rises and gazes about him. His search is not yet ended. On the opposite side of the dressing-room is a door opening into a large closet. This falls next under his examination. The walls are hung with dresses, wraps, all the paraphernalia of a woman's toilet that ever yet hung on hooks. On the floor are several boxes and two trunks, somewhat smaller than the one without. The masked man examines all the dresses, especially the darker ones, and feels in all the pockets. Then he turns his attention to the trunks and boxes; they contain hats, boots, clothing, and what not. The first trunk he finds is not locked; but the second and last to be examined, resists his attempt to open it. Again he resorts to the bunch of keys, but they all fail him. He turns away from the trunk and seems to be at a loss. This is what he thinks as he stands there:

"I have searched these rooms, every nook and crevice of them; where then is the key to this trunk?"

Some thought has occurred to him; he takes up the lantern and hurries back to the bed-chamber; he pauses at the bedside, and bends above the sleeper. He pulls away the covering from about her shoulders and throat, and then he opens away from the white neck the robe that is scarce whiter, thereby exposing to view a slender gold chain; it is long and worn loosely about the neck. He inserts his one finger under this chain and draws it carefully upward. Ah, see! On the end of the chain are two small keys. The man's eyes glitter as they fall upon them. With deft fingers he removes them from the chain, and then he glides back to the closet and again bends over the trunk. The key fits—the trunk is open. As before, everything is removed, but not with so much care, for this receptacle contains discarded clothing, fragments of everything that woman accumulate, and all crowded in, in a hasty manner; at the bottom of this trunk there lies a small black valise; this the man lifts out quickly and glances at critically, then to its lock he applies the second key. Again he is successful; the valise springs open, and the man, with eager hands, removes the contents. It is a dark-looking bundle; he unrolls it, glances, just once at something inside and is scarcely able to suppress a sharp exclamation. Then he rolls up the bundle quickly, shudderingly; hurriedly replaces it in the black valise, and then, leaving the contents of the trunks strewn all about, leaving the closet open and the boudoir door ajar, he glides, valise in hand, from the rooms. Five, ten, twenty, thirty minutes are ticked off by the little clock, and then this strangest of all strange burglars returns, comes softly in, bearing back the black valise. He replaces it just as he found it; having first locked it, then he restores to their original places every article removed, from the closet, trunks and boxes, pausing at times to assure himself that he is making no mistake. Next he restores to order the great trunk in the dressing-room, first replacing what appears the three packets taken from thence, and closing the aperture in the false bottom. He works carefully, methodically, making no mistakes. When this last trunk is closed and locked he goes once more to the bedside, puts the keys again under the pillow and the two detached ones once more upon the chain suspended about the neck of the sleeper.

Then he turns about and surveys the room, to assure himself that everything is just as when he first entered; he moves a chair a little, shakes out the folds of a curtain, surveys in the same manner the dressing-room and boudoir, and then, like a shadow, he steals away, closing the doors behind and re-enters no more.

Still the wax tapers shed their mellow light, still the little bronze clock ticks off the moments and still Aura Durand slumbers on, with calm upturned face and regular breathing. Truly Mrs. Richards is a wonderful magnetizer. It is gray dawn before the sleeper wakens, which she does with a start and a sudden exclamation. She sits up, looking about her in bewilderment; then she springs suddenly from her bed and runs to the dressing-room. The little clock tells her it is near morning; she goes to the window then and peers out through the blinds. Yes, day is breaking, but how gray it is.

"Can it be possible," mutters the girl. "Did I allow that woman to put me to sleep, and have I slept all night like this?" Suddenly she darts to the bed and lifts the pillow.

"Ah, they are there," she says, drawing a breath of relief. "I put them there, just as I did all the rest, for effect, and I did sleep after all. The day had been trying, but I did not know that I needed sleep so much. Nothing is disturbed; they left all the candles burning, I suppose thinking that I should waken soon."

She puts her hand to her throat, and draws forth the chain with its pendent keys.

"So far I am safe," she mutters, "and I will make assurance doubly sure even now."

Then she begins a hurried toilet. Not a dainty morning neglige—she arrays herself in a ... black dress, such as society never saw upon the form of Aura Durand; she wraps about her a gray travelling shawl and over her hat she ties a thick dark vail. Then she goes again to the closet, opens it, pulls from about her neck the slender chain and unlocks a trunk; hurriedly, carelessly she pulls out one thing after another, and finally, she draws forth the black valise. In another moment the candles are extinguished, the trunk is refilled and closed; and Aura Durand glides from her room, locks the door carefully behind her and cautiously, silently passes through the broad hall down the stairs, and finally pauses at the street door. Carefully she draws back the bolts and lets down the chain, then, with the black valise tightly clutched in her small hand, she hurries out, down the stately steps and away.

It is not yet fairly daybreak, the streets are silent, deserted; she glides swiftly on, and out from somewhere glides an almost imperceptible gray shadow that follows, seeming hardly to be a human thing in that gray morning mist. On she goes upon her strange errand, and on glides the shadow. She has been moving nearer and nearer to the lake, down where there are no laborers, who may soon come, on to where a dark pier is grimly outlined through the gloom. Then she glides out upon this pier, out, out until she stands at the end; then she bends forward, swings the black valise to and fro and suddenly lets go her hold upon it; the swaying impulse given it sends it out over the water, and then it falls and with a dull splash disappears from sight several feet from the pier. For a moment she gazes at the place where it went down, as if half expecting it to reappear, and then she turns and swiftly retraces her steps. And still the gray shadow is behind her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Mothers Should Know.

Do mothers shade the baby's eyes from strong light? They will soon become weakened without this precaution.

Do mothers apply hot cloths to the feet and stomach of the little sufferer in case of colic? This is the very best remedy. Let the peppermint remain in its bottle.

Do mothers give pure water to their little ones two or three times a day? An infant will not be likely to be troubled with "sore mouth" if this is attended to.

Do mothers train their babies to go to sleep at a certain hour each evening? It will take but a few evenings of persistent effort to get them into this habit, and untold comfort to both mother and child will result.

Do mothers know the best method of treating a child troubled with constipation? Don't dose with strong medicines, but rub the abdomen night and morning with olive oil, gently kneading it during the process.

Do mothers realize the necessity of keeping the tiny feet always warm? Little woollen socks, with long tops, securely fastened, will be better for the daytime than the pinning blanket. If they seem cold during the night, rub the little feet and legs gently and thoroughly until there is a good circulation and then fasten in the warm pinning blanket.

Do mothers keep a list of simple remedies at hand? Do they use nature's remedies instead of dosing the tiny tots with strong medicines that do more harm than good, and bleaching the baby with saffron tea?

Do mothers use warm water and milk instead of soap for washing the infant with scrofulous tendencies? Two parts water to one part milk is about the right proportion. Soap will often prove irritating to tender skin, but the milk and water is cooling and healing and will keep the skin soft, smooth and clean, and its use may be continued until the child is at least two months old.

Do mothers wrap the baby quickly in flannel upon taking him from the bath? This is very important and also to see that he is dried quickly and thoroughly, exposing him to the air as little as possible while wet.

Do mothers see that there is nothing tight around the little form. Do they realize the importance of having every garment loose and light and warm? A "cross" baby will soon become "such a sweet child" with care in this respect.

Do mothers remember that a child is liable to cry from the pain of an over-ful. stomach as from the cravings of hunger? This is a fact that seems to be overlooked, judging from the usual practice. Don't get into the habit of feeding him every time he cries.

Do mothers enjoy the company of their little ones and take pleasure in supplying their wants? The child that is left entirely to the care of hired nurses is often the child that causes grief for the mother in later years; and the thoughtful mother will realize that she is not blameless.

Do mothers make it a point to find time to mend broken toys, to tie the knots, to kiss away the bruises and to answer the numberless questions as the children grow older? They should never allow themselves to forget that what seems of little importance to them may be of the most vital importance in forming the character of the child. Lastly, do mothers use sound common sense continually and in large doses in training and caring for their children? If not, they certainly should.

## EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Speech at the Garrison Parade.

The mild weather and bright sunshine attracted large crowds of people to witness the parade of the Berlin garrison on Tuesday. The Emperor walked from the castle to the arsenal, and, after reviewing the troops by companies, returned to the castle in the same way, the crowds cheering him as he passed. The Emperor addressed the officers, saying: "We stand in the face of serious times, but, as in 1870, when the Princes of the German nation stood together in triumph over a foreign nation, so to-day they stand together in the presence of their royal commander, giving shining proofs of the union of Germany's Princes and her people. Germany will also triumph over a more serious international foe which is confronting the empire. The army is the fundamental basis of the empire, for the army is the nation armed."

## The Western Farmer a Philosopher.

The western farmer is a philosopher from necessity. Rapidly tending toward poverty, he demands to know why, and is intelligent enough to answer his own question in the light of reason. He believes the prime cause of all his woes is the manipulation of the money system of the country by unscrupulous and mercenary interests. He believes the decline of prices follows the shrinkage of the volume of money in circulation, and that shrinkage in volume results from legislation. He does not believe that the government should increase the ... burden by borrowing gold, while ... tive hills are filled with silver, ... labor stands idly awaiting an opportunity to take it from its hiding place. He believes that government is, or should be, for the good of all the people; that legislation should be for the multitude rather than for the few, and he is beginning to believe, if government can guarantee him nothing but hopeless poverty, that government has failed its mission. He believes that government should afford protection to the weak—the strong are able to care for themselves; and he believes, finally, that if government, which assumes to guarantee life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, in reality guarantees nothing but wretchedness and want, he is living in an age of exquisitely refined barbarism rather than in the noonday light and love of Christian charity and progressive civilization.—From "Problems Before the Western Farmer," by the Governor of Kansas, Hon. L. E. Lewelling, in North American Review for January.

The recent trials on the Thames of a small torpedo boat, with steel framework and aluminum plates for the hull, "have shown an unusual speed, which the makers state is partly owing to the use of the light metal and partly to the better balancing of the machinery, as well as the use of water tube boilers in place of the usual locomotive type."

# MISCELLANEOUS READING

## GRAVE AND OTHERWISE.

Interesting Reading for Old and Young Culled from Many Sources but All Worthy.

### "After the Ball."

After the leather football,
After opponents' blood,
After some noses are broken,
And faces daubed with mud;
After the ball has been under,
And scrimmage has "heeled to halves,"
After the game we wonder
Who 'twas who was kicking our calves.

After we've beaten them soundly,
We feel as if the earth was ours;
But when they've done to us ditto,
We have no more strength than flowers.
But "Rugby's" the game for the sturdy,
The weaker ones go to the wall;
And the best pleasure, after a touch-down,
Is after the ball.

SAXON SHENSTONE

### The Singer.

In the church I stood in silence,
Not a footfall, not a sound,
Broke the hushed and dreamy quiet
Of my reverie profound.
I was thinking of the morrow
When, before the altar grand,
In the service of the Maker,
All repentant, I would stand.

And I wondered if the people
Gathered there His name to praise
Would not be, through my endeavor,
Led to purer, better ways.
For I felt within my bosom
All the true heart of the song,
And I thought some tiny portion
Ought to touch that worldly throng.

So I turned unto the organ,
And began to play the air
Of the tender, sacred opera,
"Angels, Ever Bright and Fair."
Ah! I never sang so sweetly,
All my soul seemed upward turned,
All my holiest endeavor
Through those earnest carols burned.

Then the heavenly spell was broken,
For, beside the great staircase
Stood a little ragged maiden
Gazing wondering in my face.
She was shabby, poor and crippled,
Not a bright or winsome child;
She has spoiled my inspiration,
And I spoke in anger wild:

"Child," I cried, "what is your business?"
And I paused, with mien sublime,
"Why stand there in stupid silence?
Come, make haste, I'm wasting time."
But she did not move or answer,
Only gazed with open eyes
Full of disappointed wonder,
And a pained and grieved surprise.

"You were singing 'bout the angels!"
Here her voice was low and sad,
While with cold her slight form trembled—
She, poor child, was but half-clad.
"You were singing 'bout the angels,
So I came to look at you,
And I kind o' thought you was one;
Now I know it wasn't you."

Years have passed since that brief moment,
But sometimes I seem to hear
Through my busy life of duty,
A child's accents, soft and clear;
And I always pause and harken,
As with silent lips, alone
I send, not a song of triumph,
But a prayer to heaven's throne.

### Sentences by Judge.

The seed is stronger than the soil.

False alarms create false securities.

Our pre-existent habits are our present tendencies.

In the whirligig of time some one must take the dust.

Life is a combination of which the secret is not given.

The mundane world is conducted on the defensive plan.

Fidelity is the conservative preserver of type, custom and race.

When a thing is hard to endure something harder may come to make it easier.

If nature were to disclose her processes man would have the audacity to patent her inventions.

Praise not a servant too greatly, lest he be puffed up and masterful; nor too little, lest he be discouraged.

Homely truths are like home remedies—apt at times, but applied upon every occasion whether they fit the case or not.

### The Crown Prince.

Queen Victoria brews her own tea and has a decided fondness for orange pekoe.

Gopal Rao, maharajah guitowar of Baroda, has an income of $7,500,000 a year, out of which he runs the government.

Prince Waldemar of Prussia, the only son of Emperor William's sailor brother, Prince Henry, is deaf and dumb, a fact of which scarcely any one outside of court circles is aware.

Marie Henriette, the handsome and soft-voiced queen of the Belgians, is especially fond of driving, and does it particularly well. She also rides well, talks well and is an uncommonly good musician.

King Charles of Portugal leaped from his carriage recently to interfere with a fight and prevent a probable murder. His majesty overpowered the stronger party and turned him over to the police.

The Sultan of Turkey always eats and drinks alone, although he generally has a large retinue in attendance. He uses neither table, plates, knife or fork, but only a spoon and his fingers, from which he fishes out his food from a series of little saucepans.

The Shah of Persia has five sons and thirteen daughters. His three married sons have twenty-one children. The Persian official year book mentions in the royal family three brothers and two sisters of the shah, while the uncles and the cousins number 140.

Public speaking is the Duke of Teck's greatest trouble in life. He is an extremely modest man and nervous to a degree. He is, however, very gentlemanly, and no one can get better through a public function than he can, provided there is no formal speaking for him to do.

### Fancies of Fashion.

Fancy pencils for the watch chain are an old fashion revived.

Linen lawns with blue or red dots launder beautifully and wear well.

Serve iced tea in long, thin glasses with a thin slice of lemon floating on top.

The modern smoking set has a chased silver receptacle to hold cachous, snake root, etc.

Boating serges come in ivory white, blue and ecru, and are quite the thing for summer wear.

Round fire opals set with diamonds form a beautiful scarf pin. Turquoise shares the opal's favor.

Blondes should not try to wear the new butter color; it's only for the rich-colored, clear, olive-skinned brunette.

New white morocco purses and card cases have flat borders of gold or silver gilt, not ornamented but highly burnished. These are very elegant and quiet.

A new thing is a toothbrush mounted in ebony or polished ivory. The brush can be detached and placed, if required, in the hollowed handle.

### Wanted, a Determined Effort.

The liquor traffic is now entrenched in politics, and it is there we must meet it; so unless the people in the majesty of their political power, are aroused to combine in one grand, united phalanx of opposition, and through the virtue there is in the ballot hurl these autocratic despoilers, this piratical horde of unscrupulous liquor dealers and their sympathizers and abettors, into an abyss of annihilation, there is nothing left but certain anarchy and destruction for our country.

The moral revolution and the grand results of prohibition can only be brought about by the united effort of an earnest, determined people, with their combined will and purpose, without compromise, concentrated and crystalized into votes at the ballot-box.

This makes an imperative necessity for a distinctive prohibition party—a party composed of conscientious and determined voters—a party not only combined to secure just law, but a party with moral and political power to enforce the law for entire prohibition without compromise or conciliation.

### The Friendly Relations of England and America.

The relations between Englishmen and Americans in China, Egypt, and Samoa, and last year the visits of the Blake to the United States and the Chicago to England, showed how genuine and hearty is the feeling of goodwill existing between the two countries. Efforts also are being made by different sections of the community on both sides of the Atlantic to bring about some sort of practical union or alliance between Great Britain and the United States. With such sentiment openly and repeatedly expressed, surely it might be possible to effect an alliance so advantageous to each other in the event of war and so invigorating in times of peace. Putting aside question of sentiment, however, the selfish interests of both countries would appear to encourage the idea of reunion. It is notable that after the most bloody battles, but before the actual Declaration of Independence, the colonists strained every nerve to effect a peaceable conclusion of the difficulties which were upsetting the hitherto happy relations existing between Great Britain and the States, although it was through the imbecility of Great Britain that the rupture ever occurred. No one can think the colonies were wrong in fighting the War of Independence, under the circumstances forced upon them. In fact, they would not have been worthy descendants of Britain had they not done so.

### Works of Genius.

Paper spindles for yarn spinning are now used as a substitute for those of steel.

Steel barrels, made from sheets ranging in thickness from one-sixteenth to a quarter of an inch, are coming into use.

A car shaped like a bathtub, in which the passengers either sit or recline as if in a bed, is in use in Berlin. It has three wheels and is propelled by a naphtha motor.

A baby carriage designed especially for the use of those who live in flats, looks just like any other baby carriage when it is in use, but it can be folded together so that one person can handily carry it up and down stairs.

It is said that window panes of porous glass are being made in Paris. The minute holes in the glass are too fine to permit of a draught and yet large enough to cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room.

A spoonless mustard pot is a recent invention. By pressing a piston rod in an air-tight receptacle the requisite amount of mustard is forced through a suitable sprout. The air being excluded, the mustard is always fresh.

### Brotherly Love in a Tenement Street.

But the most significant expression of the spirit of village life in Bulfinch street, and a truly beautiful one, is the readiness of neighbors to help each other out of trouble. Prudential motives force this exercise of brotherly love to be kept so far out of sight in streets of this kind that, as a rule, its amount is absurdly underestimated. The well-dressed visitors of charitable societies, however remote from charity their fabricated excuse for calling may seem to be, are yet known for what they are—a charity picket line.

Eighty-year-old Bridget Mulcahy, toothless, but still bright-eyed, may be seen almost any fair day smoking her pipe on the stoop of No. 20. Her husband, Jim, a day laborer, died eighteen years ago. For seven years before his death he was blind, and his misfortune, joined to his good nature, made him a favorite. Soon after Jim's death Bridget dislocated a shoulder, thereby permanently losing the use of her right arm. She became destitute. The neighbors lent her many things (cooking dishes and a comforter among them) and after a little Michael Roe, who was himself behind with his rent, gave her a home with his family. Then her friends, "the boys from Ireland," "put up" a raffle for her which netted $40. She rented a cellar room for fifty cents a week and took in two girl lodgers at ten cents a night. From that time to this she has lived in a cellar or a garret, and shared her room with girl lodgers; but she has depended largely for her support upon the raffles the "boys" have continued to "put up" for her once or twice a year. Three years ago Michael Roe, by this time a widower, was stricken down with a fatal sickness. Then the "boys from Ireland" got their heads together and "put up" a benefit ball for Bridget's former benefactor. Tickets were fifty cents each, and the ball netted $75. There was something left toward funeral expenses when the old man died. Then another ball was given for the benefit of his orphan children.—Alvan F. Sanborn, in the January Forum.

### He Could Kick.

The other day Johnnie's mother told him he could go out and play for an hour. As he trotted around the corner three young men, all of whom he knew, hailed him. Johnnie hopped over to where they were, and then saw that an old battered hat lay on the sidewalk.

"Johnnie, can you kick?" inquired the first young man.

"C'n I? Well, I guess."

"You can't kick as far as Willie," said the second young man.

"Him!" answered Johnnie with great scorn. "I c'n kick far ag'n 's him. I gotter bigger foot'n him and more mus'."

"Willie kicked that old hat across the street," declared the third young man.

"I c'n kick it acrost the street 'n over the fence."

"Rats!" chorused all three young men.

Johnnie lost no more time in words. He went at the hat with a run and planted his foot against it with all his strength. The hat flopped over and a brick which lay under it was moved about a foot. Johnnie fell down with the worst stubbed toe—he was barefooted—of his lively and always more or less bruised young career. He arose painfully and faced the three young men, who were laughing immoderately.

"He's going to cry like a little baby," said the first young man.

"I wouldn't cry for such trash as you big stiffs," said Johnnie slowly. Then he turned, and though zigzag lightning was running from his toe clear up his spine he walked away without a limp. Just before passing out of hearing he turned again and shouted:

"I'll get even with you big duffers some day." And that is the reason he wants to grow to be a man in most a month.

### MISS WILLARD'S FIRST APPEAL.

A Very Pretty Story of the Temperance Worker's Career.

A pretty little story is going the rounds about Frances Willard and Mary Livermore. Miss Willard, according to the gossips, had been engaged to be married to a well-known educator. For reasons best known to herself, she broke the engagement. They were both teachers in the same institution and he made things so disagreeable for her that she resigned. At about that time the temperance crusade was beginning and Miss Willard longed to throw herself into the fray. But she had her mother to support and there were other responsibilities which she could not ignore. She wrote to Mrs. Livermore for advice.

"She told me all the circumstances of her life," said Mrs. Livermore, in telling the story a few days ago. "She explained all about her engagement, why it had been broken, and why she had given up her educational work; she told me she had her mother to support, and asked me if I thought she would be unwise to devote herself to the work towards which she felt so strongly drawn. I had known something of her, and of her wonderful power as a speaker, shown in a marked degree by her influence over her pupils, and without any hesitation I sat down and wrote:

"'Burn your bridges, Frank, and go in. It comes upon me with a mighty rush at this moment that God has ordained you to take up this work, and that you will not only succeed, but that you are to be a leader of women in one of the greatest movements of the age.'

"She took my advice," continued Mrs. Livermore, "and she was successful from the very first. She is a much more powerful speaker to day, of course, than when she began, but from the very beginning all who heard her felt that she had a winning power. She met with some difficulties—it was only natural that she should—but when she once obtained a hearing her victory was certain."

So intensely has Miss Willard devoted herself to the work as a speaker that other sides of her nature, if not neglected, have been allowed to develop in their own sweet way, and she often joins with her friends in laughing at her own unpractical lack of system. Anne Gordon, her private secretary, is her main support and pillar. Miss Willard, whose busy brain is always filled with thoughts of her temperance work, knows nothing of money matters, and only knows that it is time for her to meet her numerous appointments when her faithful secretary comes to her with the information that she has five—perhaps ten—minutes in which to take her train.—New York World.

### The Industrial Christian Alliance.

As to the origin of the Alliance: Some four years ago a few men engaged in rescue work became convinced that the existing methods for the reclamation of these men were spasmodic and ineffectual; that to reform a man whose life is all out of joint, something more is needed than a night's lodging, an occasional meal, and a fervent exhortation to be good. He must be removed from evil influences into a new and pure atmosphere. There must be thrown around him the strong arm of human and Christian friendship, with patient and loving endeavor to reawaken manhood and a love of righteousness in him. Employment must be provided. The Alliance believes the Gospel of Labor to be an integral part of the Gospel of Christ, and that after arousing hope in a man and a desire to do better, the best remedial agency is regular labor, under friendly, sympathetic leadership. Self-respect is developed in men when they feel that they are paying for what they get, and steady work enforces regular habits in lives that have long been irregularity itself. Therefore, these gentlemen incorporated The Industrial Christian Alliance, and November 30, 1891, opened a small home on Macdougal street, stating their objects in these words: "A temporary, Christian, industrial home for friendless and fallen men. The only requisites for admission are a desire to lead a better life, and willingness to work. The man who will not work when work is offered is not regarded as a helpable case and will not be received." The Alliance motto, already widely copied, is "Helping Men to Help Themselves."

Society generally dismisses this class of men as helpless, "because," it says, "they will not work." This assertion, however, was quickly disproved. The building was in a most degraded locality, and in a deplorable condition. Men began at once to apply for shelter and employment. Those that were received were set to work to put the house in order. The cheerful zeal they displayed in this very hard labor, in an unheated building in a winter month, proved conclusively that, however hopeless their permanent reformation might seem, they were not only willing but anxious to work. The word "industrial" has kept away the men who would rather beg than work.—From "The Industrial Christian Alliance of New York," by Arthur W. Milbury, in the January Review of Reviews.

### OUR CLOTHES.

Some Interesting Information About the Clothes Our Ancestors Wore.

Frieze was originally called falding.

Silk brocades were first used in the dress of men.

Shoes with heels were first made in Paris in 1527.

An almoner was the purse carried by ladies at their belts.

Ruffles for the wrists were originally called hand-ruffs.

English leather gloves were sold all over Europe in 1247.

The Jews made shoes of rushes, leather, linen and wood.

Shoes were not made "rights and lefts" earlier than 1472.

A woman's night dress was at one time called a night rail.

Buckram was at first any sort of cloth stiffened with gum.

Chaucer mentions the apron, calling it the "barme cloth."

Hats were first made in England by Flemings about 1510.

Roman gentlemen wore a gold or ivory crescent in their shoes.

The glove is first mentioned as a common article of dress in 916.

Bombasin was made and worn as early as the 12th century.

A foot mantle was the name originally given to a riding skirt.

The earliest form of the glove was a mere bag for the hand.

Jewish women wore silver half moons in their shoes as ornaments.

Two hundred years ago the skirt of a dress was always called the base.

The boots of the time of Louis XIV. were often two feet broad at the top.

Diaper was first made at Ypres, in Flanders, it is believed before 1200.

Many colored ribbons were worn on the hair of ladies from 1426 to 1500.

An English lady's state gown was, in the time of George I., called a cyclas.

Silk hats began to supersede the old-style beaver or wool hats in 1820.

Galashes, a sort of bonnet, were invented by the Duchess of Bedford in 1765.

Handkerchiefs first came into notice in England during the reign of Elizabeth.

Among the Greeks, breeches indicated slavery. A free man never wore them.

One history of costumes gives 1617 different styles of head-dresses for women.

Calico was first introduced from Calicut in India, as stuff for gentlemen's clothes.

Joseph's coat of many colors, probably an embroidered tunic, was made B. C. 1729.

Over 17,000 different kinds of buttons have been found in pictures of mediæval clothing.

The furbelow was at first separate from the dress, and a distinct article of apparel.

The doublet was a close-fitting coat introduced into France from Italy about 1100.

Feathers, as an article of dress, were at first only worn by men in their helmets.

The leathern apron worn by the blacksmith is mentioned by Pliny as in use in his time.

The soldiers in the Assyrian army wore a sort of breeches, reaching down to the knee.

The alb, so often mentioned as a priestly garment, was a long gown, fastened with a belt.

Bombast was cotton padding for the clothes, to make them stand out from the figure.

Breeches reaching to the midcalf are mentioned as parts of the Roman uniform B.C. 67.

The muffler was originally called the muzzler, because it went over the muzzle or mouth.

Gally-gascoynes, commonly corrupted to gallygaskins, were a combination breeches and hose.

From the thirteenth to the seventeenth century a blue coat in England was the sign of a servant.

Bonnet was originally the name for a man's head covering. The word is still so used in Scotland.

The slashes or openings in an outer garment to show the one beneath were formerly called panes.

The baldrick, so often mentioned in early dramas, was an ornamental belt passed diagonally across the body.

The earliest shoes were simply pieces of hide or skin drawn in purse-fashion round the ankle with a string.

The hoopskirt was in full feather in 1596. It was then made of iron, and sometimes weighed as much as thirty pounds.

The Greeks, when travelling, wore hats in the winter of cloth and felt; in summer of plaited straw, with broad brims.

A cloth for the head or face was formerly called a coverchief, just as one for the hand was called a handkerchief.

### A MOUNTAIN HEROINE.

THE man from Chicago had told his story, and while the listeners in the smoking car were digesting it, a quiet man, smoking a bad cigar, gave a slight cough indicative of beginning a yarn himself. The listeners gave him their attention at once.

"Let her go," said the man from Chicago encouragingly.

"How did you know I had anything to say?" asked the man.

"You looked it," said Chicago.

"Well, I have," said the man, "and I've got an affidavit to go with mine. Have you got one for that you told?"

"Oh, yes," grinned Chicago, "and I'll show it to you when you have had your say."

"Don't forget that, gents," said the man, turning to the listeners. "And now for mine. Five years ago I was a deputy United States marshal in southeastern Kentucky, and most of my business was with moonshiners. I had pretty fair success and bagged a lot of them, but there was one, the chief of the gang and the worst of them all, that we couldn't get our hands on. One day, however, word came to me that he was at his cabin in the mountains, and if I could get there with a force of men we might surround the place and capture him, as he had just come in and expected to get out again before we should hear anything of him. In ten minutes I was on my way to his cabin with ten men all armed with heavy revolvers, and all moving out by different ways, so as not to excite suspicion and let him get on to our movements. We were to meet at a point about half a mile from his house and then swoop down on it and take him in. The first part of the programme went off all right, and an hour after I had heard he was at home I had his house surrounded. Then I rode up to the door and yelled 'hello,' and a woman came out.

"'What do you want uv him?' she responded.

"'I want to see him.'

"'Well, you can't.'

"'But I'm going to, just the same. I heard he was here not an hour ago, and he's got to come this time.'

"'I reckon not,' she said, and dodged in, shutting the door after her with a slam, and barring it on the inside, as I could very plainly hear.

"Then before we had a chance to make a rush, a gun went off in the house and a bullet went 'spat' against a tree near me. I thought it was time to get under cover, and did so with promptness and despatch, and at once ordered my men to close up and fire on the house. This they did with pleasure, but we might as well have fired at a stockade, for the cabin was built of heavy logs, and nothing short of a mountain howitzer could have had any serious effect upon it. We banged away, though, and every now and then, a shot came from the inside and whistled disagreeably near us. One time, when one of my men showed up where he could get a shot at the only pane of glass visible, two shots came after him so closely that he stayed in hiding for the rest of the time. This was about 9 o'clock in the morning, and we at last concluded that, as there were children and a woman in the house with our mountaineer we could not very well burn it down, even if we could get close enough to fire it; we would simply camp on their trail and starve them out. So we took our places to command every point to prevent escape and waited. At intervals a shot would come from the cabin, but we would pay no attention to it, thinking that our man might think we had gone and come out, but he didn't, and the long day wore on. It was raining, too, after noon, and we were decidedly uncomfortable, but we had our game caged and we were bound to get him or stay there a year. However, it was not to be, that we were to remain quite that long, for about 5 o'clock in the evening, when it was so dark we couldn't see our hands before us, and had come up so close to the cabin that we trusted to our ears instead of our eyes to catch the moonshiner in case he tried to get away under cover of darkness, the door was thrown open and the woman called:

"'What is it?' I asked from behind a stump in the yard.

"'You can come in ef you wanter,' she replied.

"'Tell your old man to come out.'

"'I wont do nothin' uv the sort,' she said in a most womanly fashion. 'Ef yer want him, come in after him.'

"I parleyed awhile, fearing treachery, but when she handed me two guns and punched up the fire on the hearth, until the cabin was brilliantly lighted, I called up my men and went inside, the woman standing meanwhile in the middle of the floor, with four or five children clinging to her skirts. Every man of us had his revolver in his hand, and we expected trouble, though it was hardly likely under the circumstances. Once inside, we had made a thorough search of the one room of the cabin in a very few minutes, and as the floor was mostly earth we did not feel like going for a cellar, notwithstanding there was no sign of the moonshiner in the room where we were. He was clean gone, and there could be no doubt on that point. It was so unexpected and disappointing that I looked at the woman helplessly. In reply she laughed at me.

"'Where's your husband?' I asked, because there wasn't much else to say.

"'How do I know?' she answered provokingly.

"'Hasn't he been here all day?'

"'Course he hain't. He ain't that big a fool.'

"'Who's been doing the shooting then?'

"'Me,' and she gave me the laugh again.

"'You?' I gasped.

"'Course me. Why not me?' she laughed again. 'Can't I shoot?'

"I knew that she could, and did not compliment her on it.

"'Hasn't he been here?' I asked.

"On this occasion she shook herself loose from the children and stood straight before us.

"'Yes, he has,' she said; 'he wuz here not five minutes afore you come with yer gang. I seen one uv you that I knowed, and I shoved Bill out and told him to run, and I'd take keer uv the balance. Bill run, and you fellers know the rest. He's got twelve hours the start uv you'uns, and of yer want ter go atter him, you kin; but it's powerful dark goin' in the mountains, and yer'd better stay and take supper with me and try it in the daylight.'

"It was a true story, too, every word she said, and we tried to do something with her for resisting officers, but not much, for somehow we felt she acted the heroine, and we let her off with only a reprimand. As for Bill, he never came back while I was there."

"You needn't show your affidavit," said the man from Chicago, when the story had ended, and the ex-deputy smiled at him blandly.

### The New Butler.

"Now, remember," said a charming woman to her new butler, who had a faint conception of a business for which he demanded the highest wages, "remember, in announcing meals you are to say: 'Breakfast is ready,' 'Luncheon is ready,' 'Dinner is served.'"

"All right, mum," replied the proud butler.

Not long after, this charming woman ventured to experiment on a dinner to a few intimate friends. Fancy the expression on her countenance when, on appearing at the drawing-room door to announce dinner, this literal butler exclaimed in clarion tones:

"Breakfast is ready, luncheon is ready, dinner is served!"

This is a true story of the capital.

The margin of profit in farming is too small to admit of any unnecessary waste.