quickly. "I'll invade Russia. That will provide you with two more chapters, anyway." And he did.

A SUPERFLUITY.

He Wanted to Get Rid of It, But Was Restrained.

The policeman was standing dreamily on the dock looking out over the silently moving water when a man, evidently from the rural districts, came up to him excitedly, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Say, Mr. Officer," he exclaimed, "is the water there deep enough to drown a man of my size?"

"Well, I should smile," grinned the officer.

"You s'pose I'd drown if I'd jump into it?"

"Likely enough, if I didn't fish you out."

"You wouldn't do that if I didn't want you to, would you?" he asked in a hurt tone.

"I'm afraid I'd have to."

"All the good it would do me, then, would be a wettin' and a suit of store clothes all drawed out of shape?"

"That's about it."

"I guess I might as well hadn't, then," he said resignedly.

"Just as well, I guess," coincided the officer.

"But I wouldn't be responsible," said the man, looking wild again.

"Who else you would be," replied the officer.

"I guess not."

"Why?"

"Risks ain't responsible, are they?"

"No. But you are no idiot."

"Ain't I? Well, I guess you don't know me."

"You don't talk like one."

"And I don't look like one, I hope," he said quite rationally, "but a snoozer up town here took me for one awhile ago and he didn't miss it a millionth part of an inch."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I come to town this morning from up the country with $27 in my pocket. I got to talking with a feller in the depot, and after a bit he asked me if I'd ever been paid for the drinks. Then he walked around town and in front of a big store, with a book in front of it; he stopped, and said he had a bill to pay in there and would I loan him a few dollars at his cheque and then we could go to the bank over the way and get it cashed. The cheque was for $50, and he said he though the bill was $25, but if it was all the same he would take the $27 that I had left and would come right back and I would wait outside. So I took his cheque and waited, keeping my eye on the bank all the time like as if it would walk away. Well, I waited around there till I thought I'd see the dogs on me, and he didn't come, and then I went over to the bank. They looked at the cheque and said you knew the rest. If I ain't a pretty fool what am I? Now git out of my way, I'm goin' to jump in there. There ain't enough fools in the world before I go to the lake, and I guess I won't be the last one, either, by the way," and he began waving his arms but the officer regarded him and finally got him headed up town and watched him until he disappeared.

The Peace of God.

The mind is like a hostelry where people pass in and out, and the pavement of the inn may feet; or an exchange where the colors of every land are displayed, or a palace made for a king, or invaded by a mob. Is there any power that can marshal these thoughts? Resisting the entrance of those that have no right to intrude, and obeying the regulations of those that justly claim admission? The apostle says the peace of God can do it. He quoted from experience when he said: "The peace of God shall garrison your hearts and thoughts." When that peace comes it quiets those that are filling there with confusion and disorder, as a gentle mother is a family of boisterous children.

MUCH LIKE A MIRACLE.

STATEMENT FROM A WELL-KNOWN BERLIN MERCHANT.

How His Daughter was Restored From the Terror of St. Vitus Dance—Her Case One of the Worst Ever Known Has Fully Recovered Her Health.

From the Berlin News.

The readers of the News have been made acquainted with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through articles appearing from time to time in these columns, and while the cures have been many in this vicinity we have not published them. There is, however, one case of a woman in the town adjoining the county of Waterloo, which has been brought to the notice of Mr. Martin Simpson, who is a man of business and general acquaintance of great integrity. Anything said by Mr. Simpson will be implicitly believed by those who know him. A few days ago we had a talk with him on the subject of his experience in this fourteen-year-old girl, Helen, who had for years been a great sufferer from St. Vitus dance. It tells us that it was the worst case he ever saw. She did not sleep nights and was an insane girl. She was totally helpless and could not eat nor drink unless fed by her parents. The slightest exertion was had, but all the time she kept getting worse and worse, sometimes when in the paroxysms foaming at the mouth, and it was believed she was going crazy in her mind. Though unable to walk for eight months she would have fits, making her bed and furniture rattle over her touch. While in this state she was at her worst case ever seen by Mr. Simpson, as a last resort induced her to take Pink Pills and gave the following and afflicted daughter. He says in that thirty hours of misery she rested. In a week the fits entirely stopped and she began to sleep, and was rapidly regaining her former strength. Some time after the use of the Pink Pills had been discontinued she again had touches of the disease, but a few doses of the pills seemed to put her in good shape, and for the last eight months she has been entirely free from the terrible affliction from which no one who knew her expected she would recover, and her parents as may be expected are warm in their praises of the medicine so highly which worked such results. These facts are known to many who are acquainted with the family, and the statements are wholly unsolicited.

As a strong testimony as these can be, he wondered at the merits of Pink Pills, and no wonder that they are the talk of the town by men of all classes. They are a tonic and a nerve for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, all forms of weakness, and all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood. Such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for those troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of male weakness. In men they effect a cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

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

The British steamer Delaware has arrived in the River Mersey with the crew of the steamer Donau, which was abandoned in mid-ocean, after having been on fire thirty-six hours.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

Jack enters, bearing the cider. "Jack!" I cry, rushing at him, "they have come, dozens of them!"

"Beaties?" asks Jack, abstractedly, his thoughts plainly running on the crab who is waiting to have his body dissected.

"Lovers!" I say, shaking him by the arm; "oh! what shall we do?"

Jack goes to the window. Below we hear the scraping of chairs, the rattle of plates; the lamplight streams across the road; evidently Alice is in full view of the enamored host, for there is a sudden movement in their ranks, and they increase their capers tenfold.

"If they would only keep quiet," I say, in despair, "perhaps he would not see them. Do you think they know what a dreadful man he is?" Jack vanishes. A thought strikes me. Seizing my nightcap, I lean out of the window and wave it energetically, pointing first at the room below, then at the town yonder. Surely, surely my nightcap says, as plain as it can speak, "Go away!" Alas! to them such is evidently not its meaning, for a sight of my modest signal, and the dim vision of my white-robed form, the besieging army seems inspired with fresh vigor, and even begins to clamber over the hedge. My flag of danger is construed as an amatory signal, pointing to indefinite favors, perhaps a love-letter. In another moment I hear a chair pushed sharply back below; the next I see the governor tearing across the road. He is up the hedge and over it before you could say Jack Robinson; but, quick as he is, Miss Alice's admirers are quicker, and he shortly returns, furious and empty-handed. I am so petrified at the catastrophe my well-meaning efforts have brought about that I am utterly incapable of moving away; so when the governor returns, and casts his eye over the house in search of the waiting maid, to whom he attributes the ovation, he beholds me—nightgown, nightcap, open mouth and all. He shakes his fist wildly at me, and the gesture breaks the spell. I try to hide myself in bed, but before I can reach it the governor is before me. I receive a box on the ear that makes me see two enraged parents, two crabs, two jugs of cider, two nightcaps, then with a thunderstorm of abuse and wrath bellowing about me, I am hustled out of the room, down into Jack's—a narrow slip of a place overlooking the back garden, and which is only—oh, horror!—partitioned off the governor's chamber. Here I am left crabless, speechless, fearless to reflect on the extreme folly I ever meddling in other people's affairs, no matter what one's intentions may be, since the better they are the worse the results seem to be. Alice comes by and by, bringing me supper and a night-cap as well she may, since her sins have brought down upon me the sentence of a three days' imprisonment in the house. Lately, or I shall have plenty of time for reflecting on my woes, I fall asleep. I scarcely seem to have reached the land of Nod, when I wake suddenly and open my eyes widely—what? At first I am divided between a doubt whether I am papa come to finish me off, or this I am face to face with a ghost; it is so difficult to make out anything in this half light (for the green window blinds are very thick and dark) and it cannot yet be more than very early morning. Do ghosts seize you by the arm and shake you till your teeth rattle in your head, and the breath is nearly out of your body? Do ghosts—

"It's four o'clock," says a voice in a hard whisper, "wake up, Master Jack, wake up."

"Master Jack!" James! I disappear under the bedclothes like a shot; but if I think I am going to be left there in peace, I am much mistaken. To leave Master Jack snoring in bed when (I now remember) James has received particular injunctions overnight to eject the same, however unwilling, is no part of his duty; so he punches and prods my prostrate body with a most laudable vigor, making vio lent efforts to dislodge me of the clothes. To these, however, I cling like grim death, wrapping them about me as tightly as a hedgehog in his skin, and for a space there is a desperate tussle, intensely ludicrous by reason of its silence, for neither of us dares to make a sound for fear of the governor's hearing; finally, altogether worsted and confounded, he goes, and I am left to sit up in bed like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. Presently Jack's head is popped gingerly in at the door, and he stares a good deal at the sight of the tossed bed, my tangled locks, and flushed indignant countenance.

"Has the governor been taking a turn at you?" he asks in a whisper.

"No," I answer, solemnly, "Jeames. I am black and blue. He thought it was you, you know."

"Oh! he did, did he?" asks Jack, sitting down on a chair, and going off into a noiseless explosion. "I quite forgot to tell him."

Here he busies himself to and fro in agony of mirth. "I know what his awakings are."

"And so do I," I put in, with conviction. "I'm sure they are nothing to laugh at."

"I suppose," says Jack, indistinctly, "he shall burst;" and he goes away on some unlawful excursion or another that I should have loved, leaving me to moisten my sheets with unavailing tears. How slowly the hours creep by! how shall I ever get through three whole days? For once in my life I enjoy the luxury of lying in my bed while the others are all scurrying down to prayers. I eat my breakfast in a slatternly way, with a book before me. Somehow the days drag away, and I am relegated free to go down the stairs or up as spirit wills. Below I find things very cool indeed; he is in a state of chronic ice-temper. Alice looks alarmed; she is red one moment, pale the next; and the very day of my readmittance to the family is the disaster marks us for her own. We are waiting the announcement of dinner, and the governor is looking out of the window, prepared to quarrel with everything from the thrush singing yonder to the baker's boy with the bread when a smart dog cart drives slowly past, in which she seated two graceless, hand some, wide-awake Oxonians, who stare deliberately in at every window in search of Alice's blooming face. Papa turns round, and I think he is black; he can get two and two together as well as any other man, and he knows.

"Go to your room, miss!" he says to Alice. "Is this the care you take of my daughter?" he asks Amberly.

Poor Alice! poor Amberly! poor mother! We have one of our extra, doubtedly most virulent rows. It is now writing down; no one would believe it if I did. Let it suffice that, out of all the unlucky talk and abuse, one abiding result remains: Miss Alice will go to school immediately, and a stronger, stranger hand than Amberley's shall be paid to rub the naughtiness out of her. The governor, as I have more than once remarked, is a man of action, and in an incredibly short space of time he has found a school and schoolmistress after his own heart and pattern. All preliminaries are arranged, the day for her departure fixed, and to us all there is nothing left to do but to lament. All too soon the day and hour come around, and we crowd about her with our kisses and farewells; weeping in every degree, deeply and bitterly, loudly and effusively, silently and painfully, according to our several natures; every one, down to the babies, furnishing his or her quota to the stream. "Good-by, lovely sister, good-by." How many weary, long months shall we see your sweet face no more?

CHAPTER IX.

It was a year ago that I waved my nightcap out of the window at Alice's lovers; she has left school altogether now, and is home for good. Strictly speaking, we are not at home; we are at St. Swithins, whither papa, having no very pleasant memory of a fortnight's visit, brought us for the holidays, and for the setting up of mother's health, which of late has been indifferent.

St. Swithins is a long, long way from Silverbridge, and, the governor's doughty reputation not having spread so far, the residents of the place actually call upon us (oh! it makes me smile to think of it) quite comfortably, and, as a matter of course, without the slightest notion of the danger they are running; and he, in the most baffling and unaccountable manner, not only forbears to shout "Not at home!" in their faces, or hold the door wide open for them to walk out, but permits mother to return these visits; and, though he never goes out himself, does not forbid her partaking of the very mild and temperate amusements offered—croquet, 4 o'clock tea and the like. With mother goes Alice, who has, I think, high jinks. Whether papa is tired of living like Diogenes in his tub, or whether he finds it a new sensation to be treated just like any other man, I know not; at any rate a change has come over the spirit of his dream, and it is positively refreshing so see him sinking the misanthrope in the moderately-ill-tempered, retiring English gentleman.

St. Swithins is a dull little place, but none the less does that pretty young woman, Miss Alice, in all the pomp of her seventeen-year-old pink-and-white beauty, quickly gather about her as fine an army as she did at Periwinkle. She was only a bit of a girl then; she is grown up now, so there are no more unseemly scrimmages of admirers behind hedges, or flying columns on the beach; things are conducted respectfully, and it is no longer a kiss of the hand or a love letter, but of love and marriage. Yes, love and marriage; and if we don't look very sharp after our Alice she will be carried off by somebody or other, to a dead certainty. Over and above half a dozen indiscriminate lovers, she has a shadow, a tall, bronzed, dark-faced, handsome shadow, that every young woman in St. Swithins has vainly tried to make her own. Captain Lovelace, however, has his own ideas about female beauty, and until his eyes lift on our sister's fresh, saucy, charming face he has never felt inclined to lose his own identity; but now—one, two, three, and away—head over heels into love he falls, and Alice follows at a respectful distance. There have been some half-dozen public meetings, one stolen one, a rose given and exchanged, a kiss or two (who knows?), and Alice, with a promptitude that does her credit, has made up her mind she loves him; that she will marry him; and that, if papa does not see things in the same light as she does, he must be brought to reason.

Young people are very intolerant, very daring; they defy circumstance, and would rule the world in their own way, and in return receive many a hard knock before learning the inevitable lesson of giving in. So, one fine morning, when the governor is unsuspiciously swearing over his weekly bills in the library, Captain Lovelace is announced, and, with a pluck that does him infinite credit, requests the honor of Miss Alice Adair's hand in marriage. (We are all listening at the door, Alice in the post of honor at the keyhole, the rest of us spread out behind her, anxiously looking forward to the excitement of seeing the bold lover shot out through the open door with considerable assistance from behind.) We can almost hear papa's gasp of amazement as he sits in the midst of his disordered papers (he usually dances on tacks and stares at the young man; then he pulls himself together, and refuses the proposed honor with a clearness and brevity that admit of no mistake. He has, however, met his match for once.

Captain Lovelace hears him out, then quietly remarks that, having obtained Miss Adair's promise, he is content to wait to time for the fulfilment of his wishes, and is sure that, although Colonel Adair may refuse to give his consent now, he will do it at no very distant date. Papa gasps again; but I think that an unpleasant recollection of his daughter's wilfulness crosses his mind, and in his next speech, although he still repudiates the wooer's pretentions, there is more bluster, and less determination than in the first, and oh!—miracle of miracles!—he has not yet tried to kick him! After that, the deluge; and it would not astonish us if the governor suddenly fell on the young man's neck and kissed him, and, sending for Alice, wept holy tears over them both, saying, "Bless you, my children!"

Captain Lovelace is speaking. He is asking what reasons Colonel Adair has to give for this summary refusal. Can any exception be taken to his character, means, or position? Has Colonel Adair other views for his daughter? No; he has none, and he knows nothing to the detriment of Captain Lovelace's character, pocket, or place in life, and he is forced to say so; for this is no woman to be stormed at, or a child to be whipped, but a man who will have his answer. It is not easy to say no, no, no, over and over again, because it is no to a question that requires a more reasonable answer; thus papa, pressed for his reasons, can find none, save that Alice is a mere child, far too young to think of marrying for many years, etc.

"I am told," says Captain Lovelace, "that Mrs. Adair was no older when you married her; you did not then consider her youth a drawback."

"What Mrs. Adair did was no affair of yours sir!" says papa, fiercely.

"None whatever," says Captain Lovelace; "save that it forms a precedent."

There is a pause, and Alice makes a significant face to convey to us that the governor's countenance is the reverse of angelic. The fact is, he is in a dilemma. He has had some experience of his daughter's advisers already, and he knows perfectly well that, if Tom is not in love with and wanting to marry her, it will be Dick or Harry, and that if this young man is sent to the right about, there will be fifty others popping up before him, asking the same troublesome questions. He also knows that Miss Alice has a spice of his own willful, perverse temper in her (as, indeed, it would be odd if she had not); I often wonder we are not all demons), an I that she is not very likely to prove a meek little fool, who will sit at her lovers rapped on the head and sent about their business without knowing the reason; and, altogether, for once in his life, he is compelled to think instead of to act.

There is some more conversation and pretty sharp practice between the two men, too; and more than once it seems probable that our expectations will be fulfilled, and the parting guest sped over our listening ranks, but in the end—oh, wonder!—the lover prevailed and wrings a most reluctant permission from the governor to pay his addresses to our sister for six months, and if, at the end of that time, no specks are discovered upon his character, or vice in his ways or words, he shall be consider d engaged to Alice for an indefinite period, matrimony appearing dimly in the far horizon.

For many a day papa's face is black as ink, and he surveys Alice with a wonderfully equal mixture of scorn, impatience, and wrath, as though he found her a most indelicate and unpleasant spectacle.

For the first time in my life I am in a position to critically study the ways, looks, and words of a real young hand some pair of lovers. I should not have so much opportunity, but that, after patient and dispassionate trial of all her old brothers and sisters as gooseberries, she has fixed her choice upon me, as being the sharpest, most unseeing, and most unhearing of the lot, and fully one-half my time is spent in boudoir, garden, or summer-house, craning my neck round corners in anxious watch against the governess.

Charles Lovelace is supposed to pay two or three decorous visits a week, and sit in the drawing-room opposite Alice, with mother for dragon, talking of the weather. In reality he is here every day, and twice a day; but he is not proud of being towed in and out, and on occasion hidden in the shrubbery or a cupboard. Once or twice it has been a very close shave, and nothing but a special Providence and good luck has saved him from igminious discovery.

When Charles is paying lawful visits, he brings with him a little book, called "The Bundle of Sticks"; where he picked it up it would be hard to say; and this he reads diligently, if papa never comes into the room where they are sitting. The sarcastic twitch of the governor's nose and lips as he looks from the one lover to the other is something to be wondered at.

CHAPTER X.

We are at a children's party, Dolly and I. Jack was asked, but is too proud to come. It is five o'clock, and the sun, who has been standing over us all the afternoon, frizzling our brains and making himself obnoxious, as he only knows how to do in the middle of July, is kindly sinking somewhat in the west. We have with this unusual insanity and waste of very young people, been playing at all manner of energetic games, and are now engaged in the comparatively mild creation of "Kiss-in-the-ring." Kissing is not reprehensible until one is grown up, I suppose; at any rate these little girls take their boisterous forfeits quite placidly, occasionally return them with even artless generosity that is not half appreciated by the stolid recipients of the same.

I am not a little girl, but a big one, and there is no boy present old enough or tall enough to kiss me unless I chose. Besides, no one has caught me yet, I can beat them all. I always was good at running; that and jumping being the two doubtful accomplishments Jack has taught me to perfection.

"I am laughing heartily at the dismal fate my last partner had, just met, his white duck trousers being in fact one green smudge from an involuntary acquaintance he made with Mother Earth, when Mrs. Floyd, our hostess, comes across the garden, and by her side is that yellow-haired laddie, young Tempest. Hardly a laddie though, for he must be twenty if he is a day, and has the square broad-shouldered figure of a man.

A not particularly clean piece of cambric dropped at my heels, and a vision of a nimble youth of tender years scurrying away in the distance, sets me off in fleet pursuit. He has a good start, so I do not catch him, but walk slowly round until I come to Teddy Minto, who is the spryest on h s legs of the assembled company next to me. He is after me like a shot; but then I take him twice round the ring, his fingers do not once touch my gown, and I dive in tot-one Dolly and Lily Floyd victorious. All at once young Tempest joins the ring; and presently, on receiving a dropped token from Lily, rushes after, catches and kisses her to her huge delight, for is he not the biggest person present? I wish Jack was here! He would not care about it though, he would think it beneath him, while I—it only shows what an insignificant creature I am—love it. I am enjoying myself down to the ground.

"Look, Nell!" cries Dolly, unloosing my hand; and turning my head I see behind me the symbol that invites me to pursuit. Off I set with a will, but I do not come up with the hare, who is young Tempest; on the contrary, his long legs bear him away with a fleetness that moves me to grudging envy.

"I wonder," I say to myself, as I walk round swinging the pocket-handkerchief, "whether he could catch me? We will see."

Lightly I drop it behind him, swiftly I fly along; but I am not a dozen yards away when he is up with me, and I am caught, without his ever giving me a chance.

"Now for the forfeit," he says, as he lifts me from the ground and stoops his head to mine. I meet his saucy, bent face with a vigorous slap that turns it scarlet, but he never moves or blushes, only looks at me with frank, amused blue eyes, before which my sudden anger melts like snow before the sun.

"Put me down," I say, and he puts me down. "Why, I—I didn't hurt much?" (looking up at him rather anxiously). "I did not mean to do it quite so hard, only you should not be rude, you know."

"Lily did not mind," he says, looking down on me with a queer smile.

"But Lily is not grown up," I say with dignity. "Lily is only ten."

"And you?"

"I am a great age," I say, nodding, "but I shall not tell you how much."

"Are you not tired?" he asks. "Would you not like to sit down?"

I look round; the ring is broken up, the boys and girls are strolling about; Mrs. Floyd has vanished.

"I don't mind," I say; "but we are going in to tea soon." We sit down under the beech tree and look at each other. "I know who you are," I say, smiling. "You are young Mr. Tempest."

"And you are little Miss Adair," he says.

"How did you know that?"

"My father knows your father; besides I sit opposite you in church."

"Do you?" I ask, with some dismay. Can he have marked any of Jack's and my ungodly tricks during sermon-time? For at St. Swithins' we sit behind papa, not beside him.

"Is that your oldest brother who sits beside you?"

"Yes," I say proudly, "that is Jack. There is nobody like him."

"Is he here?" asks the young man, looking round.

"No, he would not come. You see, he is fifteen, and he likes boys. He used to be satisfied with me, but now—" A tear trickles down my nose, and I turn my head away. It is a very, very sore subject with me. "It is all such a mistake," I say, rubbing my nose and eyes hard, "that I was not a boy, you know. He and I would have been together always, whereas now—it is very hard!"

"Very," says the young man, and indeed he seems to understand. "Who is that pretty little girl yonder? She looks like a crumpled pink rose."

"Does she not?" I asked eagerly, "that is Dolly, my sister."

"You are not a bit alike!"

"I know we are not; my sisters are all pretty, every one; I am the only unpresentable one out of the whole lot. Now, if you were to see Alice you—"

"I have seen her," he says; "she is quitely lovely. But you are every bit as good as Dolly, or nicer."

"Oh, no!" I say, laughing; "you need not bother about saying anything like that to me, please; I am quite used to being plain. Nurse sometimes comforts me by saying that the ugliest children some times grow into the best looking folk, but I know better."

"George," says Mrs. Ford, bearing down upon us with all sails spread, "you promised to help me give the children their tea; are you coming?"

So we go in and eat cake and drink coffee, and by and by, having washed our hot faces and hands, and smoothed our tumbled locks, we assemble in a large room, forty souls odd, for the purpose of dancing. The Floyds' governess sits down to the piano; but alas, whether it is the painful consciousness of their extreme neatness, or whether they are really unequal to the duties of "footing" a polka, all the little boys present hang together in groups, and look askance at the row of shiny-cheeked, smooth-headed damsels who are waiting to be fetched out.

This uncomfortable state of things having lasted for some time, the female wit (as is usual when things are at a deadlock) comes to the rescue, and Madge Weston, a black browed miss of twelve, rises from her seat and walks across the room to the halting army. "I shall dance with you, Clem," she says, decidedly; and taking the biggest boy by the arm she leads him away. The spell once broken, each little girl walks boldly up to the boy that is goodliest in her eyes; and bears him off triumphantly, though some of them utter feeble protests, and show a tendency to hang back. And now they are off, giggling, ambling, floundering, and young George Tempest, entering hurriedly, looks about the room, and then comes up to me.

"I can't dance," I say, confidentially, as he sits down beside me; "it is like a donkey gamboling in a drawing-room. Can you?"

"Pretty well; but I should have thought you knew how; you are quite the nimblest runner I ever saw."

"One does not want to be nimble in dancing," I say gravely, "or it must be reduced to a method to answer. Jack says my head always hits the ceiling when I try to waltz."

"Miss Dolly seems to be laboring under difficulties," says my companion, glancing toward my little sister, who is ambitiously trying to reach the shoulder of a tall, lanky boy she has selected as partner; "he has lost her altogether two or three times. Suppose you and I see what we can do?"

"It would be worse than Dolly," I say, laughing. "No, no! let us sit still and look on. I want to ask you something, if you don't mind. Is Mr. Tempest your real father?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You are not a bit like him," I say. "He looks so dried up; so—so brown. Do you know, it is very rude, but Jack and I always call him the Mummy!"

Young George Tempest laughs, and reassures me as to a doubt that has just crossed my mind, as to whether that was a suitable remark to make to a young man about his father.

"Don't you think that, on the whole, papas are a great mistake, and that we should get on much better without them?"

"I don't know," says the young man, smiling; "but you surely would not say that of mothers?"

"Never!" I answer, energetically; "but tell me, what does your father do? Does he expect you to talk? Does he insist on your going out walking with him; all the lot of you, except your mother?"

"I live with my mother," he says, soberly, "and no brothers and sisters. No, he does not make me walk unless I please; but I am his walking stick, his pourer-out of medicine, his lackey (rather bitterly) who wanders all over the world with him, learning no good."

"Learning no good?" I repeat. "Have you no a profession? Do you not do anything? You are old enough."

"Ay!" he says. "I was to have gone into the army, and even had my commission in the guards, but at the last moment my father refused to let me join. He said I was his only son, that he could not live many years, and so on. I am knocking about, with nothing on earth to do. If only Providence had sent me one or two of your brothers!"

"I have six," I say, proudly; "there are five running after Dolly, but I could not spare one of them to you."

"I suppose not," he says, with a smile. "Do you ever smack their heads as you did my cheek this afternoon?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOCTORS AND FLY BLISTERS FAIL.

But One Dose of South American Rheumatic Cure Relieves, and Half a Bottle Cures.

Robert E. Gibson, Pembroke's well known merchant: "I contracted rheumatism in very severe form in 1888, and have suffered untold misery each spring since. I have repeatedly applied fly blisters with but little success. Doctors whom I consulted likewise failed to relieve. I was induced to try South American Rhumatic Cure by Mr. W. F. C. Bethel, of the Dickson Drug Company. The first dose gave instant relief, and half a bottle cured."

As a cure for rheumatism, this remedy is certainly peerless.

An Old Proverb Solved.

Sayboy—Do you think that waste makes want?

Gayboy—Sure, Mike, the very sight of my sweetheart's waist makes me want to put my arms around it.

TRIED, TESTED AND TRUE.

Thousands Know of the Quick and Certain Relief That Comes from South American Kidney Cure.

This medicine will not cure all the ills that flesh is heir too, but it will cure kidney trouble of whatever kind—no case too aggravated. It will cure speedily—sure relief in six hours. It is rich in healing powers, and whilst it quickly gives ease, where pain existed before, it also gives strength to the weak and deranged organs, making the cure complete and lasting. Thousands who know what South American Kidney Cure has done for them will tell you so.

Two Did It.

Mr. Martin, notary public, Toronto, says: "Dr. Chase's Stomach Bitters cured me of dyspepsia." It will cure you. Fifty cents a bottle. Allan & Co., Front St., Toronto, proprietors. Ask druggists.

It is said that the flesh on the forequarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that of the hindquarters has a fishy taste.

Try It.

Mrs. Rose, Gerrard St. E., Toronto, says: "I had weak lungs and a bad cough. I was told to try Pectoria. Six 25 cent bottles cured me completely." Allan & Co., Front St., Toronto, proprietors. Ask druggists.

Agonizing, Transfixing Pain.

The most excruciating pain known is perhaps caused by Agina Pectoris, which is most to be dreaded of any of the diseases of the heart. It distinguishes itself especially by pain, and by pain which is best described as agonizing. The pain literally transfixes the patient, generally radiating from the heart to the left shoulder and down the arm. The face shows the picture of terror, and is either deathly white, or livid. To a person suffering from this species of heart trouble or from palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, or smothering spells, the value of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart cannot be estimated, as it will give relief in thirty minutes in every case, and if judiciously used, effect a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the greatest life saving remedy of the age.

A CAREFUL STUDENT OF SOCIAL REFORM.

Rev. W. Galbraith, LL.B., Pastor of Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, Has a Good Word to Say of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The Rev. Wm. Galbraith, LL.B., is one of the thoughtful preachers of the day. The active interest he has taken in questions of social reform has given him wide influence outside of his own church, where his influence is undisputed. His mind is of the kind that thinks out a problem, and then he is able to speak with force and intelligence. He is to be credited with examining into the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, with the same bent of mind. And what does he say? That in this medicine he has found a remedy that gives quick relief for cold in the head, which is so uncomfortable to everybody, and giving relief there it help, perhaps, more than any other remedy to stave off the ill effects that come from catarrhal trouble.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle with Blower sent free on receipt of two 3 cent stamps, S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

An Ill Puff That Blows Nobody Good.

Banks—Rivers, would you mind giving me one of your cigars?

Rivers—I shall be delighted, old fellow. Such a request, coming from a man as fastidious as you, is a compliment.

Banks—One will do. Thanks. I want to smoke it when the assessor calls on me.

"THE GOSPEL SHIP."

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at New York Academy of Music.

Although his oratory is at all times magnetic and eloquent, there is one theme with which, whenever he makes it the groundwork of his sermon, Dr. Talmage never fails to communi ate to his auditors the enthusiasm he himself feels. That theme is the Gospel invitation; and when he took for his subject "The Gospel Ship," the great audience that crowded the Academy was in full sympathy. The text selected was Genesis 6: 16: "Thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons and thy wife and thy sons' wives with thee."

In this day of the steamships "Lucania," and "Majestic," and the "Paris," I will show you a ship that in some respects eclipsed them all, and which sailed out, an ocean underneath, and another ocean falling upon it. Infidel scientists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth there have been a half dozen deluges, and yet they are not willing to believe the Bible story of one deluge.

In what way the catastrophe came, we know not; whether by stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the axe between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe, God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the "Great Eastern" of olden time.

I am no alarmist. When, on the 20th of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or down the roof? No; they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy it will be through Christ the door. The entrance to the ark of old must have been a very large entrance. We know that it was, from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages; and, in order to get them into the ark two by two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two by two, but by hundreds and by thousands, and by millions. You all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha! the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Saviour's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. Oh, what a broad gospel to preach! Men are now about to give an entertainment, he issues two or three hundred invitations, care fully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But, God, our Father, makes a banquet and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Russian ice castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come, for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old Cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the door posts, as far apart that the world can come in. Kings scatter treasure on days of great rejoicings. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the gospel in Surrey Chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate keeper cried, "Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in!" The dying third went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, North and South America may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho! everyone—all conditions, all ranks, all people!

Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem; but I think it worth carrying all around the globe, and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then said he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the Cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all the nations shall yet be lifted.

Further: It is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted, or rolled on hinges; but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering angels come out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

> One army of the living God,
> At His command we bow;
> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now.

Swing in, O blessed door! until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But further, it is the door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Unless those doors were fastened, the first heavy surge of the sea would have overwhelmed them; and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in!" Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness; but one in the ark, all is well. "God shut him in."

There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had his thousands to lend; now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York, and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned four horses, and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage and curricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, fore-and-aft, and across the hurricane deck the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted, the winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But standing by the empty crib, and in the desolated nursery, and in the doleful hall, once ringing with merry voices, now silent forever, the Lord cried, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in." All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoon, raving like an earthquake. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sins sinking like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only pushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in!"

The same door fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are left one with him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have had hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are death beds, and coffins, and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell; no grave. The sorrows of life come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwark of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord "shut the Lord shut him in!"

Oh, what a grand old door! so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk, and broken mast, and unfastened door; but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the post, might be