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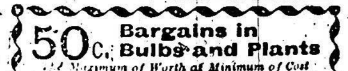

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

[CONTINUED.]

"There is no one in Charteris," I say, shaking my head; "no one ever comes here except to see the girls, or Miss Tyburn, or Mr. Russell."

"And are you one of the girls?"

"Of course."

"The biggest of them?"

"Oh, no! but there are much smaller ones than I. Do you think me over little? At home, at Silverbridge, you know, they always thought me so leggy."

"You will shoot up some day," he says, passing his hand over his mustache, "perhaps be a giantess, who knows! And do you really live at Silverbridge?"

"Yes. I suppose you have heard a good deal about it from Mr. Frere?"

"I was born there," he says.

"But you have not been there lately?"

"I lived there until fifteen years ago. Have you ever been to the Towers?"

"Yes. I have been there," I say slowly, remembering certain stolen afternoons spent under the shadow of the oaks in the grand old park; "and that is yours?"

"Yes, it is mine. My father died in Rome last year."

"I don't think that Jack and I ever knew who it was that owned The Towers, not that we should ever have been any the wiser if we had heard the name."

"No. I went away before you were born."

"And yet you cannot be very old," I say, lifting my eyes to the dark, proud, somewhat worn face, that is as far removed from mere effeminate beauty as it is from ordinary every-day looks.

"Old enough!" he say, with something very much like a sigh; "I am thirty years."

"More than double my age," I say, soberly. "Oh! it seems a great deal; but then you must have seen so much, been all about the world; it must be nice to have had experience."

"I would give it all," he says, looking into my eager face, "to have your youth and freshness and belief."

"Belief?" I repeat, "what is that?"

"I can hardly tell you," he says, "for you would not understand. Do you not look forward to having your life all your own way, meeting with the men and women you think heroic, having your ups and downs, certainly, but also your reward and pleasantness? I did when I was your age."

"And why should I not?" I ask, puzzled; "are all our hopes of future happiness illusions? I should hate to think that."

"Do not think it then," he says standing up with a quick impatient shake of the shoulders. "Let us go out into the garden. By the way, what am I to call you, little madam?"

"Helen Adair," I say, laughing; "at home they call me Nell."

"Then I shall call you Nell, too," he says promptly. "I wonder where my uncle is?"

He goes to a small inner room, that is, I think, Mr. Frere's study, but he is not there.

"Sent for to some old woman who thinks she is dying, I suppose," says his nephew; "he is always being imposed upon."

We go out into the kitchen-garden, which is not closely locked as ours at home, but open to all comers; and, since there are no little thieves here to make busy work among the fruit, there is plenty and to spare.

"You are as good as a pair of steps," I say, watching him with much interest gathering the pears that grow on the sunny side of the wall; "how useful you would have been at Silverbridge!" He gives me a satin-smooth Marie Louise. How I wish Jack was here!

"And of what use should I have been?"

"You could have jumped the wall, and thrown the fruit over to us."

"And suppose it was breakable?"

"We should not have minded," I say, laughing. "Have you a first-rate kitchen-garden at The Towers?"

"We used to have. I don't know whether the raspberry and the gooseberry bushes have grown like me, aged."

"I do love gooseberries," I say, looking fondly at the bare bushes we were passing; "grapes never came up to them in my estimation."

"Then when I am at The Towers will you come and help strip my bushes?"

"That I will," I say heartily; "only I am afraid that if you once let me into your garden you would never get any dessert."

"I shall not want any for a long time; I am not going there for three years, except for a day or two to arrange matters."

"Three years!" I say, blankly. "Oh, dear! I shall be past gooseberries by the time you come back!"

"There will be the peaches?"

"Yes but they will never taste the same, you know, after I am grown up. Are you going very far?"

"To India, America, Siberia, Australia, China, and—I forget the names of the places almost."

"It's a pity," I say, shaking my head, "a very great pity! You should do a little at a time. You cannot enjoy all that at once. Why, when we went to Periwinkle-by-the-Sea we were worn out with the novelties. We felt that they were almost too much."

"But supposing," he says, with a queer look upon his face; "that you wanted to be worn out, wanted to tire yourself, what then?"

"I never felt like that," I say, thoughtfully. "I cannot tell."

"... have a blessedly blank memory, ..." I say; "would to God I had!"

"My master is expecting you," say Mrs. Pim, appearing suddenly before us, so ... have dinner; a cool, quiet repast that is very unlike the one of which I partook at one o'clock to-day. I think Mr. Frere is fond of this nephew; Paul, he calls him; his other name, I find, is Vasher. We are out in the garden again by seven o'clock—at so primitive an hour does Mr. Frere dine—and smelling at the blooming roses, the carnations, and those sweet last gifts that Summer leaves behind when she sweeps her bright skirts away to make room for Autumn, and I have gathered me a nosegay at Mr. Frere's request, and am tying it together with a wisp of dry grass.

The sound of heavy hoofs strikes sharply upon my ears; looking up I see a horse woman approaching at a foot-pace; her head is bent, the reins are hanging loosely from her hands, her face is almost hidden. At my side I feel a sudden leap, a stir, and a hoarse voice, deep and shaken, say below its breath: "My God!" Turning I see Paul Vasher's face convulsed by love, hate, scorn, longing, loathing—which is it of all these feelings that possesses and so shakes him? I look at the girl—she is riding slowly by; she has not lifted her head, or moved one hair's breadth. I feel rather than hear the sigh of relief he gives (surely it is relief?) when she lifts her eyes, looks full in his face, then, it is all in a moment, the reins slip from her hands, she sways and falls headlong to the earth. She does not touch it, though, for Paul Vasher has leaped the gate, has caught her in his arms and is looking down on her with a strange expression, while the groom hastily dismounts and catches his mistress' horse.

"Bring her in!" says Mr. Frere, pale with alarm. (Are not old bachelors and old maids easily daunted?) And Paul brings her in, and lays her down in the big arm chair, in which I found him sitting a few hours ago. I do not think she has fainted, but her eyes are shut, and she makes neither sigh nor moan, nor does she stir hand or foot. As I look at her, I hold my breath for wonder at her. Well might Shakespeare have said to her, "For the poor rude world hath not her fellow." She is all white and gold, like a pure lily, and as tall; for, though her little hands and feet might belong to a child, she is really of fair stature, and so softly, sensuously lovely at all points, in every dimple and curve of cheek, lip, chin, and body, that it is a feast of the eye to look upon her.

Once I look at Mr. Vasher, then back again at her, for the face fascinates me. I do not like it, but oh! I love to look at what is rare and unusual; and is not this the ... as a man might dream of, and ... seen. Mr. Frere ... down her throat, but the ... does not unclose, the ... unlock; and yet, somehow, she does not give me the idea of being an insensible woman. I am thinking this, when she opens her eyes with a long drawn shuddering sigh and looks about her first at one and then another. She does not see Paul who is standing behind her.

"I hope you are better" says Mr. Frere advancing and looking at her very kindly. "We were afraid—"

"I thought," she says glancing about with dilated sapphire blue eyes "that I saw—"

Paul steps forward out of the shadow. "I am here," he says quietly. "I hope you have received no hurt?"

I had thought these were two lovers but they cannot be; his voice is as cold and indifferent as though he were speaking to Pim. She looks up at him and her lips quiver like a beautiful child that seeks love and is given a blow; under the look he winces and turns away. She is very young, not more than eighteen I think; and somehow down in my heart, though why or wherefore I cannot tell, I am sorry for her.

"My dear," says good Mr. Frere, "are you sure that you are quite recovered?"

"Quite!" she says standing up and giving him such a bright winsome smile that the middle-aged man blushes up to his ears, pleased as any school-boy. "I must have been very careless for Dandy never gave me a fall before."

"It is fortunate that we were at the gate," he says "and that my nephew was able to be of some assistance."

"Your nephew!" she says, staring at him; "is Paul Vasher your nephew?"

"You know him?" exclaims Mr. Frere. "My dear boy, why did you not tell me so?"

"We have met before," she says, looking at Paul "that is all."

"I beg your pardon," says Paul, coming forward. "Allow me, Miss Fleming, to introduce my uncle, Mr. Frere, to you. This young lady, sir, is Miss Fleming."

"Lady Flytton's niece?" asks Mr. Frere, as the girl lays her lovely slim hand in his; "then we are near neighbors!"

"I have heard my aunt speak of you," she says, gently; "and we are coming to hear you preach to-morrow."

"And you know Paul?" continues Mr. Frere; "how very odd! I suppose you did not know he was in this part of the world."

"I thought he was in Scotland."

"You said you were going to Scarbro'," says Paul; "you changed your mind?"

"Yes like you. It is not a difficult thing to do, to change one's mind, is it?"

Their eyes meet; ay, these two were hot lovers once, but what are they now?

"You have laid me under a great obligation, Mr. Vasher," she says, in her proud young voice. "Pray understand that I am grateful. Good-night, Mr. Frere, and forgive me, if you can, for starting you so much."

"Good-night!" he says, and so with a hand shake she goes, and the two men accompany her to the gate.

Now, if Mr. Frere had possessed the most rudimental idea of his duty on this occasion, he would have stopped behind with me. Clearly he has about as much notion of being a gooseberry as a cabbage; but my instinct is active enough if his is not, and a long course of sympathy with Alice and Charles has made me very tender-hearted on the subject of lovers; so as Mr. Frere passes the window with the two young people, I utter a dismal groan and call out to him that I have tumbled down and hurt myself very much. Back he comes twinkling and finds me nursing my leg on the floor, with a twisted ankle. "I tumbled over a footstool," I explain, "and will you assist me to the sofa?" He wants to call Mrs. Pim, and have it examined; but this I object to, giving it as my opinion that rest is all that is required.

"So odd," says the poor gentleman, as he brings me a book and some papers, "that there should be two accidents in one evening!"

On some protext or another I keep him in the room for fully ten minutes; then he goes out into the garden after Paul.

I wonder if, when I am grown up and quarreling with my lover, any good Samaritan will take as much trouble to serve me as I have taken to serve those two who are standing down by the gate yonder, looking into each other's faces with such a different expression on each? So much I see as I hop nimbly to the window as soon as Mr. Frere's back is turned to me.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Come and pray! come and pray!" ring the sweet bells through the hushed peace of the Sabbath morning; and obedient to the call we rise up, and, ascending to the higher regions, proceed to cloak and bonnet ourselves after our school-girl lights and abilities. There must be a little fashion wandering about the world somewhere, but it has not yet found its way to Charteris; only in one respect do we follow the mode, and that is by wearing spoon bonnets. Very fresh and fair look some of the faces inside those absurd monstrosities, but unlovely folk are not improved by their shape, and of those hapless latter virgins I am one. I would not mind if the tiresome thing would keep straight; but it will not, and I usually reach church looking as though I had had a fight on the way and came off second best. I am in short frocks still, so that from a distance I look all legs and bonnet—"like a windmill," as one of my friends kindly remarked the other day.

We are out in the road now, winding along it like a dingy ribbon, and, as we pass the parsonage, Mr. Vashers comes out, fresh, perfectly dressed, with a delicate button-hole in his coat, altogether a pleasant and refreshing sight among this regiment of indifferently clothed young women. He scans our ranks as carelessly as though we were a show of azaleas or roses (not that we are those pretty flowers by any means—far more dandelions than beauty-blossoms grow in our parterre) and does not discover me: apparently my bonnet is as good a disguise as an entirely new body. He has passed us all, with his long, quick step, long before we turn in at the church-yard. I wonder why a black coat on any man's back who is not fifty, sends such a twitter of excitement through a girls' school? A few years hence and a hundred men would not cause the excitement that a single one does now in the breast of a school-girl. And now we are in church; anon Mr. Frere is in his place, and "Dearly beloved" is half through, when a prodigious clatter outside makes all eyes turn to the door. A hand and arm coated in gray and scarlet livery opens it, and a tall, fair, majestic woman sails in and rustles up the aisle, her bracelets clinking, her dress trailing behind her, looking uncommonly like a ship in full sail. Miss Fleming follows. She does not rustle, and she dares not clank; she sweeps noiselessly along in her cool white dress, and she is white from head to foot. The very church seems the brighter for her coming, as she kneels against the carven oak; she looks as sinless, and fair, and adorable, as Marguerite may have looked before Faust came, and yet—and yet—I wonder why with this lovely bit of porcelain I am always thinking of the outside, never of the nature and inner life! For the best of reasons; save for beauty her face is the merest blank; if she has a soul she keeps it mighty well hid, but in the teeth of such perfection who would ask anything more? No sensible woman or man. It is a pity to look at the mother and daughter side by side. Will the lovely red and white of the girl's cheek strengthen into the fixed color that the other wears? Will the dainty contour of brow, lip, and chin in the daughters' face become thickened, even lost in time, as in the mother's case? They are so unlike in features, coloring, and proportion, and the doubt is natural. Paul Vasher sits in the channel opposite me, the Flemings a little below in the body of the church; once he turns his head and their eyes meet, and are held fast and long. It is a difficult look to read, but, though no change passes over his face. Now the benediction is spoken, and we rise and go our ways, standing aside in the road as Lady Flytton's carriage goes by. The girls are buzzing in low tones of the stranger, of her beauty, her bonnet, her gown; she has even astonished them into forgetting Mr. Vasher. We have dinner, that liberal meal at Charteris that does not stand god-mother to ... plain, cold remains, and potato puddings, or any other abomination. Our parents pay for us to be well fed, and we are; therefore the school prospers. We are in the first-class room now, and—oh, wonder!—I am actually seated in the midst of the potent Bluffs; for so the six head girls of the school are called, who wield an authority in the school second only to that of Miss Tyburn. By no virtue of my own am I here, but Kate Lishaw, the head of them, has been pleased to take some small notice of me; therefore am I sitting cheek by jowl with my betters.

"Girls," says Kate, resting her charming dark-eyed mignonne face on her clasped hand, "I have some news; we are going to have a party."

"Not really?" "How I hate them!" "A lot of trouble for nothing!" "We shall get some supper, though!" "And there will be at least one man!" "He won't be asked." Those ejaculations burst on all sides, I alone holding my tongue, for as yet a party at Charteris is a thing heard of but never seen by me.

"It is even so, my brethren," continues Kate, "and the edict has gone forth that our quarterly low-necked, manless, partnerless, full-dress ball is to take place on Thursday week. But do not be down-hearted, my friends, about this impending festivity; there is an unusual and beautiful halo of novelty, for it will probably be present—a man! None of your miserable old rectors, or half-penny hobbledehoys, but a downright well-dressed, presentable man. There is no knowing to whom he may throw his pocket-handkerchief, therefore my advice to all and sundry is, curl up your hair, starch up your skirts, put on your most ravishing ogle, your finest languish, and—every man for himself and devil take the hindmost."

"Only he cannot dance with more than a quarter of us," says Laura Fielding, a languid beauty of the Lydia Languish type, who is ripe for flirtation, but doomed to bread-and-butter.

"I have thought of that," says Kate; "we will have a lottery with fifteen prizes, and whoever draws one shall pin it to the front of her dress, and walk up to Mr. Vashor, and making a courtesy say, 'My dance, I think?' and then lead him away."

"I wonder what he would be doing all this time?" says Belle Linden. "He does not look like a man who would be made to do anything he does not choose."

"So much the better," says Dora; "I don't fancy the coup d' oeil of our assembled charms will have the same effect upon him that they had on that little man who came to our last with Mr. Russell, and who gave one look at our hungry and awaiting ranks, and ran."

"Where did he go?" I ask, speaking for the first time.

"Nobody knows. Of one thing only are we certain he never came back here."

"Perhaps Mr. Vasher will not come," says Kate; "men like girls, you know, but I fancy in moderation. He does not look like a universal lover of womankind—we want a diffusive man."

"If he does not come," says Belle, "to view our forlorn and piteous gambols; then all spring and verve will depart therefrom, and we shall be like apple-tart without the apples."

"If he only know," says Emma, "that every petticoat, skirt, and tucker, in this establishment, will be washed to his glory, he could not choose but come. He could not be a man born of woman without feeling touched."

"Helen Adair, you shrimp! you have spoken to him, have you not?" asks Laura. "Is he made of gentle stuff, or likely to kick over the traces?"

"I don't know," I say, laughing; "shall I ask him, when I see him?"

"Do," says Kate, impressively, laying her hand on my head; "go down on your knees to him, and refuse to get up again until he says he will come! There will be a ragged look on us all if he does not!"

A bell ringing in the distance calls us together like a flock of sheep, to go out for a walk.

It is Wednesday afternoon, and we are all, great and small, upstairs unearthing our evening dresses and fishing up boots, gloves, and other minor appendages. To me this party is a grand novelty. Never have I been to anything that bore the most ghastly resemblance to one; therefore my festive garment is not, like that belonging to some of my less fortunate schoolmates, grown too short, too tight, or too narrow. Nevertheless it is not much to boast of, being a species of Phoenix revived from the ashes of one of mother's dead and gone tails. It is rusty, it is musty, it is villainously bare of ornament and green of hue, but it comes decently down to my heels, and does not refuse to meet over my chest—a piece of good luck on which I may congratulate myself, seeing that on all sides I hear the popping of hooks and bursting of buttons, as "bodies" after undue pressure fly off at a tangent, and gape widely when they should close; while petticoats that ought modestly to touch the ground, display ankles that refuse to blush unseen.

The woes of one girl in particular might draw tears from a stone. Poor Emma's existence is one long struggle to get into her frocks; for providence, who ever loves to serve mankind nasty tricks, has predisposed her to fat, with an over-increasing solidity that sets dressmakers at defiance. Not that this fact in itself calls for pity; for are not the fat ones of the earth the happiest, the cheerfulness, the best-tempered people living? The sting of it lies in this, that Emma has a stepmother who objects to new dresses on principle, and will allow no more that a certain number a year, and has decreed that when she has had those let out to find their extremest limits, if they will not accomodate themselves to form, then her form must be brought down to the size of her gown. So when dear Emma shows signs of overgrowing, she is put on Banting, and made to eat the things that she hates, and leave untouched those that she loves, and, over and above, to skip for an hour before breakfast every morning. The latter, in hot weather, is trying, but, nevertheless, she works her stepmothers' will; and though her life is a burden to her, by degrees her fat diminishes, and she comes down to the size of her garments. If this is not a practical example of the triumph of mind over matter, then where shall one be found? Just now she is in the increasing stage, and efforts that would not disgrace a blacksmith are being made to "fasten" her low blue-and-white silk frock; but, alas! until Emma has returned to Banting, the glories of that frock are not for her!

Consultations, serious and profound as those held with a court dressmaker over a London beauty's first drawing-room, are going on in all directions: bareges, grenadines, and muslins being the aristocratic subjects under discussion. It seems a great waste of good starch and time, so much preparations, so little to gain by it. But though no strangers worth mentioning will be present to appraise all this bravery at its true worth, will it not be something for Rose Mary with her superior flounces to cut out Anna Maria with her scanty ones; are not the merits of the beauties of this school, on these occasions of dress-parade, afterward discussed as fully and exhaustively as any new Almack beauty, by any groupe of beaux and wits at White's? Hence these puckered brows and weighty discussions.

To be continued.

A Bloated Aristocrat.

The arrogance of capital was never more fully illustrated than by what happened not long ago in Dallas, Texas.

One of the wealthiest merchants was much startled by a man with a pallid face rushing into his store and saying breathlessly:

"One of your teams ran away."

"Mother of Moses! Are any of the mules hurt?"

"No, none of them."

The capitalist sighed and said anxiously:

"I suppose the wagon is wrecked. Let me know the worst."

"The wagon and the mules are all safe, but the driver is killed."

"Well, then, what do you scare a man out of his senses for? From the way you talked I was afraid an accident had happened."

KISSING CASES IN COURT.

The Subject is Always Interesting, If Not Amusing.

The grave and dignified members of the legal profession appear to derive much amusement from the subject of kisses, which comes before them most frequently in the form of a superabundant supply of crosses in the letters of lovers, when these are being read—as they were never intended to be—in court, in breach of promise cases. The learned gentleman who has at the moment the business in hand of reading aloud one of these wonderful productions generally pauses when he comes to the first stop in the gushing effusion, where the enamoured swain has found words too weak to express his sentiments, supplying their place with a string of symbolic osculations, and, with a well-feigned look of innocence, says that there is here a gap in the letter, which the defendant has filled in with a lot of "x's," regarding the meaning of which some brother, more learned in these weighty matters, may perhaps be able to enlighten him.

This same "brother" never fails to do, saying that if he is rightly informed—he has, of course, no personal knowledge of the matter, (winks all round) these mystic signs signify kisses in the language, well understood by the devotees of Cupid.

Thereupon, this musty, time-honored joke is greeted with the usual chorus of guffaws, and the interrupted reading proceeds.

But kisses sometimes make their appearance in law courts in other circumstances, though they never fail to be made the subject of numerous legal witticisms. The judge may have been in jesting humor—and yet who knows but he may have been laying down, with all due solemnity, some fundamental principle of justice and equity—who once asked the plaintiff who was suing his former sweetheart for the return of the value of certain articles of jewelry which he had presented to her in the happy days of the courtship, whether he had "ever kissed the young lady?" "Certainly!" was the reply, as was to be expected. Whereupon the judge dismissed the action, declaring that kisses and caresses were full legal payment for presents given in such circumstances. The obvious moral may be laid to heart without much difficulty by present-giving young men.

It happened one day that a pretty young widow traveling by train from Louisville to Nashville had taken her seat near a newly-married couple. The bridegroom left his wife for a moment, and when he returned the train was passing through a tunnel. He took advantage of the darkness to snatch a kiss from his wife, as he supposed, but unfortunately he had made a mistake and kissed the young widow instead. She was highly indignant, and, refusing to believe that it was an accident, sued the young husband for $1,000, as solatium to her wounded feelings and ruffled dignity.

There is given as an example of the leniency of New York judges the case of a man who was arrested for kissing another man's wife. The sentence passed on the culprit was that he should there and then kiss his own wife, who was present in the court room; which as may be supposed, he gladly did.

In British law courts it has been frequently brought home to offenders that it is rather an expensive amusement to kiss a lady against her will. But in Holland it appears that a rather different view prevails in judicial circles. A young man who has assaulted a young lady in this way in the streets of a village near Utrecht was brought before the burgomaster, who took the matter up, demanded that the offender should be fined one florin, or, in default, be imprisoned for one day. But the Utrecht Court, and finally the appeal Court at Amsterdam, both dismissed the case, the judges declaring "that to kiss a person cannot be an offence, as it is in the nature of a warm mark of sympathy!" This is pretty much the like Yankee judge who dismissed a similar offender, remarking that the plaintiff was so temptingly pretty that during the trial he had to keep himself down in his chair with both hands, he felt so much inclined to get up and kiss her himself.

A stolen kiss once brought the culprit into possession of a fortune. He was a butcher at Sydney, and had taken the liberty of kissing one of his customers, a pretty girl, who resented the affront and had him prosecuted for assault. He was fined heavily by the local magistrate, and the case was commented on freely by the press. The publicity thus given to the affair happened to arrest the notice of a firm of solicitors in Sydney, who had been appointed trustees of some property which had been left to the man by a distant relative twenty years before. They had failed to trace the heir, but when his name appeared in the papers in connection with the case of assault they communicated with him, and he was able to establish his identity.

A certain Senor Talca, of Valparaiso, however had a very different experience, and paid heavily for his momentary freak of kissing a lady on the Plaza without her permission. She prosecuted him, and the magistrate, as indignant as the lady, sentenced him to sixty days' imprisonment. This severe penalty Senor Talca considered himself justified in appealing against, but the higher court, so far from bestowing any sympathy on the offender, sentenced him to an additional thirty days' imprisonment. The amusing part of the affair is that the higher court took 200 days to consider the appeal, and during the whole of that time the senor had to remain in jail.

An Independent Lawyer.

A lawyer with his client called one day at the office of a gentleman who is considered to be one of the leading men of the Philadelphia bar. The lawyer had an important case and he wanted to take the legal big gun in as advisor. He explained his business and said he and the client would be back in the afternoon. "I won't be here then," said the legal giant. "I have an engagement at 3 o'clock and I won't be here after that hour." "But there is a $5,000 fee in this for you," explained the young lawyer. "Can't help it; I won't be here. You will have to come to-morrow."

"But my client can't come to-morrow."

"Well, I can't break my engagement," said the senior. After some further talk it was agreed that a meeting be held that night. That afternoon, having nothing else to do the young lawyer and his client went to a ball game. The first man they saw inside the grounds was the great lawyer, who was hurrahing for the "Phillies" with all the vigor of his lungs. That was his important engagement. Needless to say the lawyers' practice nets him enough money each year to make him independent.

Neglecting The Men.

"Have not our men been neglected in ho pastoral work? Most of a minister's calls are upon the women, and this operates to exclude men not only from his acquaintance, but also from his sympathy and interest. It is nothing to wonder at that preachers who have associated all the week with their feminine parishioners, learning their woes, ministering to their needs, breathing their atmosphere and seeing life from their angle of vision, mount the pulpit on Sunday and preach sermons calculated more to interest and help women than men. So the minister, for his own sake of a neglected part of his parish, needs to spend more of his time among the men."

A Thread of Divine Love.

"Ah! my friend, thou may'st be sunk very low down in sin and woe; but there is a thread of divine love that comes from the throne of heaven, and touches even thee. Seize that thread. It may be small but it is golden. Improve what you have, however little, and more shall be given. That thin thread of love, if you will not neglect it, shall lift even you up to God and glory. Who hath despised the day of small things?"

When properly used one good opportunity will last a lifetime.

MISCELLANEOUS READING FOR THE OLD AND YOUNG.

Magazines as well as Daily Papers Contribute to Make this Department of Our Paper of General Interest.

Secrets Will Out.

"Now, you must not let this go any further," said Watts to McDaivd after retailing a choice bit of scandal.

"Oh, certainly not," said McDavid. "How did you happen to hear it?"

"My wife told me. She is just like any woman—can't keep a secret, of course."

A Vessel's Jump.

The spectacle of a steamship taking a flying leap down a sheer descent of sixteen feet is an unusual one and may be fairly described as "thrilling." This is what a big steamer did on the Manchester ship canal last week—smashed its way through a pair of gates weighing 800 tons each, sending one to the bottom and wrenching the other off its sockets, and itself took a leap of sixteen feet to the next level.

He Knew His Business.

In one of the interior towns of Michigan reside two lawyers who have a weakness which manifests itself at periodical intervals. It is only in a mild form, though, so their friends rather take it as a joke than as a serious matter, especially as both cases of them are pretty well on in years. One night they happened to meet on their way home, and though one shied and tried to keep in the shade, the other wouldn't have it that way. It was evident that he wanted something, for he tackled his legal friend without ceremony. "Say, Charlie," he said, "is that you?"

"Course it is," was the response. "Didn't s'pose I was going around in disguise, did you? What you want?"

"Want to know what time it is, that's all."

It was two o'clock in the morning and the man in the shadow of the street knew it, and appreciated the fact.

"Well," he said slowly, so as to make the dignity of the occasion more apparent, "I decline to tell you. You ought to know better, sir, than to try to get me to answer a question that would incriminate me," and he passed along in the farther shadows, leaving his friend standing in a dazed condition.

Western Pete's Conundrum.

Half a dozen shoe drummers met at the Palmer House the other evening and were talking about country trade and incidents of their journey. "Western Pete," as he is called by his friends, offered to stand treat all around if anyone could give a correct solution of a little incident that had been told to him by one of his country customers, and this is the story that Western Pete told:

A man entered a shoe store in a country town, bought a pair of $2 shoes and tendered a $10 bill in payment. The shoe dealer had no change and sent his boy to the grocery next door. He received it and returned his customer $8 in change.

Half an hour later the grocer entered the shoe store and wanted his $10 back, as the $10 bill he had received from the shoe man was a counterfeit. He got it of course, and now how much was the shoe dealer out of pocket? Every one of the drummers had his own opinion. Some said the shoe man was out $18. Some said $10 and others claimed he was out $28. Who was right? The matter is not settled, and Western Pete is still waiting for his drink.

FISH TRAINED TO FIGHT.

A Curious Sport Indulged in by the People of Far-Off Siam.

The two fish are placed in the same bottle, says the London Field. They proceed to take each other's measure, shoulder up to each other in schoolboy fashion, and back and push around the "ring," the small fins vibrating rapidly all the time, and each little being quivering with excitement and wrath. This goes on for some minutes, until as the spectors are growing impatient, one fish suddenly flips his head around, makes a dart, and a considerable dent in his adversary's tail shows at once that he has got home. Henceforth there is no hesitaion until one or the other cries "peccavi." In regular fish fights, on which money depends, the battle is continued until one fish turns tail and is chased around the bottle by the other. But this is usually an affair of an hour, and frequently of three or four. The pluck and determination of the fighters are wonderful. The ordinary stream fish do not evince nearly so much as those that have been bred and reared for the purpose. The tail is the part which shows most damage, for it is very easily torn, but a good grip on a side fin is more effective. When one pins the other by the nose a very exciting struggle takes place, the two lying fastened together like professional wrestlers, and then shaking each other back and forward with might and main.

They often seem extremely exhausted, but still fight on bravely, and sometimes it is a matter of difficulty to part them. They display considerable agility in evading their opponents' mouth, and also in suddenly twisting around and taking a piece out of his tail. In twenty minutes or so these appendages, which looked so brave and bright as they went into the fray, are torn to ribbons. The fish's general appearance after the fight suggests that of a sailing ship emerging from a hot action, with her canvas hanging in streamers, her topmasts shot away and her crew gasping for breath, but still ready to fight again. The combatants sometimes succumb to a long contest, but generally they only take superficial damage and are immediately ready to food. After a match they are always rested a week or longer, according to the extent of their injuries, and most of the rents and cuts are repaired by nature. Enthusiastic owners often wager £6 or £7 or more on their favorites, and many people earn a little money in this way by breeding fighting fish and then backing them against others.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Loving art for art's sake is not greatly unlike loving pie for pie's sake.

Tact is sometimes an acquired habit, but never in its highest form.

A loud laugh in a woman is like a noise in a picture.

Poetry is the language of poverty.

Money is often a concealed weapon.

Women hate with their hearts and despise with their heads.

Selling a poem or a picture doesn't injure the sentiment of either. In that far, woman is neither a poem or a picture.

Cupid doesn't know a dollar from a doughnut.

FIRE ISLAND'S GREAT LIGHT.

Its Powerful Electric Beams Will Shine Fully 100 Miles.

"The most powerful light in the world is now being set up on Fire Island, off New York city," said an officer of the lighthouse board. "It will be ready for business by July 1 next. To ships it will be visible 100 miles out at sea. I do not mean that the light itself will be seen at that distance, for that would be impossible, owing to the curvature of the earth, but the flash on the clouds in the sky will be discerned. From the point of view of the watchful skipper so far from shore an intermittent glare will be observed as if lightning were to show in the same quarter of the heavens at regular intervals of five seconds. Passengers on transatlantic steamers will thus receive a cheering signal of their approach to America.

"The light will be electic, having a 50,000,000 candles without the lens. The lens, which was made in Paris, is of enormous size—about ten feet in diameter. It will increase the power to 250,000,000 candles. It is called a bivalve lens, being in two halves like the shells of an oyster. The convex halves are separated by a distance sufficient to admit the body of a man, so that the carbons and other apparatus between them may be got at. This double lens and the whole mechanical contrivance supporting it rests in a circular trough filled with mercury. In fact, its entire weight rests upon the liquid quicksilver, so that it may be revolved almost without friction. Ordinarily brass wheels are used for revolving lights in lighthouses.

"The light is generated by enormously powerful dynamos. Of the latter there are two, so that in case one breaks down the other may be used. It is a subject of regret that the lighthouse board is still obliged to maintain the electrical light in Liberty's torch in the harbor of New York. It is of no use worth mentioning to mariners, and it costs $5,000 a year. It used to cost $10,000 per annum, but we have cut off the electric searchlights, which formerly were employed to throw light upon the statue and illuminate it. Liberty might be of some value for lighthouse purpose if she had been placed on the Romer Shoals, which would have afforded a more suitable location anyway.

TURNING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

It Once Ran Through Lake Champlain and Could Again Be Diverted.

It is a geological fact that all the waters of the St. Lawrence at one time poured down through Lake Champlain and were discharged into the Atlantic at New York, and Chauncey N. Dutton, of New York, the engineer, who has worked out the problem of the new waterway, recently told an Albany Journal man they could be turned back into that channel if money enough were expended upon the work. His plan, however, does not contemplate anything which would destroy the commerce of Montreal or make Quebecs' water front a sandy plain. The great river can spare enough water for the ship canal and not appear to have lost a drop. It is the foremost of rivers in its uniform discharge, of which the mean amount is 272,095 cubic feet per second at Ogdensburg. The lowest discharge of the Mississippi is 156,000 cubic feet per second, and the maximum is fully eight times that amount. The work required to complete the project is not so great as may be imagined. It will be necessary to build a new aqueduct over the Chippewa River on the Welland Canal, also eight miles of new canal from near Thorold, Ont., to near Queenston, with two locks; a lock at Cornwall, a lock near Valley Field, Quebec; a canal from Lake St. Francis, to the St. Lawrence, at a point opposite Grand Island, to the Richelieu River, and, lastly, a canal from Lake Champlain to the Hudson River. The last will be the most difficult part of the whole undertaking.

The proposed canal will connect South Bay, Lake Champlain, with the Hudson at Fort Miller, although an effort will be made to connect with the river at a point higher up. Below Coxsackie the Hudson will afford a clear, unobstructed waterway to New York. The lock at this end of the route will be at Waterford.

The depth of water necessary in the canals to be constructed will conform to that on Limekiln Crossing in the Detroit River. This route will be essentially for freight vessels, and it will be deepened from time to time to conform with the depth maintained by the government in the Detroit River.

Five Years an Invalid.

Sometimes there are overwhelming evidences of the possibilities of the faith cure, but there is a case in which Dr. T. A. Reamy a few weeks ago appeared as the attending physician which bears out the only true possible cure by faith, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The patient in the case was the wife of one of Kentucky's ablest and wealthiest men. She had been an invalid for five years, and in that time her ailments have been diagnosed by the best physicians in that state, and she has taken medicine without intelligence of quantity. Nothing seemed to relieve her of her great physical troubles. Becoming desperate, she decided to make one more trial, and her husband joined her in her decision. A private car was secured and she was transferred from her home to the car, and her condition was such that it was deemed best to remove her bed and bedding to the car. In that condition she was brought to Cincinnati, and Dr. Reamy was summoned to examine her. When she was in the presence of the doctor she said: "Doctor, I am fully prepared to receive the worst verdict."

The doctor made a most faithful and close examination, and then remaked:

"Do you feel able to receive just what my finding is?"

"I do, doctor."

"Then" he replied, "madam, there is not the slightest degree of illness apparent in you. You are as strong and healthy as any person could be who has gone through what you have. There is not the slightest reason why you should not get up and walk."

Both the patient and the husband were perfectly astounded at his statement.

"I mean every word of it. You can walk."

"Why, doctor, I have not taken a step in five years."

"That makes no difference. You may be a little weak, but get up on your feet and walk with me."

The husband endeavored to interfere, but the doctor waved him to one side and said, "This is my patient; I know what is best for her." And he took the lady by the arm, carefully lifted her from her couch, and the two walked across the room and back again.

"Now, what I want you to do is to go back to your home, stop all medicines, and take interest in your flowers and home. You say you are a great lover of animals and fowls. Put your mind on them, or anything to remove it from bodily ailments."

The lady and her astounded husband returned home, and since then the doctor has had weekly reports from his patient, and they are all of the most favorable nature. She has never been ill an hour since her visit to the city, goes to parties, and in every way is a thoroughly well and active woman.

End of the Voyage.

A woman who has just crossed to Europe for the first time writes home of the pleasant pomp and ceremony with which the end of the voyage is celebrated on the last night out.

"It seems," she says, "that it is always customary, on the German line, at least, and probably on all, to have an especially elaborate dinner just before arriving in Southampton, which is called the 'captain dinner.' Everyone is supposed to order wine and drink to the health of the captain while he responds, toasting the health and safe journeyings of his passengers. When we came to the table we found it decorated with most elaborate cakes four stories high, with little American and German flags stuck on all sides, and little paper ornaments—truly German. We went through a most elaborate menu, and when we came to the dessert, the waiters suddenly disappeared, the music stopped, and the lights went out. A hush and sense of expectancy fell upon the company. Suddenly the music started a lively march, the doors opened, and the waiters appeared, bearing trays. On each was a round globe of rice paper with a light inside, and around this sat small Japanese figures made of ice cream, each holding in his arms a little umbrella of light-colored paper. The room was perfectly dark, and the effect as the waiters marched around, and around, forming different figures and bearing their illuminated burdens, was novel and interesting. Everybody clapped and cheered. Then the lights were turned on, and we ate the ice-cream men and kept the umbrellas as souvenirs. It was a captain's dinner, though without a captain, for we chanced to be passing at the time through a very dangerous place, and he could not leave his post on the bridge."

The Dog and the Telephone.

M. E. Church, proprietor of the Beddington tannery, relates a rather remarkable story, showing the wonderful instinct of his dog Don. Having occasion not long since to visit Bangor he soon became dissatisfied and returned to his home in Cherryfield, twenty miles distant. When Mr. Church returned to Beddington he called up his wife on the telephone, and in course of conversation inquired for Don. On being told that Don was at home he asked to be allowed to talk with him. Don was accordingly held up to the telephone and the receiver placed to his ear. As "Hello, Don," came from his master, the dog began to show signs of excitement, which increased as the conversation progressed. In a few moments after being released he disappeared and in about two hours Mr. Church called again on the telephone and announced that Don had arrived at the tannery.

Tit for Tat.

Customer (who has made a collection of some of the choice candies in the store)—Now, if you will wrap these up, I'll take them home, examine them and let you hear from me.

Confectioner (astounded)—Why man alive! I can't stand that!

Customer—Can't stand it! Why, your wife comes up to my dry-goods store about twice a week and does the same thing with my dry goods.

Wanted To Scare His Wife.

John Miller, of 415 West Thirty-fifth street, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday on the charge of attempted suicide, says the New York Recorder.

At 10 o'clock on Friday night Mary Miller, John's young wife, rushed breathlessly into the West Thirty-seventh police station, screaming:

"My husband is going to hang himself! Come quick, oh! come quick, or he'll be dead!"

Policeman Pepersid hurried off with the woman, who explained that she had had a row with John, and he said he was going to kill himself.

"Why, he had the rope around his neck when I came out," sobbed she.

The door of the Millers' rooms was locked. The policeman forced it open. There was no light. There was the stillness of death, as the policeman and the wife groped their way toward the bedroom. This room was black as ink, and the frightened gasps of the woman blew out the first match which the policeman lit.

Another match flickered for a minute, the gas was lit, and what the policeman saw made him fall over on the bed and laugh until he cried. Even the sad-faced wife smiled.

There in the bed, sleeping comfortably, was John Miller, with four yards of clothesline coiled about his neck. The policeman woke him up. John's eyes blinked, but as he was fully dressed Pepersid yanked him out of bed and took him to the police station, where he was locked up. In court he denied that he had any desire to kill himself, only to scare his wife.

"She's been gettin' purty flip with her tongue lately, and needed quietin'."

Mrs. Miller refused to make a charge against him, and he was discharged.

Unveiled Once a Year.

According to a dispatch from Constantinople, in consequence of the rumors circulated regarding alleged plots organized by the Mussulman element which is discontented with the present government and especially by the Softas, unusual precautions were taken on the occasion of the sultan's annual visit to the Mosque of Top-Cadon on the Old Seraglio Point on the 12th inst., says the London News. This day, the fifth of Ramazan, is the only one in the year on which the sultan, as commander of the faithful, leaves Yildiz Kiosk in order to perform the ancient ceremony of unveiling and exposing to public veneration the reliquary containing one of the prophet's mantles. It is stated that his majesty would this year have gladly delegated the duty to a representative, but such a course is impossible, as it is for the caliph alone to expose the relic with his own hands and to be the first to kiss it in the presence of the imperial princes, the clergy and the high dignitaries of state.

As the sultan was thus obliged to perform the ceremony the greatest precautions were taken to prevent any untoward incident. Yildiz Kiosk was literally surrounded by a picked regiment of Albanian troops, who sedulously guarded all the entrances to the palace during the sultan's absence. The route to Old Seraglio Point was lined with soldiers through its entire length and on the day previous to the ceremony, which is known as that of Hirkai-Cherif (the kissing of the mantle), a special commission commanded by a naval captain and composed of ten officers, under the direct authority of the ministry of marine, made a minute inspection of the great bridge of Karakeui, which was, moreover, carefully guarded by sailors. The imperial procession, however, reached the mosque without incident.

FORGOT HIS OWN NAME.

But Jefferson Remembered That He Played Rip Van Winkle.

Some of the most amusing stories of the tricks of memory are those which illustrate the facility with which proper names escape the recollection. They elude you like greased pigs. "I thought I had it on the end of my tongue," and "I recall your face, but for the life of me I can't place you," are so commonly heard as to excite no comment. "By the way, how do you spell your name?" inquired a young lady of an old acquaintance she took this way of recalling, without embarrassment, a name that unaccountably escaped her recollection. "S-m-i-t-h," he replied to her confusion. It is related of Joe Jefferson that he was one day introduced to General Grant, an event that naturally impressed him strongly. Later in the day, according to the New York Mail and Express, he got into an elevator of the hotel at which they were both stopping. A short heavy set man also got in, lifted his hat to Jefferson, and made some remark. "I beg your pardon. Your face is familiar to me, but I cannot recall the name," said the actor. General Grant courteously gave his name. "I got off at the next floor, for fear I should ask him if he had ever been in the war," Jefferson said in relating this story. Worse than that, he once forgot his own name. He had gone into a postoffice at some small resort where he was unknown and asked the clerk if there was any mail for him. "What's the name?" asked the clerk. "Name? Oh, yes, certainly. Why, let me see! I play Rip Van Winkle, you know." "Jefferson," said he astonished and delighted clerk. "Yes, Jefferson; thanks," he answered, politely, as he received his mail and bowed himself out.

A Love For the Good.

A love of what is high, true and pure, often keeps out from the heart what is contrary to those. Even when the heart and habit are not in the right, if once the right be chosen, be aimed at, be practiced, the base, the false, the impure become gradually crowded out and eventually utterly supplanted. To destroy a bad habit, cultivate the good habit; but before this cultivation can be real, a love for the good must be felt. The hunger and the thirst for the good are the best assurances that the evil is to pass away. The great converts of history, as well as the humblest of those who have succeeded in rejecting the evil part of their lives and substituting good in its place, have been actuated by a sort of passion for the beauty of holiness, and this passion, deliberate, calm and patient though it may be, is sure to triumph in the end.

Getting Out of a Tight Place.

An old admiral, well known for his power of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night. "While cruising in the Pacific" he said, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters." "But" said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled." "Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral; "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs!"

The Court has assessed a fine of $10 on the attorney for contempt, and the amount was very nearly the size of his pile. He put up the money in such a hesitating way that the Court was moved to compassion.

"If you have any regret," said the Judge, "for what you have done I might possibly remit the fine."

"Your Honor is very kind," replied the attorney with mock humility, handing the money to the clerk, "and I have some regret that I haven't a thousand more $10 bills."

THREE METHODIST LEADERS.

Have All Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and Declared Strongly In Its Favor.

The clergy of Canada, of all denominations, seldom hesitate to speak frankly in the interests of good cause, or on behalf of some meritorious article. Force is given to utterances of this character when the men speak from individual experience. This is the case with the Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL.B., Rev. William Galbraith, L.L.B., and the Rev. Wm. H. Withrow, D. D., than whom few ministers of the Methodist Church are better known in Toronto or elsewhere throughout the Dominion. As with many others these brethren have been sufferers from cold in the head and its invariable successor catarrh. A remedy, however, was within their reach. They used Dr. Agnews' Catarrhal Powder and found, as everyone else finds, that relief was speedy and effective and desiring to benefit others they frankly made this statement to the world over their own signatures.

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 and blower sent on receipt of two three cent stamps. S. G. Ditchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

"Within 12 Hours After the First Dose the Pain Left Me"—Rheumatism of 7 Year's Standing Cured in a few Days.

I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to bed, for months at a time, unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatic cures advertized, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, of Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of twelve hours after I took the first dose the pain left me. I continued until I took three bottles, and I consider I am completely cured. Signed, J. D. McLeod, Leith P. O., Ont.

Gravel and Kidney Disease Quickly Cured—Relief Can be Obtained within Six Hours.

I have been troubled with gravel and kidney disease for eight year, during which time I have tried numerous remedies and different doctors without any permanent benefit. At times the pain in the left kidney was so severe that I could not lie down or remain in one position any length of time. Seeing your advertisement of South American Kidney Cure in The Enterprise, I procured a bottle from A. S. Goodeve, druggist, and taking it according to directions got immediate relief and feel better now than at any time since first noticing the disease. The soreness and weakness have all left me. I recommend all who are afflicted with this dangerous trouble to give South American Kidney Cure a trial. Signed, Michael McMullen, Chesley, Ont.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieved me of Agonizing Pain in Twenty Minutes and was the Means of Saving My Life, So says Mrs. John Jamieson, Tara, Ont.

About three months ago I was attacked with nervous heart trouble. The pain was so severe I could hardly breathe. I could get no relief and feared that I could not live. I saw advertised in The Tara Leader Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and immediately procured a bottle. I secured perfect relief inside of 20 minutes and firmly believe it was the means of saving my life.

If your heart flutters, palpitates, or tires out easily, it is diseased, and treatment should not be delayed a single day. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves almost instantly, and it will effect a radical cure.

HOW THE COAL GOES.

The Great Expenditure of Fuel on the Transatlantic Steamships.

Not a little guess work has been gone through by many as to the probable quantities of coal which are daily shoveled into the big furnace mouths of the large Atlantic liners such as the Paris, New York, Campania and the Lucania. Ten years ago one hundred tons a day were considered a most prodigious consumption little likely to be exceeded in the years to come, and wondering comment there was in plenty that so vast a quantity as that should find a legitimate outlet. Since then, however the public mind has been educated up to a higher figures, and statements of two and even three hundred tons a day have ceased to attract more than passing notice. Three hundred and fifty tons, in fact, are said to be burned in the Paris and the New York in every twenty-four hours, but of the Lucania and Campania no particulars have ever been given, so that an approximation based on what is known as the proper equipment of these ships is all that can be offered. Twenty eight thousand horse power has been assumed to be the amount that each of these require to propel them at the great rates of speed which they maintain. Add to this power of the main engines must be the appreciable figure represented by the host of auxiliary engines and pumps which are necessary adjuncts and which, with the steam-heating systems and hot water apparatus, help to swell the steam consumption to such a degree that a total allowance of say, sixteen pounds of steam per hour for each of the twenty-eight thousand horse power, may be taken as quite within the mark. Allowing, then, of a boiler performance of 8 pounds of steam per pound of coal, which cannot be far wrong, we have a coal consumption of two pounds per hour for each horse power or 56,000 pounds, equivalent to 600 tons per day. This is pretty plain figuring; though, of course partly speculative and while the outcome may seem exaggeratedly high, it, no doubt, quite truthfully represents the facts of the case.

What He Regretted.

The Court has assessed a fine of $10 on the attorney for contempt, and the amount was very nearly the size of his pile. He put up the money in such a hesitating way that the Court was moved to compassion.

"If you have any regret," said the Judge, "for what you have done I might possibly remit the fine."

"Your Honor is very kind," replied the attorney with mock humility, handing the money to the clerk, "and I have some regret that I haven't a thousand more $10 bills."

The Tall Mountaineer.

A hanging was once averted in Hall County, Georgia, in a thrilling and unexpected manner. A man was murdered for his money, it was thought. His disappeared and after a long search only his skeleton was found. There were circumstances pointing to another man as the perpetrator of the awful deed. The clue was taken up and one by one the links in the chain of convicting evidence were discovered. He was placed on trial, convicted and sentenced. The day for the hanging came. People by thousands came to see a human being swung into eternity. The black cap was placed over the victim's face and in five minutes the tragedy would have been over. Just then a tall mountaineer who had been attracted to the hanging along with the crowd stepped upon the scaffold and a brief colloquy between him and the sheriff ensued. The tall mountaineer was the man who had disappeared and whose death was about to be avenged by the law.

Making Bread Makes Beautiful Hands.

A cooking school teacher says that there is no better manicure than kneading bread. It develops, whitens and strengthens the hands and goes far toward beautifying them.

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