His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XIV.

During the next three years Leah Hatton was the very queen of fashion. She was more poular, more sought after, more admired, more beloved, more envied than any other woman of her day. Her beauty grew with her years. She was twenty-one, and the magnificent promise of her girlhood had been fulfilled. Her loveliness had grown richer; the gleam in her dark eyes was brighter; the dainty bloom that had been faint as the hue of a blush rose had deepened; the face was radiant in its own loveliness—men found it more than fair. During those three years she had presided with infinite grace over the large establishment at Brentwood and the magnificent house in town. At Brentwood she had received party after party of guests, including some of the greatest statesmen of the day, and she was considered one of the most attractive hostesses in the land. In a wonderfully short time she acquired the art of entertaining, knew "who was who," and, in fact, was equal to all the requirements of social life. She never made any mistakes. After a few weeks the general found that he could safely leave everything to her. The servants worshipped her; one word from their beautiful young mistress was law. She was worshipped, too, by the poor around Brentwood, for she gave with a liberal hand; she was beloved by all her dependants, for she was both just and generous—by all who knew her for her beauty and talents and winsome grace. At Harbury House during those three seasons she was a queen. The best dinners, the best balls, the most successful private theatricals were given there. There were many other debutantes, but no one ever approached her; the throne she held was entirely her own.

Season after season the beautiful Leah Hatton came back to the gay world with fresh graces and charms. She was singular in many respects. She made many acquaintances, but very few friends. She had no girl-friend to whom she could speak of her thoughts and feelings; her heart grew sad when she thought of any one else in Hettie's place. Among the faces of the girls around her she saw no one so sweet and fair as Hettie's, and, remembering this, a coldness came to Miss Hatton which added to the effect of her proud young beauty. She was considered everywhere as the most eligible, the most desirable match of the day. It was well known that she was the general's niece; no one cared to ask whether she was the child of sister or brother. It was also well known that the whole of the general's vast fortune would be hers. She was at the very height of her popularity; people spared themselves no trouble to obtain even a glimpse of her fair face. When she went to the opera, more attention was paid to her than to the stage.

"Beautiful Leah Hatton!" What more in life could she desire than she had—wealth, popularity, affection? Yet she was not happy; her soul had found no rest. Brilliant and gay as was her life, it did not satisfy her. It was but as a dream to one who has infinite longings and infinite desires.

If Martin Ray succeeded in nothing else, he had done this for his daughter—he had taken her out of the common groove; he had made her think; he had filled her mind with a thousand ideas of life. These were always puzzling her. She had the air, the manner, the look of one whose thoughts and aims were higher and loftier than those of others. This added much to the charm of her passionate, proud beauty. The man who danced with her admired her the more because no flush came to her face. There was upon it the far-off, the restless longing that nothing could gratify.

"As for lovers," the duchess of Rosedene cried," holding up her hands in horror, "there is not an eligible man in the land who has not sought her! Such offers, and all refused! Refused too, without rhyme or reason! Leah has some notion that she must love some one, that love is the great end and aim of each one's life—love—not wealth, pleasure, or gayety, but love; and, with such ideas, what can one do?" The duchess shrugged her shoulders as she spoke. "Love with such prospects as she has before her!"

Some of the offers Miss Hatton received were dazzling ones. The young Earl of Barberry was handsome, talented and passionately fond of her. No; she would not be Countess of Barberry. There was the Duke of Lincoln, who had country seats, a town mansion, and untold wealth, who would have made her his duchess. She would not be Duchess of Lincoln; and she had no other reason to give than that she did not love him; and the one thing she longed for in this life was love.

"Love!" said the duchess. "It will come with marriage."

"Not the love I want," she replied; "that must come before. I want a romance in my life."

"It is the way with these dark-eyed girls," said the duchess. "What a pity it is!"

Then a great local celebrity fell in love with Leah, and of all the conquests she made that was certainly the most wonderful. He was a man whose name was a tower of strength, whose opinion was held in the highest esteem, and who had never spent one half-hour in wooing in his life. He grew desperate about her, and the wonder was that he did not run away with her. He could not realize his disappointment; he could hardly bear his life when she refused him. The duchess sighed, but said nothing. If the Earl of Barberry could not win her, there was little hope for the legal lord.

"You will marry, some time, Leah," she said, with the resignation of despair.

"It is possible," she replied, smiling; "but it is more probable that I shall never marry at all."

"Should you mind telling me why?" asked the duchess, in tones of mock resignation.

"I will tell you, duchess; but you will be angry with me. I want some one to love me more than life itself—some one to be devoted to me, to give me all his thoughts, his whole life. I want his heart to be one with mine, his soul to be the other half of my soul. I want perfect love and I want a perfect lover. I have my ideal love and no other will do. I have my ideal lover, and I shall wait for him."

"My dear Leah, you are all wrong," cried the duchess; "you are indeed! Take care that you do not find such love and such a lover costly."

"I will take the pain, if there should be any, with the happiness," she said. "All my life I have thought that the one thing to be desired is love."

"There is no accounting for taste, Leah; but certainly, with such prospects as you have, to make love the chief aim of your life is, to say the least of it, a sad pity. This ideal hero of yours, is sure to be both poor and unknown."

Leah laughed again. How sweet that laughter was! The duchess smiled as she heard it.

"I cannot tell; he may be the very reverse of poor or unknown. I do not know who he is or where he may be. It is just possible that I may never meet him; but he exists somewhere. You know the old belief, duchess, that souls were made in halves, and that real marriage is the union of those half souls in one?"

"Oh, Leah," cried the duchess, laughing, "there is no hope for you!"

"Not much," she said, "for I believe that I am waiting for my ideal; and he, rely upon it, is seeking me somewhere. If we meet, I shall ask no more in life. He may be poor and unknown; if so, it will make no difference to me. He may be great, noble, and wealthy; it will be a matter of perfect indifference to me. Shall I shock you just a little more, duchess?" she added.

"Say what you will, my dear; I am resigned."

"I have an idea that the moment I see him I shall know him. I shall look into his face, and a revelation will come to me."

"A very dangerous notion, Leah. You may fall in love with the wrong man altogether."

"How can I, if my theory be true?" she replied. "I have no doubt it seems absurd to you; but it is a serious matter to me. I should not be surprised if some day I look into a face and hear a voice say: 'I have been looking for you all these years.'"

The duchess raised her hands.

"And this," she said musingly—"this is after five years spent almost entirely with me, after three seasons of brilliant, uninterrupted success!"

"I have enjoyed it," replied Leah; "but there must be something better. Balls and operas, fêtes and garden parties, dinners and picnics, dresses and diamonds, flattery and homage, are all very well—but they could not fill a life. There is no heart, no soul in them; and," she continued, half sadly, "one must tire of them after a time."

"Do you think so?" asked the duchess, looking at her gravely.

"Yes I do. One ball is like another—there are the same people, the same dances, music, jewels; all one's partners say pretty nearly the same things. Dinners are the same—one differs very little from another. At the opera, although there is infinite beauty in the music, it is always the same story of love or jealousy. No, do not think that even a life spent amid such brilliant scenes could fill one's heart and soul."

"You are a strange girl, Leah," said the duchess. "Who would imagine that the belle of the season had such notions as these? You have made me very uncomfortable, my dear. I shall live now in dread always that some day or other you will meet with one whom you may choose to imagine your ideal, and do something rash. I always said that there was something in your face even that made you different from other girls. But, Leah as you have trusted me so far, trust me even further. Tell me, among all the men you have met—and you know the wisest, the noblest, the best—is there not one of them whom you have liked?"

"Not one," she replied. "I shall know when I meet my ideal; my heart shall speak and tell me. I have not met him yet."

"When you do, my dear, I prophesy—Well, I will not prophesy; I will only tell you that a grand passion brings more pain than pleasure, and that if you want to be happy you must avoid the terrible fever that men call love."

(To be Continued.)

"RAFFLES" IN REAL LIFE

A Detectve by Day and a Burglar by Night.

Joseph Machin Hurst lived a life of ease in the highly-respected district of Balham, a suburb of London. He was a man of ability, a detective in private practice, and the neighborhood thought much of him. He went to local parties, took his sweetheart about, and lived what would have been an extravagant life to any but a man of considerable private means.

And all the while he was making himself popular and respected he was also making himself acquainted with the peculiarities of the district and its people, learning of those houses which contained valuables and of the methods by which those valuables might be obtained.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Good cheer is half of good courage.

Character is the only true culture.

Borrowed trouble always comes to abide.

When a man has fame he does not know it.

The cynic gets his opinions before the mirror.

A little cant can spoil a whole lot of consecration.

No soul was ever saved by a scheme of salvation.

The crudest truth is better than the most cultured lie.

Trickery in the pulpit does not make truth in the pews.

He who will not pray for others cannot pray for himself.

No man gains anything until he is willing to lose everything.

It will take more than gold-loving hearts to make the golden age.

What the church needs is not fortifying so much as filling with life.

You cannot cover sin by offering 3 per cent. of the spoils to the church.

It is not hard to believe in the total depravity of the rest of the race.

If you are looking for a chance to love you are always finding love itself.

A man's ascent amongst the living counts for more than his descent from the dead.

The first step toward curing a crooked world will be to straighten your own glasses.

Religion has nothing at all to do with life when it has not something to do with all life.

It is no use praying that all the world may have the bread of life when your own life has about as much nourishment in it as a brickbat.

Pale Face, Weak Blood

You Can Make the Blood Rich, the System Strong, the Complexion Healthful by Using

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Why do some people have healthful, rosy complexions while others are pale and wan in countenance?

Why are some people strong and able to defy disease while others are weak and subject to all the ills of human kind?

The difference is in the blood. Pallor of the eyelids, gums and lips tell of blood that is lacking in quality and richness.

The person who has poor blood is subject to headache, dizziness, sleeplessness; the action of the heart is weak and there is sometimes palpitation; the breath is short, and there is lack of energy and strength.

This weak, anaemic condition is entirely overcome by the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which is above all else a builder and enricher of the blood.

You can best prove this by noting your increase in weight from week to week, while using this great food cure.

New, rich flesh and tissue are added, new strength and vigor take the place of weakness and suffering, and instead of taking cold or contracting disease at every gust of wind that blows you find yourself getting strong and robust.

Mrs. M. A. Clock, Meaford, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I became very much run down in health and suffered from weak, tired feelings, indigestion and rheumatism. At times I was so badly used up that I required help to move in bed. While sick and downhearted I received Dr. Chase's Almanac and sent for some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"Under this treatment I soon began to improve, and by the time I had used eleven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was happy to find myself strong and well again. I often think of what a lot of money I spent for medicines which did me no good, and believe I owe my life to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I hope women who suffer as I did will benefit by my experience and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The Farm

LEACHING OF SOIL FERTILITY.

Soil fertility may be lost in three ways: (1) the growth and removal of crops; (2) surface washing; (3) leaching. That crops remove fertility is well known, and needs no comment here. This loss is supplied by growing leguminous crops to turn under by the application of the stable manure, and the use of commercial fertilizers. The loss by surface washing may be considerable in hilly countries. To prevent this, the soil should be left bare as little as possible, and crops grown which will form a dense, deep mass of roots penetrating the soil and holding it together.

But the loss we wish in particular to discuss is leaching. The loss from this source is much greater in loose, sandy soils, with no hardpan beneath than in those of a closer texture. In all soils, however, this loss is too great to be ignored when the land is left with no growing crop to take up the soluble fertilizing materials.

Then, too, certain fertilizers have a tendency to set some of the desirable soil constituents free and allow them to be lost in the drainage water, unless there is a crop to take them up directly. This is especially true of murfate of potash, which converts insoluble lime compounds into a soluble form. It is also believed that gypsum and salt set free potash and other fertilizing constituents of the soil. This makes them more available to plants and also more liable to loss by washing or leaching.

But under ordinary conditions and in good soil the loss of lime, potash and phosphoric acid by leaching is very small. The greatest loss occurs in the soluble nitrogen. This element also happens to be the most valuable and difficult to obtain of all fertilizing elements. It purchased in commercial fertilizers its cost will be from ten to fourteen cents per pound. It can be procured only from organic materials of recent or ancient growth. Plant and animal growth and manures contain nitrogen but it may not be in an available form until acted upon.

BY CERTAIN ORGANISMS.

There is an erroneous belief that certain plants can take nitrogen directly from the air. Lawes and Gilbert disproved this by taking two seeds of the same size and weight. One was analyzed and found to contain .0319 grams of nitrogen. The other was planted in soil containing no nitrogen, placed in an earthen jar and covered with a bell glass so that no nitrogen from the ammonia in the air could get to the soil. When the seed had spent its growth the amount of nitrogen in the plant, soil, and jar were very carefully determined, and found to be .0340 grams, just .0009 gram less than was found in the similar seed, which extremely small amount was probably lost in the experiment. These results show that the plant could not possibly have taken nitrogen from the air in growing. It ceased its growth when the nitrogen contained in the seed was spent.

Leguminous plants do not take nitrogen directly from the air, as it may seem at first thought. The little bacteria in the nodules of clover roots receive nitrogen primarily from gases in the soil air, and convert it into nitrates, which can be used by the plant; but without the intervention of these little organisms the plant could get no appreciable amount of nitrogen from the free nitrogen surrounding it.

Another source from which the nitrogen of the soil is replenished is the ammonia in the air brought down by rain. It has been determined by collecting and analyzing a year's rainfall on a measured area, that the amount of nitrogen received from this source is about 3½ pounds per acre per year in our climate. This amount is not half enough to grow a crop, hence the importance of replenishing the loss of nitrogen in some other way and of keeping this loss at a minimum.

Nitrates are manufactured during the growing season chiefly in the upper foot of soil. One experiment showed that from August 1 to Oct. 1 the amount of potassium nitrate in the surface foot increased from 35 to 735 pounds per acre. Later a heavy rain came on and

WASHED IT DOWNWARD

until but 6 pounds were left to the acre. This shows how very soluble nitrates are. For instance the Rhine river is estimated to carry away 220 tons of potassium nitrate every twenty-four hours. The Nile carries 1,100 tons.

We farmers must bend our efforts toward preventing these enormous losses of valuable fertilizing material. As the nitrates are produced in the summer and tend to wash downward in the fall and spring, we can best allow their formation and yet prevent their loss by sowing catch or cover crops on soils. These being generally sown about midsummer, are ready to take up the nitrates in the soil before they are leached downward by the fall rains. These catch crops are plowed under the following spring and thus the nitrates they have saved are gradually delivered to the main crop. Soil which is inclined to be leachy should never be left entirely bare during the winter. Of course much of the nitrates which leach downward beyond the first few feet in the spring or fall are brought toward the surface again during the summer in soil water rising by capilarity. For this reason catch crops are not as necessary on clay soils or loamy soils underlaid by a hardpan.

How little the loss of nitrogen from leaching is in a field containing a growing crop is shown by an analysis of water from tile drains conducted by the writer. The field was a clover pasture and the samples were taken in late fall from drains underlying it. Only 40 parts of nitrate were found in a million of this water.

THE DAIRY COW.

At this season of the year, when the weather is cold and disagreeable, we are too prone to disregard the necessity of exercise for the best development of the internal organs and muscular system of the entire animal kingdom. The infant is born in all its cradle will, arms and head of its body, even move from its mother only by this instinctive activity that it becomes able to sit up and walk and run. The lamb, the calf, and all other young animals; if healthy, exhibit this same restlessness. The nature and form of this activity may change as the animal becomes older, but exercise in some form it will have if given the chance.

The only possible exception to this rule is in the case of fattening animals. Here the result desired is not a natural, but artificial; one, namely, is the making and it is too often accomplished at the cost of health and a strong constitution. This is too apparent in certain types of well-fed animals. The limbs of the hog, for instance, may become too weak to support the body. A little exercise, a mixed diet, and less corn and in-and-in breeding would give a healthier stock, yes, and perhaps a heavier stock, too.

But our subject is "Exercise for the Dairy Cow," so we will drop its application to the beef animal and confine ourselves to the animal which is raised for its milk and offspring. Here the laying on of fat is not desirable, in fact it is harmful. What is wanted is a strong, healthy development of the digestive and muscular systems, and this is impossible without a certain amount of physical exercise. This exercise need not be excessive; it is not necessary to set the dog on the cows or even the children onto the cows in an hour's chase. Access to a covered or open area of some size a part of each day will answer. Neither do we believe in turning the dairy herd out into the cold wind and snow during the entire day. Exercise does not imply exposure. A large basement, shed, or covered yard is the best place for exercise in winter, but cows will not suffer during most winter weather if turned into a yard protected from the winds by a stack, trees or buildings, for an hour or two once or twice each day.

We have in mind a barn 100 by 130 feet, nearly the entire area, with the exception of a feed alley and stanchions around the outside being an open runway for cattle. They are confined in the stanchions only while being fed and milked. The manure is left in the enclosure and well bedded with straw. There is ample room to turn about with the wagon while hauling out the manure. It is also under cover, and there is no handling, except to load the wagon when hauling to the field. This space gives ample room for exercise during inclement weather. On fine days they are allowed the freedom of the outside air and sunshine for a part of the day. Cattle allowed to run loose in such enclosures should be dehorned.

Prof. Roberts, of Cornell, has for years followed a plan quite similar except that the cows are not put into a separate stable to be fed and milked, at other times being allowed the freedom of a covered enclosure. By this plan the stable can be small and kept clean and well aired, as the animals are in it but a few hours each day. The horse manure is also thrown into the covered yard, straw is thrown on and land plaster sprinkled over it occasionally to absorb the gases formed. Either this plan or the previous one seems a good solution to the winter exercise problem.

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

Sailor Battled With the Waters a Full Day and a Half.

When the British steamship Shimosa arrived at New York from Singapore last summer she brought a story of most extraordinary human endurance. The tale was told by the captain. The ship, at the time of the occurrence, was three hundred miles from Perim, and entering the Red Sea.

One day, while on the bridge, the chief officer heard a whistle. No vessel was in sight. The faint whistle continued. Suddenly he described a man far from the ship. A boat was thrown out, and the swimmer brought on board. The man was so exhausted when he reached that he entirely collapsed. It was some time before he could tell his story.

When the rescued man had recovered he told his adventure. He was a lascar, and had fallen overboard from a steamer bound for Suez. He insisted he had been three days in the water, but that is impossible. There is, no doubt, he was in that thirty-six hours had passed when the time of his falling overboard and his rescue. When the Shimosa reached Suez, she found the lascar from which the lascar had fallen, and, according to the calculation of the crew, the poor sailor battled with the waters for a full day, and a half.

The most extraordinary part of the affair is how the man could have existed in the intense heat of that climate. His lips and tongue were skinned and bleeding, and he seemed as well as could be when he was landed at Suez, four days after his rescue.

The water of the Red Sea is somewhat denser than of other seas, and therefore more buoyant. The heat is terrific. The mean summer temperature is from eighty-five to one hundred degrees. How any one could keep afloat under such a drilling sun is a mystery.

The story helps to discredit the stories of the continual attendance of sharks upon vessels and of their disposition to attack man. They are generally supposed to be larger and bolder in tropical waters, yet this man had been for thirty-six hours in the sea and was not touched. Some years ago a well-known shipping-agent offered five thousand dollars for a well-attested story of a man having even been devoured by a shark, but no one claimed the prize. It is at least that there were no "attending sharks" found when the lascar was picked up by the Shimosa.

REMARKABLE TREE.

In the Far East has been discovered a species of banana tree which is a wonder of beauty. It grows to a height of 8 feet, and when full grown closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset and curls its twigs to the shape of pig-tails. After the tree has secured itself thus for a night its sensitiveness is exhibited. If touched it will flutter as if agitated or impatient at being disturbed. The oftener the foliage is touched the more violent becomes the shaking of the branches, and at last the tree emits a nauseating odor which, if inhaled for a few moments, causes a violent headache.

REMEMBER!

A man cannot afford to have an enemy—even a humble one. The shabby fellow who stormed your office to-day may be a power in the community next year. Therefore speak to him gently; send him away with a smile. Never affect a contemptuous manner. That is the way of the fool. In the day of small things plan patiently for the day of great things. A polite word costs nothing. It may turn out to be a good investment. As a spark of fire may turn a city into ashes, so an impatient gesture or irritating word may kindle a hatred great enough to

MAGNETIC SANDS.

In the district of Stavanger, in the south-western part of Norway, there is a place called Jaederen, a flat strip of coast less than a mile long, which is notorious for shipwrecks. Now a Norwegian physicist has discovered that the sand of Jaederen is strongly magnetic, owing to an admixture of magnetic iron ore. He found also that at a distance of three miles from the shore a ship's compass showed a deviation of a whole degree from its true position. The cause of the numerous shipwrecks, therefore, is obvious.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is not only a stimulating beverage but highly nourishing to those of weak digestion. Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all grocers. Given the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

THIN PEOPLE

Food is not all that thin people need. Maybe they're sick. You can't make them eat by bringing them food. But Scott's Emulsion can make them eat. That Emulsion gives a man appetite and feeds him both. It brings back lost flesh.

No trouble about digestion. The weakest stomach can digest

Scott's Emulsion.

It tastes good too. Scott's Emulsion paves the way for other food. When wasted and weakened by long illness it gives strength and appetite that ordinary food cannot give. Not only food—medicine too—Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

In connection with the expected visit of his Majesty the King to Edinburgh this year to review the Scottish Volunteers, there is a suggestion that he should be invited to inaugurate the new Talla water supply.

The death is announced of Mr. Robert Anderson Fayrer, who was descended through the Douglasses of Glenfervie from King Robert Bruce. Deceased, who was 48 years of age, was the eldest son of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.

By the will of Mr. John Hamilton, Mothwell, Lanarkshire, it is specified that on the death of his sisters his estate is to go to purchase oil paintings to be presented to the Glasgow Art Galleries. Miss Hamilton has left upwards of £70,000.

The new bridge at Argyll's Bridge, to afford communication with both sides of the Lochs, the principal part of the scheme of Lochaber extension and improvement, was formally opened on the 28th ult. The total cost of the works will be about £120,000.

The death has taken place of Mr. Alexander Meigle, a retired general merchant, Dunfermline, at the age of 85 years. Deceased took great interest in antiquarian subjects, and was zealous in his research for Roman remains and places of the Picts who once lived in Fife. By the will of the late William Knox, grain merchant, Aberdeen, a sum of £9,000 has been left to Aberdeen University for the establishment of bursaries in arts, divinity and medicine. To Aberdeen Free Church College it seems £4,000 has been bequeathed to found scholarships in theology.

Throughout the whole of Scotland there will be a feeling of deep disappointment if it turns out to be true that the Government has abandoned the intention of creating a great Forth port. It is said that the Government have been advised to give the Firth of Forth, by Sir Joseph Fisher, the Duke of Gordon, and those who have been taking an active part in Arbroath Sterrit Court, to have been the author of the poem, "Could I but be a Forfar Lassie." Footstocks in Strathdee are and two versions of the first appeared in Aberdeen, and is probably one of words taken down by Mr. John Paterson, of the old road, Edinburgh, who moves in one of the most literary circles amongst Christian people of the city stands in Scotland. For 20 years Mr. Paton was associated with the carrying out of the Sabbath Breakfast Meetings, the children of which formed his warm subject.

The deceased Mr. Stakan place of Skelow Hall, Lanarkshire, sister of a well-known Lanarkshire laird, Mr. Thomas Findlay, left in her south year. The family belonged originally to Aberdeenshire, a son of Mr. W. Findlay, being the celebrated Robert Findlay, for many years professor of divinity at Glasgow University.

A thaw so rapid in some districts of Scotland on the first ult. that flooded resulted. The Spey at Kingussie was in a state of high flood. The river invaded a branch below the station, where a number of ponies were housed. At Newtonmore Rich the river rose very high and many roads were under water, and impassable. The Clarkat also overflowed its banks and farmed extensively.

The death is announced of Mr. Daniel Mills, late secretary of the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society, Edinburgh, at the age of 70 years. By the directors and officials of the society he was held in the highest esteem, and he proved himself a most valuable official. As a chess player he was well known, having won the championship of Scotland no fewer than seven times, and the eight competitions in which he took part.

THE GERMANS AS FIGHTERS.

The Germans have not done much yet, but they sail around the world and run off their guns at forts that the good kaiser gives them. The trouble with one navy and with the other planates has never great powers.—For more than a hundred years this is the world's enlightened opinion. The German emperor, however, is not to be too seriously, he may not be wise as he sometimes seems, though his people do not like to have him go home far from the Berlin will be careful how Germany goes to war with a nation that is enough to save the kaiser the dread. He is also careful, also, to ignore that power of power greater than any world power. Any combination of Germanic and Romanic forces the world's sentiment as to what is just and fitting. Even men and nations. It would be a great day for powers that stop the fire of the German gunboats in the Venezuelan forts, and to apologies to Russia and London and Washington, whence emanated disapproval of such proceedings.—Herald Howe Banner in Success.

A WOMAN'S FAD.

"If a woman has not a fad, there's something wrong with her," remarked an observer of womankind. "She's in love, or out of it, or her liver is out of order."