Why mourn for the birds that have flown far

There are plenty in summers ahead; Why care for the flowers that orew

gny?
Others bloom, just as sweet, in their stoad.
Of fair were the yesterdays, bright were their hours.
And precious their historics o'er;
Yet sing of the now, with its largess of powers, et sing of the now, with its largess of powers, The sunshine and joy at the door.

Though great were the heroes that suffered o

And many the noble ones gone,
As true still remain with their story untold;
All hail to the heroes unborn!
Rejoice in the past with its memories sweet,
Rejoice in the present as well;
Some day with fond tears we'll its story

And all its proud victories tell. Then cherish the heart that now faints in the

strife,
Kiss lips that now offer good cheer.
Be kind to the one who is nearest thy life,
The hand that now toileth, O spare!
Some day you may yearn for response to you

touch,
When the heart that now throbs will be cold;
Then lavish the sympathy needed so much,
And whisper the love long untold.

Ah, the present! Its page presses close to ou face,
And we miss the sweet lesson it reads;
Ah, the past! It is far, and we study its grad
And ponder its words and its deeds.
And yet they are one: We are clasping to-day
What to-morrow we'll sigh for in van;
What to-morrow we'll sigh for in van;

PHYLLIS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc , etc.

"I would not speak of 'underhand work, if I were you." returns she, smoothly, with an almost invisible flash from her innocent

"Do not let us discuss the subject further," says papa, in a loud tone. is nothing so disagreeable as public recrimination. Understand once for all, Phyllis,

the matter is arranged, and you will be ready to go next week." I will not!" I cry, passionately, rising and flinging my napkin upon the ground. "I have made up my mind, and I will not go to Qualmaley. Not all the fathers in

Christendom shall make me." roars papa, making a wild grab at me as I sweep past his chair; but I avoid him defiantly, and, going out, slam the door with much intentional violence

I fly through the hall and into the open air, I feel suffocated, half choked, by my angry emotion; but the sweet evening a delicious twilight pervades the land.

I run swiftly, an irrepressible sob in my throat, down the lawn, past the paddock and along the banks of the little stream, until, as I come to what we call the "short cut" to Briersley, I run myself into Mr. Carrington's arms, who is probably on his

Summerleas. Usually my greeting to him is a hand outstretched from my body to the length of my arm. Now I cast myself generously into his embrace. I cling to him with almost affectionate fervor. He is very nearly dear to me at this moment coming

to me as a sure and certain friend. "My darling-my life!" he exclaims, "what is it? You are unhappy; your eyes are full of trouble."

His arms are round me : he presses his lips gently to my forehead; it is a rare thing this kiss, as it is but seldom he caresses me, knowing my antipathy to any demonstrative attentions; but now my evident affliction removes a barrier.

'I want you to marry me-at once." I breathe rather than speak, my hasty running and my excitement having well nigh stifled me. "You will, will you not? You stifled me. "You will, will you not? xou must. I will not stay here a moment longer than I can help. You said once you wished to marry me in June; you must

"I do," he answers, calmly; but his arms tighten round me, and his face flushes. "I will marry you when and where you please.

"Next month; early next month. I will be ready then. You must tell papa so this evening, and take me away soon. I will

show them I will not stay here to be tyran-nized over and tormented." I burst into tears, and bury my face in

"You shall not stay an hour longer, it you don't wish it," returns my lover, rather unsteadily. "Come with me now, and I will take you to my sister's, and will marry

you to-morrow."
"Oh, no, no," I say, recoiling from him;
"not that; I did not mean that. I did not want to run away with you. Next month will be soon enough. It was only they insisted on my going to Qualmsley, and I was determined I would not "

"It is disgraceful your being made wretched in this way," exclaims Marmaduke, wrathfully. "Tell me what has vexed you?" He is not aware of the Misses Vernous' existence. "Where is Qualms-

ley?"
"It is a horrible place in Yorkshire, where nobody lives, except my aunts. They want me to go to stay there next week for a month. The hateful old things wrote inviting Dora, and when she refused to go papa insisted on victimizing me in her place. If you only knew aunt Martha and aunt Priscilla, you would understand my abhorrence—my detestation—of them. They are papa's sisters—the very image of him and trample on one at every turn. I would rather die than go to them. I would far rather marry you.

I hardly guess the significance of my last words until I see my lover whiten and wince in the twilight.

'Of course I don't mean that." I say, confusedly, "I only—"
But as I don't at all feel sure what it is I do mean, I break down here ignominiously

and relapse into awkward silence. "Of course not," he answers. "I quite understand." But his voice has lost all its enthusiasm, and somehow his words drag.
"Had you not better come back to the house, Phyllis? You will catch cold with-

out your hat and in that light dress." I am clothed in white muslin, a little open at the throat, and with my arms half bare. A piece of blue ribbon defines my waist, a bow of the same hue is in my hair; the locket that contains his face is round my neck; a great crimson rose lies upon

'I am not cold," I reply; "and I am

afraid to face papa."

We are separated now, and I stand alone, gazing down into the rippling stream that runs noisily at my feet. Already two or three bright stars are twinkling overhead and shine up at me, reflected from below Mr. Carrington lets the distance widen between us while regarding me-I feel rather than see-with moody discontented

eyes.
"Phyllis," he says, presently, in a low tone, "it seems to me a horrible thing that the idea of your marriage should be so distasteful to you-"No, no; not distasteful," I interrupt.

with deprecation.
"Don't say 'no if you mean 'yes.' Put my feelings out of the question, and tell me

honestly if you are unhappy about it." "I am not. It does not make me more unhappy to marry you than to marry any

one else."
"What an answer!" exclaims Marmaduke, with a groan. "Is that all the consolation you can offer me?"

"That is all. Have I not told you all this long ago?" I cry, angrily, goaded by the reflection that each word that I speak only makes matters harder. "Why do you bring the subject up again? Must you too be unkind to me? You cannot have believed

you to the contrary ages ago."
"So you did. In my folly I hoped time would change you. What a contemptible lover I must be, having failed in eight long months to gain even the affections of a child. Will you never care for me, Phyllis?" "I do care for you," I return, doggedly, forcing myself to face him. "After mamma I listen to Sir Mark's clever, airy little and Billy and Roland, I care for you more

thousand times better than papa or Dora. cannot say more." I tap my foot impatiently on the ground my fingers seize and take to pieces wantonly the unoffending rose. As I pull its crimson leaves asunder I drop them in the brook and watch them float away under the moon's pale rays. I would that my cruel

words could so depart. I feel angry, disconsolate, with the knowledge that throug's my own act I am cruelly wounding the man who, I must confess it, 18 my truest friend. I half think of apologizing, of saying something gentle, yet withal truthful, that shall take away the sting I have planted. A few words rise to my lips. I raise my head to give them

Suddenly his arms are around me; he is kissing me with a passion that is full of sadness. There is so much tenderness mingled with the despair in his face that I, too, am saddened into silence. Repentant, I slip a hand round his neck and give him back one kiss out of the many,

"Don't be sorry," I whisper; "something tells me I shall yet love you with all my heart. Until then bear with me. Or, if you think it a risk, Marmaduke, and would rather put an end to it all now, do so, and I will not

be angry with you." " More probably you would be thankful

to me," he answered, bitterly.
"I would not. I would far rather trust myself to you than stay at home after what has passed." My voice is trembling, my lips quiver faintly. "But if one of us must be unhappy, let it be me. I release you. I would not

"Don't be foolish, child," he makes answer, roughly, "I could not release you, even if I would. You are part of my life and the best part. No; let us keep to our bargain now, whatever comes of it.'

His eyes are fixed on mine; gradually a softer light creeps into his face. Putting up his hand, he smoothes back the loose hair from my forehead and kisses me gravely on my lips.

"You are my own little girl," he says, "my most precious possession; I will not have you inconsiderately used. Come, I will speak to your father."
So hand in hand we return to the dragon's

den, where, Mr. Carrington having faced the dragon and successfully bullied him, peace is restored, and it is finally arranged ling?" hat in three weeks we are to be married. And in three weeks we are married.

three short weeks I glide into a new life, in which Phyllis Carrington holds absolute sway, leaving Phyllis Vernon of the old days—the "general receiver" of the blame of the family-to be buried out of eight forever.

First of all mother takes me up to Lon don, and puts me in the hands of a cele brated modiste, a woman of great reputation with pieroing eyes, who soowls at me, prods, taps, and measures me, until I lose sight of my own identity and begin to look upon myself as so many inches and fingers and yards embodied. At length, this terrible person expressing herself satisfied with the examination, we may return home again whither we are shortly followed by many wicker-framed oil skin-covered trunks, in

which lie the results of all the measuring. Everything is so fresh, so gay, so dainty diet with regard to clothing, am enraptured, and as I dress myself in each new gown and survey myself in mother's long glass sustain a sensation of pleasurable admira tion that must be conceit in an "ugly

duckling."

As Madame charmingly and rather shop. pily expresses it, my wedding-dress is a "mayvel of elegance and grace"—and lace she might have added, as Brussels is everywhere. Indeed, as I see it and think of the bill that must follow, the old deadly fear of a row creeps over me, chilling my joy, until I happily and selfishly remember that when it does fall due I shall be far from Summerleas and papa's wrath, when I become once more enthusiastic in my praise. even insist on exhibiting myself in it to Marmaduke three nights before my wedding, though all in the house tell me it is so unlucky so to do; and Mrs. Tully, the cook, with her eyes full of brandy-and-

water, implores me not to be headstrong. Presents come in from all sides, Bobby De Vere's and Mr. Hastings' being conspicu-ous more from size than taste. Papa so far overcomes his animosity as to present me with an astonishing travelling desk, the intricacies of which it takes me months to master, even with the help of Marmaduke. Roland, coming from Ireland for the cere mony, brings with him from the Emerald Isle a necklet too handsome for his purse; while Billy, with tears of love in his dark eyes, puts into my arms a snow-white rabbit that for six long months has been the

joy of his heart.

Dora, who at first declared her determi nation of leaving home during the festivi-ties, on second thoughts changes her mind, having discovered that by absenting herself the loss of a new dress is all she will gain she consents frostily to be chief bridesmaid. The two Hastings girls, with Bobby De Vere's sister and two of Marmaduke's cousing, also assist; and Sir Mark Gore is chief mourner.

As the eventful day breaks, I wake and. rising, get through the principal part of my dressing without aid.

At 8 o'clock Martha knocks at my bed room door and hands into us a sealed packet, with "Marmaduke's love" written on the outside, and opening it we disclose to view the Carrington diamonds, reset remodelled, and magnificent in their brilliancy. This is a happy thought on his part, and raises our spirits for twenty minutes at least: though after this some chance word makes our eyes grow moist again, and we weep systematically all through the morning—during the dressing, and generally up to the very last moment -so that when at length I make my appearance in church and walk up the aisle

on papa's arm, I am so white and altogether dejected that I may be considered ghastly Marmaduke is also extremely pale, but perfectly calm and self-posessed, and has even a smile upon his lips. As he sees me he comes quickly forward, and taking me from papa, leads me himself to the altar—a proceeding that causes much excitement among the lower members of the congrega who, in loud whispers, approve his

avident fondness for me. So the holy words are read, and the little mystical golden fetter encircles my finger. write myself Phyllis Marian Vernon for the last time; and Sir Mark Gore, coming up to me in the vestry-room, slips a beautiful bracelet on my arm, and whispers, smiling:

"I hope you will accept all good wishes with this—Mrs. Carrington."

I start and blush faintly as the new title

Am I indeed no longer a child? Is my wish accomplished, and am I at last "grown up?" How short a time ago I stood in my bridal robes in mother's room. still Phyllis Vernon-still a girl-and now - Why, it was only a few minutes ago-"Oh, Marmaduke, am I really married?"

I say, gazing at him with half-frightened eyes; and he says— "Yes, I think so," with an amused smile, and puts his arm round me and kisses me very gently. "And now we are going to be happy ever after," he says laughing a little. All through breakfast I am in a haze—a

me madly in love with you, as I have told dream. I cut what they put upon my plate, but I cannot eat. I listen to Marmaduke's few words as he makes the customary speech and think of him as though it were vesterday and not to-day. I cannot realize that my engagement is over, that what we have been preparing for these nine months

> oration that makes everybody laugh, especially Miss De Vere, and wonder to one else. I like you twenty myself that I too can laugh.

Billy who has managed to get close up to me—keeps on helping me indefatigably to champagne, under the mistaken impression he is doing me a last service. I catch mamma's sad eyes fixed upon me from the opposite side, and then I know I am going to cry again, and, rising from the table, get away in safety to my own room, whither I amfollowed by her, and we say our few final,

farewell words in private.

Three hours later I have embraced mother for the last time, and am speeding away from home and friends and childhood to I know not what.

CHAPTER XVII.

We have been married nearly three months, and are going on very comfortably. As yet no cross or augry words have arise between us; all is smooth as unrufiled waters. Though Marmaduke is, if anything, fonder of me than at first, he is perhaps a shade less slavishly attentive. For example, he can now enjoy his Times at break-fast and read it straight through without raising his eyes between every paragraph, to make sure I am still behind the teapot and have not vanished into mid air, or to ask me tenderly if I would wish to do this or

care to go there.

He has also learned—which is more satisfactory still—that it is possible to know enjoyment even when I am out of sight.

Two months of delicious thoughtless idleness we spend in Spain and Switzer-land, and then—we pine for home. This latter secretly, and with a sworn determination that each will be the last to con-

One calm and glorious evening, however, after dinner, as I stand at the window of our hotel, gazing over the lake of Geneva, something within me compels the following

"How beautiful Strangemore must be looking now!" "Yes," he says, with energy, "it never ooks so well as just at this time of year."
"So I should think."

speach:

A long pause. "English scenery is always at its best in the autumn. After all there is no place like England-I mean, of course for a

tinuance. Don't you agree with me, dar-"I do indeed. Dear Briersley Wood! How fond Billy and I were of it. You remember the clump of nut-trees, 'Duke?"
"Is it likely I should forget it?" sentimentally. "For my own part, I think the wood on the other side of Strangemore handsomer than Briersley; but of course

Another pause, longer than the last, and more eloquent.
"How I should like to see it—now!" murmur, with faint emphasis and a hero-

it was too far away from Summerleas for

ically suppressed sigh.
"Would you really?" rising eagerly, and coming into the embrasure of the window Would you like to get back, darling? Not vet for a little while, of course," with quick

correction, "but later on, when——"
"I would like to start at once," I ory, frankly, flinging hesitation to the winds "as soon as possible. I am longing to see every one; and do you know, 'Duke,' sweetly, "I have yet to make a near acquaintance with our home."

I smile up to him and am satisfied my words have caused nothing but the extrem est content. "Very good. It is easily arranged; and

next year we can come and get through what we now leave undone. They must be wanting us at home. I fancy: there are the birds and everything," concludes Marma duke, in a reflective tone, which is the nearest approach to a return of reason he has yet shown.

way back, when I am presented to some of my husband's relations.

Cousins and aunts and friends are numerous, and for the most part so kind that restraint vanishes, and I tell myself peoplein-law are not so formidable as I have been led to believe. One thorn, however, remains among my roses and pricks me gently. Lady Blanch Going-with whom we stay

a week - of all the cousins interests me most; though it must be confessed the interest is of a disagreeable nature. She has a charming house in Park Lane, and the softest, most fascinating manners; she is in every point such as a well-bred woman ought to be, yet with her alone I am not happy. For the most part looking barely twenty-five, there are times—odd moments when the invariable smile is off her face when I could fancy her at least seven years older. Now and then, too, a suspicious gleam-too warm, as coming from a decorous matron—falls from her sleepy almond-shaped eyes upon some favorite among the "the stronger" sex, and I can-not forgive her in that she makes me appear the most unsophisticated, childish bride that ever left a nursery. So that am glad when we leave her and move far-

ther south to our beautiful home. Oh, the delight, the rapture, of the first meeting, when the first day after our return, I drive over to Summerleas: The mother's tearful welcome, the boy Billee's" more boisterous one. Even Dora, for a moment or two forgets her elegance and her wrongs, and gives me a hearty embrace. And how well I am looking, and how happy! And how pretty my dress is, and how becoming! And how they have all missed me. And just fancy! Roland is really engaged to the "old boy's" daughter, after all; and the colonel himself writes about it, as though quite pleased, in spite of her having such a good

All too swift in its happiness flies the day, and Marmaduke comes to reclaim me. Yet the strange sense of rest and completeness that fills me, in the presence of the old beloved, distresses me. Why can I not feel for Marmaduke that romantic, all-sufficing devotion of which I have read? I certainly like him immensely. He is everything of the dearest and best, and kind almost to a fault; therefore I ought to adore him; but somehow I cannot quite make up my mind to it. One should love a husband better than all the rest of the world put together

so I have heard, so I believe : but do I? I lay little plans; I map out small scenes to try how far my affection for my husband

will go. For instance, I picture to myself Billy or he condemned to start in the morning for Australia, never to return; one or other must go, and the decision rests with me. Which shall I let go, which shall I keep? I send Marmaduke, and feel a deep pang at my heart; I send Billy—the pang becomes

him triumphantly from his gloomy cell; but as I do so my Billy's beautiful eyes, filled with mute despair, shine upon me from out the semi-darkness, and I cease to drag Marmaduke; I cannot leave my

When this last picture first presents itself to my vivid imagination I am in bed, and the idea overcomes me to such a degree that I find myself presently in floods of tears, unable altogether to suppress my In a minute or two Marmaduke wakes

and turns uneasily. "What is the matter, Phyllis," he asks,

anxiously. "Is anything wrong with you, my darling?"
"No, no, nothing," I answer hastily, and

bury my nose in the pillow.
"But you are crying," he remonstrates, reaching out a kindly hand in the darkness that is meant for my face, but alights unex pectedly upon the back of my head. "Tel

me what is troubling you, my pet."
"Nothing at all," I say again; "I was only thinking." Here I stifle a foolish sigh born of my still more foolish tears. "Thinking of what?"

"Of Billy," I reply reluctantly. And then, though he says nothing, and though I cannot see his face, I know my hushand is

He goes back to his original position, and s soon again asleep, while I lie awake for half an hour longer, worrying my brain with trying to discover what there can be to vex Marmaduke in my weeping over

Billy.
Still I am happy, utterly so, as one must be who is without care or sorrow, whose lightest wish meets metant fulfilment, and lightest with meete install I am haunted by less and less frequently I am haunted by the world fear of installude—by the the vague fear of ingratitude-by thought of how poor a return I make for all the good showered upon me, as I see how sufficient I am for my husband's happiness; while only on rare occasions does he betray his passionate longing for a more perfect hold on my heart by the suppressed but evident jealousy with which he regards my love for my family.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Whom would you like to invite here for the shooting?" acks Marmaduke, at

breakfast, to my consternation. pose we had better fill the house?" "On, 'Duke," I cry, in terror, "mus you do that? And must I entertain them

"I suppose so," replies he. laughing: though I dare say it you will let them alone they will entertain themselves. If you get a good many men and women together they generally contrive to work out their own amusement."

"I have seen so few people in my life,"

I say, desperately, "and none of them grand people. That is, lords, I mean, and that. I shall be frightened out of my life. "My acquaintance with lords is not so extensive as you seem to imagine. I know

a few other people. We will limit the lords Baronets and very rich people are just "Nonsense, darling! I will be here to

help you if they grow very dangerous, and get altogether beyond control." "Oh, that is all very well," I say, feeling inclined to cry, "but you will be out shooting all day, and I will be left at home to speak to them. I don't mind the mer o much, but the women will be dreadful.' This last sentence appears to afford Mar-maduke the liveliest amusement. He

laughs until I begin to feel really hurt at his want of sympathy.
"You don't care for me," I cry, with petulant reproach, "or you would not try to

make me so unhappy."
"My darling child, how can you say so? Unhappy because a few people are kind enough to come and pay you a visit. You say I do not 'care for you' because I ask you to be civil to two or three women! Here he laughs again a little, though evidently against his will. "Oh, Phyllis! if you are going to cry I will not say another word about it. Come, loo kup, my pet, and I promise to forget our friends for this autumn at least. We will spend it by ourselves; though I must confess"—regretfully
—"it seems to me a sin to leave all those birds in peace. Now, are you satisfied?" But I am not: I am only ashamed of myself. Is this childish fear for strangers the proper spirit for a grown-up married woman to betray? 1 dry my eyes and make a secret determination to go through

with it, no matter what it costs me.

"No, uc," I say, heroically; "let them come. It is very stupid of me to feel nervous abut it. I dare say I shall like them all immensely when they are once here and—and—perhaps they too will like me."
"Small doubt of that," says my husband,
heartily. "Phyllis, you are a darling, and when they leave us you shall tell me how tremendously you enjoyed it all.'

"Duke," I say, with faltering tongue, must I sit at the head of the table?" "Of course," again visibly amused.
"Surely you would not like to sit at the bottom ? "No," with deep dejection; "one is as bad as the other. In either place I shall be

horribly conspicuous." Then, after a brief hesitation, and with a decided tendency to fawn upon him, "Marmaduke, we will have all the things handed round; won't we now? I shall never have anything to carve, shall I?"

"Never," replies 'Duke; "you shall give

us a dinner in any earthly style you choose, always provided you let us have a good one "And Parsons will see to that," I say,

partially consoled, drawing my breath more lightly.

'Now, whom shall we ask?" says'Duke, seating himself, and drawing out a pencil and pocket-book with an air of business, while I look over his shoulder. "Harriet is staying with old Sir Willim at present, week she will be free. She will come and James. I am so anxious you

should meet each other." "Oh, Marmaduka, what shall I do if your sister does not like me? It would make me so miserable if she disapproved of me in any way." "Your modesty, my dear, is quite refresh-

ing in this brazen age. Of course, if Har-riet expresses disapprobation of my choice, shall sue for a divorce." I rinch his ear, and perch myself com fortably on the arm of his chair." "Is she anything like you?"
"You could hardly find a greater contrast, I should say, in every way. She is extremely fair—quite a blonde—not much

taller than you are, and rather fat. She has a considerable amount of spirit, and keeps Sir James in great order; while I am a dejected being, tyrannized over by the veriest little shrew that ever breathed."
"I like that. But from what you say she must be a terrible person.'

"Then my description belies her. Harriet is very charming and a general favorite. As for Sir James, he simply adores her. I dare say she will bring Bebe with her." "Who is Bebe?" "Bebe Beatoun? Oh, Handcock's niece, and Harriet's 'most cherished.' Fortunately

can't come, which is lucky for us all, as she is a dame terrible. Then we must ask Blanche Going."

"Oh, must you ask her?" I exclaim, discontentedly. "I don't think I quite like her; she is so supercilious, and seems to

her mother is at present in Italy, so she

consider me so—so young."
"Is that a fault? I never met any one with such a veneration for age as you have. I tell you, Phyllis, there is nothing on earth so desirable as youth. Be glad of it while you have it; it never lasts. I dare say Blanche herself would not mind taking

you immensely-hoped you and she would be tremendous friends, and so on. Blanche is too good-natured to treat any one as you Perhaps so. But, really, now, Marmaduke—seriously, I mean would you not wish me to be older? Say twenty-five or so, with a little more knowledge of everything, you know? And, in fact, I mean

would t not be better if I were more of a woman of the world?" "Ob, horror of horrors !" cries 'Duke,

raising his hands in affected terror. "How can you suggest anything so cruel? If I were married to a fashionable woman I would either cut and run, or commit suicide in six months.'

"Then you really think me--" I hes itate.

> (To be continued How to Dety Old Age.

It has been generally believed for a long

time that sooner or later the scientists

would discover the secret of indefinitely prolonging human life. Why people should

ease to be young in appearance and feeling when, in reality, they are young in years, and why they should grow old, fall into the sere and vellow leaf and shuffly off this mortal coll just when they are beginning to enjoy life, are mysteries of a tantalizing and yet fascinating character. But general reflections are not in order in discussing & master of such vital interest. The world will learn with breathiess interest that the scientists have at last succeeded in agreeing upon a course of treatment which, they think, will have the effect of suspending the encroachments of old age. The fact having been noted that, after passing middle life the process of ossification becomes markedly developed until it ushers in senile decrepitude, it has occurred to our scienufic friends that the arrest of this ossific tendency would naturally ward off or delay the coming of old age. To make it still plainer suppose we put it in this way Old age, instead of being an accumulation of years, is simply a slow but steady accumulation of calcareous matter in the system. The prevention of the deposit in any considerable quantity of this cal careous matter is a bar to the approach of the physical and mental decline called old age. It would be interesting to follow these cientists step by step in tions and discoveries, but within the limits of this brief article we have barely space for their conclusions. The main point is the method recommended for the preven tion of calcareous accumulations. course this is a matter of diet. We must use bread in moderation, fruit in abundance, fish, poultry, young mutton and veal. Nitrogenous food be avoided. The next thing food must drink several glasses of distilled water containing ten or fifteen drops of diluted phos-phoric acid every day. This has the effect of dissolving any calcareous matter in the system. Believers in the Malthusian theory will probably view this discovery with disapprobation, and it is not to be denied that the effect will be to augment our population. To some extent it will create a revolution in the business world. If our middle-aged men go to dosing them-selves with distilled water and phosphoric acid instead of "red eye," there is no telling how long they will last, and their refusal to be laid on the shelf will delay the pro gress of our young men, or make them push forward with redoubled energy. The future experiments of the scientists in the tussle with old Father Time will be watched with intense interest, as the result intimately concerns us all .- Atlanta Constitution.

An Eccentric Man's Funeral.

Jacob Hufford, a veteran pioneer 87 vears of age, and who resided about eight miles south of Toledo, in Wood county, was buried Tuesday. He died last Saturday evening after an illness of several weeks. During his illness he was twice supposed to be dead, and twice were arrangements made for his burial, when he recovered. He was a Dunkard in his religious faith and was highly honored and respected by all who knew him. About 500 people attended the funeral, and one fourth of that number relatives. For half a century he has resided on the place where he died and in some respects his funeral was some what remarkable. Thirty-five years ago be cut down a walnut tree, which he had sawed into lumber, a portion of which was placed in the laft of the "new barn" that he built that year, for the purpose of con-structing his coffin when he died. Here it remained until the time of his death, and, at his request, his son-in-law, John Limmer, constructed the burial case in which his emains were laid. In compliance with he had been in the habit of driving for so many years, and on each side of the little animal, leading him by the bits, were two old gentlemen of the Dunkard denomination, who were aged nearly four score years. Six old men acted as pall bearers.—Cleveland Herald.

Too Modest to Marry. A girl too modest to marry has been found at Madison, Georgia. Her name is Miss S. A. Lochlin, and her accepted lover was Mr. J. L. Christian. All the arrangements for the marriage had been made, and wedding day appointed. The local torian says: "That morning Mr. historian says: "That morning Mr. Christian received a letter from the lady stating that she had fled the country before daylight; that as the dreaded moment of the marriage approached her dread of the developments of the married state drove her into such a state of cowardice that she could not meet it. She enclosed \$5 to pay for Christian's trouble in getting a license He immediately went in pursuit of her, and found her vesterday in Oconee county She fell upon his neck, kissed him wildly, and declared that she would never be parted from him. A second attempt at marriage was made last night, but in the last mo ment she swooned away at the thought and the ceremony was again postponed. It is believed that modesty in this excessive

form is not general."

Was Willing. General Forrest was once approached by an Arkansaw man, who asked:
"General, when do you reckin' we're going to get something to eat?"
"Eat!" exclaimed the general; "did

you join the army merely to get something "Wall, that's about the size of it." "Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him

The officer understood the joke, and replied "All right, general."

The Arkansaw man, exhibiting no alarm, said : "Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple o' chickens, bake two or three hoe-cakes, fetch a gallon o' so o' butter-milk, and load yer guns. With sich inducements, the man what wouldn't be willin to die is a

blame fool.' A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives .- Arkansaw Traveler.

-The old custom requiring saleswomen in dry and fancy goods stores to stand all day long without rest or relief is being superseded by more humane rules in man of our leading busiress houses. Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is highly praised by those who have not yet been

treats little things as little thing, and is not hurt by them. Honor of the United States met in Chicago yesterday. They will continue in session about ten days.

James Edwards (colored), of Richmond Ind., has been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary and fined \$100 for marrying a white woman. CURRENT TOPICS.

On the way by rail from Oregon is a car containing 20,000 pounds of fresh salmon, which is to be delivered in nine days from the time of starting at New York. Should this experiment be successful, fresh Oregon salmon may be familiarly added to the placards and the cries of the street vendors in eastern cities.

THERE is a movement in Massachusetts for legislation under which the holding of forest property will be more secure and, therefore, more attractive that it is at present. By protecting forests from fires, and by equalizing or lightening the burden of taxation upon such property, it is believed that owners will be induced to allow their trees to grow to matucity, instead of cutting them down as soon as they are large enough to be of any commercial value.

The curious theory of Americus Symmes that Lieut. Greely and his party are safe in the beautiful land of "Symzonia," some where in the region of the pole, is entertaining. But we are not sure about the lost tribes having gone there to reside. Russian tradition says it is St. John who was driven up there and established the colony; and Maurice Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, describes it as the home Electric Man.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Opposition leader in the British Commons, curtly describes what, in vulgar society, 'bonnet " is. He said : " A 'bonnet ' is the decoy who lures the thimble-rigger's victim to his doom-the innocent-looking, artless countryman who is 'sure he knows' where the pea is, and who thus is enabled to bring into aid wealth to the

coffers of the chief villain of the con-

federacy.' DRS. UNGAR and Bodlander, of Bonn have recently been engaged in examination of meats preserved in tin cans, and report that "a not inconsiderable quantity of tin passes over into the conserve." Experipasses over into the conserve." ments on dogs and rabbits showed that the tin was absorbed by the intestinal mucous membrane, and it was detected in the secretions, heart, liver, kidneys, spleen brain and muscles. They think that the reason so little is yet heard of tin poison ing is because the introduction of the canned foods is comparatively recent, and their prices so high as to make the consumption limited.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the United States orator, pays a high tribute to the character of Mr. Gladstone as a man and a statesman in Harper's Magazine for June. Mr. Curtis says: which the other great English-speaking nation calls one of its citizens to the chie executive magistracy. Happy that country if it summon to that office a statesman so commanding, conscientious and courageous and a man so spotless as the English Prime Minister! Looking at Gladstone, and then across the sea at our Presidential contest, the Englishman may be pardoned if he is not quite ready to abandon a political system which brings so great a man as Gladstone into the direction of the Government, and even the American may wonder whether his system of select ing the chief magistrate is surer than the English method to bring the real chief of a party to the executive chair.'

To THOSE persons who wish to grow thue and who have tried to no purpose all the known systems of living to reduce their obesity, a correspondent recommends a trial of the following which is strongly ad vocated as amounting to an almost infallible cure for getting rid of superfluous fat: Only eat three times a day, never take ar ything to drink between meals and only helf a pint of liquid at meals. The amount of liquid taken has much more to do with the making of fat than the quantity of fo d consumed, although at no meal should more than a moderate amount of solid food his request, also, his remains were conveyed be taken. One correspondent affirms that his request, also, his remains were conveyed to the grave by the 27 year old pony that he had been in the habit of driving for so many years, and on each side of the little effects whatever from it, and he further states that to a man of moderate appetite the amount of solid food is of no importance; it is the quantity and not quality only of liquids consumed that makes the difference in the amount of fat.

Wood pavements have been and are gradually taking the place of asphalte in London. This example has been followed to some extent by Paris, where many streets have been recently paved with wood, Some time ago pavements of tiles were experimentally tried in London. This tile payement has now also been introduced in Berlin, where cubes 20 centimetres (7.8 inches) square and 10 centimetres (3.9 inches) thick, and impregnated with bituminous products up to 20 per cent. of their volume, are employed. The cubes are laid on concrete 15 centimetres (6 inches) thick, and the joints filled up with hot tar. It is affirmed that this de scription of pavement is superior to wood pavement. Whilst the latter is liable to absorb organic products of composition like a sponge, and thus form a hotbed of disease, a tile pavement is completely free from those drawbacks. It permits the water to flow off freely, and lasts much longer than wood pavement.

DR. NORMAN KERR'S recent book, "The Truth About Alcohol," is the work of a total abstainer, yet the author begins by referring to some of the popular errors of teetotallers, and advises them to lay aside some of their habitual arguments. errors are-that the brain is hardened by alcohol, that the red blood corpuscles ar changed by it, that in all circumstance all doses of it are poisonous, that all drinks containing even the smallest proportions of alcohol are evil, and that alcohol does not exist in nature. Dr. Kerr does not regard ginger beer as an intoxicant, in spite of its being a fermented liquor and a "beer," but he does consider any drink containing more than 1.5 per cent, of alcoho requal to 3 per cent. of proof spirit—in-toxicating. Cider, perry, pale ale, beer and clarets are intoxicating drinks. In giving the testimony of physiology the Doctor re futes the current opinion that intoxicating beverages arrest waste and take the place of food. His computation that 40,000 persons die annually in the United Kingdom from the direct, and nearly double that number from the indirect, effects of intemperance is believed to be correct.

What is the Use of Crying ?

Now it is not implied that people literally cry, but they would if they could. For instance, you have the most painful corns that mortal ever suffered from. Well, you need not have them, for a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove then in a few days without the least pain. Putnam's Corn Extractor, and you will laugh and grow fat.

The eldest daughter of Lord Lytton, though only 14, has taken up the family pen and written one of the most bloodcurdling ghost stories that have seen th light for many a day.

Reason is, so to speak, the police of the kingdom of art, seeking only to preserve order. In life itself, a cold arithmetician who adds up our follies. Sometimes, also

This is always the case when Polson's NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain ; it is sure to disappear as if by magic Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of Norviline to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where t is used. It is just the thing to have in a house to meet a sudden attack of illners. Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only 10 cents at any druggist's.

Work is proceeding rapidly with the The tunnel will be 31 miles in length.

It is rumored in Windsor that a number of Detroit crooks are concecting a plan to effect the escape of Luke Phipps. The authorities at Windsor are on their guard however, and should any attempt of the kind be made it is likely to result disas-

trously for those concerned in it. Begin; to begin is half the work.



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CHANGE OF LIFE. # # # # #

* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED SERVE SPEEDLY BY STATE LIST.

LADIES CAN GLADAY TESTIFY. 6.1. * *

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EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSULPASSED, *

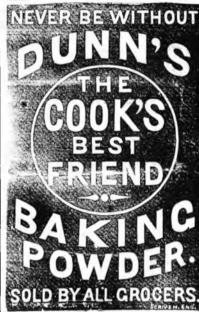
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a little of it off your hand, if—she only freed from the old necessity for constant keenest torture.

Again, supposing both to be sentenced standing; and is a genuine blessing in "I don't think so: she rather gave me strikes upon my ears, and almost forget to every such case, as well as to the tired-out thank him in wondering at its strangeness. Then Marmaduke kisses me gravely, and, to death, and supposing also it is in my power to save one of them; which would I the impression that she looked down upon housekeeper who must be on her feet all day. me, as though I were foolish and not worth Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it making a fuss over them. Therefore use giving me his arm, leads me back to the rescue? Marmaduke of course! I haul much consideration. "Don't be uncharitable, Phyllis; she could not think anything so absurd. Besides, she told me herself one day she liked carriage, and it is all over!

> General Grant has been placed on the etired list with full rank and full pay.
>
> Potatoes are a drug in the market in Cambridge County, New York, selling for 20 cents a bushel for starch mills.

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