#### Unmade Hay.

We knew by the clouds to the eastward It was going to rain that day. And there was the whole of the meadow lot All spread with the fragrant hay. And the clouds grow darker and larger As the winds the tree tops to larger, And, hard though I was working, It seemed the hay was lost.

My farm was a small and poor one, And the hay crop was all I had, And I could not afford to hire a ma For the times were dull and had. man And matters were looking dreary For me that summer day, When I heard a sweet voice behind me "I will help you get in the hay!"

Twas my neighbor's daughtor, Molly. Who lived just across the real. And soft was the light in her downcast eyes. And the bluth on the check that glowed. I gladly accepted the service She offered in friendly way. And there by my side that alternoon She helped me gather the hay.

She was no fine lady feeble. She was no fine lady feelle. Though her arms were plump and white, And she raked all day with me, row for row, Till the fall of the summer night. And then, when we caused our labors, And the hay was stored away, From the depth of my heart I thanked her For her kindness to me that day

And I took her home to her cottage, But I didn't pause to woo. And I asked not her hand in marriage, Which I knew sho thought I'd do. I left her there at the gatuway, Beneath the branches browy, And from her looks I knew she was The maddest girl in town.



# BY THE DUCHESS.

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

"But I don't wan't to be smothered," I

protest, nervously. "Oh, you must submit to that. When people hear of 'a scene from Othello' they immediately think of pillows. They would consider they had been done out of something if we gave them a mere court part. We will have you just dying, mur-muring your last poor little words, with Sir Mark looking as if he were longing to try the effect of the bolster next, and Miss Vernon, as Emilia, kneeling beside vou.' "Now that is what I call a downright cheerful picture," says Marmaduke.

"I call it high tragedy," replies Miss Beatoun, reprovingly. "Will you be Emilia, Miss Vernon?" " I will help you in any way I can," say

Dora, with her usual gentle amiability. "You would make a capital Beatrice, Bebee," says Marmaduke. "We might bave a good scene from 'much Ado About Nothing.' Who will be Benedick? Now,

don't all speak at once.' "I think it would suit me," says Chips, very modestly.

We all laugh heartily. "You grow modest, Mr. Thornton," says Sir Mark. "I fear you must be ill. Try a little of this honey; you will find it excellent."

"No, thanks. I feel I shall be able to pull through now until luncheon." "Let us go into the library and arrange

everything, I suggest, eagerly; and we all rise and go there. By degrees, as the afternoon advances

the men show symptoms of fatigue and drop off one by one, while we women still keep together to discuss the all-engrossing them. those garments Sir Mark rejected.

Curious odds and ends of old-world finery are dragged from remote closets ought to light. Clothes that once adorned Marmaduke's ancestors are now draped around young white arms and necks, and draw forth peals of laughter from the lookers-on-

"But we must have an audience," suggests Bebe, at length, rather blankly, stop-ping short, with her hands in the air, from which hangs down an ancient embroidered robe.

"True. How shall we manage that ?" "Send a groom instantly with invita-tions to the Hastings, the Leslies, the De Veres, and the Cuppaidges. I am positive they are all dying of ennui this moment, and will hail with rapture any chance of escape from it. They will all some; and the Leslies have two or three really very presentable young men staying with them

"Yes, that will be best. Dora, will you go and write the notes for me? Now, would it not be a good thing to exclude all be non-players fr m our co

Beatoun, flushing. "Then I won't be the ing gaze that (supposing the original Cinderella to be capable of such another) must have had more to do with her being Prinperson appealed to. I did not want to, all along. It is too bad I should get no parts but those in which rags and ugly dresses are worn. I shall have to do Cinderella cess later on than anything in the shape of a vow. presently in tatters, and in this I have only a short gown, and nasty thick shoes and a Then we close un Dora, as Constance de Beverly, into an imaginary wall-the poor nun, with raised despairing eyes and downpitcher.

"What nonsense !" say I. "You know every one said you looked delicious with that little handkerchief across your should-ers. Lord Chandos, go and dress yourself directly, as Sir Mark will not." use is it," says Chandos no unwelcome inquiries ; and every one is what

but the

furious.

and ha

mur. weakly.

pleasant.

objections.

quietly, "if Miss Beatoun declines to act charmed. vith me?" After this comes " Queen Eleanor pre-"Acting with you has nothing to do with

senting the agreeable choice of the poison it," returns Bebe, reddening perceptibly "I only decline the 'old clo' part of it bowl or the dagger to the fair but frail Consider how it hurts my vanity." "Yet you would have worn them had Sir mark kept his word," I say in an ingly, how Blanche had looked the part

njured tone. At this Lord Chandos looks expressively chance of life had there been any reality

at Miss Beatoun, Miss Beatoun looks with-eringly at me, and Marmaduke, utterly "Come now, Bebe, that's conclusive. Chandos will think you have some reason ing of her small fists, full of meaning.

for it if you persist in refusing." At this unfortnnate remark even I fee

group in the distance engaged in a hot dis

pute. Still Chandos lingers. "I am sorry for this," he says to Bebe, in a low tone almost haughtily. "But it is

not yet too late. If the idea is so detestable

to you, then give it up now, and I will

support you." "Why should it be distasteful to me?"

very coldly. "I will make no further

help it. I am more vexed about it than

you can be." "I think you might have said emphati-

cally just at first you did not wish it. How-ever, it does not matter." "How could I? Such a remark would

his toilet, we have them on our miniature

But, though they gave in to their own wishes, or rather to their own pride, the

stage sooner than we dared to hope.

have been an implied rudeness to you.'

"Then I wish you had been rude.

I hope you exonerate me. I could not

happier tableau than their last, and evensome dismay. Considering all that has passed between these two, and the nature tually we wind up with a scene from the "Queen's Maries" of Whyte Melville, in of the tableau in question, it is unfortuhich everybody generally is brought in Chandos and Bebe color violently and where Blanche Going, as Mary Stuart, in black velvet and the inevitable cap, is the principal feature ; though Bebe makes the latter's fingers close with nervous force upon the pretty short gown she is wearing and crumple it recklessly. The loose cama very charming Seaton, and even I feel some admiration on beholding Marmaduke bric kerchief on her breast rises and falls with angry motion. Ohandos is evidently

as Darnley. With a sense of relief we come down "I shall think nothing of the kind," he says, in a low, distinct tone. "Miss Beafrom the stage and mingle with our audience, accepting modestly the compliments showered upon us from all sides. toun should be allowed to please herself. For my part, I think it an odious scene Mother, who has not been inside a thea

kneved to the last degree." re since she was 19, comes up to tell us it -----" I mur "Still as it is on the cardswas the prettiest sight she ever saw, and to compare us favorably with all the celebrated actors and astresses of her time. Marmaduke stares at me in wonderment

and then at Harriet, who is also listening. Presently we leave the scene of our triimphs and wander into the great cool ball We are every one of us thoroughly un oom, where the decorations of the forego Bebe laughs a rather forced laugh. " ing evening are still to be seen. "I don't believe poor Mary Hamilton

wonder what our friends in the dress circle are thinking all this time?' she says. ever had your laughing eyes," say Sir Mark to me, during a pause in the dance. "She must have been asadder, more sedate ' Lord Chandos, go and put on your things and don't let us keep them waiting any longer." "That's right," exclaims Marmaduke ort of person altogether. See how differ ently love works in different people.' much relieved, moving away to another

"You forget she was unhappy in hers. Besides"—saucily—"how do you know ove has anything to do with my eyes ?" "I don't know, of course. I am only

"Never suppose. It is foolisb, and fatiguing. Though now we are on the sub-ject, Monsieur Chastelar, you shall give me your definition of the words 'to love.' If ve may accept Whyte Melville's opinion of you, you must be a very competent judge.' "I have no theory of my own; I am a sceptio on that point. I will give you the orthodox definition if you wish, which everybody—in a novel—is bound to accept. It means, I fancy to merge the existence so entirely in that of another as to oblite-rate oneself and live only for him or her, as the case may be. Also, it would be strictly ecessary to feel lost and miserable in the absence of the beloved one. You may call

"You are unreasonable, Miss Beatoun," says his lordship, stiffly. Then in a still lower tone, "There are few things I would not do for you, but that is not one of that fatiguing if you please. Do you like the picture? Horrible, isn't it ?" "Not only horrible, but impracticable, I should say. I might manage to be supremely happy in the presence of the adored; I do not think I could be 'misers. "I think you had better go and put on We can finish the argument later on," mur-murs Bebe, turning away, with a half-smile, and, Lord Chandos hurrying over

ble' exactly in his absence." Then laugh-ing, "Is that really 'pure love?" If so, I am a sceptic, too. It would be absurdly weak-minded, and would confine one's happiness to too little a world, to indulge in such a belief. It must be wiser to take piovment as it comes in every way, and "I entirely agree with you," replied Siz

performance is a failure. And now comes my turn. The "British public," as Mr. Thornton persists on call-ing our very select audience, is requested to turn its kind attention on Tennyson's Mark, carelessly, looking straight before him, with so much meaning in his gaze that instinctively I follow it, until my eyes "Sleeping Princess," wrapped in mystic slumber. I am the Sleeping Princess, it all upon Lady Blanche Going, at the other end of the room. having struck me in the early part of the day that this role, requiring little beyond

Evidently tired and flushed from dancing, she has sunk with lazy grace into a low chair, and now, half turning, is laughextreme inaction, would exactly suit me, and cause me less trepidation. Upon a crimson lounge, clad all in white, I he, my long, fair brown hair scattered across the oushions and falling to the ing up in Marmaduke's face as he leans solicitously over her. Even as I look she raises her hand to repossess herself of the bouquet he holds, and to my impatience it seems that an unnecessarily long time lapses before the flowers go from his hand to hers.

My late careless, frivolous words appear to mock me. Why does he look at her like

though forgetful of my very existence

Lady Blanche smiles disagreeably. Yesterday-surely only yesterday-he would have been kinder; he would have gone for this shawl himself. How eagerly, with what extreme tenderness has he even anticipated my wants! And now the attentions of a stranger are considered good ward clasped hands, creating much sympa-thy. Yet, none of us feel sure this was the enough for me. Is he tired of me already he so soon discovered the poverty of my charms? Or has that old fascination spirit in which the real Constance met her doom ; only, as the devotional tearful style returned with redoubled power, to make him regret what is, alas 1 irrevocable? suits Dora, we conclude it was, and make Sick at heart, and mortified to the last

degree, I turn away, yet with lifted head and proud, disdainful lips, lest he or she should rightly guess my thoughts. All the next day a marked coldness exists

Rosamond," represented by Blanche Going octween me and my husband. We mutually avoid each other. and, the better to do so, fall back for conversation upon those nearest to us. The nearest to me, at all events, is Sir Mark Gore. n amore. "I would have given very little for your

Not being by any means a "gushing" pair, this temporary estrangement about it," she says. "She looked --oh, she looked as if-----' with a vicious clenchunneticed by the greater part of our guests; to the few, however, it is plainly visible. Bebe sees it, and is vexed and Lioubled. Sir Mark sees it, and is curious. Lady Blanche sees it, and is triumphant. It is clear that for whatever ends she has Bebe was a laughing saucy Beatrice, and Lord Chandos as Benedick, makes a much in view, all things are working well. Once or twice during the evening I catch her eyes fixed upon me, and as I do so her glance falls slowly, while a malignant, insolent smile creeps round her mouth. At such moments I am pagan in my senti-ments, and would, if it were possible, call down all evil things upon my enemy.

isperse. Naturally forgiving, I find a difficulty in maintaining wrath for any length-ened period, and Marmaduke appears only too glad to meet my advances. The third day, indeed, all seems forgot-

ten; our animosity is laid, and peace is proclaimed. This time, however, there has been no explanation, no kindly reconciliation, and only Marmaduke and I know that underneath our perfect amiability lies a thin stratum of ice, that any chance cold may harden into hopeless solidity.

Phyllis, we have agreed to let the birds hold high holiday to morrow, if you will promise us a picnic. It seems a pity to let this last glimpse of summer go by unmarked," says Marmaduke, speaking to me from the foot of the dinner-table.

"Ob, how delightful !" ory I, flushing with pleasure, and dodging all the flowers on the table to get a good look at his face. As he is also carefully dodging them in his turn, with the like laudable purpose of beholding me, it is some time before we manage it. When our eyes do meet we mile sympathetically. I hardly know why I do so, but as I with-

draw my gaze from Marmaduke I turn upon Sir Mark Gore, who sits at my right hand. The curiously cold, calculating expression I meet startles me and somewhat displeases me.

"Do you not like picnics!" I ask him abruptly.

"Very much, indeed. Why should you think otherwise ?"

"Your expression just now was not one "No? It ought to have been. I was

inwardly admiring the charming enthusi-asm with which you received your hus-

band's proposition." "Oh!" return I, curtly. "Yes. As I told you once before, when I am pleased I show it; I am more than pleased now; I am eachanted," smiling brightly at the thought. "Do you know that I have not been at a pionic since I was a girl---that is, unmarried?'

"Not since then? Why you must almost forget what a picnic means. Shall I refresh your memory? It means salted pies, and sugared fowl, and indescribable jellies and warm fluids, and your knees in your mouth, and flies. I don't myself know anything more enjoyable than a picnic."

"Dear me, how I pity you! Whose picnics have you been at, may I ask?" inquire I with scorn. "To-morrow, I pro-mise you, you shall see very a different organizer " specimen.

To-morrow comes to us as fine as though bespoken. Lady Blanche, walking into the breakfast-room in the most charming of robes, addresses, herself to my husband.

"Well, most noble, what are your plans for to-day ?" she asks with a pretty show of animation. Though I am in the room, and she knows

it, she takes no notice of me whatever-

COAL GAS. gone again, and he drops his eyes discreetly The Fuel of the Future and its Use-Ten "How shall we go?" asks 'Duke. " We

Cents Per Thousand Feet.

means certain, coal gas, will, there is

stoking as coal fuel does, and leaves no ash

of the country arrangements for the manu-facture and distribution of fuel gas are

now being made, notably at Yonkers, N.Y.

Hints About Picnics.

oomplete failure

great manufacturers.

estimate shows that such fuel

have the coach, and your trap, Ashurst. Those who believe that coal gas is to play and the open carriage: will that be enough? Harriet, what will suit you ?" "I shall stay at home, thank you," says

on his plate.

Harriet, smiling. "I know I am letting myself down in your estimation horribly, but confess I detest long drives. I believe I by electricity, as an illuminant, which is by detest anything lengthened. I am natu-rally fickle." (She is the most sincere reason to believe, occupy a still more im-portant position in the future as a fuel than it has in the past as an illuminant. Recent creature alive.) "I shall enjoy lounging about at home, looking at the flowers, and reading, and that." experiments have shown it to be by long

### (To be continued

# TO MEEP THE BABIES DEALTHY.

Dr. Leeds Supplies a Formula for Preparing Cow's Milk to Suit Them.

Three doctors discussed at the meeting of the County Medical Society, in New York, on Wednesday night, "The Summer Diarrhœa of Infants." Dr. J. Lewis Smith quoted statistics of three years showing that in the five warm months there were ,885 deaths from this disease in this city while in the remaining seven months of the same years there were but 1,407 deaths. In July and August the disease is always most fatal, often running up to 1,200 to 1,500 deaths a month. Since there is con parative immunity from the disease in the country, he attributed its prevalence in the c ty to bad air and the frequency with c ty to bad air and the frequency will which children are deprived of mother's milk and fed on improper food. The com-mon theory that children teething are especially subject to the disease was a mistake, he said. With good air and healthy mother's milk, teething children need not necessarily have the diarrhea. For remedies he suggested the heat nossible For remedies he suggested the best possible food, pure air, regulation of the digestive functions, and the use of such medicinal

functions, and the use of such medicinal agents as may safely be employed to check the diarrhœs itself. Prof. Leeds predicted that in the near future much will be done to prevent fatal disease among the infants by providing

some good substitute for mother's milk. Dr. H. A. Pooler, of Goshen, and Prof. Leeds, of Stevens Institute, though differing from Dr. Smith as to the analysis of mother's milk and cow's milk, agreed with him that cow's milk, although the best sub stitute for mother's milk, is not fit for infant's food, without preparation, first by dilution with water, and then by adding other substances to make up the nourish-ment which is wanting when only water is added. Prof. Leeds gave the following formula for making cow's milk as near like mother's milk as possible :

Take a pint of good cow's milk, add to it a pint of water. Then add two ounces of oream. Then add 400 grains of milk sugar.

#### Why the Eyes Shine

Place a child (because the pupils of chil The most important part of a pionic, dren are large), and by preference a blonde, says the Popular Science Monthly, at a dishowever, is not the weather or the place or the dinner. You may choose the most beautiful spot in the world, and spread the tance of ten or fifteen feet from a lamp, which is the only source of light in the most delicious lunch ever prepared, and yet room, and cause it to look at some object in have the whole thing a the direction of the lamp, turning the eye simply because the company was not well selected. Out of doors, where the people are free from formality, unless they are you wish to look at slightly inward toward the nose. Now put your own eye close behind the lamp flame, with a card between it and the flame. If you will then look close by the edge of the flame covered by the card into the eyes of the child. you will see, instead of a perfectly black pupil, a reddish yellow circle. If the eye happens to be hypermetropic, you will be able to see the reflex when your own eye is at some distance to one side of the flame. This is the true explanation of the luminous appearance of the eyes of some animals when they are in comparative obscurity. It is simply the light reflected from the bottom of their eyes which is generally of a reddish tinge, on account of the red blood in the vascular layer of the choroid back of the semi-transparent retina, and not light that is generated there at all. This reflection is most apparent when the animal is in obscurity; but the observer must be in the light, and somewhat in the relative all be tired, not to say cross, when you position indicated in the above described experiment. This is, the eye of the observer must be on the same line with the light and the observed eye. The eyes of arrive there. It must be reasonably shady and not too far from a supply of good drinking water If the company are to walk, you must be especially careful not be overburdened with nearly all animals are hypermetropic, most of them very highly so, so that they send out the rays of light which have baskets and wraps, for the bundles which seemed so light when you started are sure to weigh down much more heavily before entered them in a very diverging manner. you reach your destination. Be careful to

# Something New in Strikes.

# **To-Day's Canadian News Notes**

F. Hutchins, Galt, has left the Bank of Commerce to go into business with his father at Parkhill.

a small part in the economical processes of the future are likely to find themselves A bear was encountered by the tug Hattie Venton last week while in Nepigon Straits. The brute was despatched with a pike pole much mistaken, says the Brooklyn Eagle in a recent editorial. Even if superseded and are.

A woman named Missoura Douglas, of Dunnville, was sent to Cayuga jail for three months for a third offence in selling liquor illegally. Rev. Mr. Dickson, of the Presbyterian

Church, Galt, has been granted three months' leave of absence and given \$200 for a Europeau trip by his congregation. odds the most efficient, economical and con-venient of all fuels. To compare the cost

of coal gas with the cost of the electric light, or even other fuels, is a task as A large requisition has been presented to the Mayor of Toronto from the citizens, Xak unsatisfactory as it is useless, because, as ing him to call a public meeting to discuss the pumping engine question. The meeting was fixed for Tuesday evening next. is well-known, the sale of residuents whon the market is good is often sufficient to defray all the expenses of gas manufacture,

The Victoria, B.C., Post has been writing and thus it might almost be given away up the opium dens of that city, half a Indeed, at many points outside of the great oities large quantities of gas are thrown to the four winds during the pro-gress of coke manufacture. There is a dozen in number. On the occasion of the writer's visit there were twenty men # whites, Chinese and half-breeds—in these places, all more or less under the influence coke-making centre in Pennsylvania where

of the baneful drug. John Goddard, builder, Toronto, who was about a fortnight ago knocked down it is said, as much as twenty-four million cubic feet of gas is each day permitted to escape in smoke. Ovens have recently been set up which enable the coke manfac and robbed of \$125, lies in a very critical condition, erysipelas having set in in his head where he received the blow from an turer to make from the bi-products a good eight candle power gas, which, though of iron bar. The police have not yet captured no account as an illuminant, is of great value as a fuel, for it is cheap, requires no the robbers.

### One Drone Enough.

and clinkers behind. This fuel gas, it has been found, may profitably be sold at ten cents the thousand cubic feet. A careful Last month the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, by a considerable majority, carried a resolution in majority, carried a resolution in favor of allowing instrumental music would cost the proprietors of a puddling furnace not more than three dolinto the churches. A few days after the Assembly broke up one of the lars a day, the boilers costing One dollar for the same time; and ordinary dwellings could be furnished with fuel both costing ministers, a Highlander, who had spoken and voted for the motion, met one of his communicants, who called him in question for heat and cocking for 10 cents a day for his unscriptural and ungodly conduct. "Well," asked the communicant, "since Wherever gas has been used as a fuel it has given satisfaction. It readily generates an you have got your ends accomplished, what sort of instrument would you like to have ?" intense heat, leaves no soot and requires little if any attention. For domestic use oth for heating and cooking, it is likely to Oh, for that part of it. I am not very parprove invaluable. As now made, fuel gas is charged for at the rate of from 30 to 40 ticular what kind of instrument is adopted. I would not even object to the bagpipes, if their use would further the cause of the gospel." "Well, minister, that would be a cents per thousand cubic feet. This in restaurant, where a range is used for fif een hours a day, would amount to about grave mistake on your part, for I consider twa drones would be owre muckle in as 20 cents; a domestic stove used by a small family would consume only a few cents worth of fuel gas per day. In many parts kirk.'

#### Treatment Worse than the Measles

An epidemic of measles exists among the children of the 23 families living in the six-story tenement at 126 Cherry street. Four where already its sale has begun. In short, there is reason to believe that, in the deaths from the disease have occurred, and as many children are still ill, while several luture, gas as a fuel will prove invaluable as well to the small housekeeper as to the others are convalescent. Two children died without medical assistance. The parents of the sick children are unwilling hat the little patients should be o cared fo by the city, and are ignorant of all sanitary rules. A health officer yesterday found 3-year-old Fanny Oliver ill with measles in a room with all the windows closed, and five blankets were wrapped about her, and there was a stove in the adjoining room. He erdered the windows opened and the blankets removed.—New York Sun.



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PLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK

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congenial friends, and what Mrs. Whitney calls "Real Folk"," they will be likely to feel ill at ease, and miss the support given by the company, clothes and manners. Small pionics, for this reason among others, are usually much pleasanter than large pic nice. In making up the party, be sure to leave behind the girl who is certain to be too warm or too cold, or to think some other place better than the one where she is, and who has a "horrid time" if she has to submit to any personal inconvenience for the sake of others ; and with her, the boy who loves to tease, and who is quite sure that his way is the only good way. Put into their places some others, young or old, who love simple pleasures, and are ready to help others to enjoy them. Next in im-portance to the company is the place. It must not be at a great distance, or you will

"Oh," says Harriet, " then I must go."

"No, no, Harry. we can't do without you," ory I, imploringly; "you must stay. We could not get on without some head to guide us and soothe down disappointed actors. You shall be wardrobe woman and chief secretary and prime minister You shall be wardrobe-woman and stage manager all in one." "Yes," says Bebe, who has got herself

"1 cs," says bees, who has got herself into the ancient robe by this; "and head-centre and poacemaker, and all that sort of thing. Now, don't I look sweet in this flowered gown? Ah! what interesting creatures our great-great-grandmothers must have been ! It almost makes me long to be a great great-grandmother myself."

"But your salary—your salary; state our terms," says Harriet. "I cannot be "But your same," says Harriet. "I cannot be all that you have mentioned for nothing." "For love, dearest; call you that noth-ing?" replies Bebe, as she struts up and

down before a long glass. Presently darling mother, who has slept

at Strangemore and breakfasted in her room, comes creeping in, and a dispute arises whether she must be excluded from the cabinet and sent into exile until night reveals our secrets.

All through dinner we-the intended victims-are mysterious, not to say depressed; while Sir James Hancock, the two men from the Barracks, and Sir George Ashurst make mild jokes at our expense and wish us safely out of it.

At nine the guests arrive; at half-past nine all is in readiness ; the audience is seated, the impromptu curtains are drawn up, and Rebecca laying the jewels at Rowena' stands revealed.

Lady Blanche Going, as the Jewess, is looking positively beautiful, as kneeling at Dora's feet, in many colored garments of primson and gold and such gorgeous shades, with much gleaming of precious stones, she gazes with saddened ouriosity in the face above her; while Dora, raising her veilmy wedding veil-with uplifted arms to down on her, presents such a contrast with her dead white robe and fair babyish face, to the darker beauty's more glowing style as takes the audience by storm.

The applause is loud and lengthened and Sir George Ashurst's enthusias George Ashurst's enthusiasm reaches such a pitch that when it subsides he has to retire to his room in search of another pair of gloves.

The curtain rises for the second time on Lady Blanche again and Sir Mark Gore as "The Huguenots." This, too, is highly successful, albeit her ladyship is too dark for the part.

ody agrees that Sir Mark, with Everyb the sorrowfully determined expression on his face, is perfect; while Lady Blanche astonishes some of us by the amount of passionate pleading she throws into her eves.

And now comes a hitch. The third tableau on which we have decided is "The Last Appeal." There has been consider ficulty about the arrangement of this from the beginning, and now at the last moment Sir Mark Gore vows he will have nothing to do with it.

I couldn't do it," he says, throwing out his hands. "There is no use urging a fellow. I could look murderous. I might look centimental; I could not appeal. I won't and that's all about it. They will say there are no more actors if you send me on again so soon ; and besides, those breeches don't fit me. They will go on Chandos; let him take my part.

sleepily, downwards; a deep-red rose has dropped from it, and now blusher, half lost, amidst the tresses on the floor. Sir Mark, in the character of the Prince, leans over me as though in the act of giving the caress that brings me back from dream land. His face, I know, is near-so near that, between nervousness and shrink. ing, I feel a mad desire to break into for-

above my head, the other hangs listlessly

ground beside me. One hand is

bidden laughter; so much so that when the curtain falls I am more than thankful Slowly it descends, and as I hear it touch the stage, I cautiously open my eyes to find Sir Mark has not yet raised himself from his stooping posture. My eyes look straight into his. There

are literally only a few inches between his What a perpetual simper that woman face and mine, and I fancy I can discern a treacherous gleam in them. Something masterful, too, in his expression, as though

he would say, "I could an' I would," strikes me. Instantly I resent it, and springing to my feet, stand back from him, ne. as it is---orimson with indignation and some unde

There is no time for words, had I even the desire to speak, which I have not, as at this moment Lady Blanche Going and Marmaduke come from behind the scenes to congratulate us. I try to recover myself hurriedly, but it is too late; my red cheek and frightened, half-shamed eyes attract ooking.' their notice; and Marmaduke glancing from me to Sir Mark, regards us earnestly

ined fear.

coloring very slowly himself the while. "Oh !" exclaims her ladyshir, starting and assuming an air of surprise; then, with an affected laugh. "How foolish of me But really for the moment, on account o your attitudes and stillness. I fancied ad come on too soon, and that you were

still acting." "How completely you must have forgot-ten the subject of the late tableau !" replies Sir Mark, in a very calm tone, fixing her with his wonderful keen, dark eves Some justinct of evil makes me go and

stand close to Marmaduke.

"Was it a success?" I ask, nervously "Without doubt," says 'Duke, rousing himself. "You look fatigued, Phyllis." I take his arm and go with him gladly. "Did anything vex you, darling?" he asks me, quietly, as we go into the next

room. "No; it was imagination. I did not

know his face was quite so close, and, in consequence, when I opened my eyes I got a start. It was ridiculous of me." " Was that all ?"

"Yes, that was all." I laugh, though in a rather spiritless way, and feel angry with myself for the vague restraint that is quite discernible in my manner while Marma-duke pours me out some claret-cup, with

out asking any more questions. 'Duke-Marmaduke-where are you? Oh, come, come," cries Bebe, looking in ; we are all waiting for you. How can I pose properly until you get me the slipper? You said you had it somewhere." So 'Duke flies, and I, putting from me my small vexation, which even already appears haif fanciful, follow him to the sides, to see how they look before the cur-

tain rises Cinderella (Bebe), clad in picturesque rags, is represented in the act of flying, leaving behind her the magical slipper, which Master Chips is eagerly stooping to pick ur. He makes a veritable "Prince Charming," in his scarlet cloak and long silk stockings-got no one knows how-and cap eeches don't fit me. They will go on and feathers; while Bebe, glancing back-handos; let him take my part." "How disobliging you are!" says Miss shoe, casts upon him a bewitching languish. where." And, as Sir Mark departs obsdient, 'Duke A brief smile quivers beneath Sir Mark's The Queen has moustache; it is scarcely there when it is seven years to day.

that? Why is he always by her side? Are

there no other women in the room? I try to think something gay and heart-less to say to Sir Mark, but just at the moment nothing will come to me. Again the vague jealousy of the evening before returns in two-fold force, and I bring

my teeth rather tightly together. After all Marmaduko said to me on the balcony last uight about making myself conspicu Marmaduke.

ous with one, it is, to say the least of it, rather inconsistent with his own behavior

keeps up, merely to show her white teeth 1 How pleased 'Duke appears to be with her inane conversation! Now if I had ever rows. oved him this probably would have vexed

Bah! I will think of something eise. I turn to Sir Mark with a very succesful ittle laugh.

"A living illustration of my text," I say, bending my head in my husband's direc "Where? Oh! there." He stares at

ady Blanche reflectively for a minute or mand. o, and then says, "She is certainly good-

"Good looking !' How very faint! Surely she is handsome. Are you one of those who consider it impolitic to admire one woman to another ?" "As a rule I believe it to be a mistake,"

replies he, coolly; "but in this case I had no thought of policy. I am never quite sure that I do think her ladyship handsome. That she is generally thought so I admit. Marmaduke and she were always good friends."

'So I should say."

"At one time we imagined a tendressc there, and dreamed of a marriage, but, you see, 'Duke was bent on doing more wisely. "Thanks, that is a pretty put. Was the tendresse you speak of on her side or his ?" "A mutual business, I fancy, if it existed at all. But, as we made a mistake in the principal part of it we probably did so in all. Besides"—lightly—" I ought not to tell you all this, Mrs. Carrington. Tales out of Such mere suppochool are malicious.

sitions as they are, too." Why, surely I may congratulate myself on naving gained a victory over so much beauty? It would be a pity to deny me

this little gratification.' Nevertheless at heart I am sorely vexed, and, through pique and wounded feeling, make myself more than agreeable to Sir Mark for the evening. Not once does Duke come near me; nor does he even appear to notice my wilful flirtation.

Just before we break up, indeed, finding myself near to him in the supper room, a strong desire to test his real mind towards me, to compel him to pay me some atten-tion, seizes me. He is as usual in close attendance on Blanche Going, who has kept him chained to her side-willingly chained, without doubt-during the greater part of the evening.

Having dismissed my partner on some pretext, I look straight at Marmaduke, and, shivering slightly, say, "How cold it is!" "Cold ?" replies he, nonchalantly. "Is it? I thought it warm. Better send some one for a shawl. Here, Gore, will you get Mrs. Carrington something warm to put round her? She finds a draught some-

not even trouble herself bestow upon me the courtesy of a "good-morning." She looks up at Marmaduke, and smiles at him, and awaits his answer as though he alone were to be consulted Evidently in her opinion the mistress of

the house is of no importance—a mere non-entity in fact ; the master is everything. It occurs to me that she might be even gracious enough to smile in my direction, but she confines her attentions entirely to Bouillon, reported to the association on Monday that he had been discharged by

Has any one else in the room noticed her insolence? There is rather a hush, I fancy, as I move composedly to my seat and alter the cups and saucers into more regular I wonder curiously whether Marmaduke has marked her breach of etiquette. Not hel What man ever saw anything wrong where a pretty woman is the trans-gressor, more especially when that pretty woman's blandishments are directed towards him? He gives back her smile placidly, and then speaks— "I believe we have decided on a picnic." "The pionic, of course, But where? That is the question.'

"Anywhere you like; I am yours to com-'You really mean it? Then I should

like to go right through the country to St. Seebird's Well. It is years since last I was there." She breathes a soft sigh, as though recalling some tender memory connected with her former visit.

"To the Wishing Well ?" says 'Duke, That is a long drive. The day is fine, however, and I see nothing to prevent our doing it. Can we manage it, do you think, Phyllis?"

I see no obstacle in the way," I answer, indifferently, without raising my eyes. "Then we may consider it a settled plan -may we, Mrs. Carrington?" says Lady

Blanche, sweetly. This time I do lift my head, and turn my

eyes slowly upon her ladyship's. "Good-morning, Lady Blanche," I say,

mietly, and with the utmost composure In spite of herself she is disconcerted Oh ! good-morning," she says. " I quite fancied I had seen you somewhere before

this morning." "Did you? You take coffee, I think, Sir George? Dora, give Sir George some coffee.'

"I think I deserve a vote of thanks for my suggestion," says Lady Blanche, recovering. "I feel in great spirits myself already. The drive will do us good, and make us all as fresh as possible." "True," says Marmaduke; "we have love,"--The Watchman.

not had a drive for some time. A picnio near home is, I believe, a mistake. It is a capital idea. Phyllis, is it not ?"

He addresses himself to me in a rather anxious, not to say conciliatory, tone; for becomes aware of my time he the firs unusual silence.

For the first time in my life I feel my youth an advantage as I watch the faint color rise to her ladyship's cheeks. Her mouth changes its expression. It is no onger complacent. At this moment I feel she hates me with a bitter hatred, and am

(N. Y. Sun.)

A number of clerks and salesmen in Hannigan & Bouillon's dry goods store, in Grand street, refused to go to work yester-day. The strikers say there were about ninety of them, including some fifteen women. The strikers belong to the Equality Association, which is composed mostly of Grand street olerks. One of its members, of it. If they do not like it they can choose Mial Peck, a salesman for Hannigan &

the firm without cause. The asso-ciation met that night, ordered the clerks to strike in the morning, and appointed a conference committee to see the firm. The conference was not satisfactory to them. and the strike followed. "I did not dis charge Mial l'eck on Saturday night," Mr Mr. Hannigan said last night. "I told him I was satisfied that I could get a man who would do better work in his department than he was doing ; that he was not selling so many goods as he ought to, and that through the summer season I could not afford to pay as much as I was paying him. I gave him until July 4th to get another place. Other firms discharge their men more peremptorily."

#### A Telegraphic Feat.

A gentleman of the Western Union Telegraph office, New York, was sitting in the cable room, when a telegram from Philadelphia, destined for Paris, came over the wires. This message, like all others for the other. France, was to go over the cable via Duxbury, Mass. The operator called Duxbury a few times, and then said ; "That fellow is asleep evidently, but the cable men are always awake. I'll have to get one of

them to go and wake him up." So he stepped to another desk, called Plaisted Cove, in Newfoundland, and sent the following message: "To cable operator, Duxbury. Please go down and wake up y own true love." This message Plaisted ove hastened to send across the ocean to my own true love." Valentia, Ireland, which in turn "rushed it to London. Thence, it was hurried to Paris, and still on to the European end of the French cable at St. Pierre. The o there flashed it back to Duxbury. The operator In les than two minutes by the clock the message had accomplished the journey of some 8,000 miles by land and sea, as was evidenced by the clicking of the instrumen on the Duxbury desk, which ticked out in a manner a little more petulant, "That is a nice way to do. Go ahead. Your own true

Hope for the Old Maids.

and rich ones, too, rise up and bestir them selves. A close study of Swinburne, Rossetti, Ella Wheeler and other poets of the fleshy and passionate school, able them to use the proper vocabulary and one little thrust.) "Mr. Thornton"-to Chips, who has just entered—"come, sit here by me; there is no more room." rates. Soon bachelors all over the land will

to escape the deluge of tender verses, and so shall the great army of old maids grow

The Queen has reigned exactly forty

scart until you are sure that you know just FLAMMATION AND LICERATION. FALLING AND DIS where you are going and the best way of PLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK NESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE. \* \* \* \* \* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERLY IN AN LAULY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. \* \* \* getting there. Wandering about to choose a place, and thinking constantly to find one more desirable, is very fatiguing. That matter should be settled beforehand by two or three of the party, and the others should \* IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROY ALL CHAVING POILSTIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAG NESS OF THE NOVACH. TO CHEES BLOATING, HEAD ACHE, NERVOUS PRO-TRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY DEFRESSION AND INDERSTION. \*\* \* THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENT, CURED BY ITS USE. \* \* IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL, DEFILING TANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM. \* 6.3-ITS PURPOSE IS SOLIELY FORTHELEGITIMAT HEALING OF DEEASE AND THE HELEF OF FAIN, AND THAT THOUSE ALL TEATHY. TO HARD DOES ALL AT CLAUSE OF DO, THOUSANDS OF LADDES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. TO \* \* FOR THE CURR OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASED. a different place when their turn comes to make the selection. -- From "Picnics," by Susan Anna Brown, in St. Nicholas for July.

have this work fairly distributed. Never

#### Josh Billings says:

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe. One trouble exists in the fact that old shoes wear out, and another that they cannot always be worn. Undoubtedly Josh must be a sufferer from corns, and has not yet heard of the great and only sure corn oure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. This great remedy never fails to remove the worst corns-soft or hard-in a few days. No discomfort, no sore spots, but prompt and certain cure. Beware of flesh-esting and sore producing substitutes. Use Putnam's only. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprs.

The chief attraction of Winchester, Va. s the double cemetery in its suburbs. On one side of a stone wall are buried over seven thousand Union dead, while over three thousand Confederate soldiers lie on

# The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain--Polson's NERVILINE, or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline, the sure pain cure.

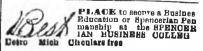
Kate Frawley, aged 11, of Stafford, Conn. was killed on Friday while trying to climb into the window of a school house. She fell and caught her neck in the sash.

---Repeated requests have induced the proprietors of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege able Compond to send by mail to variou lady correspondents, large mounted portraits of Mrs. Pinkham; and now many a household wall is adorned by the familiar motherly face of the Massachusetts woman who has done so much for all women.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire, has returned to London from a prolonged coaching tour in the south of England. He praises highly the excellent roads and the social habits of the people. Utica, N.Y., on Aug. 6th will celebrate the 107 anniversary of the battle of Oris-

kamy, in which Gen. Herkimer fell, by unveiling a monument to the herces of that attle.

is." Ms," said a young lady, "what is the reason they print 'laughter' every now and then in the speeches of M. P.'s?" "So the reader will know when to laugh, my dear. Nobody would ever think of laughing when reading a member of Parliament's speech, unless laughter was suggested."-London Punch.



Price, 25. per bottle. Sold by all Druggista. Wonderful! Wonderful! Thousands of young men are exclaim ing the above every day, after using DR. LAMARTINES MOUSTACHE GROWER Fostively the only reliable prepara tion ever offered to the public. A trial will convince the most skeptical. Beware of bogus imitations. Sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, on receip of price, 81.00 per hox. C. ALIENE, Box 13, London, Ont. AFTER USING. Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada.

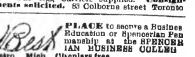
EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

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ory for quarter and rush into matrimony

small by degrees and beautifully Clereland Leader.