Loving hearts will quiver,
Though no tempest blow—
Gallant ships have foundered
When the breeze was low.
Sailor lads are fickle,
Charring like the wind. Changing like the wind; Nelly's lover far away Another love may find.

Nelly, fie! thus doubting-Sailor lads are true;
I can see a gallant barque
Breast the billows blue.

Nelly, woman, hasten, Put on your freshest gown, Put on your freshest gown,
A sailor lad is coming up
The road that's from the town;
He's looking for a place he loves,
A little garden stile,
A little homely cottage door,
A little lassie's smile.

Oh, faithful sailor laddie, A king might envy thee

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

That clever hint about Cyril Wentworth had the intended effect on the nervous invalid. All her old fears of Cyril Wentworth were reawakened. A longing desire took possession of her to have her daughter married off safely out of the fortune-hunter's reach. In her sudden anxiety she would have St. Leon and Beatrix married that moment by telegraph if possible. She infected her husband with all her own fears, and both concurred in the opinion of Mrs. Le Roy that delays were dangerous.
So a letter went hastily back to Eden

full of good tidings to the dwellers there. The Gordon's approved and even advocated Mrs. Le Roy's plan. They wrote to their daughter, and recommended her to shorten the term of her lover's probation. regretting that the state of her mother's health made it desirable for her to remain where she was yet awhile longer. The letter was filled with such warm, parental love and advice that Laurel involuntarily wept over it. A generous check for her Parisian trousseau was inclosed. This the young girl put carefully away.
"I shall never use it," she said. "Gold

could not tempt me to sin. It is love that has made me had and wicked, but I cannot draw back now. I shall marry St. Leon Le Roy. It is fate."

So, following that fate, she went reck-lessly on in her strange career. Three weeks later she was no longer Laurel Vane, was Laurel Le Roy, almost forgetting in her wild happiness her enemy's threat, "Who breaks-pays!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Days came in which Laurel almost forgot the long, dark, threatening shadow that lay always just ahead of her. They were crossing the wide Atlantic

Ocean, and every one said that there never had been finer weather or a pleasanter trip. They had no rough winds the whole voyage. The calm, sunny blue sky hung over an ocean as beautifully blue and almost as calm. The foamy white caps of the waves were almost as fleecy and pure as the snowy little clouds that sailed through the The beautiful shining-winged seabirds were a source of beauty and delight to every one. Every day was warm and sunny, every night was moon-lighted and No one had expected such perfect weather in October.

Forever after those two weeks remained in Laurel's memory like a beautiful dream, fadeless and ineffaceable.

For that little time she was perfectly secure. She knew no one on the steamer, no one knew her. Her husband was perfectly devoted to her as she was to him. They spent long, happy days together on deck, never weary of each other's society. They talked to each other by moonlight, their talk often drifting into poetry, which is the most natural language of love. They made some acquaintances, but they did not seek other society. They were all in all to each other, The girl-wife could not find it in her heart to repent of what she had done. It appeared to her that she had been made for him, and he for her, judging by their mutual love.

Certainly a change for the better had been effected in St. Leon Le Roy. His dark eyes were no longer cold and cynical but beamed with love and happiness mocking smile no longer curled his lips. They were sweet and gentle. His voice rang with tenderness instead of sarcasm His hatred and distrust for all women because Maud Merivale had deceived him was gradually dying out. He believed that his bride was an angel. When the awakening came, it was all the more bitter because he had believed in her so truly.

Laurel was as lovely as a dream in those honeymoon days. Her face glowed with happiness, her dark eyes lost their sombre, brooding shadow, and sparkled like stars.

The passengers said that Mr. Le Roy's young bride was a perfect beauty. When she walked on deck in her soft, fine, white cashmere dresses, with a crimson scarf about her shoulders, diamonds blazing in her small, shell-like ears, and her splendid burnished golden hair flying like a banner of light on the gentle breezs, no one could keep from looking at her, no one could keep from envying St. Leon Le Roy the possession of so much beauty, and sweetness and

Laurel had never known that she was beautiful until St. Leon told her so. It was a new delight to her. Some faint hope came to her that by that beauty she might hold his heart, even when he found her out—even when he knew her at her worst-an impostor who had masqueraded under a false name, and so won him. She had read that "beauty is lord of love," and she prayed that it might prove so to her in her dark hour—that hour always just a little ahead of her, when she should moan

So tired, so tired, may heart and I! so ured, so tired, my heart and I!
Though now none takes me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy langour. Now alone,
We lean upon some graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

She would not think of that nearing future much. She gave herself up to the delights of the present. She was the most fondly worshipped wife in the world. When they went to Paris, he loaded her with costly gifts, splendid dresses, priceless jewels.

'I do not know how I shall ever be able to wear all of these splendid things; they are too fine for me," she said to him almost afraid of herself in the midst of this splendid paraphernalia.

"Nothing is too costly or too fine for you, my little love," he answered, taking her in arms and kissing the beautiful face over over. "You will need all these things when you get into society. When we go home, we will spend our winters in New York, and the women in society there dress like queens. I shall want you to be the finest of them all, as you are decidedly the most beautiful."

He wondered why the fair face grew so pale, why his young wife shivered in his arms, and drooped her eyes from his. "I hope it will be a long time before we return to New York," she said almost pet-

ulantly, "I like Europe better than You are a most disloyal subject of the United States," he laughed; "but you shall stay as long as you wish, my darling."

CHAPTER XXVI.

When they went to England, Laurel wondered a little fearfully if they should meet the Wentworths. She knew that they were in London, and the thought of

coming upon them was not pleasant. She did not think that Beatrix Wentworth would approve of what she had done, and she recalled Clarice Wells' threat with an uncontrollable shudder. It had been so

I would betray you even in front of the altar!" had said the maid.

Decidedly the thought of stumbling upon the Wentworths was not pleasant. "But then," said the trembling young bride to herself, "there was no likelihood that they would do so." London was a great wide city. They might stay there or years, and never stumble upon these people of whom her guilty conscience made her feel so horribly afraid

Again, she remembered that Cyril Went-worth was here on business, she and her husband in quest of pleasure. Their ways lay far apart. There were no mutual aims and pursuits to bring them together. It was decidedly unlikely that they should

But some one has cleverly said that "The most unlikely things always hap-

pen."

They had been in London several weeks patiently "doing" all the wonders of that wonderful city, when one day Mr. Le Roy took his wife to the famous art gallery. She had developed a perfect passion for fine pictures and statues, and he knew that she would be charmed with the works of the old masters that were gathered in this famous gallery—the Titians, Murrillos, Guidos, Raphaels—all the glorious men who, by brush or chisel, had handed down

their name to an immortal fame.

It was a bright day in December. The sun was shining, for a wonder, in murky, foggy London, irradiating its usual " pea soup" atmosphere. St. Leon was delighted that the sun shone so brightly. He knew that it would show the pictures to still greater advantage, and he liked for his darling to have all her pleasures at their

Looking at Laurel you would never have guessed that until a few months ago she had lived in cheap lodgings with her erratio father, and tended their poor rooms with her own little white hands. She looked as dainty and lovely as a little princess now, as she tripped along by the side of her handsome, stately husband. The day was cold, although the sun shone so brightly. and Laurel was wrapped in a long cloak of shining seal-skin, with a pretty cap of the same perched jauntily on her head, its long brown ostrich plume drooping against her long golden curls, contrasting with their lovely tinge, which must have been a favor-ite shade with the old masters, for St. Leon observed that they had painted it on the heads of their most beautiful women.

"There is not a picture on the walls half so lovely as her living face," he said to himself, exultantly, looking at the fair flower-face with its full crimson lips, its oval outline, its wine-dark eyes with such wealth of jetty lashes softly fringing them, and the soft bright fringe of love-locks, shading the low, white brow. The splendid diamond solitaires in her rosy ears flashed and sparkled with every turn of the restless little head, and were wondrously becoming to her style. It was no wonder that St Leon's eyes turned often from the change less canvas to dwell in fondest admiration on the living face full of the glow and flash and sparkle of youthful beauty and hap-

piness. He told her that she was more beautiful than the pictured faces on the walls, and her eyes flashed with joy, and her face flushed rosily. She was so glad of the fairness that God had given her, she never wearied hearing about it. It was the link by which she hoped to hold her husband when he found out the truth about her. hen he found out the truth about her. She often asked herself anxiously which

would be the stronger in the terrible hour his love or his pride—but she could neve answer her own question. She loved St. Leon, but she did not yet understand him. They were standing in front of a scraphc-looking Madonna, when suddenly

touched her arm, and whispered in her " Some others are waiting to look at this, dear. Let us move on."

She turned her beautiful, happy face from the picture toward the group who had just come up to them—a young lady and gentleman with a trim maid following after, some rich, warm wraps over her arm. They were Cyril Wentworth, his wife, and her maid Clarice.

The beautiful smile froze on Laurel's lips as she met their startled gaze. She uttered a moan like one dying, and all in a moment fell senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XXVII.

More than once, since they came to England, Clarice Wells said, anxiously to her plans to marry Mr. Le Roy. Why else should she have wished to remain at

Eden ?But Beatrix, who was very fond of the lovely girl who had made such a sacrifice. for her sake, would not believe it.

She was a dear, good, honest child,' she said. "I had hard work to persuade her to personate me for a little while. Her exaggerated notion of gratitude was all that tipped the scale in my favor, allowing a little for her romantic pity for two despairing lovers. I am sure she would not attempt an intrigue at her own risk."

"One risks a great deal for love's sake." said Clarice Wells. "You would know that by your experience, Mrs. Wentworth." "But Laurel was not in love with Mr. Le Roy. She was afraid of him. She wrote me to that effect," objected pretty Beatrix. fixing her large blue eyes surprisedly on

Clarice's sober face.
"I beg your pardon. That might have been the case at first, but it was not likely to last," said the maid, pursuing her argument with the freedom of a favorite. "I do not believe Miss Vane's antipathy lasted long. He was very handsome and fascinating—just the man to win the love of an innocent young girl! And he admired her, I am sure of that, Mrs. Wentworth. And believing her to be his equal in wealth and station, what was to prevent their marrying if they loved each other?"

You are very clever, Clarice, but I am afraid you are making mountains of molehills," Beatrix Wentworth answered, lightly. How could they marry without papa and mamma's consent? Beatrix Gordon would have to return to New York and be married from her father's house. And how could little Laurel Vane, with her big black eyes and innocent soul personate me to my own parents? Do you not see that your theory wouldn't hold water, Clarice, as Cyril would say in his

ively way." Clarice was silenced but not convinced. "Anyway, I wish I had not left her there," she said. "My conscience would be all the clearer. But, Mrs. Wentworth, don't you think that you should write to your parents now and confess what you have done, and beg them to forgive you for your naughty conduct and runaway mar-

Two crystal drops brimmed over Mrs. Wentworth's blue eyes and splashed down upon her pink cheeks.

"Dear papa, dear mamma, it was naughty and wicked to desert them so," she said; but they were too hard on Cyril and me. I loved him so dearly. I could not bear it. But I loved them too; and although Cyril makes me so happy, my heart aches for the

dear ones at home."
"And you will write to them? The plunge has to be made some time. As well

now as ever," urged the maid.
"No, not now. What do you take me for, Clarice? Do you think I would betray sweet little Laurel, to whom I owe all my happiness? oried Beatrix, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon for naming it. Of course, you know best, Mrs. Wentworth," replied discrete Clarice, dropping the

They had discussed the matter several

the matter on the well-known principle

Beatrix, like most adoring young wives,

who confide all they know to their husbands, laid her grievance before Cyril. The handsome, happy young Benedict humbly begged his wife's pardon for coinciding with Clarice's views rather than hers, but he could not be shaken from his first opinion that the romance of the conspiracy would culminate in the marriage of St. Leon Le Roy and Laurel Vane.

"It would be a delightful ending," he "It would be a designature entities," he said, laughing at her horrified face.
"But I tell you it would not," she said, emphatically. "It would be just too dreadful for anything, and I will not believe it of weet little Laurel Vane!'

"I hope she may justify your good opinion, my dear," said Cyril Wentworth, dryly, but kissing her fondly, and loving her all the more for her boundless faith in her fellow women.

her fellow woman.
But they dropped the subject then, and if any one speculated further on Laurel Vane's hopes and plans it passed in silence. Beatrix was too generous to believe evil of the innocent girl who had served her in her clever counterplot against her parents. She loved Laurel for all she had done for her. When the shock of the truth came upon her it was all the harder to bear because of the loving faith she had persistently cherished.

That bright December day Cyril wen nome to their neat, pretty lodgings and announced that he had a holiday. "It is such a lovely day, I should like to

take you out somewhere, darling," he said, smoothing the bright waves of her golden hair with caressing fingers. "You know it is not often that I have the chance to escort

gallery. Both adored pictures.
Clarice dressed her mistress in her silks

with extra wraps for her mistress in ease the day should prove colder than they thought, and in order to gratify her own

penchant for sight seeing.

No thought came to them of the great surprise that awaited them in the famous art gallery. They went forward to meet it all unconsciously, even as Laurel awaited their coming among the pictures and statues, all unconscious of what was hastening to her.

They were unusually gay. Beatrix had been pining a little of late under the depressing influence of the rainy, dismal weather. The bright sunshine revived her apirits and brought the warm pink roses to her cheeks. She laughed an gayly to her delighted husband.

to dust. They saw only two persons beside themselves—a lady and gentleman with their faces turned toward the beautiful painting of a Madonna. The lady had olden hair that was strangely familiar to Beatrix and Clarice, but then, many of the Bestrix and Clarles, but then, many of the Englishwomen had golden hair. Each said to his wife's side.

"You are better, Beatrix?" he said, to herself that it was only fancy that it reminded them of Laurel Vane.

So they went on slowly and uncon-sciously, and the handsome man and beautiful girl turned around and faced them. They saw the young face whiten with lear, heard the frightened moan break from the trembling lips, saw her reel diz-zily, and fall like a stone at their feet—and they knew that it was Laurel Vane, that St. Leon Le Roy was her husband, and that her wretched falsehood had found her

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Le Roy, turning in the same moment with his wife, saw two faces that he recog-nized—Cyril Wentworth's that he had seen once in New York, and Clarice's which he remembered perfectly well. Beatrix he did not know. He glanced at her carelessly, little thinking what an influence the pretty blonde had exerted over his life.

A pang of jealousy, keen, swift and terrible as the lightning's flash tore through his heart as he beheld his worshipped bride waver and fall, like one dead, to the floor He believed that the mere sight of Cyril Wentworth's face had produced that terrible emotion that had stricken her down like a

broken flower at their feet. For an instant he stood motionless, almost petrified by his agitation, then he bent down over the beautiful face that only a moment ago had been lifted to his sparkling and glowing with love and happiness. It was pale and rigid now, and the jetty

again from the sweet dark eyes.

Quick as he was, light-footed Clarice was before him. She was kneeling down loosenbefore him. She was kneeling down loosen-ing the furs and laces about the throat of Wentworth, whom she had never beheld the unconscious girl with deft fingers. She

looked up at him with a strange glance.
"It is only a faint," she said, "but she may be some time in recovering. You had mortal man save him whom she called her better go out and bring eau de Cologne."

He obeyed her like one in a dream, and

the moment he was gone quick-witted Clarice borrowed Mrs. Wentworth's vinaigrette. "A only sent him on a pretext," she said. "We must get her revived before he returns. Mr. Wentworth, will you please remove her gloves and chafe her hands?

No, perhaps your wife might do it better, she added, with a quick afterthought. Beatrix had been clinging to her husband's arm, staring like one dazed at the strange scene. She knelt down and drew off Laurel's dark kid gloves and chafed the delicate, dimpled, white hands. She saw a broad gold wedding-ring on the slender finger of one small hand, guarded by a keeper of magnificent diamonds and rubies. All three looked significantly at one another, and Olarice said, woman-like,

to her mistress: 'Mrs. Wentworth, I told you so." Cyril could not repress a light laugh as he stood gazing down upon them. His keen perception told him the truth.

opened her eyes. She saw herself supported in Clarice's arms, while Beatrix, kneeling by her, chafed her small hands. They saw her glance wander past them yearningly, and a moan of pitiful despair came from her white lips as she missed the face she sought.

"You fainted, and Mr. Le Roy has gone out for some eau de Cologne," said the maid. A touch of color came into the blanched

face. She turned her dark, frightened eyes up to their cold faces. You have betrayed me!" she said, in a faint, almost dying, tone.

Beatrix seemed incapable of speech.

Clarice answered, coldly : "We have said nothing yet!" Then she continued, gravely:
"Miss Vane, are you Mr. Le Roy's

wife?' "Yes, I am his wife," Laurel answered, faintly. And she tore her hands from Beatrix, and covered her face with them No one spoke for a moment, then Clarice

asked, slowly:
"Did you deceive him to the end?" "To the bitter end!" shuddered Laurel, in a hollow tone.

Then suddenly she let the shielding

hands fall from her burning face, and coldly, Mrs. Wentworth," she cried. sent me there. Are you not to blame?"

No one could have believed that Mrs.

Wentworth's gentle face could grow so ard and cold.

Laurel Vane had so bitterly betrayed the laurel Vane had so betrayed the laurel Vane ha Wentworth's gentle face could grow so

times, each retaining her own opinion of trust she reposed in her that she did not

know how to forgive her. "Do not charge me with your folly, your madness!" she cried, indignantly. "My sin was bad enough—but yours is beyond pardon. How dared you, Laurel Vane, marry the proud, rich St. Leon Le Roy?' "I loved him-he loved me!" moaned

he wretched young bride. "And what will become of his love now when he learns the truth?" queried Beatrix

with stinging scorn, Cyril hastily interposed.
"Do not be hard on her, Beatrix. She was

kind to us. Be kind to her. See, she is

almost broken-hearted by your scorn Laurel looked at the handsome, kindly ace. It was full of sympathy and pity, not hard and angry like the women's faces Her despairing heart filled with new hope. She clasped her hands, and looked at him

She clasped her hands, can with dark, appealing eyes. "Yes, I pitied you, I helped you to your love," she said, pleadingly. "Will you let have been mine? Will you let them All the pity in his heart, all his manly

words and looks. "We love each other," she went on, pathetically. "We love each other even as you and your wife love. Do not come between us yet! Let us be happy a little

compassion, was stirred into life by her

longer!
"Beatrix, you hear," said Cyril, bending down to take his wife's hand in his own.

"They love even as we love, dear. Can you bear to part them—to betray her? She is little more than a child. You will break her heart, The beginning of it all lies with us. Do we not owe her our pity at least—our pity and our silence?"

"Your silence is all I ask," cried the culprit, eagerly. "The end will come soon enough. Let me have a little respite. Tell is not often that I have the chance to escort you anywhere in the day."

They discussed duly the important subject of where to go, and decided on an art gallary. Both adored pictures.

Both adored pictures. bended knees!"

She began to weep passionately. Beatrix could not bear those bitter tears. She drew out her card-oase hastily.

"Here is my address," she said, "come to me to-morrow, and tell me the whole story, I can judge better then what is best

for me to do. She did not pity Laurel much. She felt angry with her for her presumption in marrying one so far above her as Mr. Le Roy. And then the folly, the madness of it. She could not understand the mad love that had driven Laurel, step by step, into her terrible position.

Le Roy would indeed forgive her falsehood "Mr. Le Roy is coming. Do not let him They did not think so. suspect anything wrong," said Cyril, of her pale blue morning dress.
"Laurel," she said, after a moment,
"Clarice and I have formed a plan for you, hastily.

He turned with a smile to meet the

her cheeks. She laughed and chatted gayly to her delighted husband.

They loitered in the gallery and admired the beautiful paintings and statues, all the work of master hands long since dissolved to dust. They saw only two persons beside to dust. We do not want to betray you to your husband. We think it would be better if you confessed the truth to him yourself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Married!" said St. Leon to himself, rith a start, and a quick glance at Beatrix He bowed to her gracefully, then hurried

anxiously, and they all saw his passionate heart looking out of the beautiful eyes he bent on her pale and tear stained face. She clung to him in a sort of nervous

terror and fear. "Yes, I am better, thanks to the good-ness of Clarice and her mistress," she being to scientifically investigate the various products known as glucose, grape sugar, maltose, etc. The committee found faltered. "You must thank them for their kindness to me, St. Leon, and take me away."
He obeyed her request in a few courte-

ous words, bowed to the party, and led his wife away, outwardly cool and collected, but on fire with jealous pain. "She loves him still! She fainted at the bare sight of him!" he muttered to

himself. "My God! why did she marry me, then Was it for wealth and position?" The bitter doubt tore his heart like a

knife. An unconscious coldness grew up in his heart toward her. He placed her silently in the carriage and, springing in beside her, gave himself

ip to bitter reflections.

The carriage whirled them away to their notel, and as it rattled over the streets Laurel watched her husband's cold grave face with wonder. "What is it, St. Leon?" she asked him

lipping her arm timidly in his. "Why do you look so grave?"
"I am puzzled," he answered.
"Over what, St. Leon?" asked the beautiful girl.

"Over your fainting spell," he answered It was pale and rigid now, and the jetty moodily. "You told me you had ceased fringe of the lashes lay heavily on the white cheeks as if they would never lift again from the sweet dark eyes.

It came over her like a flash, that he was

until to-day.

How she longed for him to know the husband! But it was one of the pains and penalties of her position that she could not confess to St. Leon. He must go on believing that her first pure love had been lavished on another, must go on doubting her for his looks and words assured her that the first seeds of jealousy had been

sown in his heart.

Hot tears of pain and humiliation gathered in her eyes and aplashed heavily lown her pale cheeks.
"Oh, St. Leon, you do not, you cannot, believe that I love him still?" she sighed.

"Why, then, your agitation at that chance meeting?" he inquired.
"I was startled—only that," she answered. "It was like seeing a ghost. And you must remember there was Clarice too. I assure you I was more startled at the sight of her than by Mr. Wentworth. It was a nervousness, agitation, fright, what you will, St. Leon, but not love. No,

no, no, not love! I love you only, my husband. You are the life of my life!" She clasped her hands around his arm, and looked up to him with dark, pathetic

"It is Laurel Vane," he said, and
Beatrix answered, "Yes," in a dazed tone,
while the maid supplemented quickly,
"Or rather Laurel Le koy."

At that moment Laurel shivered and You may believe many hard things of me then, St. Leon, but you may be sure of one thing always, dear. I love you now and I shall love you forever, with the maddest, deepest passion a woman's heart can cher

He had never heard her speak with such passion before. Her love had been like a timid bird brooding softly in her heart, too shy to soar into the sunlight, but the words burst from her now eloquent with her heart's emotion, and made sacred by the burning drops that fell from her eyes. He could not but believe her. The jealous misery fled from his heart as he clasped her in his arms and kissed the trembling

rosebud mouth.

"Forgive me, darling, for doubting you," he said, repentantly. "It was because I love you so dearly, and I have always been so absurdly isalous of Cyril Wentworth. I so absurdly jealous of Cyril Wentworth. would give anything upon earth to be able to say that you never loved any one but

And she could not tell him that it was true. It was a part of her punishment that this dark shadow—the thought that her first love had been given to another should never be lifted from his life. She knew that it was a pain to his jealous nature, but her lips were sealed. Some day looked at Beatrix.

"Do not look at me so sternly and self bitterly, but then it would come too late for his happiness.

CHAPTER XXX.

A PITIFUL FATE. wicked, if you will; but I could not put the

in spite of my fears, for sorrow or repo

mad-the glamor of passion had obscured

her reason!
"And when the end comes—when he has

put you from him—what will you do then, poor child!" asked Beatrix, slowly.

"Then I shall die," the beautiful girl

answered, despairingly
And again they did not know what to say

vexed with her. She loved her young hus-band with a fond, romantic love, but she

could not comprehend the madness of Lau-

child. Your sin will find you out some day,

"St. Leon loves me -perhaps he will

corner. Beatrix murmured. "Poor child!"

And the mistress and maid looked at

each other in silence a moment. They did

not know how to deal with this nature.

Both wondered in themselves if St. Leon

Beatrix toyed nervously with the tassels

(To be continued.)

USES OF GLUCOSE.

lade from Almost Anything and Used in

Almost Everything.

equest of the Commissioner of Internal

Revenue of the United States a committee

of the National Academy of Science was appointed, consisting of professors of University of Philadelphia, Yale College,

Columbia College, Harvard College and John Hopkins University, the purpose

besides starch and potatoes, such as "from leaves, straw, rags, chips, twigs and residues from breweries, distilleries, 'etc. The

following, which we take from their report

Both glucose and grape sugar find exten-

syrup. This consists of a nearly or quite

colorless glucose, with a sufficient addition

really a substitution of Indian corn for barley, but it constitutes a very imperfect

substitute, as the corn, by the treatment

employed in extracting its starch for con-

version into glucose, is completely deprived

of all the nitrogenous bodies and mineral

salts which it originally contained. Hence,

material contains all the soluble constitu-

ents of the corn, together with the addi-tional substances which are rendered

soluble by the action of the diastase of the

onfectionery.
Fourth—For the adulteration of cane

ugar, to which it is added to the extent of

Fifth—As a substitute for cane sugar in

canning fruits and in the manufacture of

Sixth-For the manufacture of artificial

Seventh—In the manufacture of vinegar.

Eighth-In the manufacture of liquor-

coloring used in mixing liquors and making artificial liquors.

Ninth—Other more limited applications;

the manufacture of wine; by the baker

in making cakes; in cooking; in the pre-

paration of sauces; as an addition to some canned meats, especially corned beef; in

the preparation of chewing tobacco; in the

and depends on the relative prices of corn

The Policeman's Paradise.

The police system of Mexico is admirable.

At every street corner there is a patrolman,

night and day—not a patrolman, either, for he never moves. He stands like a statue

during the day, occasionally leaning against

a lamp-post, and answers inquiries with the greatest urbanity. Whenever there is a row two or three policemen are instantly present, and if their clubs cannot suppress

it they use revolvers. At night the police

sets the lantern in the middle of the

street, and all carriages are compelled to keep to the right of the row of lanterns, which can be seen

glimmering from one end of the street to

the other. As long as people are passing he stands at the corner, but when things

quiet down he ratires to a neighboring

doorway, wraps his blanket around him

and lies down to pleasant dreams. As all

the windows of the City of Mexico have

heavy prison-like gratings before them, and

as there are never any fires, and everybody

A committee of the United States Con-

goes to bed early, the policeman's lot

man brings a lantern and a

manufacture of some kinds of inks.

syrup and barley.

Third—As a substitute for cane sugar in proprs.

that glucose is made from many

shows to what use glucose is put:

up to 33 per cent.

malt.

20 or more per cent.

fruit jellies.

comb.

The National Druggist says:

Laurel murmured, tremblingly:

for that time."

forgive me.'

temptation from me. Think what all my life had been—how dull, how sad, how How a Minister's Good Deed Landed onely! Was it easy to put away happi-Him in an Insane Asylum-The Story of His Escape. ness when it came to me in so fair a to the Editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel

The white hands were clasped implor SIR,-I have read a good many stories of ingly, the dark eyes were lifted pleadingly as the sad words fell from Laurel's lips late concerning the confinement of sane persons in lunatic asylums, and I am Beatrix Wentworth and Clarice Wells, he hereby prompted to relate a bit of perjudges and accusers, looked gravely upon the tortured face of the culprit—the fairest onal experience.

In the year 1855, while I was serving the culprit that was ever arraigned for sin.
"Do you call it happiness?" said Beatrix Methodist Episcopal Church in a Wentworth. "I should not think you would know one happy hour, living on the

England town, a neighbor's house took fire. In common with others, I stood on the verge of the roof, passing buckets of water, verge of a volcano that may destroy you at any moment. I should think that your exposed to intense heat on one side and freezing winds on the other. I took a fearful cold. For twenty-five years it sorrow and repentance would almost kill you."
"But I do not repent!" cried Laurel worked havoc in my physical and mental systems. Nevertheless, I continued in my ministerial duties. I preached many a sermon when suffering intense agony. At certain periods, however, I desperately. "I shall never repent while I remain with St. Leon. I am too happy, ance. When I am torn away from him, when I have lost his love, then I shall repent, then I shall understand the depths of my dreadful sin; but never before!" yould be comparatively well, and then again, my head would get heavy, my breathing labored, my appetite fickle. is would lose interest in life; feel sleepy at They looked at her in wonder. They could not understand her. Surely she was mid-day and wakeful at midnight.

eart occasionally gave me great concern Not knowing to the contrary, I attributed this ill feeling to malaria. But eventually mental strength faded away, and I was utterly prostrated. I was cauterized, cupped, blistered, and treated by many physicians in many different ways.

My case was a puzzle as much to my physicians as to myself. For one of them at first prescribed for delirium tremens, to her. She had no thoughts outside of this love that she held by so slight a thread. She could see nothing beyond it but death. Beatrix could not help feeling

and yet I never had tasted intoxicating liquors. Another said I had brain disease, another spinal difficulty, another nervous prostration, heart disease, etc.

My mind eventually gave way, and is 882 I was confined in the Brattleboro, Vt nsane Asylum for six months. knew where I was I demanded instant

"It is not so easy to die, Laurel," she said, impatiently. "You are a woman now, and you must not answer me like a release. I then made a visit to Oceanic, N. J., but I had recokned too much on my and you will perhaps be cast adrift on the world. You should have some plans formed strength. I again lost my reason for That I was in a desperate condition is evident. My blood had become infected with virus, which inflamed my brain There was a moment's silence; then ocasionally, and doomed me to an early leath : for no physician gave me any hope of a cure. I finally found out what my real Clarice gave an audible sigh from her

lisorder was, and undertook my own treatment. In a few months I was restored to such a state of health as I never expected to enjoy. That was over three years ago, and my physical and mental health have remained intact to this day.

Last March I came west, and engaged in garden farming. In all that time I have not lost a day's work; have apparently enjoyed the most vigorous health and I expect to live the full term of life. The remedy I used was Warner's Safe Cure, and if I should live a thousand years, I should never tire of telling of its praises. You will confess with me, Mr. that such a change is remarkable. And you

will, also, I am sure, agree with me, when I say that whatever created such a mental and physical restoration is deserving the and physics. highest praise.

Very truly yours,

Day E. D.

Dodge's Corners, Wis.

There are undoubtedly thousands who have an experience similar to the above, to whom Mr. Hopkins' recital will appeal with

In Cold Weather. Beware!

The sudden death of Schuyler Colfax, fter a walk of three-quarters of a mile through an atmosphere 30° below zero. followed by rest in a heated waiting-room, ought to make all of us reflect upon the similar dangers to which we are exposed, with the view of avoiding them as far as possible. In severe weather we all live at igh pressure. The heart works its hardest, sive applications for a great variety of pur-poses as substitutes for cane sugar or for the stomach assimilates its best, the nerves are strung to full tension. To one whose heart is sound, whose arteries and veins barley. The most general purposes for which glucose or starch sugar is used are: First—For the manufacture of table are strong, whose stomach is unweakened by sickness or improper food, whose bowels do their duty, whose nerves are free from disease, and who is provided with good food, warm clothing, and the necessary shelter, the winter is enjoyable, and health of cane sugar from the sugar refinery to give it the flavor and appearance of a nighly refined molasses. The quantity of cane syrup added varies from 2 per cent. is at its highest. Nevertheless, it is life at high pressure, and too great a pressure may find some point in the complex machi-Second—As a substitute for barley malt nery of life that will give way before it.-Philadelphia Record. in the brewing of ale or beer. This is

What an Englishman Wants

LEEDS, 25 Norwood Crescs Victoria Road, Leeds. 21 January, 1884.

Gents: Kindly send me the price of the glucose alone, which is simply transformed starch, is substituted for the entire PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. have tried it and found it an admirable barley grain, with its great variety of valuable constituents. This is not true, remedy. I call every three months upon the nest boot dealers in the north of Enghowever, of the maltose produced from the land. I will if I can profitably, buy and entire corn by the action of the malt. This sell it. Yours truly. S. DUNN.

Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co, Kingston,

The highest-priced pew in Grace Church New York, cost the owner \$3,000.

"Nip't in the Bud!"

Sad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratu-lation that the growth of some evil things honey. This is neatly put up in glass jars containing a small piece of genuine honeymay be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most wide-spread and fatal of diseases—consumption, have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured t lousands. All druggists.

> There are thirty-two miles of elevated railway in New York City.

A Printer's Error. manufacture of printers' rollers, and in the Sweet are the uses of adversity, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have The demand for glucose and grape sugar for these purposes is extremely variable, seen the advertisement of some sovereign and of the articles for which this kind of remedy, which upon trial has brought then sugar is substituted, especially sugar-house from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisment of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is

There are 5,000 unemployed men in

What's the Use? Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's Nervr-LINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never known to tail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints lisappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

Photographs of Prince Henry of Battenberg are being sold in London by the tens of thousands. The Prince, by the way, all the doors are great caken affairs, that could not be knocked in without a catapult, will be made a Knight of the Garter on his wedding-day. usually a happy one. He is numerous because of revolutions and because the Government always wants to know what is

* * * Loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently oured. Address, with three letter stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Associusars, World's Dispensary Medical Associus

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I,

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever." " My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move!

I shrunk l From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctorng for my liver, but it did me no good. I not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters Directly my appetite returned, my pains teft me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK,

Dublin, June 6, '81,

CHAPTER II. " Malden, Mass., Feb 1, 1830. Gentlemen— I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in he most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.
"The first bottle

Nearly oured me : " The second made me as well and strong

s when a child. "And I have been so to this day." My husband was an invalid for twenty

ears with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, "Pronounced by Boston's best physi

Incurable!" Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

" Lives of eight persons" In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,
And many more are using them with

great benefit. "They almost

Do miracles!" -Mrs. E. D. Slack. How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or Hops" in their name. Gen. Grant's memoirs are to include

reminiscences of the Mexican war as well as of the rebellion. It is likely that the volume will be finished within the comin -Any lady who desires further information than can be given in the limited public space of newspaper columns can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet

"Guide to Health" by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass. Josh Billings, who has aband oned house keeping and removed from Sixty-third street to the Windsor Hotel, New York, is now about 65 years old, and begins to feel the burden of life, irrespective of its probabilities. He has been lecturing twenty-four seasons, and has furnished a New York weekly a half or quarter column miscellane ous contribution every week for the last

Barnum has thirty-eight elephants in training in winter quarters at Bridgeport.

nineteen years.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND * * * * * IS A POSITIVE CURE.

For all of those Painful Complaints

* * Weaknesses so common to our best

* * * * FEMALE POPULATION. * *

It will cure entirely the worst form of Fa-MALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, IN-PLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FAILING AND DIS-PLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK PLACEMENTS, AND THE CONNEQUENT SPINAL WEAKS
RESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO ATHEL
CHANGE OF LIFE. * * * * *

"IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE
UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE
TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THEREIS CHECKED
VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. * * *

"IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS
ALLORAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKRESS OF THE STOSACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOY'S PROSTRATION, GENERALD BEBLITTS,
DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION. * *

"THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIL,
WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTS! HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ***

** FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS DE
EITHER SEX THIS BEMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

* LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is
prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price SI. Six bottles for 35.
Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, nostage paid, in form
of I'ills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs.
Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any
Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

* No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Billousness and
Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. O. P. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Thre at Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Occulist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Olinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalm ic Hospital, Moorefield's and Gentral Lond

u'ars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mary Anderson is taking lessons on the violin. More strings to Mary's bow, eh?

PLACE to secuve a Busin ss. Education or Spencerian P namebip at the SPENCER. IAN BURINGS COLLINE IN THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE