For the Old Love's Sake.

Thy way, he said, is smooth and green and fair. There are no thorns to wound and bruise thy

Where summer reigns and starlike blossom:

Bend to the wind's low call: thy path is there!

And mine? Alasi no dewy mornings break Across the valley where my path hath lain, And yet, though youth be dead and faith keep this token for the old love's sake.

Above the urn that holds no hidden flame
Of altar fires that long have paled away,
I yet may pause, and in the ashes gray
Read with dim eyes the old familiar name.
And if some shadowy memory should awake,
If once again my eyes with tears grow wet,
If in my heart should spring some vain regre
Nay, do not scorn me for the old love's sake.

As one who sees in old remembered nooks,
With eyes that have grown sad with ceaseles
tears,
The same glad beauty of the long-lost years,
And hears again the song of summer brooks;
So if from troubled dreams I could awake
And feel thy warm, soft kisses on my face,
I think the sweetness of thy winsome grace
Would touch me—only for the old love's sake.

## AGORDON'S PRIDE

"It would be a strange thing," he mused, "and shows the expediency of taking for-tune at the right turn."

Mr. Nugent remained in the grounds until the dew fell on the grass and flowers, and then went slowly indoors. A handsome fee that brightened the waiter's face, and a few discreet questions, so adroitly asked that they seemed perfectly innocent, obtained him all the information that he

required.
"Ethel Gordon." he muttered to himself-" the beautiful name suits the beautiful face." He repeated it again and again. "Ethel Gordon—Ethel, with the sad sweet eyes and the sad sweet face—if I could only make her love me—if I could only win one smile from her-sweet Ethel Gordon. The name seemed to have a charm for him. He fell asleep that night repeating it as one repeats the words of some haunt-

ing song.

The next morning he rose early. Out in the grounds he gathered a bouquet of fair-est roses; the dew was lying on them, and every leaf seemed full of perfume. With another bribe, even heavier than the first, the waiter consented to have the bouquet Be particular, and do not mention from

whom you received it." The waiter in his turn bribed the chambermaid: and, when Ethel rose, one of the first things she saw upon her toilet-table was a superb bouquet of roses, and on the paper infolding them she read, in strange, quaint characters the words, " Sweets to the sweet." She took up the roses, and looked at them wonderingly. Who had cared sufficient-ly for her to send her these? She had been at the hotel so many weeks, and no one had ever appeared to recognize her. Who had risen to gather these beautiful roses for her? Who had written those pretty

words —"Sweets to the sweet."

It did not enter her mind that it was an admirer, a lover. Such a possibility never occurred to Ethel. That some day there would come to her a vague, beautiful dream called love she felt intuitively; that there would come a fairy prince, who would change all the world for her, making it doubly fair and doubly bright, she also felt, and she thought of it with a softened light in her eyes and a crimson blush on her fair face. The happy time would come, for it came once in every one's life—when, she did not know. She had felt no want in her life; her father's love and her own pretty fantastic will had more than filled it. No voice had cried out to her that her life was unfinished because love had formed no part of it. The joyous time would come, sooner or later, and that beautiful, distant golden future had a greater charm for her han flirtations and lovers had for other

The grandest heritage of women was not hers yet—the love that suffers, that endures, that brings with it keenest pain the love that makes of this world a paradise or a purgatory—the love that crowns a woman's life or brings with it certain death. dewy roses, or each fragrant leaf might have oried, "Beware! beware!"

Mr. Nugent rightly guessed that Miss Gordon was too proud to question the servants about the sender of the flowers. She held them in her white hands, she inhaled their luscious perfume; she kissed the sweet crimson leaves. "You come from a friend," she said;

"therefore you are welcome."
She hesitated shyly whether she should place one of them in her belt or in her hair; and shyness gained the day. She

left them in the room, but all day it seemed to her that she had a friend near at hand. Laurie Nugent laid his plans. He had determined upon a floral siege; if Miss Gordon were inclined to romance—as from her face he expected—this silent fra-grant wooing would have a great charm for her. He watched her that day in silent admiration, yet keeping out of her sight.

The next morning Etnel found on her able a bouquet of lilies, fair, white, and odorous, but on the paper that enfolded them was written no word. Her wonder increased, who was there that cared enough about her to send her such lovely flowers? It could not be Miss Digby.

"I should hate them if I thought they

came from her," she said to herself.

Her face flushed, and her eyes flashed. She would have trampled the delicate lilies under foot if Helen Digby's hand had gathered them. But it could not be so. Miss Digby was kind, courteous and graceful; still she would never have thought of anything so sentimental as sending flowers

steeped in the early morning dew.

On the morning following there came a bouquet more beautiful still; it was composed of large, rich, velvety heartseases; and then Ethel's suspicions were aroused. It must be some one who admired her. Yet she had seen no one. There were one or two ladies and two or three elderly married gentlemen staying at the hotel. It could be none of those. Who was it sent the flowers? Ethel resolved on that, the third day of receiving them, to look carefully around and take more interest in the living world.

## CHAPTER X.

The morning was too warm for the residents at the Queen's Hotel to remain indoors, and the sea breeze was fresh enough to moderate the heat of the sun. The air seemed filled with golden haze; it was almost faint, too, with perfume. The aromatic odor of the pine-woods mingled with the fragrance of the lily and the rose; the bright-winged butterflies and honey-bees hovered round the flowers. All nature seemed languid in the great warmth: the leaves of the trees never stirred—the flow

ers were still.

The ladies had brought out their books and fancy-work; they were sitting under the trees where the sea-breeze could reach them. Miss Digby and Lady Stafton were each busily and happily engaged in the making of some beautiful and delicate point-lace; Ethel had brought out a volume of poems, but she did not read much-har ttention was fixed on the various groups.

She saw no one among them, however, who would be likely to send her flowers. Presently a little dog, belonging to one of the ladies, ran barking up to Miss Digby and disarranged her work. She had a madam," he said; "dogs should not be said; "

allowed to go unmuzzled during these fear-Lady Staffon smiled-Miss Digby looked

slightly confused.
"I ought to be ashamed to confess it,"
she said, "but I am very much afraid of
them in all weathers."

The new-comer should then, perhaps, have left them, but he seemed disposed to linger: and in this pleasant al fresco hotel life Lady Stafton did not think it needful to observe the strict laws of etiquette. The to observe the strict laws of enqueues. The trio fell into a pleasant conversation, the stranger speaking principally of St. Ina's Bay. Miss Digby agreed with much that he said, and during all the time he never once looked at Ethel. He never looked at her, but he was conscious of her every movement. He knew that the bright, proud eyes were looking at him—he knew that the beautiful face was turned to him but he assumed the most profound unconseioueness.

sciousness.

"Are you staying here for any time?"
he asked Miss Digby.

"Yes," she replied, "we shall remain
until the end of the autumn."

"It seems to be a very quiet place," he
remarked. "I can hardly imagine any one
staying here except in search of health."

Lady Stafton smiled.

I hope you are not in search of health?" she said. The handsome, debonnair face flushed

faintly. "I am indeed," he confessed. "I have been over-studying, and my doctor recom-mended me to take a few weeks' entire rest. He also recommeded a quiet place,

so I chose St. Ina's Bay."
"You could not have done better,"
observed Miss Digby; and then she smiled, for the stranger's eyes were fixed on her with such a wistful expression that she could almost guess what was coming.
"If you would not think me intrusive,"

said the stranger, "I should like to ask permission to introduce myself. I have been so lonely here during the last few days that I should esteem it the greatest honor and the greatest pleasure to be allowed to have the privilege of speaking to you sometimes. My name is Laurie Nugent. Lady Stafton, I have had the pleasure of sseing you in London at Lady Delamaine's."

It was a random shot—Mr. Nugent knew that Lady Delamaine was a great leader of fashion, but he had never entered her house-yet it quite satisfied Lady

'You know Lady Delamaine?' she said "She is my dearest friend. Are you one of the Nugents of Flintshire?"

"I am related to them," he replied; "but I have not seen much of them." It was so carelessly said that the impression left on his hearers was that he consid

Nugents of Flintshire. Then Lady Stafton asked him many questions concerning people in London whom she supposed him—as a friend of Lady Delamaine's-to know, all of which he answered with applomb and self-posses sion. His pleasant small-talk amused them, and the bright, sunny morning seemed the brighter to Ethel for his being there. Still, he had never looked at her, but his position with the two elderly ladies heing secure, he thought he might venture to steal one glance at her. He met the most beautiful and the frankest eyes that he had ever seen; they were looking intently at him, the golden light in their rich depths deepening as she looked. He thought it wiser on that openion to restrict his attentions entirely to the elder ladies.

"If I spoke to her now," he thought, they would suspect that I had taken all this trouble for her sake." One glance of admiration, full of fire, full

of passion, seemed to flash from the depths of his eyes to hers. He saw her face grow crimson, and then he dared not trust himself to look again. But that one glance had ed to trouble the calm still depths of

Ethel's young heart. Suddenly an idea flashed across her that this stranger, this handsome man, whose dark eyes had seemed to flash that strange glance into hers, was the one who had sent the flowers. She could not tell why she thought so, but it was impossible now to doubt it. Would the next morning bring the floral offering? She almost longed for morning to come that she might see it. Laurie Nugent was wise enough to see

that he must not presume upon the kind-ness of the ladies. He passed them several times that day; on each occasion it was with a polite bow, but without a word. Lady Stafton commented on his discreet,

well-bred manner. well-bred manner.

"Some men would have been insufferable after our kindness," she said, laughingly, to Miss Digby; "but he really seems almost timid, and afraid of intruding. I am rather

inclined to like him. Helen.' Miss Digby looked at him—he was walk-ing down the terrace.
"I do not know," she returned, half-doubtfully; "there is something in his face

that I can hardly like or trust. His face is handsome enough," observed

Lady Stafton. "There is something in it I cannot tell what—that does not please me," opposed Miss Digby. "It is not a face that I should trust.

Ethel was listening intently to the conversation; as usual, the spirit of contradiction was aroused within her. Whatever disting was aroused within her. Whatever Miss Digby said must be wrong. She said nothing, but resolved in her mind to show her disbelief in Miss Digby's words. A false face! It was the handsomest she had ever seeu-and the remembrance of that one glance from the dark eyes made her heart beat. It was a break in the monotony of her life—it was something agreeable to think of—the first dawning of that sun that was to shine so brightly for a time and then

destroy her. Laurie Nugent succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. "Fortune attends those who know how to wait," he said to himself, and he never lost sight of the fact; he knew how to wait with patience. For the next two or three days he devoted himself exclu-sively to Lady Stafton and Miss Digby, only acknowledging by a bow the presence of the beautiful Ethel. He was well satisfied with the progress he had made, when one day, as he was talking to Lady Stafton, Ethel came to ask some question which Miss Digby required to be answered. Then Mr. Nugent looked from one to the other in such an evident expectation of an intro-duction that the elder lady could not pos-

sibly refuse it. There were few words spoken when Ethel Gordon was introduced to her fate, but those few were as a death-warrant. Mr. Nugent bowed low, murmured something which she did not hear plainly; her heart beat, her hands trembled, the proud, frank eyes drooped before his, and the beautiful face flushed, and then grew strangely pale. It was almost a solemn moment to her, for

it seemed like the completion of some vague, beautiful dream.

It was a relief to her to hasten away, and

then Lady Stafton wondered if she had done a wise thing.
"It must be all right," she said. "He is
Lady Delamaine's friend. If he were not a man of good means, he would not be stay-ing here—a gentleman I know him to be besides, he shows no signs of admiring

She forgot all about the introduction a few minutes afterward, and Laurie Nugent smiled to think how easily he succeeded in winning all he wanted. He could speak to Miss Gordon now, when he met her in the

stolen into his heart, he learned to love it with a force and intensity that frightened

Love came to Laurie Nugent like a fierce tornado, that swayed his heart and soul as the whirlwind sways the trees. He said to nimself that, cost what it would, let his life be what it might, let right or wrong rule, let the price be high or low, he would win her, he would make her his own. There was nothing that he would not have done to succeed; he would have hesitated at no crime, stopped at no wrong. With such a love there was little chance of escape for its object.

## CHAPTER XI.

Miss Digby had not succeeded in the dearest wish of her heart—the wish to win the confidence of Ethel Gordon. She had not even won from her the least portion of liking. Day by day, as she felt deeper regret at parting from her father, at losing her position at home, Ethel felt a greater dislike to Helen Digby—she was not ever

just to her.
"But for her," she thought, "my father would not have been so anxious to make money; but for her, he might have remained in England, and we should have been happy for long years in our old fashion. I shall never be to him again what I have been my love will never fill his life as it used."

As these thoughts gained upon her, her dislike to Helen increased; and the unfortunate idea returned to her that, if Sir conard could only be brought to think less highly of his betrothed, he would very pro-bably abandon all thought of the marriage; and that idea, in the end, helped her to her sorrowful fate.

Early in August letters came from Sir Leonard. There was one for Miss Digby, whose kind, oalm face flushed with pleasure as she read it; and one for Ethel, who put t quietly away—she would not read it in the presence of her rival. Helen Digby opened hers at once.

"Ethel," she said, looking up with bright eyes, "I am so pleased, Sir Leonard has reached Vienna, and is both well and Not to the rival whom she detested would Ethel condescend to say how glad and happy such news made her. She

eturned some indifferent reply, which Miss Digby quite understood. "She is too proud, and dislikes me too much even to say that she is pleased," thought the lady. But Ethel's exhibition of her unconquered

feelings did not prevent Miss Digby from saying kindly— "Will you not read your letter now. Ethel?

It may contain some news of "Thank you, I will wait;" and Ethel finished her breakfast leisurely, as though no unsealed letters were waiting to be read. Helen Digby sighed heavily as the young

girl left the room.
"If she would but be less proud, reserved with me-if she would learn to like me, even ever so little—I should ton have a cloud in my sky.'

Ethel went out that she might read her letter without interruption, and the spot she chose was a lovely little nook at the end of the avenue of lime trees, where the clover grew thick and fragrant, where wild roses and harehells stirred their sweet blossoms in the righing wind, and where the thick foliage of the trees met overhead and formed an arch beautiful as that of any cathedral aisle. One of the trees had faller ong years ago; it lay now stretched acros the path; moss and ivy covered it, sprays of wild flowers clung to it, and this little nook, beautiful and solitary as though it belonged to some other sphere, was Ethel's favorite resort.

Thither she went now to read Sir Leonard's letter. bore his crest-the place where she thought his hand had rested—and then opened the missive. A deep shadow came over the beautiful face as she read. The girl's heart was hungering for love, for sympathy. she had hoped her father would write of both, but the letter was one long exhortation, one long piece of advice, and all con-

cerning Miss Digby.

He hoped she had learned to love her, to obey her, to look forward with pleasure to the happy life he anticipated they would all spend together. He hoped she profited by Miss Digby's teachings, by her constant intercourse with one so amiable, so wellbred, and lady-like.

hitter smile curved the proud lip she read, bitter scorn and anger flushed her

proud face.
"Does he expect that I find her as perfect as he does—the woman who is to take my mother's place—who is to usurp my

Bitter, angry thoughts surged through the girl's heart, which ached with keenest pain. So, although he was away from her, although for the first time in their lives they had been parted, his thoughts were all with this stranger who was hence-forth to stand between them! It was one of the most miserable hours of her life.

"I had thought so much of his writing to me," she said to herself, with something like a sob: "and, now that I have his letter, there is no pleasure, no comfort in it—
it is full of her. She darkens the world Then, as though in condemnation of such

a thought, the wind seized one of the sheets of paper, and whirled it from her hands. The next moment a pair of dark eyes

were looking into hers, and Laurie Nugent, standing with her lost sheet of paper in his hand, was bowing before her. "I must thank this letter, Miss Gordon,"

he said, "for an opportunity I have long sought—the opportunity of speaking to

She took the letter from him, with a few murmured words of thanks; and then Laurie Nugent, who had braved more dangers than most men, stood quite at a less what to say next. He had imagined himself alone with her a thousand times and in his fancy he was always pouring out floods of eloquent words—she listening with drooping eyes and flushed face. Now the reality for which he had longed was his, and he stood before her in silence, the words trembling on his lips and his heart beating with an unknown fear, a strange awe upon him—for her beauty had completely overpowered him, and left him unable to speak.

She was the first to recover herself. It was new to her to see a tall, handsome man disconcerted by her. She raised her frank, proud eyes to his face, and then he saw the

traces of bitter tears.
"Miss Gordon," he cried, hastily, "you have bad news, I am afraid. You have been grieving over something in your letter." His voice so full of sympathy, seemed to touch her. A sudden impulse of confidence in this stranger seemed to seize her.

"You are right," she said. "I have

been longing for the letter, and now that it has come I am disappointed."

Her lips quivered, and the strong effort she was making to control herself drove the color from her face. He sat down by her The sight of that beautiful pale face

seemed to give him courage.
"How I wish I were not a stranger," he "How I wish I were not a stranger," he said "that I might be able to help you—to say something that might console you."
"I am ashamed of myself," contessed Ethel—"most bitterly ashamed; but my

"Let me try to help you to forget it," he said. "This heautiful world is smiling all around us, there is a bright sky above—let us enjoy them for a time, and forget trouble."

method of managing all things disagreeable.' His peremptory manner rather pleased her than otherwise; she looked up at him

with a frank, fearless smile. "Do you think so, Mr. Nugent? I do not quite agree with you. I should bring all disagreeable things to the front, look them boldly in the face. To brave battle with them, and vanquish them one by one—that seems to me truer philosophy than

It was so, and the remark showed plainly as words could show, the difference between speaker and listener.

"I will learn any kind of philosophy you may choose to teach me, Miss Gordon," returned Laurie Nugent; "you shall find me the most obedent of scholars. I would believe all you told me, do all you bade me, think as you thought, speak as you spoke, in hope of but one reward." "What might that reward be?" she

asked smiling.

"One kind look from you, and one kind word—all the earth could give me no reater reward than that." kind words; it was pleasant to read the admiration so plainly revealed in those dark eyes; it was the first gleam of happiness Ethel had known since Sir Leonard first imparted to her the fact of his intended marriage. The whole scene was so fair that it lived in her memory long after years of suffering had blotted out other pictures. Ethel—proud, frank, beautiful Ethel—sat drinking in the first deep luscious draught of the cup that was to prove but deadly poison. For the first time in her young life she listened to the unmeasured words of flattering love, and they def not displayed her.

they did not displease her. Laurie Nugent was a clever man, quick of comprehension he had the great gift of understanding character and of adapting himself to the people into whose midst he was thrown. He misused the gift terribly —even fatally; but he had it and used it like a charm. Although he had exchanged but a few indifferent words with Ethel, he understood her perfectly; he did not know how she came to be associated with Miss Digby, or whether they were related, but he saw plainly enough that Ethel did not like her, and never felt at ease with her. He showed his adroitness when, after talking to her for some minutes, he asked, with a

"Where is Miss Digby this morning? have not seen her."
"She is writing letters," replied Ethel and the remembrance of the letter she was

shadowed the sweet bright eyes. "I am glad to hear it," he remarked with a careless laugh. "I am grateful to those letters; but for them Miss Digby would be here, I suppose—and I have an idea that she does not like me."

If he had thought the matter over for nonths he could not have said anything more likely to answer his purpose than that; all the love, the flattery, the eloquere was as nothing compared to those magica words. He saw the fair, girlish face blush and he knew they had taken effect.

"Miss Digby not like you?" she questioned, slowly. "Are you sure of that? How do you know it?" "I know it by instinct," he replied ; "

cannot explain more fully."

He knew that in her own mind she was saying to nerself that she, Ethel Gordon, would like him, if only out of opposition to Helen Digby; yet he was too wise and too wary to pursue the subject.
"My idea is that we cannot control our

likes and dislikes," he added, "but that they are instinctive. I see some persons, and my heart goes out to them with a warmth of friendliness which words are weak to express. I see others, and do not even like them, but shun them if I can." She was looking intently at him.

my experience is the same. I find that. if at first I take a dislike to any one, I seldom overcome it.' He would not let her see how great wa his curiosity about everything connected with her. He was longing to know why she was there, how it was that she was associated with Miss Digby, to what family of Gordon's she belonged; but all these

"I am glad you say so," she observed

things, he said to himself, he must learn hy He pointed to the pretty harebells grow-

"Do you know the legend attach these flowers?" he asked. "No. I have not heard it."
"It is said that in the depth of each of these little bells a fairy resides, and that on quiet moonlight nights each little elf leaves its home, and that together they all ring their bells with a peculiar chime. It is said that travellers belated in the woods

have heard the sweet, faint fairy music, and have wondered what it was." Her face brightened, and the golden

light deepened in her eyes.

"It is long since I have heard any pretty legends," she said; "tell me some more."

His memory must have been well stored with many a quaint and graceful fable. He told her German legends of the dark for-ests and of the spirits who lived in the grand old trees—of the elf-king who rides on the night wind, of the water-spirits who dwell in the streams; he told her many a fair legend of Grecian lore, of the daphne and narcissus, of the hyacinth and the rose —stories that took her imagination captive, and charmed the artistic, beauty loving mind. She forgot that he was a stranger; she sat with clasped hands, looking into his face, drinking in each word as it fell from

his lips.
"You must be a poet," said the girl, simply; and for a moment an expression that she could not understand crossed his face. Was it regret, remorse, pity or hesitation? She could not tell, and almost as soon as

she had noticed it to was gone.

"I am not a poet, Miss Gordon, but I admire poetry, and these legends have always had a charm for me. You judge me too favorably. I am a man of the world—not a poet."

She repeated the words after him. "A man of the world—that means a man olever and shrewd in judgment, quick, versa-tile, and accomplished, does it not?" she

asked. "Viewed favorably—yes," he replied.
But there is one thing, Miss Gordon, which makes every man a poet for the

"Love for a fair and noble woman. Love s poetry-it is the one grand passion of a man's life—it refines, softens, and makes beautiful the hardest natures." "What must it do to the poet?" she asked him, with a blush and a smile that

"What is that?" she asked.

bewildered him. "It fills his heart so entirely that it over flows in song," he answered. "Thus the world is made richer by a poet's love. Now, Miss Gordon, have you forgotten your letter

and your tears?" It was like taking her from a fairyland of golden light, of sweetest warmth and fragrance, out into outer darkness and cold. She had forgotten all her troubles. The glamor of a sweet dream was over her. The light that never shone over land or sea was

glowing on her face. "Have you been telling me all these beautiful stories to make me forget?" she

asked.
"Yes, I wanted to while you from sad and sorrowful thoughts; sadness and sorrow should never come near you. You

face had lost its color—that his lips "And that some one," he interrupted

"I cannot tell you," she repeated. "Do not be cruel to me, Miss Gordon. Some one you love—was it a lover? Nay, do not think me carious. As you are womanly, beautiful, be pitiful. Was it a lover?'

No," she replied with the simplicity of a child. "I never had a lover in my life." He gave one great sigh of relief. Until that moment be did not know how great the torture of suspense had been. Ethel's face flushed deeply. She would fain have recalled the words when they were uttered, but it was too late. With the quickness that distinguished him, he saw instantly that she repented her freedom of speech "You have not told me," he said gently.

if you have quite forgotten the troubles "I have put them out of sight for time," she said, smilingly, "and am not willing to look at them again just yet." "I am afraid, Miss Gordon, think me presumptuous if I ask a great favor of you.

"I do not think I shall have any unfavor.
able thoughts of you," returned Ethel,
"even if you ask me a favor."

"You like sitting here," he pursued. have watched you morning after morning coming here with your book, and have longed to join you. Will you permit me to do so occasionally?" She looked up at him with the questioning

elance of a child. "I do not know. I should like to talk to you very much. Yes, I do not see why you hould not come here when you like; grounds are open to every one. "But it would be you I should come to see—only you. I do not make any false

pretense. It is not because I think this spot more beautiful than any other, or because I like it better—it is that I may see you, speak to you, sun myself in your bright presence. Now do you say 'yes?'" Her face became grave, the golden light leepened in her eyes.
"Miss Gordon, do not refuse me. What

your presence is to me I dare not say. Do not refuse me the greatest favor I have ver asked."

The pleading of his voice, the wistful

expression on his face touched her. If I see you here to-morrow morning, he repeated, "may I come?"

There was just a lingering idea in her
mind that it would not be quite right—

Miss Digby would not like it. That last reflection decided her.
"Yes," she replied, "if it pleases you, you may come." And he said to himself that he had made wonderful progress that bright, sunny morning; and those who knew how proud, erved Ethel Gordon was would have agreed with him.

(To be continued.)

LOVELY GIRLS OF THE SOUTH. No Wonder the Young Men Marry and

Settle Down to a Quiet Life. From 15 to 20 the Southern girl is a joy o the beholder, says a lady corresponden A greamy complexion, with sometimes, but not often, a faint flush of pink under-neath, soft eyes with a world of dreams in them, a rounded figure, tiny hands and feet, and kittenish ways, make it no mayvel that the you h masculine of New Orleans is mostly married at 22 or 23. A girl of 20 who has not received a half-adozen offers at least is socially a fiailure. Matrimony is the grand, authorized aim and publicly recognized at the Louisiana lottery, as girls are educated to marry, and to detest the circumstances which compel them to earn their living in any less womanly way. "I married," said a little lady to ms the other day, discussing the somewhat unfortunate position of family affairs. The inference was plain. But there are girls, brave girls whose pretty faces may be seen behind the counters of almost every large store in New Orleans, who, while hating conformity with shoppy conditions, have put their delicate shoulders to the wheel of family adversity and sweetly contributed their mites to the income. Of the professional ambition that fires their Northern sisters they know nothing. They are innately and entirely domestic, lovable and loving, asking only to be shielded from the fact of life, and permission to unlimitedly pirouette. A young lady may receive alone, and generally does; may drive with a gentleman, but may not accept his escort to the theatre, concert or ball without a chaperone; Sunday evening is devoted to reception all over the city; church in the morning is the usual limit to devotion, firecrackers and brass bands onliven the day, and anything can be pur-chased from carpets to caramels. The ton, propr's. chased, from carpets to caramels. The girls sit in their pretty summer dresses upon the wide steps of the pillared verandah, their various admirers posing with admirable effect in their immediate vicinity. It is very picturesque, very idyllic.
There is much rhythmic laughter and distracted coquetry, many graceful compliments and imperial edicts. To make hay while the sun shines is a rule of conduct no

withered, faded, a suggestion of the past. Ruling Through the Stomach. Many of the difficulties which beset the present Government of France are said to be attributable in no small measure to the sence of superior cooks from the kitchen cf the high functionaries of the Third Republic. Gambetta, while he lived, was too astute a politician and too fastidious an epicure to be guilty of such a mistake. His chef was one of the most proficient in all Paris, and the dinners of the Palais Bourbon were so excellent that the thoughtless enemies of the great tribune called him an Apicius. President Grevy, who is considered a model of republican simplicity, is however, in this matter of the table, faithful to French tradition, and the head cook of the Elysees, Verrier, is famous for his model menus. But in almost all the Minis-tries women preside over the range, which means that the Ministers and their guests eat poor dinners, for it is a firm belief in this country—especially among the male cooks—that the culinary art is a closed book to women. Just as at Longohamps the jockeys must be Englishmen if the races are to command serious attention, so a gentleman of position who respects his own and his friends' stomachs must have a masculine chef or he will be made the butt of every sybarite.-From a Late Paris Letter

less practical than valuable to these charming demoiselles, for their beauty is the

beauty of the queenly magnolia—a touch of frost, a bruise of fortune, and it is gone,

More Cows than Queen Victoria. Mrs. Evarts is very domestic and is prouder of her fine dairy farm in Vermont than of all the social honors heaped on her. It amounts to a hobby, and Mrs. Rachel Sherman tells a very funny story of Queen Victoria's head dairymaid, at Balmoral, who showed them over the model satablishment on the estate and seemed some-what disgusted at their lack of amazement and surprise. It culminated when she stated the number of cows, and said: "Did ye ever hear of sae mony in one byre bylore?" "Yes," said Mrs. Evarts quietly. "Where, then?" asked the maid somewhat brusquely. "In my own dairy. I have—"
naming a number some twenty cows
ahead of the "byre"ful. The maid
collapsed and seemed to think she ought to be sent to the Tower on charge of high treason. That anybody should, could or would have more cows than the Queen struck her mind as revolutionary, and she tells the tale with bated breath to this day, always loyally winding up with; "I dinna

Sackville street, Dublin, which was so long occupied by dwellings of the nobility and gentry and members of Parliament, is now wholly devoted to business.

—"All your own fault If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

-The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness

will be made almost new by using hop My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Metho-

dist Clergyman. Ask any good doctor if hop Ritters are not the best family medicine On earth !!

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will eave every neighborhood as soon as hop hitters arrive. mother drove the paralysis and

neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun.

Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.
—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught. -The vigor of youth for the aged and in-

firm in hop bitters!!!

{ —"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles inciden Thereto."

-" The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive —Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

-Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitter —Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely \* \* \* use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family In robust health a year at little cost. -To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring. None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their

Intolerance in Russia

A Russian writer named Stepniak has

sent to the London Times a most remark-

able account of the Russian press. It is nearly dead. Since the commencement of his reign, eight newspapers have been prohibited, including the Golus, and only two Liberal newspapers are permitted to exist in hourly anticipation of their fate. Political discussions being, however, forbidden, the newspapers have not the power in Russia of the magazines, and the grand orusade has been directed against them. The Stove, the Messenger of Europe, and the Annals of the Country have all been suppressed, the latter being the greatest maga zine in Russia, with a circulation of 10 000 copies, and worth £120,000 sterling. The charges in these cases was that of entertaining subversive opinions; but the real offence was that of discussing too closely the condition of the country. Latterly, the Administration has attacked books, and has just published an index of books which may not be sold. It comprises 125 works in 800 volumes, It comprises 125 works in 800 volumes, and includes such books as Lyell's "Autiquity of Man." Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and "Lubbook's "Primitive Civilization." All the works of John Stuart Mill, W. Bagehot, and Mr. Herbert Spencer are prohibited, the index having apparently been drawn up by some priest who was also an absolutist. The main effect of such a decree is, of course, to exagnerate the whole educated class against exasperate the whole educated class against the Government; but the secondary effect is to revive the old system of secret colportage. Books are wholly suppressed, but prohibited newspapers are sanuggled in rom heyond the frontier in thousands. just as Herzen's "Kolokol" was. As a precaution against the diffusion of new ideas, the measure is, of course, illusory, all the creeds except Protestantism having struggled up to victory without the assistance from the press,—Chicago Tribune.

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extract never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes druggists everywhere. Polson & Co., Kings-

Gov. Rusk of Wisconsin vetoed the bill providing for the sentence of vagrants for ninety days and confining them to a breadand water diet. The Governor holds that imprisonment for that period on the diet presoribed would be "oruel and unusual and thereby violates the constitutional provision which forbids the infliction of grue! and unusual punishments."

"Say, why is everything Either at sixes or at sevens?" Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists

Labouchere says in the London Truth I cannot understand upon what foundation the primrose has been connected with the name of Lord Beaconsfield. The only allusion to the flower in Lord Beaconsfield's works is in 'Lothair,' where Lord St. Jerome is called 'Barbarian' by his wife because he has remarked that primroses make a capital salad.'

. It Astonished the Public to bear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

An ingenious Parisian, M. Adrian Gacon, has patented a blasting powder which provides a new explosive compound intended to have the force of dynamite without its extra hazardous properties. The compound consists of a mixture of nitre of potash or nitrate of soda with sulphur ashes or

— Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound was first prepared in liquid form be sent in dry forms only; but now it can by mail to points where no druggist can readily be reached, and to day the Com-pound in lozenges and pills finds its way even to the foreign climes of Europe and Asia.

Ritualism must be spreading in England when we read in a Church of England paper that on a recent occasion the suffragan bishop of Nottingham, Dr. Trollope, wore a "cope of crimson velvet, powdered with fleurs de lis, green orphrey with rich edging, a sort of blue quatrefoil on each side of the morse, with evangelistic symbols, and a rich and costly jewelled

morse.' American spruce makes the baskets for the market gardeners in London.

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia

Neuralgia is one of the most common and distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any particular season, for whilst most general in the winter season, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of summer. In late years this form of disease has became better known, and consequently the means of relief have become greatly in-creased in numbers, as well as in efficacy. Among the most powerful and penetrating combinations, placed within the reach of the public for the relief of neuralgia, we can mention no remedy equal to or more certain than Polson's Nerviling. Its power over pain is something wounderful. nd we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any other painful complaints. Nerviline is sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle, also trial bottles at 10 cents.

In Patagonia they fine a man two goats on the subject, too, and if the fine ian't promptly paid he is compelled to marry again. That makes him hustle around for the goats. - Binghampton Republican.

The Worst Urethral Stricture peedily oured by our new radical methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Gaorge Riddle, of Carroll county, Maryland, has under the same roof w him no fewer than twenty-two unmarried daughters

On May 3rd, in New York city, last year strawberries were plenty at 15 cents per quart. Now they are 50 cents, and



LYDIA E. PINKHAM VEGETABLE COMPOUND

\* \* \* \* IS A POSITIVE CURE \* \* \* \* For all of those Painful Complaints and \* Werknesses so common to our best \*

\* \* \* FEMALE POPULATION. \* \* IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FA IT WILL CURE ESTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF MALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, FLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DEPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL W\$4.1 NRSS, AND 18 PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THY CHANGE OF LIFE.

\* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS PROM THE ENDERGY TO CANCERUS HUMORS THEREIS ELECTE AND EXPENDENCY TO CANCERUS HUMORS THEREIS ELECTE AND VERY SPEEDLY BY ITS CRE.

ALL CHAING POINTINCLANTS, AND RELIEVES WELL NESS OF THE STOM CH. IT CERES BLOATING, UKLOTACHE, NEW OF S PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITATION, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION. DEPRENSION AND INSIGESTION.

\* THAT PERLING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIS,
WIEGIT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY
CURED BY ITS USE.

\* IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN BARMONY WITH THE LAWS TOLK
GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

\* AS ITS PURIOSE IS SOLELY FORTHELEGITHMATH
HEALING OF DISCA. BAND THE HELIEF OF PAIN, AWE
THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDE OF
LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

\* \* FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLANTS.

LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

\*\* FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS TETHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED

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There a positive remedy for the abuve disease; by the use then sunds of cases of the work thind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my fatter in its effices; that I will send TWO INTILES PIER, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New YOR.

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