"His calm steadfast voice awed me; every word seemed to rebuke my vanity and presumption. Ah, I saw it all now. Raby was disappointed with my choice he had hoped—he had hoped otherwise.

"We had reached the end of our walk by this time. Before us was the poor cottage where Lettie White was dying. I took my hand from Raby's arm and sat down on the little stone bench by the bechives. Raby seemed to linger a moment, as though he expected me to speak to him, but I remained silent and he turned away with a Soon quick sigh and went into the house. after I heard his voice through the upper window, where the white curtains were flapping in the breeze, and Lettie's weak

tones answering him.
"Before me was a field of crimson clover; some brown bees were busily at work in it. There were scarlet poppies too gleaming in the hedge down below; the waves were lapping on the sands with a soft splash and ripple; beyond was the sea vast and crystalline, merged in misty blue. Did I hear it with a dull whirring of repetition, or was it the voice of my own conscience; 'For me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

"Raby came out presently, and we walked home, still silent. The dignity of his office was upon him; his lips were moving, perhaps in petition for the dying

"When we reached the house he went up to his room. The evening came. I got out our German books—Raby and I were studying together—and presently he joined me. In his absence of mind he had forgotten all about the ball, as I knew he would and we were both absorbed in Schiller's magnificent Wallenstein when Margaret entered, looking what Hugh Redmond called his 'Marguerite of Marguerites,' his pearl among women.

"Raby started and looked perplexed.

What, is it so late? You are dressed, Margaret, and this careless child has not commenced her toilet. Pray her Maggie, she will be dreadfully late.'

'Margaret gave me a wistful smile. "'The carriago is here already,' she answered, quietly, 'and Mrs. Montague is waiting. Crystal is not going to the ball,

Raby.'
"'Not going?' He turned and looked at me, our eyes met, and then he under-

"'Does not Margaret look lovely," asked in assumed carelessness, when the hall door closed, and he came back to the " For answer he took me in his arms.

Not half so fair as my Esther,' h said tenderly, 'though she is not wearing her regal dress. 'I thank God,' and here his voice grew low and solemn. 'I thank God, Crystal, that my darling has chosen the better part that shall not be taken away from her.'

CHAPTER XXV. GO BACK TO RABY.

O calm grand eyes, extinguished in a storm, Blown out like lights o'er melancholy seas, Though shricked for by the shipwrecked. O my dark!

My cloud—to go before me overy day,
While I go ever towards the wilderness,
I would that you could see me bare to the sou
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"Things went on very happily for a long time after this. The church at Sandy cliffe was finished; Raby gave up his curacy, and read himself in; and then came the day when Margaret and I heard

"Shall I ever forget that day—it wa Eastertide—and all that belonged to it? the last unclouded Sunday that was ever to rise on me; the tiny flower-decked church already crowded with worshippers, the memoria window that Raby and Margaret had put in, sacred to the memory of their father, with its glorious colors reflected on the rement in stains of lastly, the grave beautiful face of the young vicar as he looked round upon his little flock for the first time, his eyes resting for a moment as though in silent benediction on the vicarage seat.

"Were I to tell you what I thought of that sermon, you might think my praise partial, but there were many there, Hugh Redmond among them, who commented afterwards on the eloquence and vivid power of the preacher. Hugh Redmond had accompanied us to church, for he and Margaret had been engaged some months and they were always together. He declared that that sermon had made a deep impres-

"Many were affected that day by Raby's deep searching eloquence, but none more so than a lady who sat alone under the pulpit, and who drew down her crape veil that no one might see her tears

"I knew her well; she was a childless widow who had lately come to live at Sandycliffe in a pretty cottage about half a mile from the Grange, and with whom Margaret had become very intimate—a fair gentle-looking woman who had gone through much trouble, and who wished to devote her life to good works; and as I looked at her now, my own eyes misty with sympathy, did I ever imagine that the time was fast approaching when I should wrong her with the bitterest hatred, and even seek to lift my hand against her. "And yet you were one of God's dear

"The service over, we lingered for

moment in the shady churchyard, Hugh and Margaret and I, until Raby should join came out at last, a little pale and tired-looking. Margaret met him, her eves

width and went out to the irl standing silently behind him.

"'What does my child say?' he whis-pered, when the others had gone on a little; but I had no answer ready, he was so good, so far above me. With a sudden impulse I lifted the kind hand to my lips as though he were a king.

"Raby was very zealous in his profession There was little to do in Sandycliffe, but he offered himself as coadjutor to the vicar of Pierrepoint, and as there was a large poor population there, he and Margaret, and Mrs. Grey, found plenty of scope for their

"Mrs. Grey had no ties, she was rich and lonely, and she sought relief from her sick heart in ministering to the needs of others. Her health was delicate, and the air of Sandycliffe suited her—she had taken a fancy to the place; and the pretty cottage she had rented was more to her taste than her house at South Kensington.

' Margaret and she were always together their natures were congenial to each other, and a warm friendship grew up between them; Raby was also much interested in the young widow. I heard him say more than once that she was a rare creature, and so humble in her own estimation that one would never have guessed how cultivated and accomplished she really was; 'her man-ners are so perfectly gentle,' he went on, 'no wonder Margaret is glad to have found

"I began to think she was Raby's friend I am going to send her away!"

oo, for nothing seemed to be done in "I sprang up with an exclamation of "I sprang up with an exclamation of too, for nothing seemed to be done in

Grey,' as Raby called her. Scarcely a day passed without seeing her at the Grang, and very often, as I knew, Raby called at passed without seeing her at the

the cottage. "When I was with him their conversation was always about Pierrepoint, about the workmen's club Raby had started and the mothers' meeting that was Mrs. Grey's hobby; she was certainly, in spite of her weak health, a most active creature; Raby always scemed to defer to her opinion. He told Margaret that Mrs. Grey was one of the most clear headed women he had ever that her large-minded views were always surprising him. I used to listen in silence to all this. I liked Mrs. Grey, but began to be jealous of her influence; I thought Raby was too much guided by her judgment-perhaps he was fascinated by

widows always said those sort of things.

change her mind some day. It would be such an excellent match, they went on;

they were evidently cut out for each other,

both so good; and then she was rich, it

would be such a fortunate thing for Mr.

Ferrers, especially when his sister left him

should go to Redmond Hall with my cousin

when she married. People used to talk like

this to us both. Margaret used to laugh as though she were amused at the notion, and

she seemed to expect me to laugh too; then

slie got a little indignant, and contradicted

the report gravely. Nothing of the kind could ever happen, she said—she wished those busybodies would leave Raby

and Mona alone; Mona was her friend not his. But somehow I did not believe her.

Fern, you look at me reproachfully, you think I ought to have been wiser; but

how could I know; I was Raby's adopted

child, his pet, but Mrs. Grey was more his

equal in age and she was very pretty. Her fair delicate style of beauty, and her extreme softness and gentleness might be

dangerously attractive to a man like Raby, and I feared—I distrusted her.

"Alas! in a little time I learnt to look

upon her as my deadliest rival; to hear her name on his lips would send a jealous thrill

through me.
"They were always together, at least it

scemed so to me; but perhaps I was wrong. By and by I dropped all pretence of parish

work; it did not suit me, I said. Raby seemed grieved, but he was true to his word

and did not try to influence me. Perhaps

he thought I was restless and was pinin for excitement and gaiety. Alas! he little knew I would wander miles away, that I

might not encounter them coming up th

village street together, or witness the frank

Mona's look, her touch, her soft vibrating

voice set every nerve on edge. I was pin-ing with a disease for which I knew no

ame and no remedy, and which was prey

ing on my health and spirits.

"And worst of all, I was completely misunderstood. When in the unequal struggle my appetite failed and sleep forsook me, and a sort of a fever kept me

restless and irritable, and still no physical

illness was at the root, they misconstrued the symptoms and attributed my depression

to another cause. I saw in their looks that they distrusted mo; they thought my

old enemy was coming back, and redoubled their gentleness and care. Then Raby

would speak tenderly to me, till every word sounded like a caress; and Margaret would follow me from place to place like

some guardian spirit, as though she did not wish to lose sight of me. But they

never guessed the cause-how could they

for as the weeks went on, a cold forbidding

haughtiness hid their child's suffering heart

myself recklessly, before they should guess my secret.
"Raby's face grow sad and then some

what stern. I knew the old doubts were harrassing him; he feared their quiet life

was irksome to my youth, that I was fret-

ting in secret for the gaieties and triumphs

"One day we three were sitting at lunch-

eon together; I was playing with the food on my plate to prevent them noticing my

want of appetite, as though I could ever evade Raby's eyes, and longing to escape

from the room, for I felt more than usually

though his conversation was directed to Margaret. She had been talking about the

new schools that Mrs. Grey proposed build-

Kensington,' she said; 'she never means

to live there again. It is a great pity, I tell her, for it is such a comfortable house and

so beautifully furnished. But she will

"'Yes, indeed, hers is almost a perfect

character,' he replied; 'she is so strong and yet so womanly, so very, very gentle.'

"Something in Raby's words touched too sensative a chord, and after a vain

attempt to control myself, I suddenly burst into hysterical tears, and left the room.

They thought it was my strange temper.

my Philistine-was upon me, when he was

only lurking in ambush for the time when

my weakness would render me an easy

"Let me go on quickly, for the remem

brance of that day overpowers me. They never came near me. Raby always treated me him-

self at such times, and sometimes he would

not allow Margaret to come to me; it was so

now, and yet her dear face and sympathy

might have saved me. I sobbed myself quiet and then I lay on the couch in the

morning-room, feeling strangely ill. I was faint and sick. I had eaten nothing, and I

"I had had little sleep the night before

thought, and he calls me his dark eyed

Esther. Oh, Raby, I hate her! You shall never marry her! You shall never call her your darling! I felt as though I should kill her first; for, indeed, I was

nearly wild with passion, they had left me

"Presently the door opened, and Ra came in. He looked very grave, I though as he sat down beside me. His quiet glance

"'Crystal,' he said, gently, 'have you een ill again, my dear?' They always

called the paroxysms 'illness' now, but the

word displeased me.
"'Where is Margaret?' I asked

sullenly. 'I cannot talk to you, Raby. I am weak, and you do not understand. If

I am ill, as you say, you should not keep Margaret from me.

"'She is at the schools,' he returned

soothingly, 'I left her with Mrs. Grey—they will be here directly; but, Crystal, my darling, before they come in I want to have a little talk with you. You are better now, are you not? I want to tell you what I have decided to do for my child's welfare.

too long alone.

recalled me to myself.

but I was only miserable that the enemy

have it that she feels happier in her cottage

"'She wants to sell her house at South

'Raby was watching me, I could see

I had renounced

ing at Pierrepoint.

how good she is, Raby.'

niserable.

them. I would die, I said to

and then looking at me, they supposed

Perhaps the vicar would induce her

how I have tried to do my duty by you, and how Margaret has tried too; how we have loved you, prayed and cared for you, never thinking of ourselves, but only of thinking of ourselves, but only of What have we done that you should her sweet looks.
"'Small beginnings make large endings. hide your unhappiness from us? Why did you not come to me and tell me frankly, and like a brave girl, that the sacrifice I 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kind-leth.' Even in a small country place like asked was too great for you to yield; that Sandycliffe there are busy and mischievous your youth and temperament demanded a different life to mine; that the quiet and tongues. Presently a whisper reached my cars that fanned the smouldering embers of discontent within to a scorching flame. monotony were killing you; would any-thing have been too hard for your brother's "Raby was a young unmarried man, and Mrs. Grey was young and attractive, what if people declared that her heart was buried in her husband's grave, and that she

"I shivered at the word. Oh, Raby, why—why did you utter it? who were, who never could be a brother of mine. He had never used that word before; it bore a would never marry again; they knew young terrible meaning to me now.

quietly on the couch as though I were

claim obedience as your guardian; I claim

it legally and morally.' Never had he spoken so severely before. 'I am doing

what costs me a great sacrifice. I am

going to send you away from us for a little

while for your own good; for your own peace and happiness. Alas! I see plainly now, how we have failed to secure either.' I tried to speak, but I could not. I crushed

my hands together as though they were a

"'Heaven knows,' he continued, sadly,

sternly,

child, and went on with his speech.

" 'Crystal,' he said, rathe

"'I have spoken to Dr. Connor,' he went on more quickly, 'and his opinion coincides with mine; and so I have arranged it all with Mrs. Grev: surely a kinder or a sweeter soul never breathed, not even our own Margaret. You are to go abroad under her care for six months; Dr. Connor advises it. Yes, it will be hard for us, but never fear, my darling, the time will soon pass.'
(To be continued.)

HIT'EM AGAIN.

The Toledo "Stroller" Takes a Shy at Two Handy Expressions.

Of all the shortening and clipping that Of all the shortening and clipping that goes on in daily conversation, what so meaningless as this exclamation—
"Thanks"? If one has done you a favor, why not say "I thank you," not "I thank ye," but "I thank you," plainly, clearly and distinctly. The exclamation "Thanks," jerked out of some unfathomable depths, savors of too much haste to be rolling and heat he omitted. polite, and best be omitted.

polite, and best be omitted.

"Thanks" is only equalled, in my judgment, in straight down wrongness in the idiocy that responds to the polite" I thank you," or "Very much obliged," for a favor rendered or a kindness performed, with "Not at all." I have, I think, written of this before, but it will bear repetition, and I can see no reason why, if you pick up a ady's kerchief, tender her your seat in a car, or save a friend from a dangerous fall on that result of a fool's carelessness, a banana peel, and are rewarded with that exactly proper remark, "I thank you," I say, I can see no good and valid reason why it would not be equally proper and true to say "You're a liar," as to respond with "Not at all." Honest now can you ?-"Stroller" in Toledo Journal.

When the Congregation Nods.

A bequest of Richard Doyery, of Farm cots, England, dated 1659, had in view the payment of 8 shillings annually to the church of Claverly, Shropshire, for the payment of a person to keep the people

On the 17th of April, 1725, John Rudge bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, 20 shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the summer and keep the people awake.

At Acton church, in Cheshire, about thirty years ago one of the church wardens used to go round in the church during service with a huge wand in his hand, and if any of the congregation were asleep they instantly awakened by a tap on the head.

At Dun church, in Warwickshire, a peron bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hav fork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken—this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck.

A more playful method is said to have

been used in another church, where the beadle went round theedifice during service carrying a long staff, at one end of which was a fox's brush and at the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the female sleepers, while on the head of the male offenders he bestowed with the knob a smart rap.

Thackeray's Views of Death.

I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our storing life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though even so far off. Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will-properties of creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not Ueberall? and the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body-a lucid intelligence remains, a ner ception ubiquitous .- From the Thackeray Letters in Scribner's for October.

In a letter to the Sunday Herald on the marriage question, Ella Wheeler Wilcox makes the following sage remarks:

wanted food and wine, and to be hushed and comforted like a child; and no one came near me. Of course not! they It is an erroneous idea of romantic minds hought it was a fit of the old passion. No that early youth is the season of deep and passionate emotion. Physicians and the doubt Raby was in the village talking it over with Mona. vise men of the Catholic Church, however 'It grew towards evening-cool quiet know that the emotions of women in our evening, but there was no quiet in my heart. I was burning with inward American climate are most fully developed between the ages of 25 and 35. The Church guards during that time with especial care all those destined to a life of celibacy, knowing full well that they are more sussomething odd and tumultuous seemed rising in my brain; a gleam of fair hair was blinding me. He loves fair women, I ceptible to temptation than at an earlier

and more undeveloped age.

It would seem, then, from a purely scientific standpoint that an attachment formed after 25 would be far more intense and more enduring than one formed in the unripe period of immature youth.

Physically our American women do not fully develop until the age of 25. Given a healthful mode of life, employment for the mind, and sufficient out-door exercise, and they are far more attractive at that age than at 18. Happy is the man who wins the heart of such a woman, with her ripened beauty, her developed emotions and her wise appreciation of the really worthy things of life.

In the United States Court at Boston, a decision was rendered yesterday morning sustaining the demurrer of the Bell Telephone Company against the Government

suit and the case was dismissed. A Dakota farmer laid upon the nearest editor's table a vegetable that weighed five pounds ten ounces. After all the agri-cultural sharps of the village had tried to tell what it was, the guesses ranging from a rutabaga to a pumpkin, the farmer told them it was a radish, and proved it to them Sandycliffe without Mrs. Grey-'our Mrs, dismay, but he put me back firmly and after the manner of proving a pudding.

UNIQUE HOSPITALITY.

to Take a Bath. One of the Providence Journal's Boston sketches is appended: Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keep-ing up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y.'s abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially. "We are so accustomed to travellers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel-stained and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready." "But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting von to so much trouble. I—" "Oh, I you to so much trouble. I—" "Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y.;" "a bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been travelling; and you have come right through from Boston." The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bath-room, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality. In due time the guest de-scended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him. "I hope you found every-thing to your mind," she said. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train."
"What?" cried the hostess aghast; "you are not going?" "Unfortunately I must; I only stopped over a train to call on you."
"Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay; "I

who were not easy to amuse They Had Got Used to Babies.

which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests

thought you had come to remain.

thought you had come to remain. Iou certainly cannot go away when I haven't seen you at all!" "I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I shall always

remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality." The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her

own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her friends, who declared that this fashion of entertaining callers was one

"Say," said a woman wearing a faded yellow dress, as she came out of a Western Dakota house which stood near the road, as we drove up, "you didn't see no young 'uns down the road, I reckon?" "No." "Couple o' mine missin' again, guess," and she surveyed a good sized flock who were playing around the house. "Or, hold on, I guess there ain't, either." She began ingling them out with her finger, saying : "One, two, three—stand still, you brats, till I count you!—four, five—come back here, Ophelia, till yer counted—six, seven, an' two at school makes ten, an' the baby is 'leven, an' two out'n the field is thirteen. All right, stranger, they're all here. I 'lowed two or three o' 'em had lit out, but the census is correct!'' "You have out, but the census is correct.

" Lawks, family till you can't rest! An' say, do you know what's a fact, gen'l'men, when the fust one. Sheridan—he's out'n the field shuckin' corn now—when he was a baby what d'ye think me an' the old man used to do to him?" "Give it up." "Used to wake him up to see him laugh! Yes, sir; regular thing every time he went to sleep! Sometimes one big fool of us an' sometimes the other would sneak up an' chuck him under the chin an' say; 'Wake ut, oo tootsy wootsy, and' laugh oo cunnin' 'ittle laugh for oo paph !''' "Didn't never wake up any of the other twelve?" "Well, not hardly, stranger -- we know a powerful sight mor'n we did. Here, Washington, quit hurtin' yer little sister or I'll give you a switchin' you'll remember till yer 100 years old !"-Chicago Tribune.

Better Get Married at Home. A Detroit despatch says: The Marriage

icense Law went into effect yesterday and caused a lot of trouble to ministers and conhad been set in the Catholic churches at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and the County Clerk's office did not open till 9 o'clock. The licenses for these marriages had to be made out before breakfast. Towards noon a Canadian couple came to the clerk's office and called for a license, having made the journey here from an interior Canadian point on purpose to escape the marriage law of the Dominion. They were terribly disappointed at learning that they could not obtain a license, the law provid-ing that licenses must be issued in the county where one of the parties resides. The would-be groom called attention to the fact that nothing was said about foreigners and suggested that the provision quoted referred only to residents of Michigan. clerk was in doubt and refused the license. but telegraphed a statement of the case to the Attorney-General for his opinion, which has not been received. The Canadians must go back home disconsolate. The law is believed to be a good thing, as it will prevent many runaway and hasty marriages and will also furnish reliable data for vital statistics.

The Moneyed Girl Who Couldn't Write.

Not long ago a very nicely dressed woman, accompanied by a gentlemanly looking man, walked into one of the banks and asked for a certificate of deposit. The book was passed out to her for her signature. She hesitated a moment, glanced nervously at her escort, then boldly grasped the pen and put her face very close to paper. When the teller took the book back he saw plainly enough that the girl had simply made some very minute up and down scratches. He looked at her, saw her confusion and decided to be lenient with her. As if unable to read the signature clearly he inquired the name. It was given promptly. Then it was slyly written in the teller's own bold letters, the certificate filled out and delivered. The escort never suspected the difficulty and the girl departed happy.—Chicago Herald.

"Your children all turned out well, I reckon?" said a man addressing an old friend he had not seen for many years.
"Wall, yes, all but Bill, pore feller."

"Drunk licker, I reckon. "Oh, no, never drunk no licker, but han't amounted to nothin'. Bill wuz deceived and it ruint him." '' Love affair?'

"Yes, an' a mighty bad one."
"She married some other feller, eh?" "Oh, no, she married him. She wuz a widder, an' let out that she was well off,

but she wan't. W'y, she wan't able to get Bill a decent suit o' clothes the week airter they wuz married. Yes, the pore fellow lost confidence."-Arkansaw Traveller. SAD RESULT.—" Capital articles those of yours on Commercial Union, Mr. Young," yours on Commercial Onton, Mr. Toung, said our young man to the hon, gentleman from Galt. "But why do you look so ashamed? You ought to be proud of your work." "Proud! Perhaps you haven't

noticed that I'm being praised by the Toronto World," was all he said.—Grip. At Newport, R. I., yesterday, the Supreme Court granted a divorce to Mrs. Henry A. Hulbert, jun., of New York. This settles an interesting case of fashionable New York

SACRED MUSIC.

A Boston Woman Who Compelled a Caller Some of the Tunes Suspiciously Like

Says the "Casual Observer" of the New York Graphic: A musician who is not much in the habit of taking that kind of exercise went to church on Sunday and desiring to experience as much novelty as possible, he did not go to any beautifully appointed æsthetic Episcopal service, nor did he feed his spiritual nature on the dramatic embodiment of the Christian religion given by the Roman Catholic Church. No, he wanted to do the thing up brown now that he was in it, and for that end he felt it to be necessary to install himself in the more or less uncomfortable new of one of the most protesting of Protestant sects. Now, what he found most curious in his unfamiliar experience was curious in his unfamiliar experience was the familiarity of considerable portions of it. One of the opening hymns was, "O could I speak the matchless worth," and he was struck all of a heap to hear this sung to the mangled remains of a duet in Mozart's opera, "Die Zauber-flote," wherein Pomina and the bird catcher, Papageno extol "The manly heart with Papageno extor The many level love c'erflowing," posing together before the footlights. It was not such a shock, but it was still a surprise when later he heard "Thou Art, O God, the Life and Light" sung to "Consolation," one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words.'
If there is anything that definitely dis proves the Wagnerian theory of the special, intrinsic significance of music in itself and altogether independent of association, it is this habit of hymn-book makers of put-ting sacred words to all sorts of secular music. Whether or not there is signifi-cance in the music itself—and as even the hymn-book makers have not yet turned "Captain Jinks" to account, there is still a little ground for the belief that there is there is a great deal of significance in it by association, and musical associations are very strong, and it is pretty hard on people of retentive ears to find their most sacred moods broken in upon by tones that have hitherto lightened altogether different hours. "The Lord is my Shepherd" is often sung to a slightly disguised version of that popular air, "Scenes that are Brightest," in Wallace's opera of "Mari-tana." The air, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," has now become so associated with the hymn that the shock would probably be with most of us to find it reunited with its original mate, "Oft in the Stilly Night." The only explanation of the possibility of this state of things is that the people who go to church don't, as a class, hear any The Sewing Girls of Germany.

The sewing girls of Germany, according to a report which has been sent to the Department of State, have a hard time. Their wages are barely sufficient for subsistence and lodging, leaving all necestary incidents. sary incidental expenses, including clothing, to be provided either by a girl's family or through independent efforts of her own. In the larger cities this condition leads to frightful suffering or degrading immorality and ruin. Their employers are endeavor-ing to compel them to purchase their thread and other supplies at employers' prices, and the well-to-do girls who want a little extra money for luxuries or fineries compete with the lower classes and do the work at even lower rates than those generally paid. In short, only those girls have a passable existence who have suffi-cient support in their family ties. The self-dependent girl who lives by herself generally falls an easy prey to designing men and ends in private or public immorality and prostitution.—Washington

A drummer had a spite at a hotel in Palestine, Texas, and resolved on a terrible revenge. So when he went to Galveston he a lot of the cockroaches which the island city is celebrated. Bringing a lot of the largest, commonly called by native Galvestonians "diggerloogers," the drummer took them to the hotel and dors. In about two weeks the hotel was swarming with them and they got in the soups, preserves, jams, molasses, in the soups, preserves, jams, molasses, in the milk—everywhere—and worked hard all day and sat up at night to help that drummer get even. They have filled the hotel and gone to work on the private houses, and now Palestine is accursed with them .-Chicago News.

A Mother's Love.

Teacher-Yes, my children, always remember there is no human love equal to a Little Girl—Womens love their childens better than their husbands, don't they? "Very often."

"Yes, indeed. When we gets the hiccoughs mamma gets sorry and tries to cure 'em, but when papa gets the hiccoughs she

A Line of Study.

Editor (to young assistant)-"Mr. Greatnead, I want to map out a line of journalistic study for you!

Young Assistant (dubiously)—"I am retty well up to newspaper stuff, as it is, Editor-" I am aware of that, Mr. Great-

head : but you know too much. I would suggest that you devote one hour each day to forgetting something."—Puck.

At the Sunday School.

Teacher-William, what is the Golden Text to day? William—Dunno.

Teacher-It is "Watch and-" what

William-Dunno. Teacher—Think again. What did your papa do just before breakfast this morning? William (with animation)—Kissed mamma! How'd you know?

Old lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady Boy-That's what the boss told mo to do,

Old lady—Told you to whistle? Boy—Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything, we'd have to whistle for the

Some Excuse for Him. "Oh, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, you may think my life all sunshine, but t ain't. Wherever I go I am beset with dangers. In short, ma'am, I carry my life

in my hands."

"Ah, I see," exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."-Boston Tran

Seventy-two years ago Robert Tirrell, of Rhode Island, then a soldier in the British army, deserted and came to America. The old man, who is 93 years old, has just received a pardon from the granddaughter of the king he deserted, and is going back to the old country to die among his kins

William Milan, a merchant of St. Joseph. Mo., has gone to Australia to marry a young lady whom he has never seen, but with whom the engagement was brought about by correspondence. The young lady is a handsome heiress, and Milan is also rich.

Mrs. Foshay (to prospective nursery should say I was, ma'am. If I hadn't been I wouldn't a nursed my sister's nine young ones that was down with scarlet fever till every blessed one of them died, ma'am, and buried the last of 'em a week come Friday.'

CURRENT TOPICS.

Or the Empress Eugenie, a Paris corspondent writes: "She was lately at Amsterdam, whither she went to consult noted Dutch physician respecting the rheumatism, from which she is a constant sufferer. An American lady who saw her there tells me she has grown very stout and infirm, and has lost every vestige o her once dazzling beauty. She is subject to attacks of insomnia, during which she will sit the whole night through before the portrait of the Prince Imperial, and these attacks usually terminate in fits of weeping and acute hysteria."

Chevreul, the French savant, has just celebrated his 101st birthday. When asked the secret of his longevity, he replied: There is no secret : there can be no rule of life; what is good for one man may no be good for another. We must study what hymns is best for us individually. For example my parents lived to be more than 90 years old, and they drank wine; from my child hood wine has been disagreeable to me Like Locke and Newton, I have never cared for any beverage but water, and yet I am President of the Wine Society of Anjou." FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has more royal titles than any other European sovereign. He is King of seven countries or provinces,

Grand Prince of one. Prince or Margray of several others, and Archduke, Grand Duke and Duke of half a dozen more. He Duke and Duke of half a dozen more. He is considered the richest monarch of Europe, with the possible exception of Queen Victoria. Beside his personal revenues, which are enormous, the Emperor manages on various pretexts to public treasury. Altogether Francis Joseph is what is commonly known as "well fixed." THE British Medical Journal gives the fol lowing interesting particulars of the height, weight and dimensions of Thomas Longley, of Dover, who is said to be the heaviest British subject in the world. who is a respectable and intelligent publi

can, is 40 years of age, being born (of parents not above the normal size) in 1848. As a baby he was not considered large. His present weight is 40 stone height, 6 feet ? inch; measurement of the waist, 80 inches; size of leg, 25 inches. He finds considerable difficulty in walking. and does not trust himself in a carriage, fo fear of breaking the springs. He is said to be very temperate both in eating and drink-ing, and has never suffered from any illhealth of a serious nature.

Fresh News Notes.

A bill providing for several important sanitary reforms will be prepared by the Quebec Provincial Board of Health and submitted to the Legislature next session.

The Dominion Government has been invited to send a representative to the Interprovincial Congress to be held next month in the city of Quebec, but will most probably decline.

At yesterday's meeting of the Montreal

boodle investigation committee, counsel for the complainant attempted to put a number of fishing questions on the gas contract witnesses, but they were ruled out by the committee. Nothing important was elicited, and unless something definite is proved at the next meeting the charge in its present form will fall through.

Thoughtful Little Boys. Some boys were playing in an alley off

Congress street the other day when a woman came out of her back gate and bian Boys, I want you to go away from here

with your noise. My husband is very "Yes'm." replied the leader of the crowd. Is your husband's life insured?'

No. sir." "Oh, then, you don't want him to die, of course. Come, boys, let's go.'

The Widow's Mite

She was a widow, and perhaps a little sensitive on that account. When she answered a summons the other day she found a good-looking ministerial standing at the door.

"Good day," he began; "I represent loan association"— "So do I," she responded shortly, " and

I mean to stay alone; good day, sir. He hasn't thought it out yet to his entire

Learning to Swim.

It is perhaps not generally known that if a child is taught to swim at a very early age it learns much more easily than when it is older. Instinct teaches it exactly what to do. The children of the South Sea islanders almost live in the water from their early infancy and are quite as much at home there as they are on land.—London

Bill Nye in the Barber's Chair. Barber-You are very bald, Mr. Nye. Nve-That's so.

Barber-What was the cause of your baldness? Nye—The top of my head grew faster than the hair.—Texas Siftings.

Polson's Nerviline,

Hundreds who have experienced the won derful power of Nerviline in subduing pain have testified that it is the most potent remedy in existence. Nerviline is equally efficacious as an internal or an external emedy, Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms, cholera, cramps, headache, sea-sickness, summer complaint, etc., etc., Nerviline is sold by all druggists and country dealers. Only 25 cents a bottle. Try it.

Two Important Questions for Girls. Here is a postscript to a girl's letter

When you write next answer me in confio questions: Can you lace your boots with your corsets on? And can you put on your bonnet with your bodice on? I want to know. M."—London Truth.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with a perfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Bein purely vegetable, they are perfect harmless

Somewhat Indefinite.

Old Friend—Well, good-bye, my boy. I say, why don't you come up to dinner with me some time? My Boy—Why, I will; of course will be glad to. When shall I come? Oh, come up-er-some time. Well, so long."—Texas Siftings.

Nikita, Maurice Strakosch's latest discovered star, about whom he told that wonderful Indian story, and for whom he prophesied a future more brilliant and glorious than that of Patti, has appeared in London at the promenade concerts given at Her Majesty's under Col. Mapleson's man agement. So far the success of this young lady has been of a rather doubtful nature if we accept the verdict of some of the leading London papers.

The Pittsburg, Pa., Grand Opera House gives an opera glass with every seat. The glasses are chained to the chairs, the chairs maid)—"You are fond of children, of course?" P. N. M.—"Fond of 'em? I to the beams, the beams are let into the foundation, and the foundation is sunk into the earth, but one of these fine nights some fellow will dig the whole establishment out and carry it off, rather than let go of his Then let the moon usurp the rule of day, And winking tapers show the sun his way For what my senses can perceive, I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex. and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescriptions according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menlcucorrhea, excessive ilowing, paintui men-struation, unnatural suppressions, pro-lapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retrover-sion, bearing down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Hifalutin.—Young Reporter—" The storm-king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and lismembered edifice." Old Editor-"What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?' Reporter-" I-c-er-the Young vashed away Patrick McDougal's old soap

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

A New York despatch says: Preston, candidate of the Union Labor party for Secretary of State, has resigned to allow John Swinton's name to be put at the head of that ticket. This makes four parties of that ticket. This makes four parties already in the field. The Republicans have Col. Fred. Grant. The Democrats will nominate to-morrow. Henry George represents United Labor and John Swinton nion Labor. The fall election promises to be lively.

Jacob Sharp is to be sent to Sing Sing n Friday and James A. Richmond, one of Sharp's colleagues, is to be placed on trial. Col. Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, in an article in the Toledo Blade, proves to his own satisfaction that the second coming of Christ will occur A. D. 1913-14.

A run was precipitated upon a saving bank in Binghamton, N. Y., on Monday last by a "practical joke," and it took the efforts of some of the solidest men in the city to stop it.

A French countryman was asked why he was so bitter against one of his neigh bors. "Because he is a boor. He comes to our house half a dozen times a day, and -would you believe it?-he has never asked once to see our pig!'

Surveyors who are sub-dividing the town ships near Lake Temiscaming, preparatory to their being opened for settlement, report very favorably on the quality of the land



ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS. Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically scaled. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache,
Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion,
Bilious Attacks, and all
derangements of the stomneh and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently
tured by the use of Dr.
Picrce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.
In explanation of the remedial power of these
Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it
may trutfully be said that their action upon
the system is universal, not a gland or tissue
escaping their santivo influence. Sold by
druggista, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the
Chemical Laboratory of World's Dispensary
Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.





SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mu

into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, snucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing proporties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents,

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

"Untold Agony from Catarra,"

Prof. W. Hausnen, the famous mesmerist, of Ilhaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I dauld barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By tho use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting." "Constantly Elawking and Spitting."
Thomas J. Rushing, Esq., 2902 Pine Street,
St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer
from catarrh for three years. At times I could
hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking
and spitting, and for the last eight months
could not breathe through the nostrils. I
thought nothing could be done for mc. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh
Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe
it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now
manufactured, and one has only to give it a
fair trial to experience astounding results and
a permanent cure."

ELI ROBHINS, Runjan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

Three Bottles Cure Cgiarrh.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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