From the beauty on the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills;
We may read love's shining letter,
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known.

If we err in human blindness, If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover,
All the pains that cloud our day;
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away—
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone. Nevermore to walk alone, In the dawning of the morning, When the miss have cleared away

When the silvery mists have veiled us When the silvery mists have veiled used to From the faces of our own, Oft we deem their love has failed us, And we tread our path alone; We should see them near and truly, We should trust them day by day: Neither love nor blame unduly, If the mists were cleared away—We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk alone, In the dawning of the morning, When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known; Love beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away—
We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk alone, When the day of light is dawning, And the mists have cleared away

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

"Yes, mother," in a low voice; "and I suppose he has told you the news."
"What news, my pet?"
"That he and Miss Selby are engaged.

Oh ves. I knew it directly I saw the letter. It is good of him to tell us so soon. I am glad; you must tell him we are glad, mother

'Will that be the truth, Fern?" looking at her doubtfully.
"One ought to be glad whenone's friends are happy," was the unsteady answer. "If he loves her, of course he must want to marry her. Crystal says she is very handsome and looks so nice. You must write a very pretty letter to him, mother, and say all sorts of kind things. And it is for us to be glad that he has got his wish, for I think he has not looked quite happy lately." And Fern folded up her work in old business-like manner, and then

went about the room putting little touches here and there; and if she were a little pale, the dusk soon hid it. Mrs. Trafford had no fault to find with her daughter that evening; nevertheless she did not feel easy; she thought girlish pride was bidding her conceal the wound, and that in reality her child was unhappy.

If any one had asked Fern what were her

feelings when she saw that letter in her mother's hands she would have answered most truly that she did not know. When a long-dreaded trouble that one knows to be inevitable at last reaches one, the mind seems to collapse and become utterly blank; there is a painless void, into which the mental vision refuses to look. Presently-there is plenty of time; life is over long for suffering—we will sit down for a little while by the side of the abyss which has just swallowed up our dearest

Numbness, which was in reality death in life, blunted Fern's feelings as she worked and talked, and fulfilled her little duties. When she went up to her room, and looked at Crystal's empty bed, she thought the room had never looked so desolate. She undressed slowly, with long pauses, during which she tried to find out what had happened to her; but no real consciousness came until she laid her head on the pillow nd tried to sleep, and then found her thoughts active. And the darkness seemed to take her into its black arms, and there seemed no rest anywhere. They were all over—those beautiful dreams that had glorified her life. No bright-faced young prince would ride out of the mist and carry her away; there would be no more kind looks full of deep wonderful meanings for her to over her work; in the morning she would not wake and say, "Perhaps he will come to-day;" no footstep would make her heart beat more quickly; that springy tread would never sound on the stairs again He was gone out of her life, this friend of hers, with his merry laugh, and his boyish ays, and that pleasant sympathy that was

always ready for her. Fern had never imagined that such sad possibilities could wither up the sweet bloom of youthful promise; she had never felt really miserable except when her father died, and then she had been only a child. She wondered in a dreary, incredulous way if this was all life meant to bring her every day a little teaching, a little work, quiet evenings with her mother, long streets that seem to lead nowhere; no meadows; no flowers; no pretty things except in the shop windows; would she still live over Mrs. Watkins' when she was

an old woman? 'Oh, how empty and mean it all seems," she moaned, tossing restlessly on her hot

"Are you awake still, my darling?" asked her mother, tenderly. Some instinc-tive sympathy had led her to her child's door, and she had heard that impatient little speech. "What is the matter, dearest you will tell your mother, will you not?" "Oh, mother, why have you come? I never meant you to know. But here she broke down, and clasped her mother's neck convulsively. "I am glad-I will be glad that he is happy; but oh, mother, I want him so—I want him so." And then Mrs. Trafford knew that the wound was deep-

very deep indeed. CHAPTER XXIX.

A GLIMPSE OF THE DARK VALLEY. Not alone unkindness Rends a woman's heart; Oft through subtler pier Wives and mothers die.

Though the cord of silver Never feel a strain; Never feel a strain;
Though the golden language
Cease not where ye dwell,
Yet remaineth something
Which, with its own pain,
Breaks the finer bosom
Whence true love doth well.

O this life how pleasant O this life how possible to be loved and love,
Yet should love's hope wither
Then to die were well.
Philip Stanhope Worsley.

Every one noticed at the Hall that Lady Redmond was sadly altered in those days

every one but one, and that was her

Had Sir Hugh's indifference made him blind? for he completely ignored the idea of any change in her. She was pale and thin—very thin, they told him. Hugh said he supposed it was only natural; and when they spoke of her broken rest and failing appetite, he said that was natural

They must take better care of her, and not let her do so much. That was his sole remark; and then, when she came into the and would they not talk to her, for she felt room a few minutes afterwards to bathe his aching head, and read him to sleep, or and would some one tell Sir Hugh so when the sit fanning the teasing flies from him for the hour together, Hugh never seemed to notice the languid step, or the pale tired face out of which the lovely color had

His Wee Wife was such a dear, quiet made her so lazy, she said again and again. Ittle nurse, he said, and with that scant No, they must only tell Sir Hugh that she of praise Fay was supposed to be was very tired.

But she knew now that all his gentle looks and words were given her out of sheer pity, or in colder kindness, and shrank from his caresses as much as she had once sought his caresses as much as she had once sought them; and often, as she spoke to him, the and Fay smiled to herself, for she said, "The a dissatisfied expression on his face; he

shamed conscious color rose suddenly to her fair face, and broken breaths so impeded her utterance that her only safety was in silence. Scarcely more than a child in years, yet Fay bore her martyrdom nobly. Unloved, unhelped, she girded on her heavy cross and carried it from day to with a resignation and courage that was truly womanly; and hiding all her wrongs and her sorrows from him, only strove with her meek young ways to win

But as time went on her love and her suffering increased, and the distance widened miserably between them. the Sometimes when her trouble was very upon her-when Hngh had be more than usually restless, and had spoken irritably and sharply to her—she would break down utterly, and nestle her face against his in a moment's forgetfulness, and

cry softly.

Then Hugh would wonder at her, and stroke her hair, and tell her that she had grown nervous by staying at home so much; and then he would lecture her a little in a grand martial way about taking more care of herself, until she dried her eyes, and asked him to forgive her for being so foolish; and so the pent-up pain that was within her found no outlet at all.

ind no oûtlet af âll. 'Oh, if he will not love me—if he will try to love me, I must die," d the poor child to herself; and then she would creep away with a heart-broken look on her face and sob herself to

Ah, that was a bitter time to Fay; but she bore it patiently, not knowing that the days that were to follow should be still more full of bitterness than this. Sir Hugh was getting better now—om the hour he had seen Margaret there had been no relapse; but he was struggling through his convalescence with a restless impatience that was very trying to all who came in contact with him.

He was longing for more freedom and change of air. He should never grow strong until he went away, he told Fay; and then she understood that he meant to leave her. But the knowledge gave her no fresh pain. She had suffered so much that even he could not hurt her more, she thought. She only said to him once in her shy way, "You will be at home in time, Hugh; you will not leave me to go through t all alone?" And he had promised faith fully that he would come back in plenty of

And the next morning she found him dressed earlier than usual and standing by the window of the library, and exclaimed at the improvement; and Hugh, moving still languidly, bade her see how well he could walk. "I have been three times round the room and once down the corridor," he said, with a smile at his own boasting. "To-

norrow I shall go out in the garden, and the next day I shall have a drive."

And a week after that, as they were standing together on the terrace, looking towards the lake and the water lilies, Hugh, leaning on the coping, with a brighter look than usual on his wan face, spoke cheerfully about the arrangements for the next day's

journey. He was far from well, she told him, sadly, and she hoped Saville would take great care of him; and he must still follow Dr. Martin's prescriptions, and that was all she said that night.

But the next day, when the servants were putting the portmanteaus on the carriage, and Hugh went into the blue room to bid her good-bye, all Fay's courage for-sook her, and she said, piteously, "Oh, Hugh, are you really going to leave me? Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" And, as the sense of her loneliness rushed over her, she clung to him in a perfect anguish of weeping. Hugh's browgrewdark; he hated scenes and especially such scenes as these. In his weak-ness he felt unable to cope with them, or to understand them.

"Fay," he said, remonstrating with her, "this is very foolish," and Fay knew by his voice how vexed he was; but she was past minding it now. In her young way he was tasting the bitterness of death. My dear," he continued, as he unloosened her hands from their passionate grasp, and held them firmly in his, "do you know what a silly child you are?" and then he relented at his own words, she was such a child. "I told you before that I should child. never be well until I went away, but you evidently did not believe me. Now I cannot leave you like this, for if you cry so you yourself ill; therefore, if you will not let me go quietly, I cannot go

'No, no," she sobbed; "don't be

"Well, will you promise me to be a brave little woman and not fret after me when I am gone? "he went on more gently. "It is only six weeks, you know, Fay, and I have promised to be back in time."

"Yes, yes, I know you will," she answered, "and I will be good—indeed I will, Hugh; only tell me you are not angry with me before you go, and call me your Wee Wife as you used when you first brought me home; and she held up her wet face to him as though she were a child wanting to be kiesed and forgiven.

'You foolish birdie," he said, laughing, but he kissed her more fondly than he had done yet. "There, you will take care of yourself, my own Wee Wifie, will you not, and write long letters to me, and tell me how you are getting on?"

"Yes, Hugh," she replied, quietly; and then he put her down from his arms. She had taken the flower from his button-hole. and stood fondling it long after he had

driven off. "Had you not better lie down, my lady?'s
Mrs. Heron said to her a little while afterwards, when she found her still standing in wards, when she found her still standing in the middle of the room; and she took hold of her gently, for she did not like the look in my lady's eyes at all; and then she laid her down on the couch, and never left her until she had fallen asleep, like a child,

for very trouble.

And then she went down and spoke out her mind to Janet; and the substance of her speech might be gathered from the conclud-

ng sentence.
"And I am sorry to say it, Janet, of any one to whom I am beholden for the bread I eat, and whom I have known since he was a baby; but in spite of his bonnie looks and pleasant ways, Sir Hugh is terribly selfish; and I call it a sin and a shame for any man to leave a sweet young creature like that at such a time. What can he expect if she goes on fretting herself to death in this

Fay could not tell why she felt so strangely weak the next day when she woke up, and Mrs. Heron could not tell either. She did not fret; she did not even seem unhappy; she was too tired for anything of that sort, she said to herself: but day after day she lay alone in her little room with closed eyes and listless hands; while Nero lay at her feet wondering why his little mistress was so lazy, and why she wasted these lovely

summer mornings indoors instead of run-ning races with him and Pierre. No, she was not ill, she assured them, when Mrs. Heron and the faithful Janet came to look after her, and to coax her with own she was ill; it was only the heat that

But when a few more days had passed, Mrs. Heron thought she had been tired long enough, and sent for Dr.

Martin.

But Margaret's reproachful speech came back to her—"Would you wish to die with-out winning your husband's love?" and to the alarm of the good housekeeper she sud-denly became hysterical and begged her to send for Sir Hugh.

But her piteous request was forgotten for a time, for before night her life was in Hour after hour the desolate young creature looked death in the face and found him terrible, and called out in her agony

that she was afraid to die unless Hugh would hold her hand; and for many a long day after that Fay did not see her baby boy, for the least excitement would kill her, the doctor said, and her only chance was perfect quiet.

And the urgent letters that were sent

did not reach Sir Hugh for a long time, for he was wandering about Switzerland. He had carelessly altered nis route, and had forgotten

But on his homeward route, which was not until the six weeks were past, he found a budget awaiting him at Inter-

Hugh was deeply shocked when he heard of his wife's danger, and blamed himself for his selfishness in leav-

ing her. The trip had refreshed him, but the idea of returning home was still irksome to him. He had enjoyed his freedom from domestic restraint; and he planned a longer route that should end in the Pyramids, when Fay was strong and well again. It would not matter then; but he was a brute, he confessed, to have left her just at that time. Then he added in self-extenuation that he was not quite himself.

And one lovely summer morning, when Fay lay like a broken lily on her pillow, and looked languidly out upon the world and life, they brought her baby to her and laid it in her weak arms; and Fay gazed wonderingly into a dimpled tiny face and blue-grey eyes that seemed to her the counterpart of Hugh's eyes; and then, as nestling thing against her shoulder, and saw the crumpled hand on her breast, a new, strange flood of happiness came into her starved heart.

'Hugh's little boy," she whispered, and a tender look shone in her eyes; and then she added, "he will love me for my baby's saka.

And she was very happy in her belief.

As long as they would let her, she lay radling her boy in her feeble arms and whispering to him about his father; and when night came she would lie awake happily trying to hear baby's soft breathing in the bassinet beside her, and if he woke and cried, she would ask the nurse to lay him beside her.

"He will not cry when he is with his mother," she would say, with maternal pride. "He is always so good with me; indeed, I never knew such a good baby," which was not wonderful, considering her experience had been confined to Catharine's baby at the lodge. And if the nurse humored her, Fay would cover the little downy head with noiseless kisses, and tell him not to cry, for father was coming home to love them and take care of them

both. " You will love me now; yes, I know you will, Hugh," she would murmur softly when the baby was slumbering peacefully in his blankets again, and nurse had begged Lady Redmond not to think any more about Master Baby, but to go to sleep. And as she obediently closed her eyes, the happy tears would steal through her eye-

Poor innocent child! when she had first discovered that Hugh did not love her, her despair had nearly cost her her life; but no sooner was her baby brought to her than hope revived, for from the depths of her sanguine heart she believed that by her boy's help she should win his love; not knowing in her ignorance that Hugh might possibly care nothing for the son though he desired the heir, and that baby charms that had been so potent with her should possess no magic for him.

CHAPTER XXX. " IT IS ALL OVER, BABY." Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Sather will come to thee soon; Rest, on mother's breast, Sather will come to thee soon; nd rest, sleep and rest, will come to thee soon; Father will come to thee ston.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

It was on a hot thundery July afternoon and heated and dusty, and thoroughly

ashamed of himself. There are some men who hate to be reminded of their own shortcomings—who are too proud and impatient to endure selfhumiliation, and who would rather go through fire and water than own themselve in the wrong. Sir Hugh was one of these. Despite his moral weakness, he was a Redmond all over, and had a spice of the arrogance that had belonged to them in old games that had belonged to them in our feudal days, when they had ruled their vassals most tyrannically. And especially did he hate to be reminded by word or deed that his conduct had not been faultless; his conscience made him uncomfortable enough, for he was really kind-hearted in spite of his selfishness; so it did not improve matters when Mrs. Heron met him in the hall, and, quite forgetting her usual stately manners, suddenly burst out, while her tearful eyes gave emphasis to her

words: "Oh, Sir Hugh, I am grateful and thankful to see you again, for we thought my lady would have died in her trouble; for, bless her dear heart, she fretted herself cruelly when you left her, and more's the

pity The housekeeper had meant no reproach to her master, but Sir Hugh's uneasy con-

science took alarm.

"Thank you, Mrs. Heron," with icy politeness, "I am deeply indebted to you are as my shortcomings. for reminding me of my shortcomings. Ellerton, be good enough to tell Lady Red-

mond's nurse that I am here, and that I wish to see my wife at once;" and he passed on in a very bad humor indeed, leaving Mrs. Heron thoroughly crest-fallen by her master's unexpected sarcasm.

Ellerton was an old servant, and he ventured to remonstrate before carrying out this order. " Will you not get rid of a little of the dust

of your journey, Sir Hugh, and have some refreshment before you go up to my of your lady?

"You have my orders, Ellerton," returned his master, curtly; and he ascended the staircase with the frown still heavy on his face.

He did not like to feel ashamed of himself, and this was his mode of show-

ıng it. Fay lay on a couch in her bedroom looking very lovely, in her white tea-gown trimmed with lace, with her brown hair nanging in long plaits, and a little rose-leaf color tinting her cheeks. She was listening with a beating heart for the well-known footsteps; as they sounded at last in the corridor and she heard his voicespeaking to Ellerton, she sat up, flushed and trembling, and under the soft shawl some-

"You must not excite yourself, my lady," observed the nurse, anxiously; but she might as well have spoken to the wind, for Fay seemed to have forgotten her

thing that lay hidden stirred uneasily as she

"Oh, Hugh, my darling husband!" she exclaimed, as the door opened; and the tender rose flush deepened in her cheeks as she stretched out her hand to him with her old smile.

Hugh stooped over the couch and kissed

time is very near now, and then he thinks thought they had made a fuss to frighten that I shall die."

so very ill after all. could not come to meet you, love. she said, with a little clasp of his hand, and she kissed it in her old way, and laid it against

"My dear Fay,"he remonstrated, and bit his lip. "Nurse, you can trust your patient in my care. I will ring for you in a little his lip. while." Then, as the door closed behind her, he said in a vexed tone, "Fay, why are you so childish? you know that I object to demonstration before the servants, and have told you so, and yet you never seem to remember; do try to be a little more dignified, my dear, and wait till we are alone. And this to her who had come back to him through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," bringing his boy with

Fay became very white, and drew her hand away. "You do not seem to remember how very ill I have been," she faltered. And then the baby's blind wandering touches over her breast soothed her.

Hugh grew a little remorseful.
"My dear, I assure you I have not for gotten it; I was very grieved to hear it, and to know that you should have been alone in your trouble; but was it my fault, Fay? Did you keep your promise to me not to fret yourself ill when I was

gone?"
"I kept my promise," she replied, quietly; "the fretting and the mischief were done before. We will not talk about my illness; it is too bad even to think of it. Have you nothing else to say to me, Hugh? Do you not wish to see our

Hugh started, conscience-stricken—he had forgotten his child altogether; and then he laughed off his confusion.
"Our boy! what an important Wee

Wifie. Yes, show him to me by all means Do you mean you have got him under that shawl? "Yes; is he not good?" returned Fay,

proudly; she had forgotten Hugh's coldness now, as she drew back the flimsy covering and showed him the tiny fair face within her arms. "There, is he not a beauty? Nurse says she has never seen a finer baby boy for his size. He is small now, but he that, she assures me, he will be a tall man. Mrs. Heron says he is a thorough Redmond. Look at his hair like floss silk, only finer; and he has your forehead, dear, and your eyes. Oh, he will be just like his father, the darling!

"Will he?" returned Hugh, dubiously and he touched him rather awkwardly—he had never noticed a baby closely before, and he was not much impressed with his son's appearance; there was such a redness, he thought, and no features to be called features, and he had such a ridiculous button of a mouth. "Do you really call him a fine baby, Fay?"
"Fine! I should think so; the smallness

does not matter a bit. You will be a big man some time, my beauty, for you are the very mage of your father.

(To be continued.)

Canadian Cheese.

Mr. Lathrop, United States Consul at Bristol, makes the following report to Washington, which certainly is very flattering to Canadian cheese producers:
"The import trade of Bristol is largely

nade up of provisions. In this connection wish to draw special attention to the way Canadian cheese has supplanted the United States product. The Canadian cheese is imported each year in increasing quanti-ties in the Bristol district, and finds each year increasing favor, both with dealers and consumers. While the import of all year moreons. While the import of foreign cheeses fell off in Liverpool in 1886 in Bristol by 250,000 boxes, the import in Bristol from Montreal increased by 12,000 boxes total for year 201,000 boxes, and the re-ceipts from New York fell off considerably Great Britain manufactures each year 135,000 tons—valued at about \$35,000,000. Now, the very prince of English cheese is held to be Cheddar, made in Somerset, and yet Canadian cheese made on the Cheddar principle has actually, right here in Som-erset, where I write, been sold for a penny pound more than a cheese actually made Cheddar Valley. There is a hot controversy now raging in the English papers as to whether Cheddar cheese is the result of particular herbage and pasturage, or of a particular mode of manipulating the milk; and I think that all but Somersetshire men are pretty well agreed that this toothsome cheese is the result of superior methods rather than of special grasses. And the Canadians have gone on improving intil they have surpassed their teachers; but the United States do not appear to have proportionately advanced, or if they have they consume their best makes at

Sure Cure for Channed Lins.

"As soon as the cold winds begin to blow," remarked a New York physician, "I am overrun with patients suffering from chapped lips. The trouble generally manifests itself in one wide cut in the middle of I used to treat such things as laughable matter and prescribe some simple emollient, such as glycerine, for instance. But I soon found that such treatment was only a temporary remedy, for after partially only a temporary remedy, for after partially healing the cut would reopen at the slightest exertion of the lips. The mere act of biting anything hard, laughing or yawning would make the unfortunate howl with pain. If the patient was addicted to the use of tobacco the chances were that he would have a bad lip all through the winter In my researches for a permanent cure l ran across an old tramp printer, who had rubbed against the rough side of the world all his life and for whom every season had been a cold day. He told me that if I investigated the matter I would find that the people addicted to chapped lips were in the habit of touching them with their tongues. A sure cure, said he is to keep your tongue in your mouth. I have since followed his suggestion in my practice and never knew it to fail. The rough skin of the tongue scratches the lips, and when they have once become chapped the least contact is enough to keep the cut open."

Miss Phelps' Inspiration. The announcement of Miss Phelps' new Gate" story, entitled "The Gates Between," recalls the remark of a prominent Kansas City lady who was driving with some guests along the Hesperus Road this summer, between Magnolia and Gloucester As a curve of the beautiful driveway disclosed the narrow " Neck " stretching out to sea, the Western woman turned to her companion, saying: "We drove out on the Neck last week when we went to Manchester-by-the-Sea, and had a view of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' summer home. After that visit I understand why she's always writing about gates. Why, there is nothing else as noticeable. They thrust themselves across the road at every turn without the shadow of an excuse; but not one of the six was ajar. And warnings were posted at every one against leaving it under extreme penalty of the law ajar -From Portfolio of the American Magazine for

A Philosopher

Young Dempsey has been jilted in love, but he takes it philosophically, as a sensible young man should. "There is one thing about it," he remarked, confidentially, to a friend the other day, "love's labor is never lost. If a follow saves up his noney for the sake of a girl and doesn't get the girl, has the money."-Eurlington Free Press.

Henry A. Robinson, a famous dealer in sporting goods, says that Mexico buys more pistols than all the United States put together. The pet pistols there are of the biggest size and calibre.

CURRENT TOPICS

WALTER BESANT'S effort to raise \$200.00 o build a Dickens Memorial in London brings to mind the fact that the great novelist in his will emphatically disapproved of any such act on the part of his dmirers. He believed, and rightly, that his works were a sufficient monument to his memory.

THE London Echo notes the introduction in English markets of a new fiber. which is so fine and durable that a new fabric made from it is expected shortly to drive silk almost entirely out of the market. The fiber is in the shape of a pine apple leaf, and the new fabric has received name of " pina cloth."

THE late Mr. David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, was an ardent Liberal. When he was in Egypt he wrote: "When this country is governed by liberty as now by despotism, it will be the garden of the Lord. My curse on all forms of tyranny, and our Government on the side of yranny! But not for long-not for long. Heaven be on the Gladstone side.

REV. W. ELLIOT, Vicar of Aston, Birmingham, is trying to collect his tithes from his parishioners by legal proceedings. One man who had lived for twenty-five years on his property without healing of tithes had a levy put on, and in another case a distraint for £3 was put on the Smallheath Liberal Club, but the chairman defied the bailiffs and the warrant was not enforced. Appropos of the fact that it took eighty

soldiers and 150 policemen recently to evict one Irish tenant, the Pall Mall Gazette offers the Government the following problem in simple proportion: "If it takes 230 armed men to reduce one Irish patriot to the submission that you call union, how many armed men will it take to reduce the whole Irish people and thus complete Mr. Balour's promised task of uniting the United

Kingdom ?" EDUCATORS in America who have recently mission gives a very intelligible idea of the been engaged in discussion concerning the actual strength of Mormonism. The poputeaching of the dead languages will be interested to know that an influential committee, representing all the colleges, has decided to adopt the continental pronunciation of Latin at Cambridge University. Whether Oxford will follow this versity. Whether Oxford will follow this the Mormon Church in the various terriexample remains to be seen, but, if it does tories number 162,383, with 46,639 children not, teachers preparing pupils will find themselves in a quandary.

Orchards generally produce full crops only every other year. This is because the full crop of one year so exhausts the fruit-producing qualities of the soil that it is not able to produce a full crop the next year.
Give it a good supply of the proper kind of
manure and thus make up for the loss of
the fruit-producing qualities of the soil, and you may expect good crops every year,

Archipelago, has written a narrative of her adventures while she accompanied her husband in his travels. Mrs. Forbes' experiences in the East were in some respects unique. She lived for a few weeks absolutely alone in the mountains of Timor. and was the first European woman who visited Papua. The book is dedicated to the Countess of Aberdeen.

SIR CHARLES and Lady Dilke have had a jolly time in Constantinople. The Sultan was extremely cordial to them, and they by the Patriarch of the Greek Church and by the seven Archbishops in Synod assembled. A Turkish translation of Lady Dilke's "The Shrine of Death" is being made. The noted couple went from Turkey to Greece, and are now on their way to London. They have won a good deal of popularity wher ever they have stopped for any length of

THERE has been a royal committee appointed to investigate the Hessian fly ravages in the United Kingdom, twenty counties in England and ten in booman, having been visited by this insect. It is difficult to estimate the damage, some placing it at two bushels per acre. In Fife counties in England and ten in Scotland placing it at two bushels per acre. In Fife there are complaints of losses of three to ten bushels per acre. The treatment in Russia and in the United States has been inquired into, and corn merchants are requested to be on the alert. The general conclusion of the commission favors the dissemination of all information possible, trusting to the vigilance of the British

THE process of welding invented by Mr. The process of welding invented by Mr. rubbing in a tablespoonful twice a day with De Banardoz, of Russia, is now applied the hand. Let the horse run in a loose industrially by the society for the electrical stall deeply littered with sawdust or on an working of metals. The pieces to be welded are placed upon a cast iron plate supported by an insulated table and connected with the negative pole of a source of item in the insulation of the electricity. The positive pole communicates with an electric carbon inserted in an insulating handle. On drawing the point of the carbon along the edge of the metal to be welded the operator closes the circuit. He has then merely to raise the point slightly to produce a voltaic arc whose high temperature melts the two

pieces of metal and causes them to unite. "SHE who sweeps a room," says Good Housekeeping, "makes the action no less fine by the wearing of a pair of old kid gloves during the process, and the same is true of blacking a stove, cleaning kerosen lamps, and many other household duties that fall to mothers and daughters in homes where no servant is kept. 'Mother thinks it so silly, said a young girl, blush ing with shame on being found sweeping in gloves. But why not as well wear glove to protect the hand as a sweeping cap to protect the hair? The occasional washing of the hands with corn meal and borax soap in tepid water helps to keep them soft and smooth, and glycerine, mixed with lemon juice, is excellent to apply at night."

"THERE is no longer," says a German paper, "any sword making industry in Damascus. What was once known as the Damascus. What was once known as the sword trade now occupies itself with converting the blades of old saws and pieces of ordinary iron into daggers, cheap swords and rifles of Solingen and Birmingham make are also bought up, finished and decorated in Oriental style, and then put seems to require are cheap specimens of filagree work, such as bracelets, brooches and armlets."

A CORRESPONDENT of Chambers' Journal alleges that recently in Melbourne, with his wife and two children, aged 2 and 4, he went to see the arimals in the Royal Park, and that four wolves sleeping in a cage paid no attention to himself and his wife and the eldest child, but the moment the younger one toddled up they sprang to their feet and made for the corner of the cage nearest to her, where they stood against the bars, pushed their paws through, barked constantly and seemed wild to get at her. have run to play with her. When the child • ief requisite is cash. spoke their efforts were redoubled. On a subsequent visit the same thing occurred. From which the correspondent conclude that wolves have a strong maternal instinct and love children.

At the forestry congress in Springfield Ill., last month a Chicago manufacturer of farm waggons said that a waggon had been made of twenty different kinds of timber all of which was grown from seed planted within forty years. It was by no means ment headed "The Woman's World." That's about the size of it.—Baltimore wood, as the entire running gear could American.

have come from one log of honey locust eighteen inches in diameter. The waggons which the speaker himself ordinarily made

required five kinds of wood, oak, hickory sh, tulip (which he called whitewood) and pine. The pine, however, was used only because it was cheap, as ash was just as light and more enduring for the same pur pose. He maintained that, although years was a good while to wait for the re urn on an investment, the money put into orest planting was prudently used, as a alue every year, was as marketable as any other property. Moreover, many of the branches trimmed off as the trees grew branches trimmed off as the trees grew could be used, as well as the saplings renoved in the thinning out process.

Dr. W. A. HAMMOND, the distinguished

New York medical expert, lecturing or the use and the abuse of the brain, other evening said: "Anxiety causes more brain disorders than any other agency I know of unless it be love. It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. Human beings ar governed by their emotions, and it is wel that they should be, though it is the emo tions that wear away the brain, and not honest intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and if my memory serves me I do not recollect ever a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love. I consider that eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brain, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain. may not feel the evil effects of the stress of brain work at the time but you will sooner or later, when it will be too late. The men that work at night with their brain are the nes that expose themselves to danger and death which will surely come unless the

great strain on the mind is lightened.

THE majority report of the Utah Comlation of the territory is about 200,000, a gain of nearly 60,000 since 1880, and the property is assessed at a valuation of They who try it praise it. Of Druggists. \$35,665,802. The Mormon population is 132,297, with 34,431 church dignitaries, but A Government organ in Montreal, in an under 8 years of age. The strength of the non-Mormon element in the territory is about 55,000, with 62 churches of different denominations, employing 230 teachers and Government, with a view to securing some having in their schools 6,668 pupils. Since revision of the Ashburton award. the passage of the Edmunds law in 1882, 541 persons have been indicted for unlawful cohabitation, and 289 have been convicted, while fourteen have been convicted for polygamy, and many fled to escape arrest. The majority of the Commissioners regard the recent movement to obtain statehood provided you treat your trees properly in other respects.

the recent movement to obtain the adoption of a constitution in which non-Mormons had no Mrs. Forbes, the wife of Mr. Forbes, the part as a mere effort to free the Church well-known naturalist and explorer, who a from the control of Government and to year or two ago published an account of his scientific researches in the Eastern other hand, the minority of the Commisother hand, the minority of the Commission believe that the large class of monogamous Mormons have become convinced that their interests require the abolition of polygamy, and that with its suppression their religious faith will no longer militate against them.

Farm and Garden,

The cultivation of bamboo for fencing material has been begun in California. It is said that an acre will produce pickets enough each year to make six miles of fence.

The American Cultivator predicts that the time is not far off when many disappointed farmers in the West will return to New England and take up farms, where the land can be worked to a certain profit by resolute and enterprising men. The average shrinkage of steer going

from Texas to Chicago is 100 pounds. The State furnishes an average 400,000 steers, which makes a shrinkage of 40,000,000 pounds, or, putting the average weight of a steer at 850 pounds, 47,058 head. For keeping small quantities of seeds paper bags are preferable to cloth, as they are better protection against moisture and nsects. Always mark each package with

the year in which it grew. Cold does not injure the vitality of seeds, but moisture is detrimental to all kinds. For a horse that is weak in the knees rub the limbs briskly with a woollen cloth, then bathe with salt and water, wipe dry and apply a mixture of one pint of alcohol and one drachm of tincture of Spanish fly

the name of the seed contained in it, and

ground under fruit trees will act as a fertilizer. It will at least prevent the growth of grass and weeds, and thus check loss of noisture and fertility that the tree needs to perfect its crop. It is as a mulch that the advantage of straw in an orchard con-sists. Its fertilizing value is very small, none of this being available until the straw

Beauty Without Paint. "What makes my skin so dark and muddy?
My cheeks were once so smooth and ruddy!
I use the best cosmetics made,"

Is what a lovely maiden said. "That's not the cure, my charming Miss," The doctor said— remember this:
If you your skin would keep from taint,
Discard the powder and the paint.

"The proper thing for all such ills Is this," remarked the man of pills "Enrich the blood and make it pur In this you'll find the only cure." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will

o this without fail. It has no equal. Al druggists. Referring to the recent statement that at a recent festival held in the Queen' resence in the Highlands, there cessive drinking, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Her Majesty's Private Secretary, writes to say he was present on the occasion men

tioned, and that he did not see any drunker

persons. Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be upon the market as weapons of Arabian and Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not bamascene origin. The famous gold and without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. silver work which once gave this district a reputation throughout the world has Nerviline is the best remedy in the world. good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world fallen into decay. Fine goldsmith's work for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia is no longer asked for, and all that Europe five minutes; toothache in one minute lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just a rapidly. Small test bottles only cost 10 cents. Why not try it to day? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pair cure—Nerviline.

The Important Thing. Eastern man (who has been invited to take a hand" in the game)—I know very iittle about poker. I suppose the chief re quisite in playing thegame successfully is nowledge of human nature. not viciously, however, but as a dog might | nature helps, stranger, it helps; but the

> By its mild, soothing and healing pro perties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of nasal catarrh, also " cold in the head," coryza, and catarrhal headaches. Fifty cents, by druggists.

She Has the Earth.

An esteemed contemporary has a depart-nent headed "The Woman's World." a. in and and

122 22

EYES LOST IN CAVERNS

nimal Life Underground Marked by the Fading Away of Visual Organs, There is a manifest tendency of all gayly

colored forms to lose their hues in the caverns and to become of an even color This may be explained by the simple absence of sunshine, and on it no conclusions can be based. The changes of the structural parts are of more importance; these, as might be expected, relate mainly to the growing forest, which was increasing in lorgans of sense. The eyes show an evident tendency in all the groups to fade away. In the characteristic cavern fishes they have entirely disappeared, the whate structure which serves for vision being no longer produced. In the crayfishes we may observe a certain gradation. Some species which abound in caverns are provided with eyes; others have them present, but so imperfect that they cannot serve as visual organs; yet others want them altogether. One species of pseudo-scorpion, as shown by Prof. Hagan, has in the outer world four eyes, while in the caves it has been found with two eyes and others in an entirely eyeless condition. Some cavern-beetles have the males with eyes, while the females are quite without them. As a whole, the cavern-forms ex-hibit a singular tendency of the visual organs, not only to lose their functions, but also to disappear as body-parts. At the same time there is an equal, or even more general, development of the antenæ and other organs of touch; these parts become onsiderably lengthened and apparently of greater sensitiveness, a change which is of manifest advantage to the individual. nanifest advantage to the Scribner's Magazine.

How Intelligent Women Decide.

When the question has to be met as to that is the best course to adopt to secure sure, safe and agreeable remedy for those filict the female sex, there is but one wise decision, viz., a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is an unfailing specific for periodical pains, misplacement, internal inflammation and all functional disorders that render the lives of so many women miserable and joyless

article supposed to be inspired, insinuates that the question of the international boundary along the State of Maine will probably be laid before the approaching ishery Commission by the Dominion



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing aliments peculiar to females, at the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the

ing and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Pr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had bailed their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar allments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system,

woman's peculiar atments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," deblitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," bouse-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

The Pierce's Favorite Prescription

eleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nuusea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries,

bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from gilhood to womanhood. "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally effectious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

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