A Man's a Man for a' That !

- The rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick, and stone and gold, And he inherits soft white hands, And tender flesh that fears the cold, Nor dares to wear a garment old; A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
- The rich man's son inherits cares; The nen man's son inhorits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
- What does the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.
- What does the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned of being poor,
 Courage if sorrow come to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door; A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.
- O rich man's son! there is a toil That with all others level stands; Large charity doth never soil But only whitens soft white hands—
- O poor man's son! scorn not thy state; There is worse weariness than thine In merely being rich and great; Toil only gives the soul to shine, And makes rest fragrant and benign; A heritage, it seems to me, Worth being poor to hold in fee.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Hugh he was quite appalled at the notion of any likeness between this abourd anecimes of humanity and himself; but happily the little mother did not hear him, for she was adjusting the long robe to her liking.

"There, you must take him, Hugh: I want to see him once in your arms—my two treasures together;" and she held the

baby to him.

Hugh did not see how the weak trembled under their load, as he retreated a few steps in most genuine

'I take him! My dear, I never held a baby in my life; I should be afraid of dropping him; no, let him stop with his mother Women understand these sort of things There, now, I thought so, he is going to cry; and Hugh's discomfitted look was not lost on Fay, as the baby's shrill voice spoke well for his strength of

Oh, hush, hush," she said, nearly cry ing herself, and rocking the baby to and fro feebly. "You speke so loudly, Hugh, you frightened him; he never cries so when we are alone.'

You will be alone directly if you do not send him away," was her husband's impatient answer; it is not pleasant for a man to be deafened when he is tired after a long journey. Why, I do believe you are going to cry too, Fay; what is the good of a nurse if you exhaust yourself like this?" And he pulled the bell rope angrily.

Oh, please don't send my baby away. she implored, in quite a piteous voice; "he is always with me now, and so good and quiet, only you startled him so.' he returned decidedly

"your illness has made you fanciful surely I must know what is best for my Nurse, why do you allow Lady ond to wear herself out with a crying child? it cannot be right in her weal

Fay gave up her baby without a word she was too gentle to remonstrate, but if he could have read her thoughts. "He does not care for his child at all," she was saying within herself; and then she was very quiet, and shielded her face with one hand on right was rather uncomfortable; he knew he had been out of temper, and that he was disappointing Fay, but he never guessed the stab he had inflicted when he had refused to take their boy in his

"Well, Fay," he said, in rather a deprelittle talk with you, now that noisy fellow is gone; but you seem sleepy, dear; shall I leave you to rest now, and come up again after dinner ?"

Fay uncovered her eyes and looked at him rather oddly, he thought, but she made no answer. Hugh rose and looked at his watch, and repeated his "No," she said, very slowly; "do not

trouble to come up again, Hugh. I cannot talk to you to-night; I shall be better "There, I told you so," he cried, triumphantly. "I knew that little rascal had tired

"My baby never tires me," sheanswered,

wearily, and closed her eyes. Oh, if she could only close them forever! But then she remembered how terrible death had seemed to her in her illness—a bit of infin-Hugh looked at her a little puzzled; his

Wee Wifie was very much altered, he thought; and then he kissed her two or times with some affection, and went to his dressing-room. But when she heard him go down stairs

she rang for the nurse to bring back her baby directly. The woman did not like her excited look, or the fierce way she almost snatched him to her

she tottered from the couch, and knelt down beside it, and wetted the white robe with her

"It is all over, baby," she moaned; "he does not care for you or for me either-he wants Margaret; but you must love your mother, baby, and grow up and comfort her, for she has no one but you to love her in the whole wide world."

Lady Redmond had a serious relanse after this, and it was two or three weeks before she was carried to the couch

Hugh had not learned his lesson vet. Neither his wife's illness nor his own had taught him wisdom; he

vas as restless and unreasonable as ever. He grew very impatient over Fay's prolonged weakness, which he insisted was due in a great measure to her own fault.

she had not excited herself so much on the delicacy. night of his return, she would never have had that relapse. It was a very tiresome affair altogether; for his own health was not thoroughly re-established, and a London physician had recommended him a few months travel; it was just what he wanted, and now his trip to Cairo and the Pyramids must be indefinitely

He rather obstinately chose to believe that there was a want of will in the matter, and that Fay could throw off her weakness Still he was very kind to her in his uncertain way—perhaps because the doctors said he must humor her, or she would fade away from them yet. So he which her that she would never get strong while she lay moping herself to death in that little painted bird-cage, as he called the blue room. And when she answered listlessly that she could not walk—which he lessly that she could not walk—which he was at first slow to believe—he used to carry her down to one of the sunniestrooms are you going, Hugh?"—but there was no in the old Hall—into either the morning-room or library—and place her comfortably

arms performing such gentle offices for her. ed to thank him gratefully with one of her meek, beautiful looks, but she seldom said anything—his kindness had come too late to the poor child, who felt that he heart was slowly breaking with its hopeless love. For who would be content with the mirage when they are thirsting for the pure water? Or who would be satisfied with the meted grain and the measured ounce when they have given their all in

Those looks used to haunt Hugh as he rode through the Singleton lanes; he used to puzzle over them in an odd, ruminative

He remembered once that he had been in at the death of a doe—where, or in what country he could not remember; but she had been overtaken with her fawn, and one of the huntsmen dispatched her with his

Hugh had stood by and shuddered at the dumb look of anguish in the wild deer-eyes, as with a sobbing breath the poor creature breathed its last, its helpless fawn licking its red wounds. Hugh had not been able to forget that look for a long time; and now it recurred to his memory, and he could not tell why Fay's eyes reminded him so of the dying doe's—it was an absurd morbid idea. And then he touched his black mare a little smartly, and tried to efface the recollection by a rousing galop. But, do what he would, he could not get it out of his mind that his Wee Wifie was sadly altered: she was not the same Fay whose little tripping feet had raced Nero and Pierre along the galleries with that ringing augh. This was a tired Fay who rarely spoke and never laughed—who seemed to

eare for nothing but her baby.

Hugh used to tell her so sometimes, with an inexplicable feeling of jealousy that eather surprised him; but Fay did not under stand him.

"What does it matter for whom I care?" she would say to herself. "I must love my own baby." And then she would think bitterly that Hugh seemed to like her better now that she had ceased to vex him with her childish demonstrations. "I am getting very dignified," she thought, "and quiet; and I think this pleases him. old people feel like this, I wonder, whe all their life is ended, and they have such feeble, aching limbs? Ah, no; I do not believe they suffer at all. But now I seem as though I can never rest for my longing that Hugh may love me and tell me so before I die." And so she would prose on in ner sad plaintive little way.

No wonder Sir Hugh marvelled at her

so silent of tongue, so grave of look—such an altered Wee Witie; but all the conclusion at which he had arrived was that the baby and been too much for her, and that, whe the summer heat was over, she would grow strong again. And Fay never contra dicted him.

And by and by, when the days grew a little cooler, Fay began to creep about the garden a little, and call herself well. Hugh drove her out once or twice in her pony carriage; but she saw he did not like it, and begged him to let her go alone - such reluct ant courtesies gave her no pleasure. But presently Erle came for a brief visit, and as her ready escort, and after that she really began to mend.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAY'S MISTAKE

She loves with love that cannot tire, And when all, woel she loves alone Through passionate duty love flam: a higher As grass grows taller round a stone. Conetry Pathners

Never! 'tis certain that no hope is—none? No hope for me, and yet for thee no fear, The hardest part of my hard task is done; Thy calm assures me that I am not dear.

Erle was quite shocked at Fav's changed appearance, but he said very little about it He had an instinctive feeling that the shadow had deepened, and that Fay was sick at heart; but he only showed his sympathy by an added kindness, and an almost grateful for his delicacy, for she knew now that though she had been blind, others had had their eyes open; and she had a morbid fear that every one traced her husband's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his life to the right cause, and knew that she was an unloved wife. Fay was very proud by nature, though no one would have guessed it from her exceeding gentleness; and this knowledge added largely to her pain. But she hid it—she hid it heroically, and no one knew till too late how the young creature had suffered in her ailen

Erle and she were better friends than that. ever: but they did not resume their old confidential talks. Erle had grown strangely reticent about his own affairs, and spoke ittle of his fiancee and his approaching marriage. He knew in his heart that Fay had read him truly, and knew that his warmest affections had been given to Fern, and he had an uneasy consciousness that she condemned his

conduct. Fay never told him so; she congratulated ray never told nim so; she congratulated him very prettily and made one of her old mischievous speeches about "the young lady with the go in her"—but somehow it seemed to fall flat; and she asked him a few questions, as in duty bound, about his prospects, and how often he saw Miss Selby, and if he would bring her to Redmond Hall one day; "for I mean to be very fond of your wife, Erle, whoever she may be," she continued; "and I hear from the Trelaw-neys that Miss Selby—but I must call her not Evelyn now—is very nice indeed, and that fierce you are to be congratulated."

"She is far too good for me," returned Erle, with a touch of real feeling, for his fiancee's unselfish devotion was a ittle sleep, my lady," she said, kindly; but Fay only shook her head. It was not bedtime yet, she said, but she would like to be quiet with her baby for a little. And when nurse had gone to have a talk with Janet, merriment; he looked graver, and a little thin, and there was not always a happy look in his eyes. Fay sometimes feared that the other girl with the fair hair had not been forgotten; she wanted to tell him that she hoped Evelyn knew all about her, but she lacked the courage, and somehow it was not so easy to talk to Erle but

this time. But there was one subject on which he dilated without reserve, and that was on Mr. Ferrers' search for Crystal. He was in New York now, he told Fay, with his sister, and he was waiting for further intel-ligence before he followed Miss Davenport. 'Miss Trafford corresponds with him, continued, with an effort; "but it seems the travellers have little time for writing." But he wondered, as he talked about the Ferrers, why Fay changed color so often—he had heard it was a sign of

"I am tiring you," he said, hastily; "you are looking quite pale; you want a change sadly yourself, my Fairy Queen." And Hugh, entering the room at that moment. caught at the word, and came up quickly to

the couch.
"Don't you feel so well to-day, pet?" he asked, kindly; "why are you talking about a change.'

"It was only Erle's nonsense, dear." sh said, hurriedly. She never could speak to him without a painful blush, and it always deepened if he looked at her long, as he did

"I never saw you look better than you do to-day," returned her husband; "she is took alarm at the covert admiration cor

surprise in her face.
"Oh, you cannot forget," returned Hugh,

on her couch with her work and book before the started out for his ride.

It was a new thing to have those strong impatiently, "unless that baby puts everything out of your head. Do you not remember that I told you that Fitzclarence

was coming down this week to arrange about

"No," she replied, "you never said anything about it, Hugh;" which was the truth, for he had never taken the troubleto inform her, though Mrs. Heron had had orders to prepare a room for the expected

"Well, well," rather irritably, "I meant to tell you, but one's memory is treacherous sometimes. He will be down here about Wednesday or Thursday, for in another

week we hope to start."
"Indeed," returned Fay, in her tired voice, pulling off her baby's shoe; but to Erle's astonishment, she manifested no emotion. As for Sir Hugh, he was relieved to find his Wee Wifie was becoming such a reasonable woman Why, he could talk to her quite comfort ably without fear of a scene.

"What will you do with yourself, dear," he continued, briskly. "Don't you think it would be the best thing to go down to Daintree and show your baby to Aunt

"Just as you like," was the indifferent answer. But Erle interrupted "How long do you mean to absent yourself from the bosom of your family,

Hugh? Oh, two or three months: we canno follow out the route Fitzclarence proposed under that time-about ten or eleven weeks

"Three months? Well, all I can say is marriage is not the fettered state that we bachelors imagine it to be. I had no idea that one could get leave of absence for half that time. I hope my wife will be as accom modating as Fav."

"There was a concealed sarcasm in Erle's careless speech that jarred upon Hugh, and

he answered angrily,
"I wish you would not talk such nonsense Erle. Fay has the sense to know that my health requires complete change, and shall not be the man I was without it. ought to have had three months last time, only her illness recalled me. But now I can leave her more hannily.

"And you expect to make the trip in eleven weeks with Fitzclarence as the leader of the expedition. Fitzclarance, so renowned for his punctuality-so celebrated for never altering a given route at a minute'

Erle was going too far, and Sin Hugh answered him with decided impatience.
"I did not know Fitzelarence was a

riend of yours, Erle; but I never listen to the idle gossip one picks up at one's club. I am perfectly satisfied with his arrangements, and so are the other men-we have two other fellows going with us. Fay, my dear, I should like you to write at once to your aunt, and ask her if she can have you and the boy. The cottage is rather small; do you think you could do without Janet. and only take nurse?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fay, in the same con

strained voice; but Erle saw that she had become very pale. But just then Ellerton entered and told his master that some one vas waiting to speak to him on business and so the subject dropped.

Erle looked rather wistfully at Fay when

they were left alone together. "I am afraid you will be very lonely when Hugh goes away," he said, kindly. "Why need you go to Daintree; you will be dreadfully dull there with only your aunt. I do not see why you should not come to Belgrave House first, while Mrs. Montague is there. She is a very pleasant woman, Fay; and you could do just as you like, and you would ee Evelyn, and I am sure you two would soon be great friends. Lo come, Fay; and you can go to Daintree after-

Fay shook her head with a faint, dissent. ng smile; but she was touched by his kind hought for her.
"No, Erle," she said, decidedly, "it

would not do at all. Hugh would not like it. He wishes me to go to Aunt "What does it matter to him where you

go, so long as he is enjoying himself." burst from Erle's impatient lips; her meekness really provoked him. But he regretted the rash speech as soon as it was uttered, especially as a soft hand touched

"Hush! Erle," she said, gently, "you should not speak like that; not to me at greater pleasure in the world than to obey my husband's wishes. No," she continued, and her eyes grew misty, "I have no other happiness but that—no other happiness but But, Fay," interrupted Erle, eagerly,

what possible objection could Hugh have to your staying at our house while Mrs. Montague is there? We would wait on you, and watch over you, as though you were queen."
"Yes, yes! I know that—you are

always so kind to me, Erle; but it would never do for me to come to Belgrave House. Hugh does not like Mr. Huntingdon."
"Very few people do," muttered Erle,

but he has always been a good friend to my mother and me."

"Yes, I know; and he is your uncle, so of course you make allowances for him. But Hugh has told me the story of poor

Nea Huntingdon; and, somehow, I feel as though I could never visit Belgrave House until you are master Erle smiled. "When that day comes. Mrs. Trafford shall reap a golden harvest after all her hard work. You do not know how I long to help her, and make life easier for them all. Think of such women living in a place like the Elysian Fields—over that shop too; and yet, if I were to take up their cause now, I should only forfeit my

own chances, and do no good. So you mean to be obdurate, my Fairy Queen, and not come to us." "No, dear," she said, quietly, "I could "you are terribly unhappy because you cannot come." But she never told him that one of her reasons was that she might shall not be troubled with us any longer; possibly meet the Ferrers there, if they wer coming back from America; and she felt just now as though she

could not have borne such an encounter. Erle had to go up to London the next day, out the Hon. Algernon Fitzclarence took his place the following evening, and after that Fay had a miserable time; long Hugh and his guest were planning the route for their trip, or talking over previous

Either Fay's knowledge of geography wa very limited or her head got confused; but as she listened to them, she felt as though Egypt were thousands of miles away, and as though Hugh would certainly get lost in those trackless deserts, and was cruel to leave her for such dangers, she thought And sometimes she got so nervous that she would make an excuse and leave the room, that she might not hear any more. And then she would wander about the grounds in an aimless way, trying to throw off the oppression that was growing greater as the days went on. It was not that she did not want her husband to leave her. Her loneliness could not be greater if he went away so she believed in her wretchedness but she was so terrified for him. And she had taken a dislike to the Hon. Algernon Fitzclarence. He might be a great traveller, as Hugh told her, and a very amusing companion, but his manners were not to her taste. Fay's innocence instinctively veyed in her guest's looks and words. was too much a man of the world to pay her open compliments; and indeed her gentle dignity repelled him; but he made her understand that he thought his hostess

very charming.

Hugh noticed nothing; he was rather pleased than otherwise that a fastidious man like Fitzclarence should admire his little wife. Fay was certainly very pretty, even in her husband's eyes, and she was so much improved—not half so childish. But it was a relif to Fay when the Hon. Algernor departed. Hugh was to join him in town for a dayor two to procure his outfit, and then com back to the Hall to bid Fay goodbye. It as on the second day after their guest hd left Redmond Hall tha vant into her husband's room to ust and arrange his papers a usual.

It was duty she had taken upon herself from the rst. Sir Hugh had a masculine horror of what he called servants' interference—he lever allowed them to touch th papers onhis writing table or bureau; and strctures on duster were so severe that no one but Mrs. Heron ever ventured even to remove the overflowing waste-paper

baskets. assumed the duty as her right, and took a great pride and pleasure in her task; and Hugh's first marital praise was bestoved on the clever little fingers that tidied without disarranging his cherished papers, and after that the work became her daily pleasure. But this morning there was an unusual amount of disorder and confusion. Sir Hugh had sat up late the previous night sorting and destroying his letters; and not only the baskets but the floor was heaped with a profusion of torn paper. Fay felt weak and tired, and she went about her work slowly; but she would not ring for a servant to help her; would be a long time before she tidied Hugh's papers again, she thought. And then her attention was attracted by an unfinished letter lying at the bottom of the debris which she first believed had been thrown away by mistake—but on closer inspection she found it was torn across. But it was in her husband's handwriting Fay never knew why the temptation came her to read that letter. A sentence had caught her eye, and an intense wish suddenly came over her to read the whole and know what it meant. Afterwards she owned that her fault had been a great one; but she was to pay dearly for her girlish It was a mere fragment, and was appar-

ently the concluding portion of a long explanatory letter.

"... And now I have told you all frankly, and however much you may condemn me, at least you will be sorry for

"For, indeed, I have done all that a man can do, or at least the best that is in me and have only been beaten and humiliated at every turn. I can do no more. My illness has exhausted me, and taken away all strength of resistance; and though it may seem cowardly to you, I am forced to run away, for my present life is unendurable. Just put yourself in my place, and think what I must suffer.

"So you must not blame me, dear, if I

have come to the conclusion that the same place cannot hold us both—at least not for a time. One or other of us must leave; and of course it must be I. The misery of it is too great for my endurance, until I can learn to forget the past; and, as I have told you before, Margaret,"—the word lightly scratched through and "I" substituted, only Fay never noticed this—"I think it right to go; and time and absence will help us both. She is se good and gentle; if she knew all, she would own that this is my duty; but——" here the letter was torn across, and Fay read no more. But as she stood there her no more. But as she stood there her fingers stiffened over the paper, and an ky chill seemed to rob her of all feeling. She thought that letter was written to Margaret, and now her despair had reached

its climax.
Poor, unhappy Wee Wifie; it was a most fatal mistake. That letter had been written by Hugh one night when he could not sleep, and it was addressed to his wife. He had come to the conclusion that he had lived the life of a hypocrite long enough, and that it would be wiser and more honest if he unburdened himself of his unhappy secret and told Fay why he had thought it He had tried to speak better to go away. He had tried to speak to her once, but she did not seem to understand, and he had grown irritable and impatient; it would be easier to make excuses for himself on paper. He could excuses for infiner on paper. He could tell her truly that he was very fond of her, and that he wanted to make her happy. "I mean to make you a good husband," he had said in a previous portion; "one of these days, if you are patient with me, you shall be the happiest little woman in the world.'

Hugh never finished this letter: something happened to distract his attention. and he never found an opportunity of completing it. The night before he had read it over, and the beginning had not pleased him. "I will write another when I am away," he said to himself; "I am afraid she will feel herself hurt if she reads this, poo little thing. I have not been sufficiently considerate." Unfortunately Fay had Unfortunately Fay had come to a different conclusion. She thought the letter had been written to Margaret, and that the "she" who was mentioned was Hugh's wife. Yes, it was his wife of whom Hugh spoke when he said the same place could not hold them both, and for "place" the unhappy girl substituted
"house." Hugh could not remain in the
same house with her. "She was good and
gentle; if she knew all,"—ah! and she did
know all—"she would own that it was his duty; his present life was unendurable.' and therefore—therefore he was going to Egypt with that dreadful man who would lead him into danger. "One or other of us must leave, and of course it must

"No, no, my bonnie Hugh," she said at last, with a dim smile, as she lifted up her eyes to his portrait; "if one must be sacrificed it shall not be you—no, my dearest, it shall not be you." And then, in her childish is meaning the made up her mild thet. sh ignorance, she made up her mind that Hugh should not go to Egypt.

"You are very unhappy, darling," she went on, pressing the letter in her hands; and, indeed, I could not stop—" and here a blush of shame came to her sweet face-"knowing what I know now. No, baby and I will go, and you shall not leave your beautiful home and get lost in those hor-rible deserts; you shall stay here and learn to forget all your troubles, and presently ou will be happy; and it is I who will go, my dearest."

(To be continued.)

Mark Twain's Meanest Man Outdone. The Brockville Recorder publishes the following: "The writer was on the road to Farmersville and had to wait some time at the Elbe toll-gate, which was blocked up by a waggon with a hay rack. As we finally drove up and handed over our four cents the old lady in charge of the gate said you wait long enough I'll tell you why that man was so long here. You see this morning he went past with a load of hay so large it would not go through the gate. To help him out of the trouble my husband and myself got rails from the fenceand fixed up the side of the road, so that he could drive around the gate and he get by without unloading. When he came back just now he refused to pay only one way, as he said he had only gone through the gate once. What do you think of that?' said the old lady as we drove on.'

Lessons it Naturai Philosophy. "Yes, Tommy," said the teacher of the infant class, "that is right; vegetables come from the ground; and now can Willie Waffles tell us where meat comes from?' "Yessum," responded Willie, with the air of one familar with the subject, " meat comes from the butcher's.'

The Place for Our Superfluous Girls. Keep a close watch to-night and see which of the one hundred young gentlemen of our town escert the six young ladies to the concert.—Quanah (Texas) Advance.

MAGNETIC WIND.

A Remarkable Subterranean Bellows Near a Texas Town.

About 100 miles east of El Paso, near

Sierra Blanco, on the line of the Texas

Pacific Railway, there is a strange phe

omenon that has just come to public

notice. The authority for the statements

about to be made is ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tennessee, receiver of the Texas & Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago, accompanied by several officials of the road, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Governor Brown and Superin-tendent Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come out About three years ago the Texas & Pacific Railway Company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles east of Sierra Blanco, which is a little hamlet, 95 miles east of El Paso. The workmen put the pipe down about 600 feet, when suddenly an underground cavern was struck the drill dropped about 6 feet and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was aban-doned, the 600 feet of pipe remaining in the ground and giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the subter ranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath. The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of any one sufficiently to investigate. Recently, however, Super-intendent Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed peculiar facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Gov. Brown stopped to see it on his way here. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood of it are thoroughly acquainted with it. Ever since it was abandoned, three years ago the people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool and invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flows like the ocean tides. From 10.15 a.m. to 10 15 p.m. current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound that resembles the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At. 10.15 p.m. the overflow ceases and a strong suction sets in, which lasts for the pext twenty-four hours. this ebb and flow continuing day after day. It has been observed by horsemer that whenever they get in the neighborhood of the well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks are given off if the horse's mane is touched. Recently a man from Sierra Blanco was sitting close to the well, and on taking out his pocket-knife found a nail which he had in his pocket clinging to the knife. He held the in the current of the air and found the magnetic property was greatly increased. Several weeks ago Supt. Judy held his pocket-knife in the current of air for four minutes, and the knife is still strongly magnetized from the effect. The overflowing current of air is believed to possess remarkable curative properties. Its efficacy is to be tested by experiments upon cases of paralysis and other diseases. The people who live near the wonderful well call it the "fountain of youth."— Galveston News.

Extraordinary Scene in a Church, An extraordinary scene occurred in All Saints' Church. Woodford Wells, Essex. It

was the occasion of the usual harvest festival and the building was crowded. As soon as the service commenced an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, jumped up from his seat excitedly, and, pointing to a lady who was entering, exclaimed, "Oh what a bonnet!" He continued muttering to himself, and occasionally starting to his feet during the prayers, as well as beating time with his hands to the music. The churchwardens and others endeavored to pacify him, but when they approached him he placed himself in a threatening attitude, the consequence being that no one was able Meanwhile many of to lav hold of him. worshippers left the church in a state alarm. When the first hymn was given of alarm. out by the vicar, the man again jumped up suddenly, left his pew and advanced toward the vicar, every one expecting something serious to happen. The man, however, went up to a lady, put his arms around her and embraced her, to her great consternation. He then turned and walked out of the church and no one followed him. He stranger to the locality, and the supposition

As She is Wrote. The Gran Establecimiento de Modelos

Jose Gamero Cruz, Granada, advertises as Geometricals reductions of the more conoicuous and better conserveds reliefs of ie Alhambra Arabian palace.

is that he is an escaped lunatic.

Windows, porches and models of Gener-alife Said Palace Tower of Infantas and others Arabian monuments of architectura importance.
Warehouse of the photographs of the

Alhambra and Generalife and images in boil-clay of the best famous andalusians exemplars types. Ornament of edifices in arabian style in alls class of works and arabesques flowers

Dont purchases nothing until visit this establishment. The prices are very reduceds and incredi-

We remit the demands out Spain with eadiness and economy. Keep this advertisement of the trading house Joes Gamera Cruz and use it as a pocket in order to place the visiting

The Origin of Man.

In a recent lecture at Rochester, Rev. C A. Johnson, in dealing with the subject of "Evolution," said: "I propose to solve this vexed question and present evolution in its analysis. in its proper light, so that you can under stand what evolution is composed of, relative to the material which go to make it up. Evolution is as settled a scientific doctrine as the laws of gravitation. of great importance for us to know whether man descended from a stock of primates back to which we may trace the converging pedigrees of monkeys and baboons until their ancestry becomes indistinguishable from that of rabbits and squirrels. We shall have some difficulty in settling the questions that at times arise from the cases of human nature which exists potentially in mere inorganic matter and the chain of spontaneous derivation which connects incandescent moleculus or star dust with the world and with man himself.

" Hello! Ella, my girl, where's your pa? Haven't seen him on the street in a long "He's sick." "And where's your ma? Haven't seen

her lately. "She's sick."
"Where's your brother George? Don't ee him any more."
" He's sick."

"And where are you going in such hurry ?" 'Going to the doctor's. I'm sick." "What, all sick? What's the matter?"
"Oh, Cousin Nell has come to board at

our house, and she's taking music lessons. A Mean Man, Husband-Getting ready for the opera?

Wife—Yes, dear.
H.—D'ye know why a woman getting ready for the opera reminds me of an unplucked fowl? W .- Not knowing, can't say. H .- Because she has to be undressed to

be dressed .- Boston Courier. There are nearly 5,000 Hungarian voters A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

The Romance Woven from the Strains of the Piano Next Door.

I wonder why the piano isn't going this evening? My pretty little neighbor must be otherwise engaged. The door-bell rang a moment ago, so Sir Welcome Beau is doubtless in attendance. Ah. me! I be lieve I'm just a wee bit jealous of that handsome, smiling fellow. It's a little trying for a crusty old bachelor to sit up here in his lonely den and wonder what those two young people are about next door. Humph! They're probably enjoy-ing themselves after the manner of young folks. Sentiment and small talk without limit is doubtless the bill-of-fare. yes, how silly I am to envy them. Isn't this fresh magazine and my generous pipe of "Lone Jack' far preferable to such nonsense! Of course it is!

"Ah! there, she's playing now! How she makes that instrument speak voices her very feeling more truly than ever tongue could. Yes, he's certainly there to night; and she's talking to him through that piano just as plainly as can be, the little minx! I wonder if he can

interpret her music? There, now, those quick treble notes those bird-like runs and trills-don't they ay, just as plainly as daylight: "I'm glad you came to night-so glad, so glad, so glad, glad, glad, glad, glad;" and now those softer, deeper notes! Can't you hear? "For I love you. O, I love you, love you, love, love, love—" Oh, you young love you, love, love, love—"Oh, you young looney, you! Why don't you take her right off that piano-stool and fold her in your arms and kiss her? I have no patience with such a young noodle. What wouldn't I give to be down there in your place for just one minute, young man—just one single minute! Ah! There, now! The music suddenly stops! The youngter's evidently come to his senses at last Well, God bless them—God bless them! What ! is that a tear ? It is, by Jupiter ! and I've let my pipe go out, too, and haven't turned a leaf in that magazine yet. What an old idiot I am, to be sure!

"Yes, little maid, I know you are very sad this evening. The first plaintive note of the piano told me so; and there's no your repeating it so often. make me sad, too, if you don't stop soon. How often has the piano told me, within the past two weeks, that he has gone. Oh, so far—tar—far away—away—away; across the sea—the sea—the—sea; and you're so lonely so lonely, that your heart is almost breaking—breaking—breaking—breaking.

Breaking. Poor little girl! I wish I could cheer her up. I'd give my right hand to bring her absent lover back to her this minute. Well, I declare! is that more tears? I'm getting to be as soft as a woman. I must cease this moping here in my den, every evening, listening to that sentimental little woman pouring her heart out at her piano. It's not good for me I'm afraid. "Great Heavens! I shall go wild if

this continues! Every evening since that steamship has been overdue the agonized tones of the piano have almost driven me crazy. And there it goes again, telling me over and over, in weird, distracted tones He is dead, dead, dead; he is drowned he is drowned. I, too, will die, will die; I, too, will die. And those wild, pitcous chords! Do they breathe a prayer? I think they must. Ah! how they pierce my heart!

"There is resignation in the piano's tones to night. The steamer is lost. They have given up all hope. I saw a man of prayer at the house this evening. He has doubtless comforted her. But, oh, what unspeakable sadness there was in her face, as she stood at the window this evening a I passed! Yes, the piano is resigned to-night. In sad, low tones it speaks of heaven, and reunion, and peace and joy unutterable! There are still tears in its notes, to be sure, but they are brightened with hope. And now the hope grows stronger and seems almost ready to burst forth into a hymn of celestial gladness But there, the door-bell rings, the music stops, and—what was that? A scream?

"Well, bless me if it isn't almost too good to be true. So he isn't drowned, after all? I wonder what they all thought of me for rushing in where the returned lover and his sweetheart, almost wild with joy, were clasped close in each other's arms, with the rest of the family standing about weeping for gladness. I suppose I had no right to intrude, but that scream justified it.

"The old piane seems almost bursting with happiness again to-night. It fairly delights me to hear it. I'm so glad the young folks are not going away from the house next door, now that they are married. I should miss the piano, oh, so much. My! what a divine hymn of gratisoulful measures that the happy little woman is playing now! Heigh-ho! That woman is playing now! Heigh-ho! That young fellow got a rare treasure! But I don't envy him. No—I—don't—believe I-do. But, anyhow, here is his health, and long life to the young couple. 'May they live long and prosper I'"

Was America Ever Discovered ?

At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World nearly every man, woman and child in Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover When he came back, crowned with success a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory, and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that America had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet thing in the world more readily than a per theory. For example, look at the indi-viduals who still maintain that consump tion is incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their point. Nevertheless the "Discovery " will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time.

-Mr. Edison is unquestionably the smartest inventor of the age, but if he really wants to serve his fellow man let him invent a machine that will takeall the little bone

For Constipation, "liver complaint," or

biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the

liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's

Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size or Putnam's Corn Extractor Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the

genuine too often offered. Six Months After Marriage. She—" Why do you look so unhappy,

George? Don't you know we are He-" Yes, I've heard that before, but when it comes to paying the weekly board bill the landlord don't seem to think so."

The Ontario & Niagara Navigation Company's new steel steamer the Cibola was successfully launched yesterday at Deseronto.

A constitution for the proposed annual Industrial Exhibition in Ottawa has been approved by the Citizens' Sub-Committee, and will be submitted to the general committee for adoption to-morrow

A USEFUL DEACON.

He Couldn't Pray or Sing, but He Could

Keep the Dogs Out of Church, The Rev. E. A. Dickinson, editor of the Religious Herald, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?

"That's a mistake," returned the reerend journalist. "Every man is of some
use. If he can't do one thing he can do
another. The point is to find out just
what he is fit for, and having found it put
him atit. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congrega tion in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remem bered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Blank to lead us in

"'Suppose you start the next hymn, then?'

" ' Can't sing either.' " 'How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that?'
"Nop. I'm a bad hand at getting 'round. Better get some one else.'
"Noticing that the old fellow carried a

stout walking stick an idea was suggested.
"Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?' "' You bet I air,' he confidently replied. Then taking a seat at the door, he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting,

and after it was over more than one of the

congregation was followed home by yelp

Every man has his sphere of usefulness -Philadelphia Bulletin.

ing curs with broken limbs.

Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Anton von Werner is painting a picture Wilhelm at the age of 90, sitting surrounded by his family. It is to be a jubilee present to Queen Victoria from the Germans resident in England.

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miscrable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after exting, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent bedaeds, blurred eyesight, "floating speck," before the cyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Plorco's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumeatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladles are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and thought the Event under Pullifyling Urgan. Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, life

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great mout purifying organiceanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both fiels and strength. In malarlal districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Feyer, Dumb Ague, and kludred diseases.

Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.
Dr. Pierce's Goldon Medical Dis-**CURES ALL HUMORS.** from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-theum, 'Fever-sores,' Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all disease caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under cine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it mani-fested its potency in curing Totter, Eczena, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrof-ulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Discase, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Discases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Modical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spir 's, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought scriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, altered or blood-cleansing, anti-billous, pectoral mutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short-ness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bron-chitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottle: Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottle: for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption.

Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y. D C N L. 46 87.

Merchants, Butchers. AND TRADERS GENERALLY, We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guarant Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. i CONSUMPTION

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND **CURE FITS**

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.