Ha, ha, my boys, ho, ho!
I tell you what I know;
I'is fortune's waste when haste; You'd better go it slow. You'd better go it slow.

I got my wealth by saving;
I always worked my way;
And I never cared a shaving
For "luck" in trade or play.

I never drank, boys.
Nor lived too high, boys,
And that's just why, boys,
I'm a hearty old man to-day,
here's rapid Ned, who sowed wild oats,
(As most young fellows can)—
ow tramps a beggar on the street.
Where once he drove a span, a span.
Ha, ha, my boys, bo, ho!
I tell you what I know;
"Tis fortune's waste when for

You'd better go it slow.

## SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Fay's secret was quite safe with Jean, and, as the weeks and months went on, feeling of utter security came over her She hardly knew how time passed. There were hours when she did not always feel anhappy. The truth was, she was for a long time utterly benumbed by pain; a total collapse of mind and body had ensued on her flight from her home. She had suffered too much for her age and strength. Sir Hugh's alarming illness, and her suspense and terror, had been followed by the shock of hearing from his own lips of his love and engagement to Margaret; and, before she could rally her forces to bear this new blow, her baby had been born.

Fay used to wonder sometimes at her own languid indifference. "Am I really able to live without Hugh?" she would say to herself. "I thought it must have killed me long ago, knowing that he does not love me; but somehow I do not feel able to think of it all; and when I go to bed I fall

Fay was mercifully unconscious of he own heart-break, though the look in her eyes often made Mrs. Duncan weep. When she grew a little stronger her old restlessness returned, and she went beyond the garden and the orchard. She never wandered about the village, people seemed to stare at her so; but her favorite haunt was the falls. There was a steep little path by a wicket gate that led to a covered rustic bench, where Fay could see the falls above her where ray could see the lains above her shooting down like a silver streak from under the single graceful arch of the roadway; not falling sheer down, but broken by many a ledge and boulder of black rock, where in summer time the spray beat on the long delicate fronds

Fay remembered how she used to stroll through the underwood and gather the slender blue and white harebells that came peeping out of the green moss, or hunted for the waxy blossoms of the bellheather: how lovely the place had looked then, with the rowans or witches, as they called them-the mountain ash of south, drooping over the water, laden heavily with clusters of coral-like berries, sometimes tinging the snowy foam with a faint rose tint, and fringed in the background with larch and silver birch : the whole mass of luxuriant foliage nearly shutting out the little strip of sky which gleamed pearly blue through a delicate network of leaves.

It was an enchanting spot in summer or autumn, but even in winter Fay loved it; its solitude and peacefulness fascinated her. But one day she found its solitude invaded. She had been some months at the Manse, but she had not once spoken to the young minister during his brief visits. She had kept to her room with a nervous shrinking n strangers; but she had watched him between the services, pacing up and down the garden as though he were

thinking deeply.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a plain, strong-featured face as rugged as his own mountains; but his keen grey eyes could look soft enough at times, as pretty Lilian Graham knew well . for the wilful little beauty had been to say no to him as she did to her other lovers. It was not easy to bid Fergus Duncan go about his business when he had made up his mind to bide, and as the young minister had decidedly should be his promised wife, he got his way in that; and Lilian grew so proud and fond of him that she never found out how completely he her, and how seldom she had her own will.

Fay heard with some dismay that Mr. Fergus was coming to live at the Manse after Christmas: she would have to see him at meals, and in the evening, and would have no excuse for retiring into her Now, if any visitor came to the Lilian Graham, or one of her sisters—for there were seven strapping lasses at the farm, and not one of them wed yet, as Mrs. Duncan would sav-Fav vould take refuge in the kitchen, or sit in the minister's room-anything to avoid the urious eyes and questioning that would have awaited her in the parlor; but now if Mr. Fergus lived there. Lilian Graham would always be there too. Mr. Fergus was rather curious about

Aunt Jeanie's mysterious guest. He had caught sight of Mrs. St. Clair once or twice at the window, and had been much struck with, her appearance of youth; and his remark; after first seeing her in the little kirk, had been, "Why, Aunt Jeanie, Mrs. St. Clair looks quite a child; how could any one calling himself a man ill-use a little creature like that;" for Mrs. Duncan had carefully infused into her nephew's ear a little fabled account of Fay's escape from her husband, to which he listened with Scotch caution and a good deal of incredulity. "Depend upon it, there are faults on both sides," he returned obstiincredulity. 'We do not deal in villains nownately. "We do not deal in villains now a-days. You are so soft, Aunt Jeanie; you always believe what people tell you. I should like to have a talk with Mrs. St. Clair; indeed, I think it my duty as a minister to remonstrate with a young wife when she has left her husband."

Oh, you will frighten the bit lassic Fergus, if you speak and look so stern,' replied his aunt in an alarmed voice. "You see you are only a lad yourself, and maybe Lilian wouldn't care to have you so ready with your havers with a pretty young thing like Mrs. St. Clair. Better leave her to Jean and me." But she might as well have spoken to the wind, for the young minister had made up his mind that it was his duty to shepherd this stray

He had already spoken out his mind to Lilian; the poor little girl had been much overpowered by the sight of Fay in the kirk. Fav's beauty had made a deep impression on her; and the knowledge that her betrothed would be in daily contact with this dainty piece of loveliness decidedly unpalatable to her

Lilian was quite aware of her own charms; her dimples and sweet youthful bloom had already brought many a lover to her feet; but she was a sensible little creature in spite of her vanity, and she knew that she could not compare with Mrs. St. Clair any more than painted delf could

compare with procelain. first she pouted and gave herself airs when her lover came to the farm, and then, when he coaxed her, she burst into a flood of honest tears, and bewailed herself because Fergus was to live up at the Manse, when no one knew who Mrs. St. Clair might be, for all she had a face like a picture.

"Oh, oh, I see now," returned Fergus,

with just the gleam of a smile lighting up his rugged face; "it is just a piece of jealousy, Lilian, hecause Mrs. St. Clair to whom I have never spoken, mind you happens to be a prettier girl than yourself,' which was wicked and impolitic of

Fergus.

"But you will be speaking to her, and at every meal-time too, and all the evenings when Mrs. Duncan is up in the minister's room; and it is not what I callfair, Fergus, np in arms if I venture to give more than a

good-day to the lads."
Well, you see you belong to me, Lilian, and I am a careful man and look after my belongings. Mrs. St. Clair is one of my flock now, and I must take her in hand. Whisht, lassie," as Lilian averted her face and would not look at him, "have you such a mean opinion of me that you think I am not to be trusted to look at any woman but yourself, and I a minister with a cure of souls; that is a poor lookout for our wedded life." And here Fer whispered something that brought dimples into play again; and after a little more judicious coaxing, Lilian was made to inderstand that ministers were not just like other men, and must be suffered to go their ain gait."

And the upshot of this conversation was that Fay found herself confronted at the wooden gate one day by a tall, broad-shouldered young man, whom she knew was the young minister. Of course he was going to see the falls, and she was about to pass him with a slight bow, when he stopped her and offered her his hand. "I think we know each other, Mrs. St. Clair, without any introduction. I am Fergus Duncan, and I have long wanted to be acquainted with Aunt Jeanie's guest;" and then he held open the gate and escorted her back to the Manse.

Fay could not find fault with the young man's bluntness; she had no right to hold herself aloof from Mrs. Duncan's nephew. must know how she had avoided him all these months, but he seemed too good humored to resent it. He talked to her very pleasantly about the weather and the falls and his uncle's health and Fay answered him with her usual gentleness.

They parted in the porch mutually pleased with each other; but the young man drew a long breath when he found him-

' Ech, sirs ! as Jean says, but this is the bonniest lass I have ever set eyes on. Poor little Lilian! no wonder she felt herself a bit upset. Come, I must get to the bottom of this: Aunt Jeanie is too soft for any-thing. Why, the sables she wore were thing. worth a furtune; and when she took off her gloves her diamond and emerald rings fairly blinded one."

l'ergus arrived at the Manse with all his traps about a fortnight after this; and when the first few days were over, Fay discovered that she had no reason to dislike

Mr. Fergus' company.

He was always kind and good-natured, and took a great deal of notice of the baby Indeed, he never seemed more content than when baby Hugh was on his knee, pulling his coarse reddish hair, and gurgling gleefully over this new game. Fay began to like him very much when she had seen him with her boy; and after that he found little trouble in drawing her into conversa-

His first victory was inducing her to make friends with Lilian. Fay, who shrank painfully from strangers, acceded very nervously to this request. But when Lilian came her shy, pretty manners won Fay's heart, and the two became very fond

of each other.
Fergus used to have long puzzled talks with Aunt Jeanie about her protege. "What is to be done about Mrs. St. Clair when Lilian and I are married?" he would ask; "the Manse cannot hold us

"Eh.lad.that's what Jean and me often say but then the summer is not here yet, and maybe we can find a cottage in Rowan-Glen, and there is Mrs. Dacre over at Corrie that would house them for a bit. Mrs. St. Clair was speaking to me about it yesterday. Where do they mean to live when they are married? she says quite sensible-like. 'Is there anywhere else I can go to make room for them?' And then she cried, poor bairn, and said she would

like to stay in Rowen-Glen."
"Mrs. St. Clair," observed Fergus one day, looking up from his writing, "don't you think people will be talking if you stay away from your husband any longer?" for he had once before said a word to her on the subject, only Fay had been hysterical and had begged him not to go on. "Oh," she said, turning very pale, and

dropping her work, "why will you speak to me of my husband, Mr. Fergus?" "Because I think you ought to go back to him," he replied, in a quiet business-like it is a wife's duty to forgive-and

do you know that your husband has not bitterly repented driving you away from him. Would you harden your heart against a repentant man?" "My husband does not want me." she

returned, and a spasm crossed her face. Should I have left him if he wanted to keep me? 'One of us must go,' that is what

"Are you sure you understood him asked Fergus; but he felt at the moment as though it would relieve his feelings to knock that fellow down; "a man can say a thing when he is angry which he would be sorry to mean in his cooler moments."

"I saw it written," was the low answer then, with an effort to silence him, "Mr Fergus, you do not know my husband;
—you cannot judge between us. I vas
right to leave him; I could not do other

"Was his name St. Clair?" he asked somewhat abruptly; and as Fay reddened under his scrutinizing glance, he continued ruther sternly, "please do not say 'yes' il it be untrue; you do not look as though

ou could deceive any one."
"My husband's name is St. Clair," re plied Fay, with as much displeasure as she could assume. "I am not obliged to tell you or any one else that it is only his second name. I have reasons why I wish to keep the other to myself."

"Thank you, Mrs. St. Clair," answered Fergus, moved to admiration by this frankness and show of spirit; "believe me, it is through no feeling of idle curiosity I nut his question, but because I want to help

"Yes, I know you are very good," replied

Fay, more gently.

"If you would only trust us, and give us our confidence," he continued earnestly.
'Aunt Jeanie is not a woman of the world, but she has plenty of common sense; and forgive me if I say you are very young and may need guidance. You cannot hide from us that you are very unhappy, and that the husband you have left is still dear to you But Fay could hear no more; she rose with a low sob and left the room, and Fergus' little homily on wifely forbearance

was not finished. It was so each time that he reopened the subject. Fay would listen up to a cer-tain point, and seem touched by the young minister's kindness and sympathy. but he could not induce her to open her heart to him. She was unhappy yes, she allowed that; she had no wish to leave her husband, but circumstances had been too strong for her, and nothing would induce her to admit that she had done wrong.

"Who would have thought that little creature had so much tenacity and will," Fergus said to himself, with a sort of vexed admiration, after one of these conversations; "why, Lilian is a big woman compared to Mrs. St. Clair, and yet my sie has not a tithe of her spirit. I'll bide my time; but it will not be my

fault if I fail to have a grip of her yet."

But the spring sunshine touched the rugged tops of Bemuich dhu and Ben nahourd before Fergus got his "grip."

He was taking his porridge one morning, with an English paper lying beside his plate, when he suddenly started, and seemed all at once very much absorbed in what he was reading. A few minutes afterwards, when Fay was stooping over her boy, who lay on the carpet beside her, sprawling in the sunshine, he raised his eyes, and looked at her keenly from under his bent brows; but he said nothing, and shortly afterwards went off to his study: with me down at the farm, and you always | and when he was alone, he spread out th paper before him, and again studied it

ntently. A paragraph in the second column had

attracted his attention—

"A reward of two hundred pounds is offered to any person who can give such information of Lady Redmond and her child as may lead to them being restored to their friends. All communications to be forwarded to Messrs. Green and Richardson, Lincoln's Inn." And just above-

"Fay, your husband entreats you to return to your home, or at least relieve his anxiety with respect to you and the child. Only come back, and all will be well.

"And Hugh is the baby's name. Aye, my lady, I think I have the grip of you at last," muttered Fergus, as he drew the ink-

stand nearer to him.

The next morning Messrs. Green and Richardson received a letter marked "private," in which the writer begged to he furnished without delay with full particulars of the appearance of the missing Lady Redmond, and her age and the age of the child; and the letter was signed. "Fergus Duncan, the Manse, Rowan-

CHAPTER XLL UNDER THE ROWANS.

My wife, my life. O we will walk this world, Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so thro' those dark gates across the wild That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: co

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

Fergus was not kept long in suspense; his letter was answered by return of post. Messrs. Green & Richardson had been evidently struck with the concise, business

like note they had received, and they took great pains in furnishing him with particulars, and begged that, if had any special intelligence to impart, he would write direct to their client, Sir Hugh Redmond, Redmond Hall, Singleton.

After studying this letter with

most careful attention. Fergus came to the conclusion that it would be as well to write to Sir Hugh Redmond. He was very careful to post this letter himself, and, though confided in no one, thinking a secre is seldom safe with a woman, he could not hide from Lilian and Aunt Jeanie that he was "a bit fashed" about some-

thing.
"For it is not like our Fergus," observed the old lady tenderly, "to be stalking about the rooms and passages like a sair-hearted ghost.'

Sir Hugh was sitting over his solitary breakfast, with Pierre beside him, when, in listlessly turning over his pile of letters, the Scotch postmark on one arrested his attention, and he opened it with some eagerness. It was headed, "The Manse, Rowan-Glen," and was evidently written by a stranger ves, he had never heard the name Fergus Duncan. "Dear Sir," it commenced, "two or

three days ago I saw your advertisement in the Standard, and wrote at once to your solicitors, Messrs. Green & Richardson, begging them to furnish me with the necessparticulars for identifying the person ady Redmond. The answer I received from them yesterday has decided me to act on their advice, and correspond personally with yourself. My aunt, Mrs. Duncan, has had young married lady and her child staying her all the winter. She calls herself Mrs. St. Clair, though I may as well tell you that she has owned to me that this is only her husband's second name"—here Hugh started, and a sudden flush crossed his face.

"She arrived quite unexpectedly last September. She had been at the Manse as a child, with her father, Colonel Mordaunt;" here Hugh dropped the letter and hid his face in his hands. "My God, I have not deserved this goodness," rose to his lips; and then he hastily finished the sentence, "and she begged my aunt to shelter her and the child, as she had been obliged to leave her husband; and as she appeared very ill and unhappy, my aunt could not do otherwise.

"The particulars I Green & Richardson's letter certainly led me to the conclusion that Mrs. St. Clair is really Lady Redmond. Mrs. St. Clair is certainly not nineteen, and her hahv is eleven months old; she is very small in person—indeed, in stature almost a child; and every item in the lawyers letter is fully corroborated.

We have not been able to gain any information from Mrs. St. Clair herself she declines to explain why she has left her home, and only appears agitated when questions are put to her. Her fixed idea seems to be that her husband does not want her. Her health has suffered much from ceaseless fretting, but she is better now, and the child thrives in our mountain

" As the sight of your handwriting would excite Mrs. Št. Clair's suspicions, it would be as well to put your answer under cover, or telegraph your reply. I need not tell you that you will be welcome at the Manse, if you should think it well to come to Rowan-Glen.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully, Fergus Duncan." A few hours later a telegram reached the

"I am on my way: shall be at the Manse

o-morrow afternoon. No doubt of identity; unmarried name Mordaunt,-H. " Aunt Jeanie must be taken into coun

sel now," was Fergus' first thought as he read the telegram; his second was, "better sleep on it first; women are dreadful hands at keeping a secret. She would be fondling her with tears in her dear old eyes all the evening, and Mrs. St. Clair is none so innocent, in spite of Jean and Lilian calling her a woman angel. Ay, but she is a bonnie lassie though, and brave-hearted as well," and the young minister's eyes grew misty as he shut himself up in the study to keep himself safe from the

emptation of telling Aunt Jeanie. He had a sore wrestle for it though; but prided himself on his wisdom; after breakfast the next morning, he led the old lady into the study, and, after bidding her prepare for a shock, informed he that Mrs. St. Clair's husband, Sir Hugh Redmond, would be down that very after

He might well call Aunt Jeanie soft. to see her white curls shake tremulously, and the tears running down her faded

"Eh. my lad-eh, Fergus," she sobbed "Mrs. St. Clair's husband—the father of her bairn. Oh, whatever will Jean say she will be running away and hiding them both—she cannot hide the thought of that

"Aunt Jennie," broke in Fergus in most masterly voice, "I hope you will not be so foolish as to tell Jean; remember I have trusted this to you because I know you are wise and sensible, and will help me We have made ourselves responsible for this poor child, and shall have to account to.Sir Hugh if we let her give us the slip. I have said all along that no doubt there were faults on both sides, only you women will take each other's parts. Now, am off to the farm to see Lilian. Just tell Jean that I am expecting a friend, and that she had better choose a fine plump pair of chicks for supper; she will be for guessing it is Lothian or Dan Ambleby, or one of the old lot, and she will be so busy with her scones and pasties that one will

hardly venture to cross the kitchen." then, begging her to be careful that Mrs. St. Clair might not guess anything from her manner. Fergus strode off to the farm o share his triumph and perplexities with

Lilian. It was well for Annt Jeanie that Fay was extremely busy that day, finishing a frock for her baby: so she sat in her own room all the morning at the window overlooking the orchard, and baby Hugh, as usual rawled at her feet

He was a beautiful boy now, with the fresh, fair complexion of the Redmonds, with rough golden curls running over his head, and large, solemn grey eyes. Fay had taught him to say "dada," and would cover him with passionate kisses when the baby lips fashioned the words. "Yes, my little boy shall go home to his father so day, when he can run about and speak quite plain," she would tell him; and at the thought of that day, when she should give him up to Hugh, she would bury her face in the fat creasy neck, and wet it with her tears. How would she ever live without her child?" she thought; but she knew, for all that that she would give

found Aunt Jeanie had worked herself almost into a fever-her pretty old face was flushed and tremulous, her eyes were dim when Fay came into the room carry

ing her boy.
"He is far too heavy for you, Mrs. St. Clair," exclaimed Fergue, hastening to relieve her. "I know mother's arms are generally strong, but still this big fellow is no light weight. What are you going to yourself this afternoon? Jeanie always takes a nap in Uncle Donald's room, but I suppose you have not come to the age of napping."
"No," returned Fay with a smile; "but

Jean has finished her preparation for the strange gentleman, and she wants to take down to Logill; Mrs. Mackay has promised her some eggs. It will do the boy good, will it not, Mrs. Duncan?" turning to the old lady; "and as I have been working all the morning, and it is such a lovely afternoon, I think I will go down to the falls.

"That is an excellent idea." returned Fergus with alacrity before his aunt could answer. He had to put down the carver to rub his hands, he was so pleased with the way things were turning out-Mrs. St. Clair safely at the falls, where they knew exactly where to find her; Jean, with the boy and her basket of eggs comfortably occupied all the afternoon, and Aunt Jeanie obliged to stay with Uncle Donald. Why, he would have the coast clear and no mistake. would have no difficulty in making his explanations with the Manse parlor empty ts womankind.

He had received a second telegram, and knew that the expected visitor might be looked for in an hour's time; but it was long before that that he saw Jean with the on one arm, and the basket on she other, strike out bravely down the Innery road, from which a cross lane led in the direction of the village where the accommodating Mrs. Mackay lived.

A few minutes later Mrs. St. Clair passed

parlor window. It was a lovely May day, and she wore a dainty spring dress— a creamy silk fabric—and a little brown velvet hat, which particularly suited her. As she saw Fergus, she looked up and smiled, and then called Nero to order as he scampered amongst the flower beds. "Ay, my lady, I have my grip of you ow," he observed, with a gleam in his

now.' observed, with a glean in his eyes, as he turned away.

About twenty minutes later he heard the click of the ga and saw a tall, fairbearded man, in a weed travelling suit, walking up the steep little path, and casting anxious glances at the windows. Mrs.

Duncan saw him too.

Around the Circle.

A novel sight witnessed near Mount Ver non. Me., last week was that of a man mowing on the ice. A portion of his farm is in swamp land, which is too wet to mow in summer, but by waiting until it freezes he is enabled to harvest a large crop of hay from it.

While using stove blacking on her kitcher of Montpelier, Ind., got a small quantity of the polish in a cut on her hand. Blood-poisoning ensued, the hand swelled to great size, and it is thought that it will be neces-sary to amputate it.

The French Academy, by its rece nual distribution of "prizes of merit." has discipline. proclaimed Jean Adolphe Delannoy, a Calais pilot, the most heroic of Frenchmen. He has risked his life twenty-one times in saving shipwrecked crews and is loaded with medals. He also wears the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The city of Lecompton, Kan., which thirty years ago was one of the most promising towns in the west, is to-day a striking example of a "busted boom." Town iots that sold readily for \$1,000 each in 1854 cannot now be disposed of at \$50, and the half a million dollar State House then under way is now a mass of ruins.

John Sheetz, of Reading, Pa., brought suit before the Aldermen to recover 10 cents from a man named Wentzel. case grew out of a dispute about the value of an apple butter jar, which Sheetz declared to be worth 10 cents, while in Wentzel's opinion it was worth only eight The Aldermen gave judgment in favor of Sheetz for 10 cents and heavy costs.

## Chatter of the Children. BLOWED OUT THE SUN.

I have a little boy, 3 years old, named Leonard. One day he was out at play and the sun became clouded. He came into the ouse and said to his grandmother:

Well, gamny, I have come in. "What have you come in for, Lenny?"
"Well," he says, "they have blowed the un out, and I thought I would come in and go to bed.'

ONE WAY TO GET MORE PUDDING After the mid-day meal was over little Ethel was observed with her head hung down and her hands clasped, motionless in

Why, Ethel," said her mother, "don you know dinner's over now "Don't talk, ma," said Ethel. "I'm prayin' for more puddin'." She got it.

His Objection to Dogs.

She-And you don't like big dogs, Mr De Garmo ' He-No, I can't say I have very much ove for them. She—But they have such large hearts. He-It isn't their hearts I object to ; it's

heir mouths.

ars a year.—Epoch.

operated upon, and danced away with them Enough for the Money. until the small hours of the morning. Deacon Jones (to country minister)-Some of the members of the congrega tion, Mr. Goodman, complain that you do

not speak quite loud enough.

Country minister—I speak as loud as count of the melancholy event.
"My poor Edward had three attacks; it ean afford to, Deacon, at five hundred dol A Gentle Hint.

He-What will you have dear, candy or ice cream? She—No, Edward, get me some pop-corn A New England parson announced to his He-Do you like that stuff? She—Yes; I like every thing that pops-Harper's Bazar.

-A little child, eating her breakfast. -The handsome editor of the Milwaukee Journal says: One of the most trying things to the patience of an observer is to see a canine truth very closely.

EUROPEAN TROOPS

Praise for the Germans, Italians and Swiss,

but England Has the Model Soldier. Col. Clark, of the 7th Regiment, who has just returned from a three months' leave in England and the continent, had his eyes on things military while across the water says the New York Herald.

Soldiers are met so frequently over there as to impress him with the magnitude of the burden their support must entail. The English soldier, he says, is a model in appearance. He is strong and athletic, very erect, with a most soldierly carriage. His uniform is clean, handsome and well fitting, and when seen off duty, with a natty little cap perched jauntily on the side of his head, cane in hand and well gloved "he is in appearance the most distinguished soldier in the world." Distinctive uniforms add greatly to the esprit de corps of the army, for every uniform has a history and a record that is to be maintained While he deems the English volunteers a powerful adjunct for national defence, he thinks their organization and system in many respects inferior to our National Guard.

The armies of Holland and Belgium ar small and insignificant, he thinks, compared with those of the great powers of Europe. The soldiers of these countries seem to have no pride in their military duties, are not very muscular or well set up, are clean but very slouchy, and their uniform, which greatly resembles the ser-vice uniform of this State, is in strong contrast with the handsome and close fitting dress of the English troops.

Mr. Clark's reference to the French soldier is very timely, and in view of the present condition of affairs they are very interesting: "French soldiers are a disappointment, for they seem spiritless, dull and despondent. They move about list-lessly, are slouchy in gait and appearance, are not always neat and clean appear to be educated or specially intelligent; in short, are not at all the ideal soldiers of the period. Their drill, as observed in and about Paris, was careless and indifferent, and their discipline is

"The German soldier, as seen at Stras burg and in other parts of the empire, is the result of a most careful and thorough military organization for a long series of years and of a military system that has reached perfection. He is an educated man, physically and mentally, and a part of his education is acquired under military discipline. He is not so dashing in hi appearance as the English soldier, but h shows in his fluure the result of thorough training in athletic and gymnastic exer cises, and there is an air and expression of intelligence and mental culture about the German soldier not seen in the army of any other nation. His uniform is scrupulously neat and clean; he is sober, quiet, respect ful and obedient; he is faithful, loval and patriotic. My observation of the German soldier leads me to think that in physical development, in military education in every detail, and in general education, which includes the knowledge of several languages. the German soldier has no superior equal.

The Swiss establishment he consider something like our National Guard. The men "are plainly but comfortably uni-formed, passably well drilled, of good physique, and are active, sprightly and patriotic."

"The Austrian army is large and imposing, but its material does not compare favorably with that of the English or German armies, physically or intellectually, except in some favorite or select battalions. The soldiers of Austria properare superior in appearance, more elegant and cleanly in dress, and more soldierly in bearing than those from Bohemia, Hungary and other parts of the Austrian empire, but there is a servile manner about most of them which nust be the result of the despotic character of the Government, rather than good military discipline. Some soldiers from the Austrian Provinces are so poorly and cheaply uniformed, so untidy in person, and so ver slouchy and unsoldierly in carriage an bearing that 'a looker-on in Vienna' is obliged to doubt the military efficiency and success of an army composed in part of

naterial of that character." The Italians he likes better than the Austrians, and thinks they will compare favorably with those of France and Ausria, and, considering the brief existence of the Kingdom, resulting from Italian unity, deserve special notice. They are active and sprightly, well uniformed and equipped, and appear to be in a fair state of drill and In appearance and in spirit they well represent a country that is rapidly improving and developing under its present Government, but why it is necessary to burden this fair, sunny land, so very old and yet so very young in modern civiliza-tion, with the support of so large an army only those wise in European statesmanship can explain."

How They Do It In Boston The modern girl doesn't give herseli away when she allows herself to be woned and won. She compels her adoring swain to surrender himself. Per example, says the Boston Transcript He put on his hat, started slowly for the

door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply and took the lily white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.
"Katie," he murmured, "I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity.
Will you, Katie, will you, darling, be

"Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be.'

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart

"I am sorry, Henry, but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view.

"Other objects?"

"Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine. Novel Contest.

Another hair-dressing competition took place last night in Paris, says a telegram of a recent date. Thirty young women with blonde tresses sat down in the hall of the Grand Orient, and for the space of about forty-five minutes the fingers and hands of the perruquiers were busy among their locks. The first prize of £20 and a cross for professors was awarded to a M. Nessi while a pupil won a gold medal and £12 for turning out the best coiffure in the shortest space of time. After the competition fantasias" in hair-dressing were executed, old styles being temporarily revived or nev

Not as Strange as it Might Bave Been. The wife of one of X's friends, having lost her husband, wrote him a detailed

nes exhibited to the delighted gaze of

proceedings were terminated by a ball, in

which the victorious barbers selected the

prettiest of the damsels who had heer

crowd of coiffeurs and their friends.

was the last that carried him off.' It would have been still more remarkable," thought X to himself "if it had been

congregation on a recent Sunday, "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Jonesville is once more tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a shepherd. -Christian Advocate.

asked her mother to remove the "bark" from her sausage. She hinted at a great

ON THE WHEEL

'Round-the-World Stevens and Champion Howell Say of the Sport

The popularity of 'cycling is growing. Thomas Stevens, who has just been round the globe on a wheel, says that the best roads in the world are found in British ludia. The Grand Trunk road is 1,600 miles, an unbroken highway of marvellous prefection. from Peshawur on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta. It is made of smooth, hard, natural concrete, beds of which lie

along the line.

How such roads would be appreciated by the enthusiastic 'cyclers of this country!
The wonderful achievement of Mr. Stevens, in the face of myriad dangers, entitles him to all his honors.

The fast riding champion of the world.

however, is Richard Howell, of Leicester, England. He is a splendidly made fellow, between 25 and 30 years of age, six feet high, and weighing, in training, about 160 pounds. He commenced riding in 1879 and in

1881, at Belgravia grounds, Leicester, he won the one-mile championship of the world, beating all the best men of the day. From that time his career has been one of almost unbroken successes. He came to the United States is 1884 and 1885, and at

the great Springfield tournament in 1885 won seven ont of eight races. In the Cycling News (Eng.), October 1st, 1887, is the following interview with him. "What are your best performances?"
"This year I did a full mile on the track at Coventry in 2 minutes, 35 seconds.

Good judges think, with everything in my favor, I could do 2.30 for the distance."
"What is your system of training?" "I eat plain, good food, and plenty of it. take a little walk before breakfast, and then, after that meal, if I am loggy, ride eight or nine miles on the track here, in thick flannels. After dinner I do some more 'slogging' work, and may be a walk and early to bed.

"But there is one idea of mine which I have found invaluable. If I have done too much work, or my system is out of order, or if I don't feel quite sound, I take what I have used since I was 'queer' in 1883. I have always found that Warner's safe cure sets me up and puts me to rights again, and it is a remedy which I believe in and tell all my friends about.

"In the winter-time especially, when you can easily understand I am not so careful of my health as in the spring, summer or

"All I want, to beat the fastest bicyclist in the world, is plenty of practice, an occa-sional dose of my favorite, and my machine. "When I am about right in weight I content myself with short, sharp bursts as

noving as well as I want to." Bicycling is glorious sport, but it has its physical ill effects which, however, can be easily overcome by the method used by Champion Howell.

hard as ever I can go on the track, and when I can cover 440 yards in thirty

seconds with a flying start. I reckon to be

From a gentleman who arrived here yesterday we lean the particulars of a great steamboat race which took place on Monday between the sidewheel steamer Yosemite, late pride of the Sacramento River and the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's r w steamer Premier. Ever since the latter arrived from San Francisco there has been a great rivalry between the captains of the two boats as to which is the faster. About a week ago they had a little brush for about ten miles, when it was claimed that the Yosemite gained on the propeller, and a great deal of talk was made about it at Victoria and elsewhere. Last Monday the Yosemite came down out of the Fraser River into the Gulf, and rounded the buoy about half a mile ahead of the Premier. Both boats were on the alert expecting to meet at that point and it is needless to say were all ready for a big race. As soon as the Premier sighted the sidewheeler she gave chase and for a time it seemed as though she would be unable to overtake her rival, but as steam came up overtake her rival, but as steam came up to the full amount allowed by law and her screw began to turn over at the rate of 124 revolutions per minute she commenced to come up on the Yosemite and passed her. As she came along the sidewheeler was making 24 turns per minute and fairly flying through the water. The new boat proved too long-winded for her rival, and in the fourteen-mile race across the gulf led the sidewheeler fully two miles. It is stated that the Premier developed a speed of over sixteen miles per hour during the race. Considerable money changed hands

A Young Girl's Grief at seeing her charms of face and form de-parting, and her health imperilled by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowel and organs, and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive quarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years

race. Considerable money changed hands

on the result .- Scattle Post-Intelligencer

Patience Not a Virtue Just Then. She (to George, who is taking her out for a ride and whose horse has balked)—Don't be annoyed, George; have patience and he will move on presently. He—Patience, my dear! Why, I am paying for this measly animal by the hour.—N. Y. San.

ITCHING PILES

Symptoms -- Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail

Son and Hair.

Mrs. Youngmater—Do you know, Emily I think baby has inherited his father's hair Mr. Y. (prematurely bald)—I'm glad to hear somebody inherited it, my love, for have often wondered what became of it -Terus Stitings.

Don't hawk, and blow and spit, but us Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. -The girl with the highest hat is eckoned at the lowest figure.-New Haven

News. Atlanta Constitution: The sober, industrious young man who killed his whol family, including himself, at Louisville the other day, because he was afraid of poverty belonged to a class daily increasing in

numbers. -A spruce young fellow is very ofter pop'lar with the ladies. The further a man gets away from

dollar the bigger it looks. -From a sleepy industry the sleeping car business has made lots of money.

-About the fastest men in the West are the cowboys who hold up express trains. —A little Burlington boy who saw an open-faced watch for the first time, exclaimed, "Look, mamma! There's a watch that has lost its hat."

-A dream of fair women is most pleasing if the dream be not of women who made you buy things you did not want at the fair and gave no change back.

Better Than a Hero "What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why, the very sight of gun powder would make him ill. How did he ever manage to become an officer in the army?" "Don't say anyofficer in the army?" "Don't say any thing against Smith," answered Robinson, thing against Smith," answered Robinson,
"he once saved my life." "Saved your
life! Nonsense, impossible! What do you
mean?" "I mean that I was in the first
stages of consumption; I was losing
strength and vitality every day with the
terrible disease, when Smith advised e to
take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medicaldi
Lad tried all kinds of medicine. I had tried all kinds of medicines mout success, and my physician had given me no hope; yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

Visitor-You say your mistress is not in! Fresh domestic—She was in the sitting-room a little while ago, but I can't find her now. I guess she saw you coming, put on her bonnet and skipped out the back way.

A lady in Saline county, Mo., came within sixteen votes of beating the most popular man in the county for the office of Register of Deeds.



Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, life-less, and indescribably miserable, both physi-cally and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or emptiness of stomach in the mora-ing, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurned eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or ex-haustion, irritability of temper, hot fushes, alternating with ohilly sensations, sharp-biting, transient pains nere and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impend-ing calamity?

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—Billous 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. Pierce's Golden Mcdical 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 Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and

Dr. Pierco's Golden Medecal Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cases arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other exerctory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their discases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both itesh and strength. In malarial-sistrets, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, bumb Ague, and kindred discases.

Fr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

the me common Blotch, or Eruption, to the metal Serofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," scale 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 its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Bezemin, Errsipelna, Boils, Carbuncles, Soro Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrotulous Affectious.

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

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Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bron-chitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottle; for \$5.00.

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