- Gin the warld be dark an' drearie,
- Gin the warld look brighter, dearie. Dinna sit thee doon content; Ye maun still be chirp an' cheerie Lest the sunshine soon be spent
- Drearie skies nor sunshine gay Wi' na' last fore'er an' ever— A' keeps changing day by day.
- A' keeps changing, 'tis God's bidding, And the chances wi' na' cease, Till our lessons are completed, An' our teacher whispers " Peacc." FLORA N. MONTGOMERY

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

"Ay, but he is a goodly man," she said. half aloud. "I like a man to walk as though all the world belongs to him;" and for the first time a doubt crossed her mind, whether Fay's childishness may not have been to blame; for Hugh Redmond's handsome face and frank, careless manner always found favor in women's eyes.

Fergus felt himself impressed by Sir Hugh's lordly bearing; he felt an awk-ward, raw-boned Scotchman beside this grand-looking aristocratic man. As he went out into the porch Sir Hugh put out his hand and said, in a quick, agitated voice, "Mr. Duncan, you have made me your debtor for life, but we will talk of that presently. Will you take me to my wife,

"Certainly, but Mrs. St. Clair-Lady Redmond, I mean-has gone down to the Rowans -- the falls over yonder; shall we walk there at once, or will you come in and rest a little?" moved by the pale, harassed look of the face before him. "You have had a long journey, Sir Hugh, and perhaps you would like to get rid of the dust."
"No, I cannot rest until I have seen my wife; you will understand my feelings, am sure, Mr. Duncan; and Fergus tool down his hat from the pegand said gravely that he could well understand them. "I is only a step," he continued, "and I will just walk with you to the gate. The Rowans is Lady Redmond's favorite haunt; she thinks there is no place to compare with the falls. You will find no difficulty if you follow the little path "—but with that rare intuition that belongs to a sym pathetic character, Fergus said no more He could see that Sir Hughwas much agi He could see that Sir Hughwas much agi-tated at the thought of the impending meeting, and directly they reached the wicket-gate leading to the falls, he pointed to the path and retraced his steps to the

Hugh gave a sigh of relief as he found himself alone. His hand shook a little as he unlatched the gate. As he passed the covered rustic seat he noticed a few sprays of withered heather that had been there since last year. Perhaps Fay had

gathered them.

He hesitated a moment—should he wait for her here or seek her farther? A trifle decided him. Among the raspberry bushes that tangled the underwood was a little bunch of wild flowers caught on a bramble. The floral message seemed to lure him on-ward, and he followed the narrow, winding path. By and by he came to a little green nook of a place as full of moss and sun shine as a nest; there was a great pool near it, where some silver trout were leaping and flashing in the light. The whole spot seemed to come before him strangely. Had he seen it in a dream?

He crept along cautiously. He fancied e had caught a white gleam between he had caught a white gleam between the trees that was neither sunshine nor water. He groped his way through the underwood, putting the branches back that they might not crackle, and then all at once he stood still; for he saw a little runlet of a stream making dimples of eddies round a fallen tree, and great silver birch sweeping over it; and there, in her soft spring dress, with the ripples of golden-brown hair shining under hat, was his lost Wee Wifle. She had floated a rowan branch on the stream and was watching it idly, and Nero, sitting up on his haunches beside his little mistress was watching it too.

Hugh's heart beat faster as he looked at He had not admired her much in the old days, and yet how beautiful she was Either his taste had changed or these sad months had altered her; but a fairer and sweeter face he owned to himself that he had never seen, and all his man's heart went out to her in a deep and pitiful love Just then there was a crackling in the bushes and Nero growled, and Fay, looking up saw her husband standing opposite to

In life there are often strange meetings and partings; moments that seem to hold the condensed joy or pain of years. One grows a little stony—a little colorless. There are flushes perhaps, a weight and oppression of unshed tears, and a falter of questions never answered; but it is not un til afterwards that full consciousness comes, that one knows that the con-centrated essence of bitterness or pleasure has been experienced, the memory of which will last to our dying days. It was so with Fay when she looked up from her mossy log and saw Hugh with his fair bearded face standing under the dark larches. She did not faint or cry out, but she claspe her little hands, and said piteously, Hugh, do not be angry with me. I tried so hard to be lost," and then stood and shivered in the long grass.
"You tried so hard to be lost," he said

in a choked voice. "Child, child, do you know what you have done; you have nearly know what you have done; you have nearly broken my heart as well as your own. I have been very angry, Fay, but I have forgotten it now; but you must come back to me, darling, for I cannot live without my Wee Wife any more;" and as she hid her face in her trembling hands not dayingte lack at him. trembling hands, not daring to look at him, he suddenly lifted the little creature in his arms; and as Fay felt herself drawn to his breast, she knew that she was no longer as

She was calmer now. At his words and touch she had broken into an agony of weeping that had terrified him; but he had soothed her with fond words and kisses. and presently she was sitting beside him with her shy, sweet face radiant with hap-piness, and her hands clasped firmly in his He had been telling her about his accident and his sad solitary winter, and the heart sickness that he had suffered.

"Oh, my darling, will you ever forgive me?" she whispered. "It was for your sake I went. How could I know that you would miss me so—that you really wanted me? it nearly killed me to leave you; and I do not think I should have lived long if

you had not found me.' "My child." he said very gravely and "we have both done wrong and must forgive each other; but my sin is the heavier. I was older and I knew the world and I ought to have remembered that my child-wife did not know it too. had not been so young you would never

have left me, but now my Wee Wifie will never desert me again."
"No, never. Oh," pressing nearer to him with a shudder, "to think how you have suffered. I could not have borne it if

'Yes," he said lightly, for her great, beautiful eyes were wide with trouble at the recollection, and he wanted to see her smile, " it has changed me into a middle aged man. Look how my hair has worn off my forehead, and there are actually grey hairs in my beard. People will say we look like father and daughter when they see us together."

'Oh," she returned shyly, for it was not quite easy to look at him—Hugh was so different somehow—"I shall not mind what people say. Now I have t people say. Now I have own husband back, it will

you are." Then, as Hugh laughed and kissed her, she said in a very low voice, 'Do you really mean that you can be content with me, Hugh; that I shall not dis-

appoint you any more?"
"Content," he answered fondly, "that is a poor word. Have I ever really leserved you, sweetheart; hut I mean to make up for that. You are very generous, Fay; you do not speak of Margaret—ah, I thought so," as her head dropped against his shoulder—"she is in your mind, but you will not venture to speak of her." "I am so afraid you must regret her,

Hugh. And Hugh, with a shade of sadness on his fine face, answered slowly:

"If I regret her, it is as I regret my lost youth. She belongs to my old life; now I only reverence and cherish her memory Darling, we must understand each other very clearly on this point, for all our unhappiness springs from that. We must have no secrets, no reservations in our future life; you must never fear to speak to me of Margaret. She was very dear to me once, and in some sense she is dear to me still, but not now, thank God, so precious in my eyes as the wife He has given me." Then, as she put her arms round his neck and thanked him with innocent, wifely kisses, he suddenly pressed her to him passionately, and asked her to forgive him, for he could never forgive him-

Then, as the evening shadows crept into the green nest, Fay proposed timidly that they should go back to the Manse, for she wanted to show Hugh their boy; and Hugh consented at once. And hand in hand they went through the tangled under-wood and past the shimmering falls; and as Hugh looked down on his little wife and saw the new sweet womanliness that had grown on her with her motherhood, and the meek purity of her fair young face, he felt a proud happiness thrilling within him, and knew that it was God-given, and that its blessing would last him throughout his whole life.

CHAPTER XLII.

KNITTING UP THE THREADS. Day unto day her dainty hands
Make life's soil'd temples clean,
And there's a wake of glory where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight through that shadow land
Her living face doth gleam,
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The dead smile in their dream.

Gerald Massey

Gerald Massey. A little later, Jean, honest woman, suffered an electric shock. She was brushing out baby Hugh's curls, that had been disordered by the walk, when she thought she heard Mrs. St. Clair's footsteps, only it was ver quick like, as she remarked later, like a bairn running up the stairs," but she fairly shook with surprise when the door opened, and a rosy, dimpled, smiling little creature stood before her.

"Give me the baby, Jean, quick—no never mind his sash; he looks beautiful My husband has come, and he wants to see him. Yes, my boy! Father has come" nearly smothering him with kisses, which paby Hugh returned by mischievous grabs

at her hair.
"Ech sirs," began Jean, turning very red; but before she could give vent to her surprise, a big, grand-looking man suddenly entered the old-fashioned room, and took mother and child in his arms before her very eyes.

Jean vanished precipitately, and Mrs Duncan found her an hour afterwards pasting the fowls with a skewer, while the iron ladle lay at her feet, and with stony, impassive expression on her face which always meant strong disapproval

hith Jean.
"Well, Jean," remarked her mistress cheerily, while her white curls bobbed with excitement, "have you heard the news, my That pretty creature has got he woman? husband and he is as fine a man as one could ever set eyes on, and that is all a mistake about his not wanting her—a parcel o childish rubbish."
"Hoots, lass," as Jean remained glum

and silent, and only picked up the iron spoon with a toss of her head, "you do not look over-pleased, and yet we are bidden to rejoice with them that do rejoice. Why he is a baronet. Jean, and as rich as Crosus, and she is Lady Redmond, bless her dear heart! Why, I went into the nursery just now, and it was just a lovely sight, as I told Fergus. The bairn had sight, as I told Fergus. The bairn had been pulling at her hair, and down it came, a tumbling golden-brown mass, over her shoulders like the pictures of a womanangel, and she just laughed in her sonsie way, and tried to gather it up, only Sir Hugh stopped her. 'Let it be, Fay, you look beautiful so,' he says, worshipping her with this last of the last research the says. with his eyes. Oh, it was good to hear him; and then he looks up and sees me, and such a smile comes to his face. Oh, we understood each other." But to all this Jean turned a deaf ear, only when her mistress had finished, but not a moment before, she answered crossly, how was the tea-supper to be ready for the gentry if hindered her with their clavers, at folks which hint Mrs. Duncan, judging which way the wind blew, prudently withdrew. But the moment the door closed on her mistress, Jean sat down, and throwing

"Woman angel indeed," she sobbed "and how am I to bide without herself and the bairn, and they the verra light of the house—as the

her rough apron over her head, had a good

saving is?" But Jean's grief did not hinderlong. The fowls were done to a turn, and the rashers of ham grilled to a delicate brown; the teasupper, always an institution at the Manse looked a most inviting meal, with piles of oat-cake, freshly baked scones, and other bread stuff, the best silver tea-pot hooded in its satin cosy, and the kettle singing on

its brass tripod. Sir Hugh looked on at the preparations with the zest of a hungry traveller as he sat in the old minister's arm-chair talking to Fergus: but every moment his eyes turned expectantly to the door. The young Scotchman smiled as he patted Nero, for he knew their guest was only giving him scant attention.

"I hope Aunt Jeanie is content with 'the brutal husband' now," he thought, with a chuckle of amusement. wonder what my lady is doing all this

My lady had been extremely busy. First she had put up the hair that baby Hugh's naughty little fingers had pulled down; then she had gone in quest of a certain dress that reposed at the top of one of the trunks. Janet had insisted on packing it, but she had never found an opportunity of wearing it. It was one of those dainty, bewildering combinations of Indian muslin and embroidery and lace that are so costly and seductive; and when Fay put it on, with a soft spray of primroses, she cer-tainly looked what Fergus called her,

'Titania, queen of all the fairies." Both the men absolutely started when this brilliant little vision appeared in the homely Manse parlor. Fergus clapped his big hands softly together and said "Ech sirs! under his breath; but Sir Hugh, as he placed a chair for her, whispered in Fay's ear, "I am afraid I have fallen in love with my own wife"—and it was delicious to hear Fay's low laugh in

answer. What a happy evening that was; and when, some two or three hours later, Fay stood in the moonlight watching Hugh go down the road on his way to the Inn, for there was no room for him in the Manse, the parting words were ringing in her ears, "Good-night, my dear one, and

dream of me." Ah, they were happy tears that Jean's woman angel shed by her boy's cot that night; what prayers, what vows for the future went up from that pure young heart, that at last tasted the joy of knowing itself

beloved. As for Hugh, a waking dream seemed

not matter a bit to me how grey and old to banish sleep from his eyes. He could that would have crushed a weaker nature. see it all again—the green sunshiny hollow, and the shining pool—a little listless figure standing under the silver birch. A tremulous voice breaks the silence-"oh, Hugh, I tried so hard to be lost, do not be angry with me"-No, no, he will not go back to that. Stay, he is in the Manse parlorthe door opens-there is Titania in her spring dress, all smiles and blushes; his Wee Wifie is transformed into the queen of all the fairies. "God bless her, and make me worthy of her love," he thinks recalls her humbly, as he and words; and with that brief prayer he

Fay would willingly have remained for a few days with her friends at the Manse: she wanted to show Hugh all her favorit haunts, and to make him better acquainted with the good Samaritans who had so generously sheltered her; but Hugh was anxious to have his wife to himself and to get over the awkwardness of the return home. He would bring her back in the autumn he promised her; and with that

Fay consoled poor Jean.

As for Fergus, he had reason to bless Aunt Jeanie's hospitality; for Sir Hugh overwhelmed the inhabitants of the Manse with liberal tokens of his gratitude—Aunt Jeanie, Fergus, Jean, even pretty Lilian Graham, reaped the effect of English muni-ficence. Fay had carte blanche to buy anything or everything she thought suitable. Silk dresses, furs, books, and a telescope— long the ambition of the young minister all found their way to the manse; not to mention the princely gift that made the young couple's path smooth for many a year to come. Want of generosity had year to come. Want of generosity had never been a Redmond failing. Hugh's greatest pleasure was to reward the people who had sheltered his lost darling.

It was a painful moment for Hugh's proud nature when he first crossed the hreshold of his old Hall, with Fay looking shy and downcast beside him, but Fay' simplicity and childishness broke the brief awkwardness; for the moment she saw Mrs. Heron's comely face she threw her arms round her neck with a little sob, and there was not a dry eye among the assem-bled servants when she said in her clear young voice, "Oh, how glad I am to be amongst you all again! Was it not good of my husband to bring me back? You must all help me to make up to him for what he has suffered.'

"It was too much for the master," observed Ellerton afterwards: "he just turned and bolted when my lady said that -a man does not care to make a fool of himself before his servants; he would have stood by her if he could, but his feelings were too much for him, and you see he were too much for min, and you so he knew that he was to blame."

But Fay would allow nothing of the kind, when she followed him into the

ibrary, and saw him sitting with his face nidden on his folded arms, and the evening sunshine streaming on his bowed figure. Fay stood looking at him for a moment, and then she quietly drew his head to her shoulder—much as though he were baby Hugh, and wanted her motherly conso-

"My darling husband," she whispered,
I know it is all my fault, but you have forgiven me—you must not let me make you

unhappy."
"Oh," he said bitterly, "to think I have brought my wife to this that she should need to apologise to her own servants. But then they all know you are an

But she would not let him talk like this What were his faults to her—was he not her husband? If he had ill-used her, would she not still have clung to him? "Dear, it is only because of your goodness and generosity that I am here now," she said, kissing his hand; "you need not have looked for me, you know;" and then she made him smile by telling him of Ellerton's quaint speeches, and after that he let himself be consoled.

Years afterwards he told her that the days that followed their return home were their real honeymoon, and she believed him, for they were never apart

Bonny Bess hailed her mistress with delight, and Fay resumed her old rides and drives; only her husband was always with her. Hugh found out, too, that her clear intelligence enabled her to enter into all his work, and after that he never carried out a plan without consulting her; so that Fay called herself the busiest and hapniest little woman in the world. And what of Margaret?

In one of the most crowded courts of the East End of London there is a Sister who is known by the name of "Our Sister," though many patient, high-souled women belonging to the same fraternity work there

But " Our Sister " is, par excellence, the favorite, from the crippled little roadsweeper who was run over in Whitechapel Road to the old Irishwoman who sold oranges by day and indulged in free fights with others of her sex at night. "And the Heavens be her bed, for she is a darlint and an angel," old Biddy would say; and it would be " tread on the tail of my coat -for it was an Irish quarter—if any man or boy jostled "Our Sister" ever so

lightly.
'Our Sister" used to smile at the fond credulity and blind worship of these poor creatures. She was quite unconscious that her pale, beautiful face, bending over them n sickness, was often mistaken for the face of an angel. "Will there be more like you up yonder?" exclaimed one poor girl, a Magdalene dying, thank God, at the foot of the Cross; "if so, I'll be fine and glad

to go."
"What do they do without you up there, honey?" asked another, an old negro woman whose life had been as black as her skin, "they will be wanting you bery much, I'm thinking;" and little Tim, dying of his broken bones, whispered as "Our Sister" kissed him, "I am wishing you could die first, Sister, and then it would be first-rate, seeing you along with the gentry at the Gate;" for, to Tim's ignorant mind the gentry of heaven were somewhat for-midable. "And what must I say to them, plase your honor? when they come up and says 'Good morning, Tim; but if Sister were along of them she would say, 'It is only Tim, and he never learnt manners no-

Raby would come down sometimes, bringing his wife with him, and talk to Margare about her work.

"You are very happy, dear," he said one day to her; "I have often listened to your voice, and somehow it sounds satisfied." "Yes," she returned quietly, "quite satisfied. Does that sound strange, Raby Oh, how little we know what is good for us. Once I thought Hugh's love was everything, but I see now I was wrong. I should have been like suppose I women if I had married him: but I should not have tasted the joy I know now. Oh, how I love my children-dirty, degraded sinful as they are; how I love to spend myself in their service. God has been good to us, and given us both what He knew we wanted," and Raby's low "Amen'

sufficient answer.

There was one who would willingly have shared Margaret's work, and that was Evelyn Selby; but her place was in the world's battlefield, and she kept to her post

oravely. Fern, in her perfect happiness, often thought tenderly of the girl to whose noble generosity she owed it all; but for some years she and Evelyn saw little of each other. Fern often heard of her visits to the cottage where her mother and Fluff lived. She and Mrs. Trafford had become great friends. When Evelyn could snatch an nour from her numerous engagements, she liked to visit the orphanage where Mrs. Trafford worked. Some strange unspoken sympathy had grown up between the girl

and the elder woman.

Evelyn's brave spirit and dauntless courage had carried her through a trial

Her life was an uncongenial one. Often she sickened of the hollow round of gaiety in which Lady Maltravers passed her days but she would not waste her strength by

But by and by, when she had lost the first freshness of her youth, and people had begun to say that Miss Selby would never marry now, Hedley Power crossed her path, and Evelyn found that she could love

gain. Mr. Power was very unlike the bright faced young lover of her youth. He was a grey-haired man in the prime of middle age, with grave manners, and a quiet thoughtful face—very reticent and unde-monstrative; but Evelyn did well when she married him, for he made his wife a

happy woman.
"Evelyn is absurdly proud of Hedley," Lady Maltravers would say; "but then he spoils her, and gives her her way in everything." Every one thought it was a pity that they had no children; but Evelyn never owned that she had a wish ungratified. She contented herself with lavishing her affection on Erle's two boys. Aunt Evelyn was a miracle of loveliness and kindness; and the children at the orphan age had reason to bless the handsome ladv drove down often to see them.

' I do think Evelyn is happy now," Fern said one day to Erle, when they had encountered Evelyn and her husband in the

"Of course she is," he would answer "much happier than if she had married wour humble servant. Hedley Power is just the man for her. Now, dear, I must go down to the House, for Hugh and I are on committee;" and the young M. P. ran lightly downstairs, whistling as he went, after the fashion of Erle Huntingdon.

Yes, Hugh Redmond represented his county now, and Fay had her house in town, where her little fair haired sons and daughters played with Erle's boys in the Square gardens. The young Lady Redmond would have

peen the fashion, but Fay was too shy for such notoriety, and was quite content with her husband's admiration. And well she might be, for the face that Hugh Redmond loved best on earth was the face of his Wee FINIS.

Men Who Distribute Money by the Car load Once a Month. The paymasters of the several railroads

running into the city are getting ready for their regular monthly trip over the lines. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsyl-The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsylvania Company have the largest number of men on their pay-rolls. The latter company have in the neighborhood of 11,000, who draw over \$500,000 monthly. The men are paid in cash—generally gold. The car, after paying all the employees in Pittsburg and Alleghany, goes out upon the road about the 11th of each month. They reach Chicago about the 21st. The men along the road are given notice that the car is the road are given notice that the car i coming by the train preceding it carrying blue flags on the engine. On the flags are the letters "P. M.," meaning paymaster. To guard against attacks of robbers at night very little money is kept in the car. Before the paymaster starts out he telegraphs to banks at different points along the line that he will be there at a certain hour on a certain day with cheques to be cashed. The cheque is just for about the amount that is to be paid that day. The first point cheques are given is at Salem, Ohio, where very often the amount is \$60,000. A represent ative of the bank meets the car at the station and exchanges the money for the cheque. There are always three or four mer besides the train crew on the car. The paymaster and his assistants go heavily armed, and it would be a hard matter for anybody to rob the car. The car stops at all stations along the line, and the employees in the immediate vicinity are sun posed to be on hand to receive their money The paymaster counts the money out be fore them and they sign the roll in his presence. J. H. Fredericks, one of the oldest employees of the Pennsylvania Com-pany, is the paymaster. The Pennsyl-vania Railroad have about 10,000 men on the three divisions between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. All the employees in this city are paid in checks on the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank. The cheques are received by mail and dis-tributed by the officials of the various Those out on the ros There their cheques from the pay cars. is one car for each division. They pay out about \$500,000 monthly. If the employee wishes to get his money, for good cause, before the regular time, he is paid out of the contingency fund. The Baltimore & Onio road pay about 2,500 men between Pittsburg and Cumberland The officers and others in this city receiv cheques and the employees on the road are paid in cash. About \$200,000 is paid out. The Pittsburg & Lake Erie has about 1.500 men on their rolls who are paid about \$75,000 in cash. Each man's money is put in an envelope with his name, number of days he worked and amount of money he is entitled to. It takes two and one half days to pay them. The Panhandle railroad car disburses about \$160,000 between this city and Columbia. It also pays the Cleveland & Pittsburg employees. -Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Objected to Her Photograph, A case which created some interest was adjudicated upon at the Woolwich County Court by Mr. Powell. Messrs. Long & Faulkner, photographers, Woolwich, sued Mrs. Pearson, wife of an arsenal employee for £2 6s. 6d. for portraits supplied to her order. Plaintiffs stated that when the photographs were complete Mrs. Pearson called with her husband and saw them promising to call again and pay for them No complaints were made, and as she did not call the likenesses were sent home, and subsequently returned with some frivolous An action was then against the husband, but it fell through the wife asserting that she had a separat income. Two photographers now attended and expressed an opinion that the like-nesses were correct, but admitted that the negative had been "touched up" to meet a common requirement of customers to look their best. Mrs. Pearson said she did not wish to be "flattered and tittivated up." In trying to make her look younger they had almost wholly lost the likeness They had made her hair waved, whereas it was not so. Plaintiff, in reply to the judge, said it was not within the photographic art to make hair which had been hotographed plain appear to be waved The judge said the photograph certainly made the lady look younger than she now appeared to be. She did not give the photographer any specific orders to make her appear "just as she was," and the ordinary course of procedure—viz., to make the customers look their best—was followed. He considered that they were reasonable likenesses, and ordered the payment of the amount sued for.

Putting His Foot In It.

She-"And do you still squeeze up the ladies' feet in your country? " On the contrary, madam! That is a Chinese custom. We in Japan always allow the ladies' feet to grow to quite their full size. Not that any would ever rival yours, madam!" (Is delighted with his neatlittle compliment!)—Punch.

A Philadelphia grocer who had three hams stolen from his store wrote and pasted up a paper which read as follows: I know who stole the three hams from the front of my store. They are worth-less to any one but myself. If returned in twenty-four hours no arrest." When clerk opened the store the next morning the hams hung outside. They were made of sawdust and only for show. They

BALL-PLAYING BLIND BOYS, Remarkable Scene Described by an Em-

inent Educator. (C. M. Woodward in American Teacher.

When I was in Louisville, Ky., a while go I visited the Institution for the Blind While walking across the grounds I saw some boys under the trees playing with a ball and bat. I asked, "What boys are those?" "They are blind boys," said the Superintendent. "But what are they loing?" said I, thinking there must be ome mistake. When he told me that the blind boys regularly played ball I could hardly believe him, and begged that I might be allowed to see them play. He said the boys would play after dinner for my special benefit. Five or six of the best players were to play, and I believe that all but two of them were stone blind. The two could only see large objects, like the trunk of a tree, a man or a gravel walk. I do not think they could see a ball on the ground or in the air.

They took turns at the bat, and each one was anxious to make his bases. Their way of pitching and catching was this: The pitcher stood about six paces from the batter, while the catcher sat squarely on the ground immediately behind the bat. When all were ready the pitcher would count, "One, two, three," and gently toss the ball. The batter would, at just the proper moment, swing his bat, and the catcher would spread out his hands and feet to stop the ball. He seemed to hear the ball as it passed the batter (and it generally did) and struck the ground, and t was most surprising to see him catch it in his arms on the first bound, and yet perfectly blind! If he failed to stop the ball he would pursue it on his hands and feet as spry as a dog and almost as keen on its track. Either he could hear the ball roll along the grass, or he could judge from the nature of the surface and the known speed of the ball just how it would roll. His hands would sweep the ground with great rapidity, and when he had the ball he would jump on his feet and rush for the home base.

With the exception of the home base, all the bases were trunks of large shade trees. I was astonished to see how rapidly the boys could run. They just flew over the ground, making a great stamping on the smooth earth until they were within five or six feet of a base, and then they would feel up to it. Not once did they run against a cree, though it made me shudder to see how near they came to doing so. I suppose they knew when they were near a tree by hearing the echo of their steps. Occasionally the batter would make a good hit; then all hands but the runner went in search of the ball. As soon as he had made his run ne would join in the hunt. They always started off in the right direction, and did not hunt in each other's tracks. Once the superintendent helped them find a ball that went some fifty yards, but generally they found it themselves. Though the game was played for my benefit the well-worm turf gave abundant proof of the fondness of the boys for the sport during their hours of

Nashville American's New York Letter Somebody showed me an ostrich feather fan in a Broadway store yesterday. Its sticks were of chosen pieces of mother of pearl inlaid with gold. On each was set a tiny gold rose, and in the heart of each rose sparkled a diamond. The ostrich plumes were thick and heavy, such feathers as one seldom sees. Each was chosen expressly for its position, and the whole made the daintiest white toy that ever a woman played with. It was to cost \$1,000 and was meant, I was told, for a Christmas gift to Mrs. George Gould. It was ordered by a friend of the family or by one of the younger Gould boys, and will outshine anything in Pauline Hall's famous collection. People not so rich as the Goulds, plain, ordinary' every-day millionaires, are putting a year's income for many hard-working folk into similar toilet trifles I have seen within a week an umbrells which is to belong to a woman unknown to fame, but which has eaten up money at an extraordinary rate. It has a cover of silk hand woven by a Brooklyn man who alone possesses the secret of its peculiar sheen. Its handle is a long hook, overlaid with oxidized silver, upon which are set curios of all sorts, each in its way an artistic gem. There are daintily cut cameos, old gold coins, snakes outlined in rubies, a toad in emeralds, a head of Bacchus etched in silver-every odd notion that fancy can devise, all to make an umbrella such as no woman carried before. A jewelled watch is set in the end of the stick, and the price is counted in the hundreds.

She Wanted Smuggled Goods

She asked for lace of a certain kind, and the clerk took down a box and excused the small quantity in it by saying: "We sold a great quantity of this the other day at wholesale."

This is exactly like my sample, 'Yes'm. You must have bought that

here. "Oh, no, sir—I bought it of a peddler." " Ah!

"And I paid him fourteen cents per yard, while you only charge six." see. He told you-?" "That it was smuggled over from

Canada." "Exactly. We sell to a number who go about telling the same story, but of course we are not responsible." " I--I--!"

"Just so, ma'am. I know just how you feel about it: but, being a woman, you can neither swear at yourself nor kick the man for a liar. Will you sit down in the back end of the store until your emotion subsides? No? Ah, well, call again. Nothing else te-day?"—Detroit Free Press.

John Wesley's Pulpit for Sale. The freehold Episcopal chapel in West street, close to Shaftesbury avenue, which onnects Oxford street with Charing Cross,

s to be sold by auction on Dec. 15th. There is a record that about the year A. D. 1700 it was built on the site of a forner Episcopal chapel, which had been used for the performance of divine worship in John Wesley's diary contains many references to his ministry in West street

chapel from Oct. 29th, 1743, when he preached his first sermon there, to Feb., 1790, when he made his last record about preaching there. Whitfield. Romaine and Fletcher (of were other equally gifted and various occasions, preached in West street

chapel. Besides the church pulpit and fittings there remains in the vestry the portable pulpit which Wesley was accustomed to use when preaching in the open air. London Times.

Mother and Son.

A beautiful story is told in connection with that wonderful book, "Ben-Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace. It is said that Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, in answer to the author's wish for her opinion on the appearance of the volume, replied: "O my on, it is a none-such of a story; but how did you ever invent that magnificent character, the mother?" "Why, you dear simble heart," he answered with a kiss, "how lar, and she wants a big French doll and a uld you fail to know that the original of that picture is your blessed self?'

"Go," she said, and inquire how Mrs. X is this morning. And if she is dead," she added, "ask when the funeral is to be." "Mrs. X. is better this morning," was the report, "and they cannot tell when the plums and candy. My name is Mamie funeral will be."

Lyons, No. 8 Gansevoort street,

BUFFALO BILL ABROAD

A Little Love Affair-What the Cowboys Think of It. The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill-W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to his thousands of admirers on this side.

There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry: "What are you doing in England?"
"Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses."
The English nobility quickly "cottoned
o" Buffalo Bill because they recognized

that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society. His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of

a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, woolly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fel in love with a dashing little school teacher Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he After a time he braced up, bought some

cooks and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are du

to her. Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be "Bill's boys" are not perfection. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild Weat Co., London, Sept. 19th, 1887," D. W. Shoemaker, of the Cowboy Band writes: "Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kid neys and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and after taking three oottles, I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West Show, Mawe Beardsley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate and mode of life, and severe riding, they became subject to liver and kidney diseases, and they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Mawe Beardsley says:
"I constantly recommend it to my friends.'

Buffalo Bill has pluck and courage and hard sense, and not only controls all the wild elements that make up the Wild West Show, but controls himself.

His experience as a scout makes him wary, discreet and shrewd. He quickly learns the best way to secure results, and like a true man, has no prejudices against

anything that proves its merits.

Buffalo Bill is so popular in he may come home a "Sir William. But if not he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

"LOVELY WOMAN." She is Sized Up Differently in Public and at Home.

woman, woman!" shrieked orator in a speech the other night. "thou art the light, the life, the salvation of the world! I shudder when I think of what this world would be without thy gentle, refining, ennobling influence. I bow at thy shrine, acknowledging thy purity and truth! There is nothing, no nothing so beautiful, so true, so perfect as a woman!
I reverence and bow down before them!" And when he went home he said to the oman who was so unfortunate as to be his

"What you let the fire get so low for? You knew I'd come home half froze. You're just like the rest of the women, you haven't a thought beyond your nose. around and get me a cup of hot tea, can't you. See if you can do that much for a fellow. I'd just like to know what you women think you're good for, anyhow! Tid Bits.

Some light was thrown on the duties of lady's maid in a case which was heard at Westminster Police Court, London, in which Felicia Vincent was charged with stealing some articles, the property of Mrs. Sebright, of No. 33 Lowndes street. It was stated by the prosecutrix that the prisoner had been discharged for impertinence. In reply to Mr. Dutton, who defended, prosecutrix said the prisoner declined to lace her boots, and was very impertinent. It was a maid's duty to put on her mistress' boots. Mr. Dutton— On one occasion do you recollect putting "On one occasion do you reconer putting a 'beauty-spot' on your face when you were going out to dinner?" Witness-"No, Mr. Dutton." "And were there not words between you and defendant because 'the spot' fell off into your soup at the dining table? (Laughter.) You put it down to the defendant's carelessness?" Mrs. Sebright—"The whole story is a fabrication. I never allowed the prisoner to put sticking-plaster on my face, and she was not discharged for carelessness in this particular." Other evidence having been given the prisoner was remanded.—St.

A Baby in the House

James' Gazette.

the source of much sunshine and joy brightening many a dark cloud and lighten ing many a heavy load—but joys continual abide only in a healthy body. The Creator abide only in a healthy body. with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvellous Laboratory reveals its secrets to man only by long and searching labor. Few men have attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce: nor devised for suffering humanity a greater production than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

A Pedler Puzzled

Pedler—Does Mr. Smith live here? Mrs. S.—Yes. Pedler—Is his wife in? Mrs. S.—Certainly, I am Knott Smith's wife. Pedler—Well, is his wife in?
Mrs. S.—Certainly, I am Knott Smith's wife. Pedler—Who said you was? Where is his wife? I want to see her. Mrs. S.— I am Mrs. Knott Smith. Pedler—Ah, yes, you are Mrs. Knott Smith, are you not? Beg pardon.

Have You Thought About It?

Pain is one of the sure things of life, and it becomes then a most important question to have at hand the quickest a favorite divines of the last century who, on efficient remedy. Polson's Nerviline can not fail to cure cramps, toothache, neural-gia, headache and all pain, internal or external. Nerviline is the most perfect combination ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. It will not cost you much to try it, for you can buy at any drug store for 10 cents a trial bottle, which will convince you of its mighty pain relieving power.

> A Mayor in a New Role. The following letter, addressed to "Santa Claus, City Hall," found its way into Mayor Hewitt's official mail in New York vesterday:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,-I am writing to you stocking full of sugar plums and candy and Santa Claus will you please send me the game of Chit Chat and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy, and send my sister Nellie a doll and a bank and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy, and my brother John wants a hobby-horse and velocipede and a stocking full of sugar

An Extraordinary Phenomenon

No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her outhful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangement. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are pecu-liarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper

Miss Prime-Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doc-

Doctor (meditatively)-Well, it varies In women, for instance, the longest generally is between 29 and 30. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her 29th and 30th birthday.—Judge.

" That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl isn't she ?''

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing." ' What's that?'

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any ess disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure every time.

A Difference in Dudes.

Fashionable Americans are often reproached with Anglomania, but the dude is occasionally capable of an original idea. It would never occur to an English dandy to wear an insect round his neck with a gold chain attached to one of his legs. Yet here chain attached to one of his legs. Yet here in New York you will sometimes see a Mexican beetle crawling lazily over an expanse of shirt-front. The Mexican beetle is a large creature, with yellow head and back, and black legs. He was offered to me in a shop the other day for \$5, having enjoyed two or three days of freedom on the floor. "Is he expensive to keep?" I inquired. "Not at all," was the reply. Give him a little sugar about once every two months, and he'll be quite happy. This insect has an affectionate disposition and never bites .- St. James' Gazette

Agent (to man at the door)—"Is the head of the house in sir?" Man at the door-"Yes, she's in. What do you want



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

I sing entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE, Billous Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion. Billous Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptlyrelieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pelicts. In explanation of the remedial power of these

Pieree's Pioasant Furgative Feilets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUSAIO, N. Y.



SYMPTOMS OF CATABRH.-Dull heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, nucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, backing or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with seabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh. "cold in the head,32 Coryza, and Catarrha! Headache.
Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents."

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

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

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

manufactured, and one has only results and fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure,

ELI Robbins, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty." DONL, 188,

CONSUMPTION. Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S PEST FRIEND

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.