That with dread a husband fills
Is to buy the earth "at special sale"
For two small \$ bills.
For when—
Your wife remarks in urgent tone,
When standing in the door:
Just drop in Joblot's place-and-match-this-rib-bon-an'-buy-a-ceal-hod-an'-and-a-yard-oraching-an'-don't-forget-the-candy-ant-send-up-a-barrel-of-flour-an'-we-are-nearly-out-of-coal-an'-the-cough-drops-for-Johmy-and-stop-over-at-the-scap-counter-some-thing-nice-remembersix-yards-of-cauton-flannel-an'-the-tooth-paste-an'-please-at-tend-to-this-before you-go-the-store.
Then tie a string around your thumb Then tie a string around your thumb And don't her want's ignore When your wife is on the rampage For "cut-price goods" of gore.

Tis far easier to promise
Than to make your plodges right;
The niggard in his promises
Is a laggard in the flight;
The promise of shuts off debate,
And is pleasanter than fight,
And you have a clean, white conscience
Till you get home at night.
But then—
When the wife romerks with complasis

When the wife remarks with emphasis Standing in the door: John-Henry-dear please-call-at-Markemdowns for-that-spool-of-cotton-No-60-an'-those-8-pillow-shams-an'-three-pounds-of-Java-c Mocha-mixed'n-a-yard-of-of-gold-plush'-Moch-linked - na-yatro-rol-gon-rolar shads as me - cheese - au'-remember - the-window shades in-the prunes-an'-a-eap-for-Johny an'-remember - Ethel's - doll - au'-better-got yourself-a-five - cont - comb - and - the-hired girl's-wages - are - due - an'-don't - forget-the theatre-tackets-an'-f-yout-didn't-have-uch a-poor-memory-I-would-tell-you-lots-more.

Then tie a string around your thumb And don't her wants ignore When your wife is on the rampage And uncorks her gentle roar.

Ab, the A 1 gallus promises Which given out at morn Make peace until you do confes You've kept them in a horn; And wilted and dejected and And wilted and dejected and Curled up by wifely scorn,
You wish and wish and wish and wish You never had been born.
Therefore,
When the wife remarks with carnestness
As you step from out the door:

As you step from out the door:

Ananias -dear-just - recollect -that-we-are-out-ofbaking-powder-and-the-instalment-on - thepiano - is -due - to-day-an'- we - need - someweather-strips-an -don't-forget - ten-yardsof-invisible-green-tricot-an'-a-ham-an'-howabout-that-scalskin-you-promised-an'-sometapicca-an'-four-yards-of-blue-ribbon - twoinches-yida-van-know-ny-sinde-an'-someinches-yida-van-know-ny-sinde-an'-some-

upnoca-mi-rour-vards-of-bine-ribbon-two-inches-wide-you-know-my-shade-an'-some Jack-roses-for-to-night-an'-some-pie-apple-and-the-hanging-lamp-an'-the-gas-bill came-to-day-an'-remember-the-rug-for-the library-floor.

Then tie a string around your thumb, And don't her wants ignore When your wife is on the rampage And requests a dry goods store. -Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She Married a Scholar.

Ob she said she'd never marry any Tom an Dick and Harry, She'd wed some famous scientist of learnin But her Tom was quite commercial, and of Agassiz and Horschel
He was as ignorant, she said, as any circus clown.

So she gave poor Tom the mitten, and as meek as any kitten
He went to making money and forgot his wild despair;
Forgot, I say; at any rate he hastened to de-Into a sordid business man, a trifling mil

But she wed a scientific, and his tastes were quite terrific

For various kinds of insects and for toads and other game;

And instead of plaques and pictures, rattle-snakes and boa constrictors

He'd take into his sitting room to ornament the same.

As a zealous decorator he preferred an alligator To a statue of Minerva or a bust of Henry Clay; And you ought to hear him talk a while of hi

bouncing baby crocodile

That he played with in his parlor just to while
the time away; And his cobra di capello, a very charming fello

And his cobra di capeno, a very charactery.
Through his dressing-room and bedroom used to nonchalantly drift;
And an elephant's proboseis and two young rhinoceroses
He presented to his children as a fitting Christ-But he sold his wife's piano to buy inccaeuanh To feed his hippopotamus to ease his stomach

aches.

And a shark ate up his baby, for you know how

hungry they be,
And he went and pawned his overcoat to feed
his rattlesnakes.

Vankee Rlade. -Yankee Blade

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness

CHAPTER II.

Shirley had dreaded beyond all things the change from the train to the boat; but her mother seemed to have rallied wonder fully during the last few minutes. the assistance of Shirley's arm, shealighted from the train and walked firmly enough across the short space to the boat; but there her strength failed her. The sight of the ladder—for the tide was rather low and the vessel below the level of the quavterrified her in her weakness and debility and she stood still clinging to Shirley trembling and faint. But even then he eagerness to continue her journey made her try to dissemble.
"It is only for a minute, dear," she said,

trying to speak lightly. "Anything of that kind made me sick and giddy even in my best days. I shall be all right in a "Can I be of any assistance?" said a

deep, rich voice close to Shirley. "This is rather a formidable descent for an Shirley turned quickly and saw that the

gentleman who was addressing her was a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty, or thereabouts, wearing a loose, fur-lined travelling coat, and looking altogether a very distingue personage. He had been watching, with a pitying look in his dark gray eyes, the progress of Shirley and her nother from the train, but he had not dafed to offer his assistance until he saw that it was needed. As Shirley raised her eyes to his, she felt a thrill of gratitude

"Thank you," she said, earnestly; "you are very good. My mother is an invalid

which brightened her face.

"I am sure she does not like the idea of this descent," he said cheerily. "The ladder is so narrow that it does not admit of two abreast, or I would ask her to accept my arm; but, if she will allow me to carry her-I am very strong, and for some year was accustomed to carrying an invalid sister-

"You are very good," Shirley repeated, hesitatingly, "but I ought not to trouble

"It will be no trouble," he said, earnestly and kindly. "Pray allow me," he added, bending over Mrs. Ross, and speaking in a very winning voice. "I will be very

Thank you," she responded, with a smile which lighted up her pale face and made it beautiful exceedingly. "I shall be very much obliged. I am a sad coward, I

"Not at all." he said gently. "Will you go first," he added to Shirley, "and lead the way to the ladies' cabin."

As he spoke, he lifted Mrs. Ross lightly and

easily, as if she had been a child, and followed Shirley as she went down to the ladies' cabin, presently placing his burden carefully on a couch

You must let me have the same pleasure when we arrive at the end of our voyage," he said in the deep gentle voice which seemed to carry strength and support to poor Shirley with every word. "Is there anything more I can do for you?" he added, bending over Mrs. Ross for a moment, and again the good-natured smile

Nothing more now, thank you," she

way, thinking that he had never seen so lovely a face, and wondering what could in-

duce her to travel when she was so ill. Notwithstanding Shirley's hopes, the crossing was not a calm one; the lamp in the ladies' cabin swung to and fro, the ves-sel creaked and throbbed and shook. There were not many passengers on board, and none of the few ladies crossing had decended into the ladies' cabin, so that Shir ley was alone with her mother and the tewardess. The latter, being new to her ousiness, lay prostrate and suffering on on of the couches, only too thankful that no

one needed her services.

Many and many a sad thought came t Shirley Ross, as she crouched down on the floor by her mother's sofa, watching the still, pale face, which lay with closed eyes upon the pillows, by the light of the creaking lamp. It was not often that she had eisure to think of the terrible trouble that was drawing so near so near that it seemed to be beside her now in the dim light, touch ing her with its cold hand. She felt confused and wretched and faint-hearted. eemed as if the moaning of the sea and wind was prophesying sadness and sorrow fancied she could hear her father's voice above the noise of the wind and waves warning her in tender, pitying words. Episodes in their past life, faces and towns she had seen, songs she had loved-all scemed crowded together in her brain,

puzzling and bewildering her. Whether her mother slept, or whether during a part of the time she lay in a stupor of exhaustion, Shirley did not know Once or twice she lifted her head upon her arm and moistened her lips with brandy and Mrs. Ross' dark eyes opened for a me ment to smile faintly at her daughter, bu she did not speak. Either she was too faint and weary, or she was husbanding her

strength for the rest of the journey.

An hour passed by; there was a clock in the cabin, and Shirley could distinguish by the light of the swinging lamp that it was nearly six o'clock. At half-past six they ought to be at Folkestone, and Jack was to meet them at Charing Cross at half-past eight. How slowly the time went by! How wan and white and suffering the beautiful face upon the pillows looked! Never in all the years to come—never in her deepest joy, in her most abject misery—did Shirley Ross forget that voyage; never, in a life more checkered by light and shade than most ives, could she lose the recollection of that ship's cabin, with its velvet-covered sofas and gilt moldings, and the quiet face which looked as if it were carved in stone

Slowly the white lids were lifted, and the pale lips parted as if about to speak "Do you want anything, dear ?" Shirley

asked tenderly.
"Only to tell you, Shirley—" Mrs. Ross said faintly

'To tell me what, mother?" the girl asked, lifting the weary head upon her breast. "Is it anything I ought to know?" 'Yes," came the hurried whisper. might save you. Oh, if I could only get strength!"

The feeble voice died away, the eyes closed; again the exhaustion or faintness seemed to overcome her. Slowly the breath came from the white lips, but there was no so much suffering now on the sufferer's face, and Shirley thought that she sleng Twice her lips parted; but only disjointed words fell from them. Shirley heard something about "cruel" and "Scotland" and poor Shirley," but that was all, and presently even these ceased, and the pale face grew peaceful for a few minutes.

Then, when she rallied again, the same eager expression came into her eyes, the same anxiety to tell her daughter something which it was desirable that she should know, but her strength was not equal to her will, and she was obliged to lie back on the pillows, with a murmured "presently, 1 will tell her presently," which showed Shirley how great her weakness had become and the girl grew faint with terror at the thought that she might not live to complet her journey.

Suddenly and sharply the motion of the vessel coased, and Shirley guessed that they had reached their destination. The steward ess rose from her couch and tried to collecher scattered senses and to offer Shirler

some assistance.
"We have arrived, dear," Shirley said bending over her mother, and the dark eyes opened with sudden eagerness. Yes; that is well," she said.

glad it is over. She raised herself from her pillows, but when she tried to stand she sunk back weakly, looking pitifully at Shirley.

she said faintly, and the stewardess hurried forward. "I think the lady is very ill, miss

"Shall I see if there is a docwhispered. tor on board?" 'No, no; he would not let me go on, Mrs. Ross said eagerly, and then she uttered a little cry of joy, as the gentleman who carried her on board appeared in the door-

"We shall be able to go on shore in a few minutes," he said gently. "Can I do any-thing for you?" he added hastily, seeing Mrs. Ross' condition. "There is a doctor on board. I will fetch him."

He hurried away, returning almost immediately with a grave-looking middle-aged man, whose face grew very pitiful when he saw the white face lying on Shirley's shoulder, and holding Mrs. Ross' wrist between his fingers, he asked a few questions which Shirley answered. "My mother is most anxious to get to

London to-night," Shirley added, interpreting the eager entreaty in the dark eyes which the white lips could not frame. "My brother is to meet us there.' "Will it not be better to telegraph to him to join you here?" Guy Stuart asked pity-ingly, while the doctor looked dubious,

knowing that the exertion could make little difference to Marion Ross now. "I must go on-I must go on! Shirley,

you promised!" panted the dying woman and the doctor said hastily— "Of course you shall go on. I am going on myself and will travel with you

Shirley's hazel eyes went gratefully to his face, and then, without a word, she made arrangements for her mother's comfort, drawing her wraps carefully around her with a calmness at which Guy Stuart al-most wondered, until he saw how terribly pale she was and how firmly the white lips were set

It was the doctor who carried Mrs. Ross from the boat to the train, leaving Captain Stuart to follow with Shirley. As they stepped on to the deck together, the young eer saw that the girl reeled dizzily for a moment, but she recovered herself almost mmediately, and, declining his assistance by a gesture, walked up the wet wooder steps to the train.

The doctor had already placed Mrs. Ross in a carriage. She had not fainted, but was perfectly conscious, although in a state of terrible exhaustion. Without a word—the ooor girl could not trust herself to speak-Shirley held out her hand to Captain Stuart with a glance of farewell. He took it in his for a moment with a cordial pressure, and, when he released it, he saw Shirley get into the carriage, go to her mother's side and give her the support of her arm once more.
"Is it well for her to travel?" he whispered to the doctor, as the latter prepared

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It can make no material difference," he said hurriedly. "Opposition would have hurried the end. As it is, she may live to see her son-but it is doubtful.

"That poor child—what a terrible jour-ney for her!" Guy Stuart remarked sorrowfully.
"Terrible indeed!" said the physician

sadly. "You had better find a seat for yourself," he added hastily. "We are just It was a terrible journey. Accustomed as Dr. Graham was to sad experiences—for said gratefully. "I am exceedingly obliged men in his profession see the most sorrow-to you," she added, and Guy Stuart moved ful side of life—he felt that he had never

assisted upon such a sad journey as this one. It was pitiful to see the efforts the dving woman made to hide her exhaustion from her daughter, whose sad eyes rarely left her face in the dim light of the railway carriage. It was terrible to see her endea-vors to speak, to tell Shirley the story which she was so anxious that she should hear, but which she was perfectly unequal to relating now. Often afterward Shirley re-called those endeavors, and wondered called those endeavors, and wondered whether her mother could have seen into the future and known then, when earth was fading from her, and Heaven drawing so near, that the knowledge of that story might have saved her from even greater misery than her mother had borne. Ah, it the could have looked forward, surely could not have died without telling her-

without warning her!
The train sped on far more rapidly than the French one had done. Dr. Graham's professional experience enabled him to dece Mrs. Ross in a position in which sho could most easily bear the jolting, which was fortunately but slight. She was too chausted now to suffer much. She lay mietly in her daughter's arms, panting lightly, with closed eyes and pallid lips; and it seemed to Shirley that momentarily he weight on her shoulders increased and r breathing grew fainter.

Dr. Graham never forgot those two ars; they seemed so long to him that he could not help thinking what they must seem to Shirley, as she sat, pale and motionless, watching her mother's face with steady sorrowful eyes, the face which was so beautiful, so wondrously beautiful even now. There was no sttempt to blind imself now to the truth ; it did not need he gravity and pity on Dr. Graham's face o show Shirley that the end was near. She had not the faintest gleam of hope now; she knew that the days, and even the hours, of the mother whom she loved so tenderly were numbered; she could only pray mutely, with all her aching, suffering heart, that she might live to see Jack again, and to tell them both that which she was so anxious that they should know. It might save her, she had said in her low broken voice in the cabin of the steamer. Save her from what? Shirley wondered

We are nearly there now," said Dr Graham quietly, as they passed Chisel-hurst; and his words fell upon Marian Ross' ears, and her dim eyes opened. "Nearly there," she repeated-" and I

have not told Shirley! I should like to tell Shirley myself.' "Tell me what, dear?" the girl whis-

pered; and long months afterward she remembered the look with which her mother answered The story - my story," she said hoarsely; "it might warn you, and-and you would hear it better from me; you

would judge-Her voice failed once more, her head fell back. Shirley, watching, saw a faint tinge of color rise in her hollow cheek and an agony of shame in the shining eyesshining now at the thought of seeing her

son once more.
"You shall tell us by and by, mother dear," she said soothingly. "You shall tell Jack and me, you know, when you are rested.' A faint smile crossed the dying lips and

shone for a moment in the dark eyes. "No one can tell it you but me," she said steadily. "No one knows all—but me. Your father knew a little, but no one knows all but me.

She repeated the words more than once as she looked dreamily before her, and some irresistible impulse made Shirley bend over her.
"All what, dear?" she asked eagerly.

"All the sorrow and shame," said Marian Ross piteously, the pale lips beginning to quiver—" all the temptation. would rather tell you myself, Shirley-when—wher I am rested." She closed her eyes and lay back on the

cushions of the carriage leaving her hands in Shirley's. The train slackened for a moment, and then went on again, even as Marian Ross' life was speeding on more rapidly toward its goal. On, on the train went, on until it reached the great city. and Dr. Graham, bending forward, saw th lights of London and the great net-work of roofs over which for a few moments they seemed to be travelling.

The speed slackened; they were drawing

near the station. The sounds of the great city reached them now, reached even the failing senses of the woman who had come there to die. She sat up eagerly, pressing her feeble hands against her heart, as if to stop its short rapid throbs. Then, as the train stopped, she stood up alone and unaided, a wonderful eagerness lighting up her dying face.

A porter, running along the platform, threw open the carriage doors as he passed, and the passengers poured out. Guy Stuart, springing from the first-class moking carriage in which he had travelled, looked eagerly around him for Dr. Graham and his companions. A young man, fair and handsome, with curly, yellow hair and anxious blue eyes, was pushing his way through the crowd, seeking some one with intense cagerness. Captain Stuart watched him earnestly; something in the handsome face struck him as familiar, and he followed him with his eyes. He saw him go from carriage to carriage; and then he perceived a slender form stagger toward him with outstretched arms—the form of woman wrapped in sealskin and shawls! who tottered as she came, and, but for the support of the young girl at her side, must have fallen. He saw Dr. Graham's grave, anxious countenance as he followed; he saw a sudden light brighten the young man's face, and then fade as quickly; he heard a faint, low, joyful cry man's as the mother fell upon her son's neck, a cry which was echoed by her daughter as the beautiful head fell back a tell-tale stream escaped from the parted lips; and Guy Stuart knew that what the doctor had dreaded had taken place. CHAPTER III.

They had carried her with tender hands into the great hotel which adjoins the station, and had laid her upon a bed, and all that skill could do was done for her relief. The hemorrhage had been stopped, but consciousness had not returned, and she lay upon the pillows like one dead Very gently Shirley's skilful hands had removed her wraps, and replaced the heavy travelling-dress by a loose wrapper, and drawn back the heavy hair from the pure blue-veined brow; and the girl was kneeling by the bed now, calm and pale, with her eyes fixed on the beautiful face, watching eagerly for some signs of returning

onsciousness. In the adjoining room Jack sat with his head buried in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break; and the sound of those heavy sobs stole in upon the silence of the room and made Shirley shiver as sho other Poor Jack! It had been a terrible knelt. blow to him, for he had not dreamed that his mother was so ill. He knew that she had been delicate for many months, and that she had wished to return to Scotland, because she felt that she could not live very long; but he had treated the fancy rather as a whim than otherwise, and had concluded that she had wearied of her life in the dull German town, and had resolved to accept her brother's offer and return to her native land. He did not know, poor lad, that Marian Ross would not have dreamed of returning to her own land if she had not known with unerring intuition that

she was dying.

But she would never reach that land now—the land in which she had suffered cruelly, but which nevertheless she loved with a great love still; the land whose heather and wild thyme she had seemed to smell when many hundred miles lay between them and her; the land whose

in which she had played as a child, but which she had left in her early womanhood, and had never seen since, and was never to see-Scotland, her " ain countrie," which had been, as she said, so cruel to

Cruel to her! How had Scotland been exuel to her? Shirley wondered dimly, as she recalled the piteous words and the pitiful smile with which they had been uttered. Cruel! Who could have been cruel to her lovely gentle mother! She had displeased her brother in some way by her marriage, Shirley knew; but in what way she did not guess. Probably because she, who was beautiful enough to have married well in a worldly sense, had chosen to wed a poor man. And yet she had never been sorry for that; Shirley knew that she had loved him with a faithful undying love—a love which would have borne any suffering for and with him, a love which would have counted the world well lost for his sake. Shirley knew that her mother had loved her father deeply; but she little guessed then how deeply Marian Fairholme had loved Roland Ross.

Cruel to her! What mattered its cruelty now? What mattered Sir Gilbert Fair holme's long displeasure, his wife's unbroken silence and contempt? They mattered little to her now as she white and beautiful, drifting slowly away, across the sea of death, home. Never, even in the days of her beauty, when she had been the belle of every ball, and Miss Fairholme of Fairholme had been the reigning toast in the county, had she looked lovelier than now. She was white looked lovelier than now. She as marble; even the parted lips through which her breath came so feebly wer pallid; but the long lashes swept her cheeks in a heavy dark fringe, and the rich dark hair in all its luxuriance streamed down upon the pillow, falling in silky waves over the crimson flannel of her wrapper and on her kneeling daughter's clasped hands.

It was night now, almost midnight; and the sounds of life and animation which had been unceasing during the three hours which Shirley had passed by the bedside were gradually dying away. Sometimes there were steps and voices in the passages without, which made the girl start and look anxiously at her mother, but they did not disturb her rest. Then, as these gradually died away and ceased, the occasional shrill whistle of a train rose upon the silence of the night, making the girl's heart throb fast and her pulses quicken; but it did not reach the number senses of the dying woman. Ah, when Shirley's broken hearted sobbing, "Mother, mother !" was unheeded, would any other

sound pierce those dulled ears? What could that story be, Shirley wondered to herself, as the night wore on the story she was so anxious to tell, but for which she had not strength? It could not be a short story, or she would have told it; she would have found power enough for that. What did she mean by sin and shame and sorrow? There was no sin, no shame on that lovely marble face, sorrow and suffering and-beneath then now, but soon to surmount them—peace.
Shirley tried to think—she tried to look

back into the past and recall her mother's had always been calm and peaceful and apparently happy, and the look of deep sadness had been so constant on her face that Shirley had grown to regard it as natural. No, there was ng in the past of which Shirley knew to the dark eyes. Her father's death had been a fearful sorrow truly, and one from which her mother had never recovered but there was no shame to touch him,

No, they had been happy years—Shirley felt sure of that—happy years and pleasant occupied with wanderings in quaint foreign cities, husband and wife never remaining long in any one place, never wearying of it, but taking and enjoying all its charms and beauty, and then leaving it—going southward with the swallows, lingering inder the blue skies and breathing soft balmy air when the northern world was frost-bound and chill; then, when the golden summer days came back, returning orthward again, but never coming to England—never.

Yes, it had been a pleasant life, although to Sir Gilbert Fairholme it had seemed a strange and wandering existence. Roland Ross was an artist, and he had not cared to have a settled home anywhere, but had ollowed his art; and wherever it led him he was content to go, and his wife had been content to follow. He had not been a very successful artist, perhaps, for although he and genius, he lacked perseverance, which is, after all, the key to success; but, so ong as he made sufficient money to keep his wife and children in comfort, he had not cared. Naturally a hopeful and happy lispositioned man, he was nearly always bright and cheerful, brave under disappoint ment, and always tender and loving to his own. The children's lives had been sunshiny and cloudless; they had grown up with an intense love for all that was beautiful in nature and art, they had re ceived every educational advantage-for abroad in those sunny foreign lands pro-fessors were obtained who, in England, would have asked the same number of pieces in gold for those they received in silver—and Shirley had such a beautiful voice that it was well that it should be highly cultivated, and she loved music.

Ah, those happy days! How they came back, one by one, bright and vivid, as if twenty-four hours had not elapsed since their evenings fell and their light faded to Shirley Ross, as she knelt in the silent com in the still night hours. That day in Paris, when, after spending some long happy hours at the Louvre, feasting their eyes on its beauties, they had gone and dined at a bright little restaurant in the Palais-Royal and had finished up the evening at the Theatre Francais, where they had been charmed with Sardou's comedy "Maitre Guerin"—Shirley remembered that day so well; the chestnut-trees were in flower and the sun was shining so cheerly down on the gay groups of bonnes and chil-dren in the gardens, and there had been flowers on the bright dinner-table; and her mother had looked so lovely in her delicate gray dress and black lace bonnet that more than one had turned to admire her as passed by, and she had laughed and blushed at her husband's smiling compli-ments, as if she had been a girl in her

That day too in Brussels, a long golden summer day, when they had picnicked in the Bois de la Cambre and enjoyed its glorious trees and lovely verdure, and had watched from their seats by the lake the stars came out one by one over the deep blue sky, and had driven home down the long boulevards in the shabby little onehorse vehicle, of which Jack had made such And that day in Venice, when Shirley got her first peep at the Queen of the Sea! How well she remembered her wonder and delight, and the beauties of Florence and the grandeurs of Rome! Ah,

how she remembered them all! And that last terrible day when her father died! Could she ever forget that? Could she ever feel less pain at that momory than she did now, when the hot tears rose thick and fast, and the red lips quivered with irrepressible pain? It was at a quaint little old sea-port town on the cost of Brittany, and during the morning Shirley and Jack had wandered down the steep path at the end of the village which lead to the beach. It was toward the end of summer, the bathing-season was over, and the fishing fleets were preparing to put to sea. The fishermen were busy with their boats, the women within doors were making active preparations for their husband's departure. It was a cheerful, pleasant little place, and the sca was heaving and flashing in the sunshine and rolling hills and valleys were lovelier to her eyes upon the beach, where the waves broke than those of any of the sunny lands she with a musical little ripple. Shirley and

had seen since she had left them; the land | her brother had sat down on the side of an old boat which stood high and dry, and had talked of England, and wondered why they knew so little of home, and had laughed and chattered with a sturdy old fisherman who was working away at his nets close by Shirley could remember his kindly weatherbeaten face even then. They had been so happy and light-hearted; no shadow of the coming trouble had fallen upon them; their father and mother were had been out sketching during the morning, and had come home a little tired, and was resting on the sofa in their little sittingroom-for they had been spending the summer at Port St. Pierre, and Shirley was burned by the sun into a clear soft brown. And then she and Jack had run up the steep path, with merry laughter and shouts, to the chalet on the edge of the cliff where they lived, and Mrs. Ross had met them smiling too, but with upraised finger, urging silence, because their father was

asleep Poor mother! It was the last time Shirley ever saw her face bright and smiling. An hour afterward she went softly into the little sitting-room, and then came a quick terrified cry which brought Jack quickly into the room. Their father was lying quietly upon the cushions, his eyes osed, his lips parted in a faint smile; but there was a strange, awful indefinable look upon his face which, although they had never seen death, told them what it was. Their mother was bending over the sofa and she turned her face to them with pitiful look of entreaty.
"I cannot wake him," she

"I cannot wake him," she said hurriedly; "and he is so cold. I think he has fainted."

She bent over him again, touching his hands with one of hers. Then her face changed; a terrible look of anguish came upon it; and, before Jack could go to her assistance, she had fallen in a swoon at their feet. Roland Ross was dead-

That was three years ago now; but Shirley remembered it all as clearly as possible, as clearly as though it had nappened yesterday. Presently the door opened, and Jack came softly in. Shirley rose and went to meet him, and they kissed each other.

"There is no change," she said, gently. But I do not think she is suffering."
"She is not—not dead?" Jack faltered, as he glanced at the still face.

"Oh, no -oh, no !" " Does Dr. Graham think she will recove consciousness ?'

" Yes, he thinks so : and I hope so-oh. Shirley said, earnestly. I should like her to know us again. Jack remarked, with forced composure. "It is not only for that," Shirley said

tremulously; "but there is something she wants to tell us—you and me. She is very anxious that we should know it." "What can it be, Shirley?" said Jack, wonderingly. "They never had any secrets from us." They have kept one, I think," the girl

observed, in her tremulous, broken voice, "She seemed so anxious to tell me in the train from Paris; but I dared not let her was so weak. I did not want her to talk. "What can it be?" Jack said again, with a long look at the quiet face. "I can not think. She said something

about shame and temptation,'

replied, a faint color rising in her face. (To be continued.)

First Steam-Heated Train in Canada On Wednesday on the morning express of the G.T.R., between Ottawa and Mon treal, a trial was made of Sewall's system of heating an express train by means of steam from the engine. The chief points of the system are these: The steam enters at the forward end of the train, and the supply is controlled by a valve in each car. From the main pipe the steam is admitted into radiating pipes, so arranged as to heat every part of the car. The apparatus is constructed in such a manner that any car in the train such a manner that any car in the train can be "cut off withou interfering with the heating of the other cars. In ordinary use on the road the steam for heating is supplied by the engine but provision is also made for supplying heat independent of the engine, in case of a car being side tracked or waiting at junc tions for incoming trains, or in event of accident interrupting the connection with the main supply of steam. In such cases heating steam is supplied from a small boiler in each car, that receives the drip of condensed water from the pipes, having a small fire-box under it. Of course it will be seldom that this will have to be relied upon. The cars composing the train on which the system was tried were elegant and new coaches from the Grand Trunk shops. Mr. Anderson, of the G. T. R. mechanical denartment accommanied Mr Sewall on the trial trip, and will report to the company.

How They Punished Him,

Last Wednesday James Stewart of the Porter factory, three miles from Clarkes-ville, insulted the sister of Ben and David Crane. He was walking leisurely toward the factory, and when he reached the factory store a crowd was assembled. Among them was David Crane and also Ben Crane David had a gun with two big barrels and Ben had a cowhide with a long leather lash. David halted Stewart with a gun cocked, and required him to stand, and at the same time saying to his brother Ben "Lay it on." Ben did key it on, and Stewart stood still. One of our most prominent citizens was on the field and saw the whole occurrence, and describes the cracking of the whip like unto that of a pack of fire-crackers when the main fuse is on fire. The crowd stood still and no one interfered. Mr. Stewart, when he was let go, cried like a child and as soon as possible fled. not with a mark about his brow but with marks from the top of his hat to the heel of his shoe. Mr. Stewart was always considered a very good man, and very wel thought of. He has a most elegant lady for a wife. The Crane boys are very nice young men, who, before committing the act of whipping, consulted a lawyer. After the consultation all parties considered it better for them to take the matter into their own nands than go into law .- Savannah News.

The Gift of the Czar.

His Imperial Majesty Alexander III. Czar of all the Russias, recently presented the Czarina with a birthday present in the shape of a beautiful jewelled necklace. The gems used are all large emeralds, perfectly matched as to color and size. matching of the stones alone occupied a period of three years. The imperial jewel is said to be highly prized by Alexander' consort.—Jewellers' Weekly.

Equal to the Occasion.

Faithful Servant-Please mura, some o' the boarders is talkin' about the butter. Boarding-house Keeper — Impossible! The—the butter has a fine flavor. "They say it's too good, mum, and they're afraid it's oleo."

"Oh! Well, before putting it on the

table stretch a few hairs through it." Omaha World. He Disclaimed Responsibility. " How did you begin life ?" the young man asked the great man.
"I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man. "It was here when I got

New School of Morality. "Mamma, Lili has been telling another fib! Say to her its very wicked for a little girl to tell fibs-that she must wait till she

-The bald-headed man may not earn any more bread than the rest of us, but with his vast glacial-period brow he could sweat for a whole family.

grows up ! '

HOW HE WON

William Beach, Hanlan's Conqueror, Tells

How He Did It. The recent exploit of Mr. William Beach caves no doubt that he is the handiest man in the world with the sculls. The ease with which he outrowed his opponent, the supposed invincible Ned Hanlan, shows that in form, stroke and muscular develop

ment, adapted to sculling, he has no equal. Although an Australian by virtue of resi-ence, Beach was born in Surrey, England, in 1851, and removed with his parents to New South Wales in 1854. He was brought up to his father's trade, and, while toiling like a young Vulcan in the smithy, unconsciously developed that magnificent physique which has since brought him world-wide distinction. When about 23 years of age Beach commenced rowing on the Illawarra Lakes against local competitors, and from the outset kept winning until gradually handicapped out of all races. Following are his chief aquatic performances while in Australia:

December, 1889-Won Deeble's handicap, Woolomooloo Bay. January, 1851—Second Pyrmont-Regatta, won y Pearce. January, 1881—Second National Regatta, won yD. McDonald. February, 1881—Beat N. McDonald, Paramatta

March, 1881—Beat George Solomons.

May, 1881—Beat Charles Reynolds. October, 1882—Second Punch trophy, won by C. Laycock. December, 1882—Beat T. Clifford, Paramatta January, 1883-National Regatia, swamped. von hy Mossenger. Merch, 1833-Nowhere, Grafton Regatta, won y D. McDona'd. March, 1833-Won Woolloomooloo Bay Regatta

rize. December 7—Won James Hunt's trophy, Par-December 7—Won James Hunt's trophy, Par-amatta River.

April 2, 1883—Beaten by E. Trickett, cham-jonship (first time).

April 12, 1883—Beat E. Trickett, championship.

April 17, 1883—Beat E. Trickett, championship.

April 12, 1884—Beat E. Trickett, championship.

August 16, 1884—Beat E. Hanlan, champion-ship world.

March 17, 1885 - Beat T. Clifford, championship March 27, 1885—Beat E. Hanlan, championship

December 19, 1895—Beat N. Matterson. November 26, 1887—Beat E. Hanlan, champior Mr. Beach's system of training includes run of two or three miles before breakfast, a walk of six or seven miles afterwards, and a pull over the course. After dinner comes another two-mile walk and a second pull

over the course, during which he rows him-

self right out, eases off, and then pulls again. A long walk concludes the day.

A man under such physical strain, though he be a giant, must often feel the failure of his strength to his will, powerful though he be, it is not surprising that Mr. Beach candidly states that during his training, previous to meeting Edward Hanlan the second time for the world's championship, his trainer bought for him Warner's safe cure and he says: "I was agreeably astonished at the great benefit which followed its use." While in training he finds this the best possible aid to a command of all his natural powers, because it does not first goad and afterwards weaken the system, but acts in perfect harmony

with nature's laws. Mr. Beach's experience is confirmed by the experience of many thousands of athletes all over the world. Under the great physical strain they break down and die prematurely, because they have not been able to keep disease away from their kid-neys and liver, whence most diseases originate. Mr. Beach recognizes this necessity, and has sagacity enough to use only scientific specifics for that purpose. He has not only the prestige of victory but the prestige of a true scientific method of train ing and keeping up his wonderful physical condition. If he did not voluntarily give up the championship, it would no doubt be long time before it was wrested from

A Fool of a Man.

Mother-Where is Mr. Nicefellow? Lovely daughter (sitting alone)-Gone

"Home? It's only 8 o'clock." Yes-he asked me to-to marry him and—and I said 'no,' and—and he went right off—boo! boo! boo?"

Symptoms of Catarrh. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the masal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse watery and acrid at others, thick, tenacious mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the

eyes are week, watery and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or ughing to clear the throat, expectoration offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers: the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. 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, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

His Emergency Thoughts.

A little boy fell into the bay a few days since and barely escaped drowning. asked by his mother what he was thinking about while in the water he replied : was thinking what a lot of things you'd give me if I got home safe."

Woman's Modesty. Many women are prevented by feelings

of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism, and the most serious results are often caused by this neglect. To such persons Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription especial boon, as it offers a sure and safe cure for all those distressing disorders to which women are peculiarly subject, while it saves a modest girl or woman from the embarrassment of a personal consultation with a physician. "Favorite Prescrip-tion" is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper

Where Sugar Comes From. "Where is the Island of Cuba situated?"

asked an Austin school teacher of a small rather forlorn looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where sugar comes from?" "Yes, sir, we borrow it from the next door neighbor."—Texas Siftings.

The Rebellion

In the Northwest has been suppressed and our citizens can now devote reasonable attention to their corns. The only sure safe and painless remedy is Putnam's Pain less Corn Extractor. It never fails; never makes sore spots worse than the original discomfort. See that you get "Putnam's and take none other.

The Old, Old Song.

"Where is your home?" asked a mai of a disconsolate-looking stranger. "I haven't any home at present," was the reply. "My wife's mother is making her a visit."—Somerville Journal.

-Notwithstanding the prevailing super stition regarding the number thirteen, we don't hear anybody kicking on the baker's

DONKEY PARTIES

The Latest Amusement of Society.

"Donkey parties" have had a pleasant and successful run through one of the most cultured and genial social sets lately. They are managed in this way: A tailless donkey is cut out of gray canton flannel. This is pasted on to a sheet of white cotton cloth, and this is tacked up against the wall or folding doors of the room. Then a number of gray flannel tails are distributed among the guests. Each in turn is blindfolded and turned round on his own axis three times; then he starts to try and pin the tail on to its place. Two prizes are given by the host and hostess-one to whoever pins the tail closest to the donkey's stump, and the other to the one who went the most astray.

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. equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mai' for 50 cents.

Alarming Contortions.

Passenger (on street-car, alarmed) Madam, do you feel a fit coming on? Madam (haughtily)-No, sir; I'm trying to find my pocket.

Jack and Jill each took a pill, Old-fashioned kind-full grown; Jack's went down-but with a frown Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets entirely supersede, as they bid fair to do, the large and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels!
Most popular when most ills abound!

The Toronto Board of Trade vesterday decided to apply to the Dominion Parliament for amendments to their Act of Incorporation giving them power to compel the attendance of witnesses in cases of arbitration and to enforce awards.



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

Being entirely vegetable, they opentirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, die, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, her netically scaled. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.



Bilious Headache,
Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion,
Bilious Attacks, and all
derangements of the stomach and howels, are promptly relieved and permanently
cured by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.
In explanation of the remedial power of these
Pellets ever so great a variety of diseases, it
may truthfully be said that their action upon
the system is universal, not a gland or tissue may truth they see such that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sunative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



heavy headache, obstruction of the masal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, nuccous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, lacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a masal 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 my one case. Thousands of tasts accommily, without SYMPTOMS OF CATARRIL-Dull, 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 Catarth Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarth, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarthal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh." Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ilhaca*, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic masacatarrh. My family physician gave me up a 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 thront would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the care has been permanent."

"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 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 me. Luckfly, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh

ELI ROBBINS, Rungan 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. 488

Merchants, Butchers, AND TRADERS GENERALLY, We want a good man in your locality to pick CALFSKINS

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

Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Youge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S REST FOURMES **CORSUMPTION**

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