SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

She clung to Gny in a paroxysm of terror at the thought, the only clear one now in her bewildered brain. "I am not his wife—it is impossible! No, no, Guy, do not leave me to him—take me away—take me away !

She hid her face on his breast, trembling convulsively in every limb, while Guy bowed his head over hers in an agony as

bowed his head over hers in an agony as great as her own, his strong frame trembling with the suppressed rage and fury which burned in his heart when he thought of the misery before her.

"Guy"—lifting her head and meeting his sorrowful eyes—"forgive me! I forgot! I won't pain you, dear, any more. My head seems so strange and confused that I do not know what I am saying. Why did I come? I walked all the way you know. Oswald come? I walked all the way, you know. Oswald helped me—he was very good; but he could not help its being so cold, you know. And when I fell he said, 'Come back-come But I knew that I must come, that if I did not something dreadful--" the trembling seized her, and her voicedied away on the parched lips, but her eyes still tooked upward to his. "Ah, I remember! Guy, you will not—there is something I have to ask you—you will come away from here—you will not—oh, Guy"—she slid down from his arms and sunk at his feet, holding out her little, eager, supplicating hands—"oh, Guy, if you ever loved me—I can see the danger in your face, and—and—it terrifies me! Oh, Gny, come away come away !'

She was clinging to him as she knelt at his feet in a very delirium of terror, her hands upraised, her hair sweeping the ground. Bending, Guy strove to raise her, but she resisted.

no, I will kneel here! Oswald, nels me to plead. Do you not see—do you

"Shirley, dear, Guy will come away. Be calm, child; you will only make yourself

Captain Fairholme had come to her side. lifting her gentle hands and speaking soothingly. He saw that the girl's mind was almost unhinged with misery, and the fever-light in her eyes terrified him.

you not see?" she repeated, y. "He will kill him! Oswald, piteously. nake him go; he has suffered so much that

make him go; he has suffered so much that his misery has—"
"This scene must end," said Sir Hugh, advancing. "Major Stuart, if you have any pity for this poor child, who is evidently so terribly upset by all the excitement she has undergone that she is not asserted with the light sawing, you will conscious of what she is saying, you will leave us. I am at your service whenever you like to call upon me. You can leave my wife to my care now."

Go, Guy, for Heaven's sake, and end this scene! It is killing Shirley," Oswald said entreatingly, for his cousin's condition was alarming him greatly; the fever of her mind was struggling against her physical exhaustion, and she clung to him, panting and breathless, in her agony of terror.

"To leave her thus!" cried Guy bitterly.

"How can I? Fairholme, put yourself in my place. To leave her to that dastard, who has so cruelly betrayed us both! Why did you let her come? I claim a man's right to vengeance. Even his life would not be a sufficient

"You are talking madly," interrupted Oswald. "What vengeance can you take that will not fall most heavily upon her? Ah, surely she has suffered enough! Wil you add to her misery? It would be kinder to tear her limb from limb than let her suffer this! And you say you love her! Guy Stuart stood silent, his hands clinched, his head bent, his breathing loud and fast. To let go his vengeance was harder than to part with his own life. To forgive the man who had so terribly wronged him was beyond his strength. The very sight of the livid changed face lying against Oswald's shoulder goaded him to madness. While her life should last she must suffer through that man! Could any vengeance be too great? Would any cost be counted if he could be made to suffer in

He lifted his eyes and turned them full upon his betrayer, and under the hate and bitterness of that look Sir Hugh, brave as he was felt the color leave his face. A bitter cry of anguish and despair rang through the room.

He will not hear me—he never loved

ne! Oh, Guy—oh, Guy!"
At the broken wailing words Guy turned to her, and, as his eyes rested upon her, all the anger died out of them, and a yearning heart-broken tenderness replaced it. He looked at her for a moment, the girl he loved so wildly, and who had been stolen from him by so base a theft, the girl who was another man's wife; then he turned away and covered his face with his hands, and there was breathless silence in the room, during which, had its occupants been less absorbed, they might have heard the sound of rapidly approaching wheels.

For a minute no one moved or spoke; then Shirley crept to Guy's side and raised her fingers to his hands as they were clasped before his face. At the touch, light said ger as it was, a shiver ran through the strong weary. frame, and he uncovered his face and stood

"I will go," he said hoarsely. "It is better—I will. No, my darling—how can I take you with me? You are his wife, re-

She had clasped her hands round his arm: but at the words, so heart-rending in their bitter anguish, so hopeless in their misery, the little clinging fingers fell away, and she drew back with a puzzled look.
"Guy," she said faintly, "have you for-

gotten how to love me? Are you angry? Have I vexed you?" "Dear, do you forget?" he asked pitifully, as he made his way toward the door, moving like a man suddenly stricken with

blindness, Shirley following with the same wistful, puzzled look, which made Oswald watch her with a nameless fear. At the door Guy paused, with trembling hands for the handle, not daring to look at

ing, shining eyes.
"Guy, you will not go without me?" she

said piteously. "You will not leave me here? Ah"—with a cry that rang through the room—"I forgot—I forgot!"

Not daring to hesitate, Guy opened the door, and went out into the hall, where two -Lady Capel and her daughterwhom he passed without recognition. They places smooth. Tell me, lad—why is not uttered a simultaneous exclamation of diswhile one ran to Shirley and caught her in her arms, the other turned to Oswald.

"For Heaven's sake, follow him!" Lady

"She has not deceived you, lad?" her arms, the other turned to Oswald.

Capel said burriedly. "He needs you

Oswald obeyed without a word; and, Shirley, whose eyes were dry and wild and vacant, and who paid no heed to Ruby's tears and caresses, her ladyship addressed Sir Hugh-

You must pardon this intrusion, Sir Hugh: but my daughter was in such disress about Shirley-she feared she was ill,

"No apology is needed," Sir Hugh said, an expression of intense relief on his countenance as he went forward. "No words express my gratitude for your kindness, Lady Capel. I fear indeed that this has been too much for Shirley, and I will gladly leave her in your care. I will send

my housekeeper to you."

He left the room, and, as he crossed the hall. Shirley's shrill laughter followed him. and he heard her voiceasking Ruby, in a puzzled tone, why she was crying, what was she sorry about, and to see how happy she was, and to listen— Then came that shrill, dreadful laughter again.

* CHAPTER XXV "Is it not time they were here, Dick-

"In about half an hour, sir," said the attendant's grave respectful voice; and Sir Jasper Stuart moved uneasily on his pil-lows. It was so hard to wait when time was so short with him now. It might be measured by hours, even by minutes. In the great bedchamber of the stately London House the fire glowed brightly, and the lamp burned with a soft subdued lustre which did not distress the dim eyes of the invalid who lay there, half raised upon his pillows, with yearning impatience upon his ace, a face over which the shadow of death

was creeping slowly but surely.

But even that shadow and that yearning could not quite dim the light of expectation and hope which shone so brightly over the aged countenance, one which even now showed some of the great beauty which had showed some of the great beauty which had been Sir Jasper's portion. The features, sharpened though they were, were regular and shapely, the masses of white hair were thrown back from his forehead, and the gray eyes, dim and fast growing sightless now, had been the counterpart of And the face, which in his youth had been so grand, was grand still with the endurance which was upon it, with its brow all patience and its lips all pain.

For nearly the whole of his long life, Sir

fasper Stuart had been an invalid, para lyzed and crippled from his manhood, and nobly he had borne his suffering, nobly conquered the rebellious thoughts which were so apt to rise. Until the accident by which he had been laid low, his strength had been even greater than the average, and he had enjoyed life with all the zest given by his superb manhood and his cloud-less fortune; but suddenly and swiftly the burden of pain and suffering and weary inaction had been laid upon him, and he had taken it up as gallantly, with as brave a smile and as dauntless a front as any might of old. And now he was about to lay it down, and he was glad to be free of ts pain and weariness at last.

Within all was bright and warm and noiseless, without in the London square the winter storm raged violently. The hail and sleet dashed against the windows, the wind roared ceaselessly, and ever and again a flash of lightning gleamed through the darkness. Sir Jasper, leaning back, listened to the swiftly falling hail and the

moaning howling wind.
"It is a bad night for them to come home," he said presently, "But they won't be thinking of the wind and hail. Has Owens gone yet, Dickson?"

"The carriage has just started, Sir "Has Mrs. James everything ready for

them, Dickson?"
"Mrs. James has surpassed herself, Sir Jasper. There is not a servant in the house who would not do their best to welcome Major Stuart and his lady."

"He will be a good master to you when am gone, Dickson, and I hope you will serve him as faithfully as you have served me. It would have been pleasant," he added with a faint smile. " to see his young wife flitting about the old rooms, brighten ing them with the sunshine of her sweet presence; but it is not to be, and I am quite content."

There was a pause then, during which ie old man's dim eves were fixed upon sketch which lay before him, a sketch of Shirley Ross in her fur cap and jacket, which Guy had drawn one day and had given to his uncle, who had smiled at his eloquent description of Shirley's beauty.

"She is very lovely," he murmured to himself: "and she looks true. I am glad my boy will be so happy."

The minutes slipped by, the hail ceased, and the moaning of the wind seemed to lessen. Suddenly Dickson rose.

"The carriage has returned. Sir Jasper."

he said quietly.

"Ah, that is well! The time seems to go so slowly when one waits."

Two minutes more passed, and then on the stairs without sounded a footsten. and into Sir Jasper's dying eyes came a gleam of intense eagerness. The door of his room opened quietly, and a tall man entered, crossed the room with rapid step, and knelt down by the hedside. Sir Jas per's eyes met his in eager love; then they went beyond him to seek the other form he so much wished to see, and came back wistful and questioning, to rest on his

nephew's face.
"Uncle Jasper "-Guy's voice, eager, tender, and unsteady, broke the silence first—" you expected me, did you not?"
"Not you only, dear lad," said the old man, whose eyes, dim as they the terrible change in the face of the man

whom he loved so tenderly.
"You are glad to see me, sir?" "When am I not glad, Guy?"

"And you are-not worse, I hope? have not been suffering much? Vis Dickson? I should like to ask him The old man's fingers touched his nephew's and stopped the nervous restless speech, and Guy, who had risen, resumed his old position, kneeling beside the bed. "I have not been suffering," Sir Jasper

said gently. "Sit down, lad; you must be Guy obeyed at once, throwing himself into an arm-chair by the bed, and trying to screen his face from the keen which were reading all its pain and all its

unrest. "You are alone, my boy?"

"Yes, Uncle Jasper "Guy, my dear lad, what is that pain upon your face?"

Guy's head sunk upon his breast; he could not speak falsely to his uncle now, and yet how could he pain him by the story ne had to tell? You have had some great trouble since I saw you, lad," went on the tender sympathizing voice—and Guy's fingers

closed over the cold hand in his with convulsive pressure. "Tell it me, Guy." "It is nothing. You need not be trou bled for me, Uncle Jasper," Guy said huskily.

hands for the handle, not daring to look at Shirley, and feeling that he could have faced death more easily than those wonder-faintly. "Do not be afraid totell me, Guy." "I have been troubled; but it is over,' Guy said steadily. "Do not think of it, sir Let us speak of something else."

"It will not hurt you to tell me, lad, no will it hurt me to hear. Nothing can hurt me now, you know, because I am so near the border of that land where all dark places will be made light and all rough

Guy winced. The mention of her name

"She? No, poor child!" Guy said bit-

terly.
"Then you are saved the cruelest pangof with a glance at her daughter, who was all, Guy. There is no pain so hard to bear crying passionately, with her arms round as that brought by the knowledge of the unworthiness of one we love.'

"Shirley is worthy of the truest love any man could give her," Major Stuart said huskily. "But, Uncle Jasper, why need you be troubled? I must get over it as best can, and I must try to forget the happy dreams I have dreamed lately.
"Forget them: Why?" Because-because they have stolen her

rem me.' "Stolen her from you, Guy! Who has lone this, lad?

"One who called himself my friend." "Your friend! Tell me all, Guy. I can bear any trouble better than this suspense and ignorance of what is grieving you And, simply, and with as little bitterness as he could, Guy told him all. The old man listened in silence, only the feeble pressure of his thin fingers over Guy's strong ones showing what he felt, and once or twice a sudden gleam of anger flashing into his dim eyes. Wrong, insult, injury to himself he could have borne, but injury

to Guy cut him deeper far.
"My poor boy, my poor boy!" he said,
as Guy's head sunk upon his hands
in uncontrollable emotion. "It was a

cruel deed." Cruel. Could any vengeance be too great for that dastard's crime?" Guy said passionately. "Tell me, Uncle Jasper you who can judge dispassionately— would it be more than justice if I laid him dead at my feet? If a man attacks you in a fair fight, you can meet him and defend yourself: but a vile traitor who stabs you yourself: but a vile traitor who stabs you in the dark, who takes your hand in friendship, meaning to betray you basely, who takes from the one precious thing which gladdens your life—what punishment—great Heaven, what punishment could be severe enough for him? If I slew him, I should be too merciful," he said between his teeth: then, meeting the sorrowful dim eyes, he made a strong effort to regain his self-control. "Forgive me, dear Uncle Jasper !" he said, bending toward him. "I was wrong to startle you thus-very

"You were wrong -very wrong," his uncle answered quietly—" but not because you startled me. Guy, have you forgotten the words, 'Vengeance is Mine I will

"But such perfidy, such treachery!" said the young man, panting with the might of his passion for vengeance, which the body, but he has killed my soul." 'Hush, for Heaven's sake. Be silent, Guy !"

Guy's bronzed face paled to the hue of death at the entreaty and pain in the feeble voice, his lips trembled, and the flash of madness died out of his eyes.

"Forgive me, Uncle Jasper; but, ah, if you knew how I loved her, and how she is suffering." "I know how you loved her, Guy; for once I loved even as you do, and I know how you both suffer," Sir Jasper said brokenly. "Every step of this weary road

over which you are walking I have trodden, every pang you have suffered I have known every pang, but intensified a hundred-fold, because, while you can honor Shirley still, I found my idol was nothing but

"Uncle Jasper!" Low and broken and pained were the words now; the madness was dying out of his heart; the greatness of his grief was not lessened, but it was calmed by the words, so solemnly tender, so deeply sad, which he had heard.

so deeply sad, which he had heard.

"I was a younger man than you, (iuy, when I loved even as you loved, and thought that I was loved in return. But I was wrong. She pretended to love me, and one day I found out my mistake. It is a long story; but I need not give you its details now, Guy. The man who won her from me was my friend, and it was to him I owed the accident which made me to him I owed the accident which made me what you have known me—a helpless cripple."

An exclamation of pain and horror broke from Major Stuart's lips.

"Yes," Sir Jasper went on, in his grave, pained, weary voice, "but for him, I should have been as other men, Guy—strong and healthy, able to enjoy life and see good He took from me the woman I days. loved; he deprived me forever of health and strength, of the dear and close ties of oved me, could I have asked to share life? Had I no cause for vengeance, Guy? And yet, when it was in my reach, when, years after, it was in my power to avenge myself fully, to strike every joy he possessed from his hand, even as he had taken them from mine, to shiver to the dust the honors and successes he had won, I refrained. Ah, Guy, dear lad, there is a nobler justice than the justice of revenge! What mercy dare we look for if we grant none? Lying here, 'with the light from the windows of my Father's mansion shin-

ing upon my homeward path,' I can look back thankfully to the past, whereas—''

He sunk back exhausted; he had spoken with unusual passion and earnestness, and the feeble frame was not equal to such emotion. Guy bent over him, lifting in his strong arms and supporting him ten-derly during the paroxysm of pain which followed. As he laid him down again, the

lying eyes met his with a living light in "Guy, you will forgive me. Ah, it is hard, I know! But do not think that he will not suffer; he will regret his baseness bitterly. How can he be happy if he loves her and sees her misery? Lad, do you remember "—the dying face was serone once more as the dying eyes lingered on Guy's softened face—"the play we read together so long ago, and which you liked so well? Ah, Guy, 'how would you be, if He which is the top of judgment should but judge you as you are?" Forgive him, lad Promise me you will never seek to

Promise me you will never seek to harm him—promise—promise, Guy."

The room was very silent for a space:
the light fell upon both faces from the light above them, Sir Jasper's grave, earnest, pleading, Guy's softened truly, but full of bitter resentment still. It was bitter as leath itself to give that promise. Hugh had been merciless to him—why should he show him mercy? But, looking at the dying man who loved him, and who had borne a long life of pain so uncomplainingly—who, when revenge lay between his fingers, in the hollow of his hand, had laid it aside—he saw to what nobility a man can attain, he saw how much greater even

than revenge was the conquest which had made him king over himself. The door opened softly to admit Dickson, who came to the bedside noiselessly, then retreated again at a sign from the dving man. He went out quietly, his eyes dim and his lips trembling; the shadow had grown very dark and heavy, that falling shadow of death, The hail had ceased and the sound of the wind was lowered and

"Will you not promise me, lad? "I promise, Uncle Jasper," Guy said brokenly: and a light of joy, so bright, so vivid, that for a moment it dispersed the gathering darkness, shone on the dying

face.
"Thank you, lad; you have made me very happy, Guy."
The stillness deepened, the gray shadow rept over the suffering face; death was

ming fast now.
"Poor lad!" murmured the pale lips. You will be very lonely. I had so hoped!"
"You do not suffer?" Guy asked bending over him.
"No; all suffering is nearly over for

His eyes were closed, but he opened them suddenly, and looked long and lingeringly at the face of the man he loved so

" Kiss me lad," he whispered.

Guy bent down and touched with his own the bearded lips which had claimed the promise from him. A smile crept into the dying eyes and, reaching the mouth, lingered there, A long-drawn sigh rose from the lips, the weary limbs straightened themselves for their last rest, and, as the storm died in the distance and the wind lulled, the long life of pain was over, and

Sir Jasper Stuart was at rest.

At rest, with a smile upon his serene face-at rest, having obtained a promise which was of greater worth than even he had guessed; and the man whom he loved. and who was left alone in the wide world, longed with a bitter hopeless longing to leave the torture of life and rest there by

(Po be continued.)

his side.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

An Important Industry Among the Ana

mese Natives. Travellers going from Hong Kong to Bangkok or Singapore by steamer pass along the coast of Anam and near a group of islands that are at once picturesque and curious, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Swallows' nests are a source of riches to the region. Their value is said to have been discovered some hundreds of years ago during the reign of Gia Long, who promised a liberal reward to any one who would discover a new and profitable article of export within this realm. The nests discovered on the island of Nam Ngai were presented to the sovereign, who, faithful to promise, offered a patent of nobility to the finder. This was respectfully de-clined, and instead a monopoly of the harvest was accepted by the discoverer for himself and his descendants. The privi-leged family was to pay yearly 80 pounds of the nests to the emperor as royalty. On the other hand they were to be exempt from personal taxes, from military service and from contributions of personal labor, such as are common in oriental countries. They formed a family league of 40 or 50 men, elected two of their number as leaders, under the title of gnan and dot, and founded a village convenient for their commerce, which still exists under the name of Yen Xa-" Village of the Swallows' Nests." The nests are the product of a salivary secretion of the birds. As to their mercantile value they are divided into three distinct categories. The most valuable are those into which there enters a certain proportion of blood. These are called ven huyet. Singularly enough, they can only be produced by the birds which are affected with a malady resembling consumption and which is attended by copious hemorrhage. Nests of this kind are in great demand. They are rare and gathered only in the spring. Local tradition says that these birds die of exhaustion or of the consumption in its advanced stages, before the end of the second winter. Scientists being scarce among the Anamese, and the French colonists not having yet had sufficient time for observation, it is not known whether this disease is peculiar only to a part of the birds, or whether the salivary secretion that causes the malady causes the death of all of them after a year or two of existence. The smallness of the quantity of these nests annually gathered—which is only three or four pounds—would seem to indicate that the disease is only partial and peculiar to those possessed of the weakest lungs. All the other nests (van sao) are classed as second quality. Nothing but the saliva of the birds enters into their construction. They are gathered in the spring, summer and autumn. The spring harvest is the most valuable because it includes the two qualities. Two nests of the first quality weigh one ounce, and are worth at the place of production five Mexican dollars at current value in Anam. Those of the second quality are worth little more than half as much. Nearly all the nests are sold to the Chinese living in the cities of Anam and Tonquin, or sent to Chinese ports Only the Chinese and some mandarins of the court of Hue, who prefer the Chinese cuisine, can afford the luxury. They are eaten by the Chinese cooked with flesh or with sugar, having been first cleaned of all extraneous substances by a liberal appli-cation of hot water. When cooked with fowl or game, fruit of the water-lily is added. Chinese physicians prescribe them as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the lungs, asthma, disordered digestion and most other maladies. The Evil of Chewing Cloves.

my first thought is, "That man is a fool." He thinks he is concealing the smell of whiskey or some other vile smell, and he is only advertising it. There is another reason also why he is a fool. The oil of cloves, which is expressed from them by chewing them, is an active solvent of the enamel of the teeth. Any one who chews cloves will soon notice that it makes their teeth tender. That means that their enamel is disappearing, and the next step is a mouthful of decayed teeth, which all the odors of Araby the blest can never sweeten. When will people learn that the sweetest and rarest smell of all is no smell

Still, They are Stubborn Things.

" Facts, my son," said Old Hyson, dry, hard and harsh things." "Don't know about that," said the young man, softly, "my engagement to Miss Ethel is a fact, and she's the tenderest, softest, sweet est, roundest, daintiest little---' "Shut roared the old man, slamming the edger shut with a bang that upset the ink Get out of the office. You make me sic's Bah!" And you would have thought it had been 2,000 years since Old Hyson had said about the same thing to his father, but it was not. It was only about 20 years ago.

A young Britisher whose name was Wemyss Went crazy at last, so it semyss, Because people would not Understand that they ought To call him, not Weemis, but Weems.

Another whose last name was Knollys

And then a young butcher named Belyoir Wont and murdered a man with a clevoir, Because the man couldn't, Or possibly wouldn't, Pronounce his name properly Beever.

There was an athlete named Strachan, Who had plenty of sinew and brachan, And he'd knock a man down, With an indignant frown, If he failed to pronounce his name Strawn

A band of "White Caps" made a raid A band of "Write Caps have a law on Friday night in the country back of New Albany, Ind. They visited the house of Mrs. Jones, a widow woman, and whipped soundly her three boys because they model not work but left their mother. they would not work, but left their mother to support the family. Then they visited William Wright, whom they warned to leave the State, and a lawver from Leavenworth who had been paying attentions to Mrs. Jones' daughter. They threatened Mrs. Jones' daughter. They threatened the latter with tar and feathers unless he left for home within half an hour. He left

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. B. L. Wood, a prominent lady of the east end of Pittsourg, was knocked down by two men and robbed of a diamond ring and a wallet containing a small sum of money. The as-sault was made on one of the most pro-minent thoroughfares and was witnessed by a number of persons. After securing their plunder the highwaymen started down the street, pursued by several men. The robbers turned on their pursuers and fired several shots, which caused them to give up the chase. Mrs. Wood was not seriously injured. This is the fourth time within as many months that defenceless women have been assaulted and robbed in that portion of the city in broad dayMME. DISS DEBAR.

Her Wonderful Claims and Lawyer Marsh's

Marvellous Faith Therein. Mme. Diss Debar and her wonderful control over Luther G. Marsh, a wellnown metropolitan lawyer, are the talk of New York just now. Mme. Diss Debar has occasionally come to the front in the big city for a number of

Her first appearance in New York, so far as the writer of this article knows, was in 870, when, as Dr. Ferdinand Seeger says she appeared at the Hahnemann Hospital where she claimed to be suffering from a hemorrhage. It was found that she only had a bleeding tooth, and she was dis-charged, though not till she had set fire to a mattrags, knifed one or two of the doc ors and performed sundry other curious feats.

Among the medical students she met at the Hahnemann Hospital was a young Frenchman named Massant. She was for time an inmate of an insane asylum, and

fterward married Massant. Some four years ago Mme. Diss Debar then a large and richly dressed woman, sporting an enormous diamond cluster at the fastening of her collar, appeared at the bar of the Jefferson Market Police Court and asked Justice Kilbreth for a warrant for Mrs. Florence G. Mayo, landlady of the Imperial Hotel, No. 3 East Fourteenth street. "I am Editha Diss Debar," she said, "and live in the house with this woman, and she is acting strangely. She has a boy, and, I believe, she intends to kill him." The warrant was issued, and next morning the landlady was brought in

and told this curious story : " That woman came to my house in great poverty, and I fed and dressed her. Why, she has on a pair of my stockings right now. Her first husband, she said, was a nobleman, and her 9-year-old girl has a string of titles a yard long. Her second husband was an artist. In a little while she had such power over everything about the house that we all got afraid of her. Chairs and tables tipped over and moved about at her will. There were rappings all over the house; lights appeared suddenly n the dark rooms and went out when any one moved toward them. One time she ordered a china dish, and it flew across the room, struck the wall with such force as o dent it and fell to the floor without oreaking." These marvels scared the boarders away.

and Mrs. Mayo proposed that Mrs. Diss Debar advertise as a clairvoyant, and a notice was put in the papers inviting people to call and consult the noted "Mme. Cag-liostro from Persia." The business paid fairly well, but the "gifted seeress" refused to divide. By this time, says Mrs. Mayo, she was so completely under the control of the strange woman that she could do nothing against "Cagliostro's" will. Then this mild, pleasant spoken and apparently sensible lady went on to testify to most astonishing things she had witnessed and begged to be released; so the court dis-solved the connection and the gifted woman went her way. Her next appearance was to secure the arrest of a servant girl for mutilating a very valuable old painting.
The picture proved to be actually worth
\$20. She had given Mrs. Mayo as security for board an oil painting which she said she selected from the gallery of her father, King Ludwig, and that it was worth \$3,000. Mrs. Mayo succeeded in selling it for \$30. Upon his death she married her present husband, Diss Debar. She had two children by each of her two husbands.

The madame is very fat and claims to be the daughter of Lola Montez and King Ludwig. She also claims to be possessed of various supernatural gifts, and says she lived under a mountain in Thibet with the

adepts for a long time.

Lawyer Luther G. Marsh, a member of he New York Park Board, believes her claims implicitly, and has given her his handsome house in Madison avenue, where she is now staying, with Diss Debar and Mr. Marsh. She has produced, "by the aid of spirits," a large number of paintings of people, both famous and common, and Mr. Marsh has them displayed all over his house. He is so completely convinced that her alleged powers are genuine that he recently asked the New York editors to go to his house and investigate. They sent reporters, to his grief, and Mme. Diss Bebar's disgust, who actually treated the whole matter in a sceptical spirit. Besides the paintings the madame has furnished Mr. Marsh she has procured letters to him from divers great persons of handsome house in Madison avenue, where she is now staying, with Diss Debar and Mr. Marsh. She has produced, "by the ters to him from divers great persons of other ages, all of whom tell him

Diss Debar is no fraud and advise him to put implicit confidence in her. Among the portraits shown the reporters at Lawyer Marsh's house is one of Demos thenes, looking as if he had been out all night with the boys; Socrates, with the hemlock agony on his face, and Aspasia, with an eye and mouth drawn as if Pericles had just got in late from the Areopagus and gone to bed with muddy boots on Pythagorus looks sick. The large paintin of Appius Claudius convinces the spectator but a fortunate one, when she was killed and the portrait of Plato, done by Apellos at the special request of Mme. Diss Debar is enough to make a reader of the Phaed feel sick. And the infatuated lawyer, who is just as cute in a case as he ever was swears that they were painted before his eyes by the spirits of great artists! It now appears that Mme. Diss Debar was really born in Kentucky, and her maiden name was Ann O'Delia Salomon.

There will doubtless be more develop

ments in the case. A King in a Cupboard. Old Mother Hubbard, or somebody else recently went to a cupboard in the royal palace at Madrid and found the future King of Spain. Little Alphonso had been left in charge of his sisters, who deserted him after a time. The royal baby thereupon crawled into a cupboard, the door of which was afterwards closed by some one who did not know that the child was inside. Nurses grooms, butlers, pages, scullions, soldiers, relatives, back-stair potentates and front-hall flunkies, grandees, dons and door-keepers, searched the palace for His Majesty. At last he was found, and the throbbing nerves of a great people were stilled by a sensation of joy.

A Case of Spontaneous Combustion The Victoria Colonist mentions a peculiar case of spontaneous combustion which hap-pened recently in that city. A merchant named Gordon was in his office one night when a flame broke out in another part of the premises. He rushed over to the place and found that an ordinary vulcanized rubber ring which had been brought up from the cellar during the day and placed on an empty cracker box, had taken fire It was quite alone, and the only tenable theory of the combustion was that it was spontaneous.

A New Club. Husband (irritably)-You have talking with your neighbor across the fence just four hours.

. Wife (composedly)—Well, suppose I have.

Don't you think we women have as much right to talk over our affairs as you men have to talk over yours? H.—Yes; but goodness gracious, four W .- Well, we were talking of forming a

H.-A club! What kind of a club? W.—An anti-gossip club. Struck the Wrong Man

Temperance advocate (looking up signers for the pledge)—Brother, may I ask you to Old gentleman (who doesn't like to

drink alone)-No, no. You join me first

-it's my call-and then I'll join you in

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

A Matter of Vital Importance. The following unsolicited opinions from our friends and neighbors, omen, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubtful mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted, but are no well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure There is no reason why you should be Inere is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to day obtain that which will restore vou to permanent health and strength

you to permanent health and strength:

296 MacNah street North, Hamilton, Can., Nov.
2, 1886.—I have been suffering for over twenty
years from a pain in the back and one side of the
head and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I at dicagreed with me. I
was attended by physicians who examined me
and stated that I had enlargement of the liver,
and that it was impossible to cure me. They
also stated that I had enlargement of the liver,
and that it was singering from heart
disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney
disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was
impossible for me to live. They attended me
for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking
"Warmer's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe
Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to dict,
and book thirty-six bottles, and have had the best
of health ever since. My regular weight used to
be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe
Cure" I only weighed 130 lbs. I now weigh
210 lbs.

St. Catharines, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About ix years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney isease, and was in misery all the while. I ardly had strength enough to walk straight nd was aslauned to go on the street. The ains across my back were almost unbeara le, and I was unable to find relief, even femorarily. I began the use of "Warney's Safe orarily. I began the use of "Warner's Saf cure," and inside of one week I found relied and after taking eight bottles I was completely

Mestungy lanager for American Express Co. Toronto, (18 Division Street,) Sept. 17, 1887. Three years ago last August my daughter weaken ill with Bright's disease of the kidner

Three years ago last August my daughter waitaken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure, and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," Isaw a decided change for the better in her condition After taking twenty-tive bottles there was a complete cure. By daughter has now a splendic head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before,

thro for Burnes

CHATHAM, Ont.. March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of doing so, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar celor and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys wore in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pust and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The panns in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured. Снатнам, Ont.. March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was



Two philosophers sat in a Brooklyn bridge car recently. Said one: "The waste of steam in a city like this is something inconceivable. If I had in dollars the earning power of all the steam tha escapes and otherwise goes to waste in and around New York city every day I would soon be one of the richest men in the world. Why, from these cars windows you can see hundreds of pipes through which steam is constantly escaping, to say nothing of the boilers on the rivers and bay. The total number of steam boilers in the city is nearly 7,000. The volume of one pound of steam is about twenty-six cubic feet. A cubic inch of water makes about a cubic foot of dry steam. Only a small fraction of the latent heat of steam can be made available in performing work. About seventenths of the latent heat are lost through the existence of natural conditions over which man probably never expect to gain Two-tenths are lost through im control. perfections of mechanism, and about onetenth is all that can be utilized, even in the best engines. So, you see, the daily waste is greater than the actual daily consump-

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless.

Do you remember his sallow complexion?

Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite bilious," he said to you one day, "but I guess it'll pass off. I haven't day, "but I gless lit pass on. I haven the done anything for it, because I don't believe in 'dosing,' "Soon after you heard of his death. It was very sudden, and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets would be alive and well to-day. Do follow his example. The "Pellets" are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

Too Solid for Show, First Dame—How is your husband's business prospering? Second Dame—He doesn't like me to ask him questions about his affairs, but I know he's getting awfully rich. "Think so?" "Yes. indeed. He' got so now that he wear's one suit of clothes all the year 'round."-Detroit Free Press.

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure-Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

His Normal Condition.

Jonson-Tomson isn't in his right mind, is he?

Jonson – Why, he's a crank. Benson—Well, that's his right mind. Montgemery, Ala., is supplied with the best of pure water by artesian wells.

FASHION NOTES.

Hints About Spring Modes from Trustworthy Sources. Light reseds for the lower skirts, with

odice and drapery, or else polonaise of dark olive green, is a favorite combination or spring cloth suits.

Gowns of suede and pale gray cloth. rimmed with gold cord and net work laid ver white moire, are being sent out by the

the leading houses for spring wear.

The popularity of yoke waists is still manifest, and one of the new very popular styles shows a closely-fitted lining with pointed yoke. It is called the "French blouse," and will be used for tennis and vachting. A pretty and novel idea that is utilized

at weddings is the wearing by the brides-maids of boas made of flowers. They will be made of violets, forget-me-nots, buttercups, pinks, daisies or any small flower which harmonizes with the costume. Some of the new fans have as many as nineteen ribs; those studded with silver are novel and the designs, with a row of ribbon down each rib ending in a bow, are

extremely pretty. Some of the gauze fans have a row of pansics painted along the top, which is scalloped out in the shape of the flower petals. A pretty model of a school girl's hat is in blue straw with the flat brim faced with blue velvet and its half-high crown surnounted by a full soft crown of white silk, on which rests a bunch of bluettes, while loops of ribbon catch up the back of the brim and extend high on the white crown.

A scarlet straw has a crown of red velvet

Edwin Forrest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. Said he, "I owe all my success to the act that everything I have undertaken 1 trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night-sweats, that feeble and capritrifling in themselves, but awful in their significence. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is on of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

That's the Onestion. Albert (who attended the finners) of a ady with his mother)-Mam, was she

nowned?
Mother—No, my dear. Why?
Albert—What did they give her that retty anchor for, then? We accidentally overheard the followin dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones—Smith, why don't you stop that

disgusting hawking and spitting?
Smith—How can I? You know I am martyr to catarrh.

J.—Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now S.—What did you do for it?
J.—I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

t cured me and it will cure you. S.—I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try J .- Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

A Universal Language Unprejudiced people who have heard a mother talk confidently to her only baby lo not see any need in this world for vols



The treatment of many thousands of cases

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing allments peculiar to females, at the Invalidational total and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

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

As a powerful, invigorating fonic, at a powerful remedy ever devised to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendance in particular. For overworked, "ornout," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteris, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a pondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and companies of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and corganic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

monly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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

"Favorite Prescription? is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhen, excessive flowing, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic compession, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from griphood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and de-case period, known as "The Change of Internation of the content incident to that later and most, period, known as "The Change of Internation of the modical Discovery, and small layative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every

medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years, Large bottles (190 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases or Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DONL. 17 88. DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND