Soon you will expend it— Two it takes to make a quarrel One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth And the strife begun, If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"

If but one shall span the breach He will quickly mend it— Two it takes to make a quarrel; One can always end it.

Afterward.

"Never," be vowed it, "while life may last, Can I love again. I will die unwed." "And I, too, dear, since our dream is past, I will live single," she sobbing said.

A storm of farewells-of wild good-byes-

Just five years afterward, they two met
At a vender's stand, in a noisy street;
He saw the smile he could ne'er forget,
And she the eyes that were more than sweet.

"Oh,Katel" "Oh, Harry!" ["How well you look "How well you look "I stopped," he said, "just to get a toy For my little girl." "I wanted a book," She softly said, "for my little boy."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"To escape from me!" he repeated "But, my poor child, if I had known that my presence gave you any pain, I would have put hundreds of miles between us. Do you know that your disappearance almost cost me my life?'
"I know that you have been ill," she said brokenly; "but you are better now,

and and happy, Guy."
"How can I be happy, Shirley, when I see you thus?" he asked, with an intense sadness. "Do you not guess how much we have suffered on your account? And that you should be here in this capacity fills me with horror!"
"How did you know that I was here?"

she said feebly. "I would have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth not to see

"But why did you fear me, Shirley? My one desire in life is for your happiness and your peace."

"I came away because—because—" voice failed her, and the words died away upon her lips, her head drooped on her breast, her hands were clasped tightly to-

"Because, in your generosity and unselfishness, you thought that I should forget you if you let me. My darling, how could you think that? You should have

knows that no suffering could equal the pense! Why did you go away?''
Oh, thank Heaven that I did!'' she passionate anguish.

He looked at her in intense sorrow sorrow mingled with surprise and a little doubt. Had she left him, not because she wished to save him from increased shame, but because she thought him guilty of the crime of which he had been accused? was the first time the thought had struck him, and it brought with it a pang, keener than any he had yet suffered, that she

should doubt him.

His arms, which had been held out to her in infinite longing, in passionate tender-ness, fell to his side; out of the gray eyes which had been fixed upon her face with such love all the eagerness died; over his face passed a shadow heavy as night; and, in a breathless silence, he faced her as she stood leaning against the wall, her head tensity of terror which might well seem to

"You doubt me—you!" he exclaimed; Ah, if I could trust you—if I could trust you—if I could trust you!"

and, few as the words were, they were full you!"

The great tears welled up slowly into the great tears welled up slowly into of a reproach which, in its very gentleness, must have cut her to the heart had she doubted him.

Her eyes met his wonderingly and with-

trembling as she shrunk from him.

out understanding; and, as he met her glance, the darkness passed, for he knew that his thought was wrong.

"I doubt you!" she said faintly. "What do you mean? What do you know?" Her voice was very low and hurried as she asked the second question, and the

terror in her eyes deepened.

"I feared—the doubt was but momentary, my dearest—that perhaps you too believed that I had been the murderer so

many deem me," he said gently. "It is not so, Shirley?" "The murderer!" she repeated vaguely.

"Have you forgotten, Shirley? Ah, noon child, would to Heaven you could forget much of that terrible past! Love, do not shrink from me—I will not touch you if you do not wish it; but I have much to say to you, and—and you cannot—you must not remain here, you know!"

She moved slowly and feebly back into

"No, I cannot stay here, and you must have been dismissed, you know. Oh, since you have been staying at Erindale, you must know what—what—they say of the

She threw up her hands with a little laugh, which was so bitter and mocking and full of despair that it struck like a blow on his heart. He went to her side; then, with a gentle strength which she could not resist, he put her into a chair, and, moving away a little, looked down at her with inexpressible tenderness and sad-

ness.
"Poor child, how terribly you are changed!" he murmured softly. "Tell me of yourself, Shirley. Why-good Heaven! I remember now they told me that when you came here you were-

He could not utter the word; the thought was too painful—that she, his cherished should have known want and It was too horrible.

"That I was starving," she said, with a little smile. "Did it hurt you to think of it? Ah, do not-do not look at me so. Guy That is all over now, you know. You must forget it. and -

"Do you find forgetfulness so easy, my dearest?" he said gently.

"No; but you will find it so," was the mournful answer. "Think of me as they think of me, Guy! Think of me as a woman fallen too low even to fill such a humble post as this. Hes Lady Olinhank humble post as this. Has Lady Oliphant

numble post as this. Has Lady Oliphant told you why they are sending me away?"
"My darling, peace!" he cried entreatingly, cut to the heart by her words and manner. "You are breaking my heart, Shirley. You will come to me now, my dearest—you will not leave me again? Let me take care of you. Give me a right to

protect you. "Oh, hush!" she almost shrieked, "Oh, hush-he does not know-he does not know-no, you shall not touch me! Avoid me rather, as you would any vile, polluted,

She had left her seat, and was pacing up and down the room in an agitation which was past all control—she seemed terrified and shamed almost beyond her strength. Guy watched her piteously, all his heart going out to her in an agony of tenderness and love; not knowing what to say to com fort her, and sorely puzzled and bewildered

That he should have discovered Shirley That he should have discovered Shirley gently and soothingly, wondering and fear-Glynn in Mrs. Grant, the Erindale school ing he hardly knew what from the ex-

mistress, was strange enough; but, as he watched her, he recalled the stories which had gone the round of the village and reached the Rectory and the Hall-of the constant strangely timid visits of the doctor and her midnight walks with him-also the rumors of voices and the presence of a strange man in the cottage on Christmas night. What did it all mean? It was maddening! What strange mystery was this? If indeed it was true that Shirley loved the young surgeon, he-Guy-loved her well enough to stand by and see them happy together. She need not fear.

Shirley," he said, and his voice was very low and his face very colo-less as he went toward her, "I cannot even believe your own witness against yourself. Why do you not trust me, dear? Is it that, after all, you doubt me? Is it that you elieve me the murderer of your husband Ah, you know that, deeply as he had wronged me, I forgave him all fully!"

She was looking at him now with strange expression in her eyes. as if she longed, yet feared, to tell him something-to trust him, but dared not For a moment she stood thus voiceless silent, pale as death itself; then she turned from him with a passionate gesture of despair and resumed her restless walking

"I forgave him all fully, and few, I think, mourned his death more truly than l did," Guy continued sadly, "That shame and disgrace fell upon me through his death did not affect my sorrow. You know-do you not?-that all our searches for the murderer have been fruitless: but some day—some day, surely, the crime will be brought to light!"

"Oh, no-oh, no-oh, no" she screamed ildly. "It must not be—the crime has been expiated and at oned for, the search must cease. Guy, for the love of Heaven, you must give it up! What can I say, what can I do to induce you to grant me

"My dearest, the search is over; there is no need of such distress. But in my own heart I feel, I am sure, that I know the murderer, and, if it please Heaven ever to bring us face to face, he shall pay the penalty of his crime."

"Oh, Heaven, cease, or you will kill me!" She swayed forward and sunk down at his feet in a sudden weakness and terror which took all the light and life and warmth and color from her face, over which stole an ashy-gray shade like the hue of death it-

As he stooped over her to raise her, with hands that shook like a leaf, she shuddered at his touch and shrunk away.
"Shirley!" he exclaimed, with quick pain. "What have I done that you should

fear me thus?" "I fear you-as I fear the whole world she said faintly, without lifting her head; and the despairing hopelessness of her tone made him shiver as if a suaden chill had touched him.

"You might fear the whole world, my dearest, and yet not fear me," he answered softly; and, as the grave, gentle, tender voice fell upon her ear, she raised her head suddenly, and tried to stand. He lifted her to her feet, put her gently into a chair, and, drawing up another, sat down near

her.
"What is it you fear to tell me?" he said, so gently that the words were as a caress; but she only shook her head wearily

"You know that Jack is here?" he asked

"You will see him, of course." "I have seen him," she answered piti

fully.
"Buthe does not know," he began. "No; I have seen him as I have seen you, unseen myself, Guy"—and she looked up at him pitifully. "Do you not remember? It is not so many months ago that I was in the room where you were. You had come to fetch Madge at Mrs. Ford's cottage; it was the day after they bad taken me in."

"And you were in the room, and—"

"You did not see me, Guy—and the reasons I had for wishing you not to recognize me then are tenfold stronger

"I cannot understand them. Shirley "Nor is it necessary that you should

the weary eyes and fell heavily upon the clasped hands as they lay upon the table. He leaned toward her, with a great earnestness upon his face.

"Listen to me, my darling," he said very gently, but with an impressive gravity in look and manner. "You have acted. I am sure, with perfect unselfishness throughout everything. You have suffered as I think few people have ever suffered; but your unselfishness and your suffering, my dearest, have missed their aim. You thought to spare me; but, sweet, did you not know that you were adding greatly to my misery?"

"I knew; but it was right-and, oh, how earnestly I thank Heaven for giving me strength to go!

Even now?" he said sadly. "Even now-ay, more than ever now." "But, Shirley, you left me to save me from disgrace. You thought that, if you became my wife you would add to the suspicion of my guilt. But I have borne the suspicion for over a year now, alone and uncared for. 'I hink what it would have been to me, Shirley, to have had your love to brighten those weary months! And you, my poor girl!" he added tenderly. "What has your life been? You have known even want, in your vain endeavor to teach me a lesson in forgetfulness—a lesson, darling child, that I shall never learn."

She had covered her face with her hands as she listened, and Guy could see how she trembled. He went on softly-

"You have—you must have—some other reason for your avoidance of me," he said, with tender reproach. "Try to trust me, Shirley. Was it solely to avoid me that you left Exminster?' "Yes," she said, without uncovering her

"You had no other reason?" "I had no other reason-then."

He glanced at her quickly. "But you have now?" he What is it, Shirley?"

She did not reply; but the hidden face sunk lower until it rested upon the table. "What is it, Shirley?" he repeated very softly, but with a grave, gentle tone of command in his voice which forced her to answer:

"I cannot tell you," she said faintly. "Is it that you no longer love me?" asked, with the same perfect gentleness;

and she was silent. There was a long pause. Guy's face had grown very pale, and his lips quivered. He had taken her silence for an affirmative answer to his question, and it had given him a sharp pang, as if a knife had been thrust into his heart; but he would not let her see how much he suffered, he would not add to her unhappiness.
"Is it indeed so?" he said then. "Well,

I cannot quite say yet that I am glad, dear; but I shall be glad if I see you happy once more. Will you not trust me

"I have nothing to tell you," she said, nder her breath; then, uncovering her face, she looked up at him with shining restless eyes.

"You yourself have chosen wisely and well, Guy; you could have no sweeter, truer woman for your wife than Madge. Ah, if you knew how good she has been to me, and how much her love has brightened the months I have spent here! I cannot bear that she should think me unworthy; but some day she will know."

"I do not understand you, dear," he said

pression in the great burning eyes which met his, and then wandered away so quickly. "Madge is a very dear girl; but old friend's daughter. To you she may become a nearer relative, for, if Jack has

his wish, she will be your sister."
"She? Madge! Oh, Guy, is it true? And you—you are not sorry—you do not ove her?" She spoke with a more natural expression

now; the bewildered look had passed, and a tinge of color had stolen into her face in her momentary gladness. It was a wonderful relief to Guy to see that color and the changed expression of her face, and he

miled as he answered...
"Sorry! I am very glad," he said gently.
Why should I be sorry, Shirley?"
"I thought - I thought she was to be

"I shall have no wife, Shirley," he replied. "I am growing into a confirmed old bachelor. Do you know, dear, that Madgie had something to do with my finding you to day? Jack and I had both noticed so many little things in her which reminded us of you that, when Lady Oliphant described you to me to-day, a thought flashed upon me like lightning that Mrs.

Grant must be our Shirley."
"Ah, Heaven send that she be me!" she answered bitterly. "Oh, Guy, when I think of the misery of all these years, I wonder that it has not killed me! It seems to me that only the happy die the wretched are always left."

"There are many happy days in store for you yet, Shirley," he said gently. "And now, dear, may I ask you a few questions? Only one or two, which may be of use to me. Shirley, when and why did poor Hugh dismiss Latreille?'

She started violently, and once more the vild look of terror flashed into her eyes.
"Why—why do you ask?" she forced "Why—why do you ass."
erself to say, trying to hide her agitation.
"For a simple reason, dear. The man was a scoundrel I have no doubt-

But she interrupted him with a cry o "Oh, let him rest let him rest!" she

cried pitifully. "It hurts me—it hurts me to think of him!" "Dear child, it grieves me to pain you But, Shirley, if I am not very much deceived, he is the man we should have looked for when we sought poor Glynn's murderer. He was a thorough villain,

feel sure, and—"
"Oh, hush—oh, hush! Gay, I cannot bear it. Let him rest."
"Let him rest—the murderer of you husband? But, Shirley, for my own sake, if not for the sake of justice, it is only right that I should try to convict the villain of the crime of which I feel sure he has committed. And, by Heaven," he added passionately, "the execrable scound-rel who murdered a defenceless man, and

who has let me remain under the stigma of

a dastardly crime, shall pay the full penalty Shirley stood looking at him in silence for a moment: then, with a shrill piercing cry, she fell forward on the table, where she crouched in a passion of terror and fear, which found vent in the little inarti-culate cries and tearless sobs which alarmed Major Stuart greatly and bewildered him still more. Was it merely the recollections of her husband's terrible death which so unnerved her? What mystery was there connected with it which distressed her so greatly? What was the meaning of the anguish she evinced whenever her husband's murderer was mentioned?

man, Latreille, whom Guy firmly believed

to be the guilty man, have her in hi

power in any way?
Was it that she feared him? It had seemed strange to Guy that the man's name had not been mentioned at his trial but he had accounted for that by the fact that some years had elapsed since he had left Sir Hugh's service; and it was only long months afterward that the thought struck him that Latreille had had something to do with the murder. He remembered then having seen him from the balcony the "Pack of Cards" the night before the murder was committed, and the agitation and pallor with which Sir Hugh had greeted the trifling remark on the subject which he had made. But, after all, these were very trivial grounds on which to suspect a man of murder; and Guy was annoyed sometimes at the tenacity with which he could not help clinging to the increase those suspicions a hundred-fold. Had she some unknown reason for trying to conceal his guilt? For a moment this thought struck him forcibly; the next he

rejected it as unworthy of her. As he stood hesitating, not knowing what to do for the best, whether to leave her or to insist, for her own sake, on the solution of this mystery, the sound of a slow, heavy footstep on the stairs startled him; and Shirley lifted her head and

looked round her in wild affright. The steps came nearer; they were in the passage now; and, with a wild cry of terror. Shirley tried to reach the door, but her strength failed her. She sunk on her knees by the table, making desperate but vain efforts to cry out again; but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and no sound came. Guy looked at her in questioning alarm and at her in questioning alarm and something in his face gave her strength, she sprang up and ran to the door, barring it with her slight arms.

"Shirley," he said, sternly, "what is the meaning of this? Whom have you hidden here? What is—Merciful Heaven,

For the door had opened gently from the outside, and the face which appeared in the doorway was one which he had never thought to see again in life. It was the face of the man whom Shirley had succored on Christmas night-of the man whom Guy had loved, and who had betrayed him —of the man for whose murder he was tried for his life. Yes; altered, changed, and death-like, it was nevertheless the face which had once been so handsome and so gay—the face of Hugh Glynn!

CHAPTER XLVIII. At first the stunning shock of his surprise deprived Guy Stuart of the power of motion and utterance; and he never afterward could remember what passed during the first few moments after Sir Hugh's appearance. He realized vaguely that Shirley, quite calm and composed now, had gone to her husband's side, and that she supported him with his arm drawn over her shoulder; then that she led him slowly to a chair, into which he sunk, pallid and exhausted with the effort he had made. And then, as Guy came back slowly to knowledge and recollection, he forgot all else but the joy and relief of seeing that Hugh Glynn lived. The past wrong, the long years of misery were all forgotten; and in a minute he was on his knees by Hugh's side, his strong hands, clasping the attenuated fingers of the man who was supposed to have been murdered and who now, judging from his appearance,

had not many days of life.
"Hugh, dear old fellow!" was all he could say; and at the tenderness and pity in his voice Hugh Glynn's dim eyes filled with tears, which tell slowly and heavily

down his thin cheeks.
"Guy, old friend!" he said, brokenly and there was a long expressive silence in

the little room. Shirley, white as death, but perfectly calm, stood by her husband's side looking with anxious eyes at Guy's bowed bead, which rested on the arm of the chair. She saw that he had not realized the whole truth, that there was no room in his heart for anything but great and intense joy at Hugh's reappearance; but she knew that, once the first delight was over, the reaction must come, and he would guess at

the truth. And the joy was but short-lived; ere five minutes had elapsed Guy lifted his head and saw Sir Hugh's sunken eyes fixed upon him, and every shade of color feet and drew back a little, more overcome than he had ever been before in his life as

the truth flashed across him. Shirley watched him anxiously and pityingly, knowing from her own experience what an awful shock this must be.
"Guy, my poor fellow," Sir Hugh said,
faintly. "have I done wrong to trust you? This poor child has borne the burden

He sunk back, exhausted even by the fev words he had spoken, and Shirley bent over him, anxiously lifting his head upon er arm and holding some restorative to his lips.

this awful secret, already too long, and

Guy watched her almost jealously. How tenderly she moved him! How compassion ate was the fair face bending over his With what intense adoring love the sunken eyes looked up to hers! How gently she held the thin burning hands on whichgreat Heaven, was it possible?—on which must lie the stain of blood!
"We can trust Guy," he murmured,

"We can trust Guy," faintly. "He will be pitiful—the end is so near now."

Very pleadingly, very sorrowfully, with an entreaty that she could not put into words, Shirley's eyes went to Guy's face, and his lip quivered as he gave her an answering look of reassuring tenderness and love; but he was still too much under the influence of his horror and amazement to utter the words which would have given her consolation.

"Tell me," he said huskily. "Whowho—who was the man whom-"Latreille," Hugh Glynn answered brokenly, in a tone of intense sadness and humiliation; and even Guy's stout heart and courage quailed at the terrible inference which could not fail to be drawn from the fact that Hugh Glynn lived, and that the man whom they found among the rocks at Easton, disfigured past recognition and wearing Sir Hugh's clothes and ring, was

"Heaven knows," Sir Hugh went or the some unutterable sadness in his voice "that I never meant to kill him. I had arranged to meet him on the cliffs that morning, and he angered me by his insults

and insinuations, and—"
Once more his voice failed him, and h became so faint that Guy was alarmed and anxiously assisted Shirley in her efforts to restore him. It was in Guy's strong rms that he was carried, not back to the attic-room where he had been conceale ver since the Christmas night when he had almost met his death in the snow, into the inner bedroom on the ground-floor: and here he was laid upon the bed, wea and faint, with the hue of death on his cheeks and lips, and dark marks, almost like bruises, under the dim eyes. Even had he been the murderer in intention that he had been indeed, no one could have denie him the meed of pity that his condition demanded. That he was dying was but too

gently, trying to smile into the failing eyes which rested upon her with such love Guy's heart bled at the thought of the anguish she had suffered, the misery, the fear. The thought was unbearable agony no misery he had ever imagined for her could equal that which she had endured: and he turned away from the bedside to hide his agitation, and went into the sitting-room, where he threw himself into a chair, bowing his head upon his hands.

What thoughts succeeded each other in his brain during the short solitude which followed he never knew. His head was confused and bewildered, and he could fee only a dull self-reproach for the hatred and detestation with which he had thought of the unfortunate Latreille. He could no yet realize the dreadful complication which had arisen, that Hugh, instead of being victim, was the murderer, and that he had been concealed because the danger of detection would be terrible, and that a new trial was possible for poor Shriley, one which would be infinitely harder to bear than the last had been, for, whereas then she had been assured of the innocence of the accused, now she could not doubt his

A light touch on his bowed head aroused Guy, and, looking up, he saw that Shirley was beside him. Her face was very pale idea. Now Shirley's intense emotion at still, and there were traces of tears upon the mention of the man's name seemed to it; but it had lost the look of fear and horror which had been so painful to witness; and, when her eyes met Guy's it seemed to him they were softer and clearer

for the tears they had shed.

He was too deeply moved to speak for a moment, but he took her hands in his in a close friendly clasp, and looked up with frank kindly eyes, in which there was no passion of tenderness now, into the lovely changed face; and Shirley saw before her the Guy Stuart of old, who had pleaded with her for Hugh's forgiveness in the stately drawing-room of the grand London house where she had reigned as mistress. "Shirley," he whispered, brokenly, "for-

"I have nothing to forgive," she ans wered, unsteadily. "If you had really doubted me, it would have been but natural. But—but"—her lip trembled a little here-"do not talk of it : we want all our courage and all our faith now. Will you come to him?"

"Yes, at once." "And-and"-she hesitated as they approached the door between the two rooms and turned to him with a timid sweetness which made him feel as if he could fall a the feet of this woman who had borne a much misery and sorrow, and had only been ennobled by the suffering—"and you will be gentle with him, Guy? He has suffered, oh, so terribly, and he will need all our kindness and forbearance!"

all our kindness and forbearance!"
"You may trust me, Shirley," he said,
so gently, yet so gravely, that the words
fell upon her heart like balm. He was so
strong, so brave, so true. Oh, yes—oh,
yes, she could trust him!
She opened the door for him and let him
onter alone, while she waited for a few

enter alone, while she waited for a few minutes until the tears which his gentle words had caused had ceased to flow. When she followed him, Major Stuart was sitting on the bed, supporting Sir Hugh on his arm with all the tenderness woman; their hands were clasped in a grasp which took them back to the old days before Shirley's beauty and sweet-ness had won both hearts, and Sir Hugh's eyes, sad indeed still, met his wife's with a

little smile in their depths." "I knew we could trust Guy," he said, in his low faint voice. "My darling, it makes me so happy to think that you will no longer be alone. Give me some more of that stuff Litton left me, Shirley," he added, in a moment—"it puts some life into me—that I may tell Guy all that I told you that Christmas night, my poor child, when you saved my life and I nearly

> (To be continued.) Just as They Have Always Done.

First grocer (excitedly)—Do you know that Powderly has advised workingmen to buy no more coffee, in order to spite the men who are getting up a corner in it? Second grocer (more cool)—Yes, I read

"Not at all." "What can we do if we don't sell them coffee? "Keep right on selling them burnt peas

-Texas Siftings. It is said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. This may be true, but then again it may be not. But there can be no uncertainty about this: The only good poet is the dead poet.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Powers of Europe, which have exhausted their resources in preparing for war, are at peace; while the United States, which refuses to spend money in war pre-parations, has put a cowboy-and-Indian war under way in the Indian Territory without a day having been wasted in diplomatic negotiations. Perhaps the more preparation the less war. But it is a case which the prevention is almost as costly as the calamity.

Nobody is surprised to learn that within the last five years the United States Government has lost over \$200,000 because of errors or defects in the instruments used to test sugars in appraising them for the collection of duties. But there would have been wild-eyed astonishment if it should have turned out that the Government had got the best of it by that amount or even a minute fraction of it. In importing circles to swindle Uncle Sam successfully seems to be the supreme test of business integrity THE coming week will witness a large in

dux of American visitors, and we trust they will find our climate quite to their liking Those of our visitors who have tried it i previous years have had only good report to give, and it has in no way deteriorated with age. We feel proud of our summer climate, which is one of the few good things we have left that is untaxed. It holds its own without protection. It has survived Confederation, the big fire and ten years o Tory rule. We have abundance of cool at mosphere and refreshing sea breezes to share with all our visitors without in any way depriving ourselves of our usual comfort.—St. John's Telegraph.

From the conduct of Sir Morell Mac kenzie during the illness of Empero Frederick, of Germany, the English speaking public has formed an idea that e is amply able to take care of himself in any controversy that may arise with the doctors of the Fatherland. A physician with the courage to keep the knives of scientific butchers from the throat of th Crown Prince would not be likely to bear himself meanly in any wordy war. For this reason the report which Dr. Mackenzie has been requested to prepare for the ex-Empress Victoria may be expected to contain some very interesting reading.

Every child who is taught to plant tre eed or who sets a tree with his own hand is being taught a good lesson. He feels that he is doing something that will make the world a better or pleasanter world to live in, it may be, long after he himself ceases to live. A memorial tree appeals more to the affections than can any monument of marble or bronze. The tree is a thing of life, and if we plant it there seems to be sort of family relationship growing up with its growth. We have seen many an elm spreading its broad branches over a dilapidated country farm-house which the occu-pant would not part with for the sum that would build a new home. The home to him would not be a home without that dear old tree.

SOJOURNERS at the summer resorts are complaining in vigorous expletives of the highbinding conduct of the hotel servants in the matter of tips. It has become impossible to obtain the slightest offices from the attendants without first displaying gratuity. The thing has become not only annoying but absolutely disgusting, and there have been instances where persons have tired of the nuisance to that that they actually packed up bag and bag gage and returned to their home rather than endure the constant petty demands o penny grubbers. There seems to be s notion among country hotel servants that every man, woman and child that goes to get a sniff of fresh air is an approximate millionaire. And it's a blooming mistake

"A PERSONAL friend of Jay Gould"-i seems he has friends, a fact not popularly suspected—is credited with saying concern ing the report that the multi-millionaire has sold his Western Union Telegraph stock: "I should think as soon that he had sold his wife. He fully appreciates the special advantages enjoyed by the Western Union Company, and I am positive that he regards the property as the best legacy for his children." It is a fair inference from this that Mr. Gould has no faith that the popular demand for a postal telegraph service will ever be granted. Mr. Gould and other monopolists may some day hav a rude awakening on this subject. It may nt alwave he telegrams and I care not who makes their laws."

Personal bravery and fearlessness in the presence of danger are frequently claimed as peculiar attributes of dwellers in the ezy and expansive West, but the current reports of stage robberies in the defiles of Nevada and California scarcely tend to sub stantiate the claim. Only the other night one masked man robbed a stage coach near San Luis Obispo, which, besides the driver, carried six male passengers. How one highwayman, though armed like a walking arsenal, could keep seven full grown men under cover of his pistols can scarcely be satisfactorily explained upon any theory other than that of faintheartedness among the victims of the robbery. Except in the old time imaginative stories of piracy, or the "shilling shockers" of blood-andthunder fiction, single handed ruffians do not usually prevail against such odds.

A good deal has been said and writter about the influence of education to prevent crime. It is held by many that in-tellectual education is one of the surest preventives of crime, while others main ain that mental training only sharpen the faculties of those who are criminally inclined and makes them more dangerous to society. Some statistics produced at the late meeting of the American Prison Reform Association may aid the inquirer in coming to a sound and intelligent con clusion on the matter. The National Bureau of Education has found that "80 per cent. of New England's criminals are virtually destitute of any education, while less than one-fifth of 1 per cent. of the criminals in America are educated." This is a little indefinite. but the figures as far as they go show that education tends to make men good members of society.

Fighting About a Beauty.

Mrs. Berry Wall is really becoming more of a public attraction than her erstwhile glorious husband. She has already reached the distinction of having men fight for her. At Long Branch a few evenings since Mr. Martin, the crack billiardist of the Racquet Club, engaged in a hot discussion of Mrs. Wall's charms with some gentleman-ar Englishman—stopping at the West End.
The dispute developed into a rough and tumble fight on the piazza, and the contest grew so determined that the burly porter of the hotel was summoned to separate the combatants. When Mr. Martin entered the supper room subsequently he brought with him a badly blacked eye and a bruised nose as the results of his gallant champion-ship of the lady. But he made no attempt to conceal his injuries, seemed rather proud rewarded by a pressing invitation from Mr. their table. The following day the deposed King of the Idlers insisted on a recon tion and a hand shake between Mr. Martin and the Englishman, and that evening both of the gentlemen dined with the Walls. "Why, it will ruin our business. It is an And thus endeth the first lesson .- N. Y. Herald.

John Winchell, of Detroit, aged 31 years, a survivor of the war of 1812, called upon the President at Washington recently to and chicory just as we have always done. look up some arrears of pension. Mr. Winchell is only five feet tall, and totally blind and deaf. His daughter, who accom-panied him, is over 60 years of age. The pension he is looking up was granted him for wounds received in 1814 at the battle of Lundy's Lane.

THEY DODGE THE EVIL ONE.

No Marks to Indicate Where the China

In the Macphelah Cemetery, Philadelhia, there are buried the bodies of a dozen Chinamen who died in that city, and in a short time they will probably be exhume and sent back to the Flowery Kingdom. A superstition exists among the Chinamen to the effect that if the body of one of their countrymen should be interred in foreign soil and allowed to remain there beyond a given time the ghosts would come from the graves of the dead and haunt the people whose negligence is responsible for the non-removal of the bodies to the far-away Orient. A large number of bodies of Chinamen are being disinterred in New York city now, and will be sent to China shortly. Although the Superintendent of the burial ground in this city has received no notice of an intended removal of the bodies, he said yesterday that he thought they would be dug up in a short time and taken away. The dead Chinamen are buried in the same manner as American people—in the earth—but the bodies are put down deeper to keep them out of the reach of the evil spirit, who is supposed by the Chinaman to stalk abroad at night counting the tombstones of his victime No ornaments are placed over the graves o that the evil one's attention is attracted to the spot.

Timely Topics.

New envelopes have the gum on th ower part of the envelope.

Florida is exporting alligators to Gernany. They are going for museum pets.
The money used to relieve the poor in London is said to amount to over \$15,000,000

aising money to import song birds from

To say bandana handkerchief is to use contology. Americans have not time for double naming.
At Canton, China, 250,000 people live

continuously upon boats, and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to The new wire gun at Shoeburyness has

thrown a 500-pound shell a distance of twelve miles, the greatest distance ever overed by a cannon ball.

Bismarck to restore Alsace and Lorraine

o France, to kiss and make up, and then both have a go at England. Swarms of Chinese are landing in Brit-ish Columbia and stealing across the border into the United States.

A boiling well at Seymour, Ind., throws up small pieces of rubies, diamond dust His calculation is made as follows: The and other things of a similar nature. A nugget of ruby ore, weighing 1,600 pounds and estimated to be worth \$10,000, was taken from a mine near Elko, Cal., a

decided that a railway company is not entitled to fare from a passenger for whom it fails to provide a seat

Tea cultivation, it is said, is to be tried by a rancher at Elko, Nev., who proposes mploying Indian women and children to gather the leaves. Methods for strengthening the memory are the craze in many of the large cities The people who study the memory lesson

seem to forget everything else. So it is noticed. Cats are found to be the best exterminators of rabbits in New Zealand. They do great havoc among the young ones, and in some sections scarcely a rabbit was to be

new spectroscope for investigating the changes in the blood. It is expected to prove of importance in studying nutrition. A rock has been found in Alabama which readily cuts iron. There are always some new combinations in nature coming up. I'll take a little cold cash. They always serve some good use. A sugar refining company with \$5,000,-000 capital has been started to use Henry

Dr. Henocque, of Paris, has invented a

A recent English invention relates to that won you? It is because she is bilicasting packing rings ready for use without boring or turning. The rings are world. Her system is clogged up, her head out boring or turning metallic core.

Dealers in hardwood furnishings say that and they will give her relief and they works "well, makes an excellent bright again. One tiny, sugar-coated granfinish, and is much cheaper than birch, | nle a dose. maple or oak.

The mystery regarding the whites of eggs after the ice-cream factories have used up their yokes is explained by a statement that they are used to make albumen-

ized paper for photography. In Belgium a man or woman who gets drunk is made a public spectacle of by being compelled to work on the street for two hours after. The law has its terror, but it does not prevent drunkenness A New York authority thinks that bache

lor of arts is not a very appropriate degree to confer upon young ladies who graduate from our colleges. Maids of hearts would be much more beautiful and quite as sig nificant. The last French rifle, as described, has ball so small that a soldier can carry 220 rounds, shoots with a new smokeless

powder, and its bullet pierces a brick wall eight inches thick at 500 yards. An Iowa farmer reports having raised thirty gallons of strawberries on one-hundredth part of an acre, from which he realized \$12. This would equal \$1,200 an

In the Paris Prison of Detention recently

a person committed as a man, 54 years old after being locked up was found to be a woman. It was found that she had put or male clothes twenty years before, and had worn them ever since without being dis The question having arisen as to why the fallen branches of trees, at certain stages of decay, are more or less colored through their tissues with various shades of green it is alleged that chemical analysis shows

the presence of iron as the base of the green coloring matter. One of the attractions of the Paris Exhibition next year is to be an immense mode of the terrestrial globe in the Champ de Mars. It will rotate on an axis, and will give some idea of the real dimensions a well as be accurately constructed on a scale of one millionth. Several able scientists

have charge of the construction. Scotch Words.

Dr. Mackay states, in his "Dictionary of Lowland Scotch," that about 2,000 words used in the poems of Piers Ploughman are obsolete in England but retained in Scotland, and that of 6,000 words occurring in Tyrwhitt's glossary to Chaucer, about one half "need no explanation whatever to a Scotsman." Many words in Shakspeare, obsolete to the south of the Tweed, flourish vigorously in Fife and the Lothians. appears from these facts," says Dr. Mackay, "that the Scotch is a far more conservative language than modern English and that although it does object to receive new words, it clings reverently and affec this mingled tenacity and elasticity is, that it possesses a vocabulary which includes for a Scotsman's use every word of the English language, and several thousand words which the English have suffered to drop into desuetude.

Mr. Manhattan-" That baby is making a dreadful noise, nurse." Nurse-" Yis, sor; the poor little thing's teething, and its yerself wud cry, sor, if yez had the same pain." Mr. M.—" Can't Mrs. Manhattan—can't its mother quiet it?" N.—" Perhaps she cud, sor, if she were here; out she has gone out, sor." Mr. M.—
'Gone out? Where?" N.—"She's gone to the dentist's, sor, to have Fide's teeth filled."

DANGERS OF USING LEAD PIPES.

Lead-Poisoning the Result of This Means

of Conveying Drinking Water. Lead pipes are extensively used for conducting drinking water into dwellings from the main in cities and also from distant springs in rural districts. The use of lead s always attended with danger to health, for the metal unites with mineral acids contained in the water and forms lead salts, most of which are deadly poison, which are introduced into the system of those who drink the water. Not all water is equally liable to become impregnated with lead salts. That which holds lime in solution is generally safe, since the lime is deposited as an incrustation within the nine, and protects the water from contact with the lead. But, even in this case, sewage finds its way into the water, acids are generated which dissolve the coating of lime. Lead poison is cumulative in its action. As it is not readily eliminated from the system, it remains, and the quantity increases until the point of anger is reached. A small quantity taken daily for years may finally prove fatal. Of one hundred cases, which resulted in a change in the water supply in Dessau, Germany not a child was attacked, partly, no doubt, because small children drink little water. and partly because the system has greater

eliminating activity in childhood. The symptoms of severe lead-poisoning are anomia, a dull hue of the skin, digestive derangement, bad breath, shrinkage of the gums from the teeth, a bluish line in the jums, colic, constipation, neuralgic pains n the muscles and joints, and muscular paralysis. The last symptoms give rise to what is called "drop-wrist." Severe as are the symptoms, the tendency is to recovery with removal of the cause and Many of the interior towns of Oregon are proper treatment. Where death results a post morten examination reveals lead in almost every organ and tissue—most in the bones; and next after these in the kidneys,

liver, brain and spinal cord. It should be an unvarying rule to let off the water which has stood in the servicepipe over night. As for pipes or lead in ne country conducting the water from distant springs to the house, they should be wholly discarded. What is called "pure spring water " almost always contains acid which have a strong affinity for lead, weive miles, the greatest distance ever and which form poison. Really pure water, that is, distilled water, has no action on light to restrict the restrict of the second second

Height of a Wave.

The keeper of the Tillamock Rock (Oregon) lighthouse reports to the Lighthouse Board a wave which broke at a neight of 160 feet above high water mark rock upon which the lighthouse tower stands rises ninety-six feet above high water, the focal plane of the light itself is thirty-eight feet above the base of the

That dainty lady tripping by, How light her step, how brighther eye, How fresh her cheek with nealthful glow, Like roses that in Maytime blow! Like roses that in Maytime blow!
And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day.
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
Wesker she grew, and thin and pale.
At last, whise in a hopeless frame,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps' twill help; I can but try."
And so, according to direction,
She to k Dr. Pierce's Favorite Proscription,
And every baleful symptom fled,
And she was raised as from the dead.

ive you nothin' hot, cept perhaps the veather, but I kin give you 'most anythin' vou want cold. Tramp (a tear of gratitude trickling down is wan cheek)—Thanks, madam; I think

Good Enough Cold.

Woman of the house (to tramp)-I can't

"All other goods by fortune's hand is given, A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven." Friend's new method of refining by Is your wife changed and your home unelectricity. The cost will be about 75 cents happy? Does she go about with gloom on

No Signs of Fading.

Shopman-"Madame, would you like to have something new?—please step this way—this is the very newest thing out!"
Lady—"The material looks very nice, but is rather liable to fade soon, I should say."
Shopman—"Oh, not in the least, madame.
We have had this piece in the window for the last two years, and it is still in per-fectly good condition."

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's Nerviline exactly fills the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism, Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at any drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents, at all druggists. Ner-

Heroic Measures.

viline, nerve pain cure.

George (to best girl)-I see that you are rearing a bang, my dear Clara. Clara-Yes, George, and I don't think it s very becoming to me. George Then why do you wear it,

Clara (shyly)—Because I am tired of

A Reward of \$500 offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of ca

tarrh which they cannot cure. The mild,

being kissed on the forehead, George.

soothing, cleansing and healing properties of this remedy are irresistible. 50 cents, by druggists. Johnny Told the Truth.

"You don't eat a great deal, my little man," said the minister who was taking dinner with Johnny's parents. " No. sir : don't need to.'

" Perhaps you are training to be another Dr. Tanner and fast forty days." " Forty days ain't nothing."

"Johnny, don't talk nonsense," interposed his mother.
"Why, ma, it ain't anything at all."
Then turning to the minister. "I've got Then turning to the minister. "I've go an uncle who lived over a month on water. "Why, Johnny," said his mother again,
"if you don't stop telling stories—"
"But it isn't a story. It's my uncle
Ned who is captain of an ocean steamer. I

guess, ma, he's lived on water more'n a month, often."—Merchant Traveler. Miss Ella C. Sahin has just been elected

Superintendent of the Public School of Portland. Ore., and Principal of the High School, with a yearly salary of \$3,000. DONL, 32 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND