A Modern Minerva. She was deep in ev'ry science 'neath the sun, (O. indeed 'twas fun)— (O, indeed 'twas jun)— Cosmogony, Geogny, Philology, Geology, Geometry, Photometry—

But 'twas the saddest story to confess, She could not sew a button on a dress! She would spend a day or two upon a rhyme, (What a high old time!)
Threnodes, Epodes,
Poems, Proems,

Lyrics, Pyrrhics-But ev'ry time she went a thing to buy, She surely would be cheated on the sly!

Ev'ry language ever written she would try, (She could speak, ch my!) Illyrian, Iberian, Hebraic, Chaldaic, But when, ye gods, her cooking I recall, I'm bound to state she could not cook at all!

And I? Oh, I don't count for much, you see,
(Do not, pray, mind me)—
Wandering, pondering,
Shaking, quaking,
Toiling, molling—

I have to stick to her through thick and thin,
I've married her—that's where the joke comes in

## ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"This time I have taken two steps forward and fallen back one. The next time I shall make three and fall back none," thought Lady Elizabeth, she too breathing more freely because of the hope the had that she could win poor Estelle' forgiveness when the day of her ordeal should come.

After this first and only brush that had ever been between the two, Anthony and Tade Elizabeth were yet oftener together and still more and more to each other than before. The old days at Kingshouse seemed to have been translated into these new conditions at Thorbergh; but had there been the smallest approach to flirting or levity on either side, Mrs. Smythe Smith would have taken the alarm, and there would probably have been a little scene of remonstrance or a false excuse for departure. But there was nothing to agitate the most sensitive prudery. Lady Elizabeth was grateful to her hosters for her trust. Knowing what she did, and having that ulterior object ever before her eyes, she held by her friendship with Anthony as the last hope of salvation poor Estelle was likely to have.

It was a heavy burden, however, to know

what she did and keep it back from the one most interested. If she could but one most interested. If she could but bring him to a milder frame of mind she would tell him. He ought to divorce his poor erring wife, to set her free to marry Charlie. If only she could influence him to this better and more magnanimous course! Meanwhile she made herself almost necessary to his existence; and the power was waxing secretly and unknown to himself, as the roots of the flowers swelled beneath the sod, and the sap in the trees rose ever higher. And as a further clamp and rivet, Estelle's little twoyear-old boy had "taken to" Lady Elizabeth, and when he saw her would smile to her and hold out his little hands, and make much of her when she took him in her

You see we all love you, Lady Elizabeth,' said Anthony one day, in his half-bitter and half-serious way. "My boy, my dog, and even I, who, in your eyes, am not so good as either."

CHAPTER V.

IN DIRE DISTRESS. Meanwhile Estelle's cup of misery was full-so full that surely there was no room for more! In the earthquake she and Charlie had lost all they possessed, save the clothes in which they escaped and such loose silver as chanced to be in their pockets. Alone, and cut off from their past, disgraced where they were, ponniless was there a lower deep?

As their only chance, they wrote to Mary, whom now they knew to have been the anonymous sender of those sporadic supplies; whose other secret also they supplies: w. Estelle was thus doubly bound to this coarse, vulgar car of cheatery and deception; for they knew her guilt and she knew theirs, and neither dared to betray the other. But Mary and her mother had the whip hand, and knew it.

But when Estelle wrote to them, giving an account of the earthquake and thei losses, and asking for help, mother and daughter consulted together in adverse mood enough, and pronounced it a shame for grand folk like those to come upon poor people like them.

asked Mrs. Latimer, shrewishly. "If they do, they'll have to find out their mistake," said Mary, grimly. So much of grace, however, had they as

remit Charlie Osborne a very small pittance, just to meet the most pressing wants of the moment—sending therewith a curt and disagreeable letter full of covert insolence, saying that it was impossible for to satisfy these exorbitant demands-and that really Mrs Harford must apply to her own people, who were better able to keep her than they Poor folk like them had enough to do to keep their own heads over water.

Perhaps no trial had been greater to these two desolate creatures than was this letter, with its meagre remittance so reluctantly sent, its insolence so slightly veiled. It was a terrible moment. Eve that when Anne had marked them with the brand of shame was less terrible than this; for this included the same confession of shame, and more besides.

Then Estelle made up her mind. It was a trial, but it was not a hazard. She knew man, and felt sure that she could trust him. He was good and unselfish, and he had once loved her. Now that he was rich he would help her; even though helping her meant helping the man who

had stood between them. Her cheeks burned as with fire; her hands were cold as marble; her heart throbbed with hope and fear and the shame of downcast pride all in one; but it had to be done. Caleb Stagg was her last chance, failing a direct appeal to Anthony—or one yet more direct, to death and God! But the loving cling to life, however miserable be, if they can but live together. The dust of dead joys is better than the peace of eternal sleep, if only they can hold each other's hand and forget their wretch edness in a kiss. When things are at their extreme it is time enough voluntarily to die. While they love they are never at this extreme; and Estelle, who knew that her beloved was now dying, would not have hastened that invitable hour, no, not by one moment of coveted time. Wherefore she took her courage in both hands—wrote the story of her distress and denudation to Caleb Stagg, and spoke quite naturally of "Mr. Osborne" and of his state of health, and of her having joined him to look after him. She had, however, to add the slight change of name, and how they were here at their hotel as "Mr. and Mrs. Charles," which gave a somewhat different complexion to the pure philan-thropy of looking after her cli friend and playmate, fallen into such a condition of alth as demanded a competent nurse.

The first answer came by telegram. By return of post a substantial remittance was the second; and Estelle had not miscalculated. This sandy haired, snub-nosed, ungainly omad haun was truly the bit of human gold she had believed him to be; the hump between the hunchback's shoulders was, then, the sheath wherein were folded the angel's wings; and Love, pure, unselfish Love, once more vindicated its right to be held as the god of the world and the great centre of all life that is

worth living.
The day was warm and bright, and the place was at its loveliest. Sea and sky were of the same deep blue, and both were as tranquil as twin children sleeping face

to face. It was a day which moved the world to love and laugther—wherein the thrill of life was as strong an the sunshine and as passionate as the nightingale's song as sweet as the scent of roses and orange flowers—as divine as the kindly gods who rule the destinies of the fortunate and happy. It seemed impossible to be even ill at ease on such a day. And yet what grief was in that chamber looking to the sea and across to the far distant landwhat dread in the present! what terror of the future!

indeed, that she would not consent to live

after him-that she would die either by

force of nature or by the act of her own

ren will He scarcely thought she could

ive, and he hidden away from her in the

to the dying, poor Charlie could not rise

ruite above that egotism which had been

the ruling passion of his life. And yet he was not a bad follow, taken any way.

He was weak to his own desires, self-indulgent to his own fancies, and he had

that fatal artistic temperament which cannot live or do good work under the

strain of self-control. He must be cradled

like a child in the arms of love, and fed like fabled fairies on the most gracious

food of heaven. And what was good for him as an artist was good for him all

through. His egotism was so far temp red and excused; but it had wrought inti lite mischief, take it how one would.

He was lying now quite still, breathing with extreme difficulty, his eyes for the

most part shut; but every now and then

less and silent by his bedside. It was

painful to him to speak. He had neither breath nor strength for articulation.

Suddenly the life that was ebbing slowly

away flowed back with transient strength,

and the fire that was dving down blazed

"You must write to Lady Elizabeth.

he said to Estelle. " If you can, reconcile

to make you an allowance."

It was like some one else speaking, and

Estelle quivered with a superstitious kind of dread. It was so unlike Charlie to think of

means and measures—to plan or to foresee What strange revelations and stranger

metamorphoses were bound up with this

lread passage? Was the soul transformed

"I will, if you wish it, Charlie," she

"Lady Elizabeth will be your friend,

I will obey you, darling," she said

A little smile broke over his wasted

"Always the same," he said. "The

She kissed his hand lying in hers, and then he closed his eyes and spoke no more.

His breathing grew fainter and fainter — more interrupted, more labored. There

was a curious look of general collapse about the whole rose of the body, and the hand in hers was limp and lifeless. Through the partially unclosed lids she saw that the

eves were turned, and over the face and

as the lips of the Medusa in her agony

and then came that hoarse rattle in th

throat which told of the supreme moment

Estelle rose to her feet and bent over th

body of her dying lover. She neither rang nor called for the help or the companion-ship of her kind. Alone, as she had lived

with him, so would she be when he died,

and no stranger should desecrate the soli

With straining eyes and a heart that

throbbed as if it would burst within her

bosom, she stood there watching till the

last faint breath was drawn, and the life

she had loved better than her own had

sobbed itself away into nothingness and

over with parted lips laid close to his to receive that last breath. She gathered it like a caress. It was like his very soul

entering forever into her body—his last touch, his last word!—then darkness and a

vague sense of falling came over her. She heard nothing; she knew nothing. That

man's entering feet—that voice—all were

lost to her, while a strong arm caught her as she fell, and a voice whispered softly: "Ah, my queenly lass, but thou st come to

CHAPTER VI.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn

lamb." Sometimes; not always. The

tempering to Estelle, for instance, was of the slightest quality, so far as she herself was concerned—that essential She which

felt and suffered. Being, however, dead to

all but her own suffering, she scarce recognized the benefits showered on her

by Caleb Stagg, but took them as we take the flowers of the gorse on the common

when we are wandering, foot sore, faint and weary, our way lost, our direction

unknown, the darkness of the night settling

Yet Caleb was of use to Estelle-of as

He took all the trouble off her

much use and of a like kind as the nails and joints which hold the coffin planks to-

nands and let her indulge her grief un

checked. This was the best thing he could

lo for her; and she had a vague percep

tion of its value. He was no more obtru sive than an intelligent machine; and

Estelle, with the unconscious selfishness of

grief, treated him with little more thought than if he had been a machine. Do we

feel grateful to the nails and joints of the coffin planks, without which, however, our

dear dead would be in sorry plight enough? They hold the coffin together, and keep the

arranged the details for Charlie's funeral

and so separated her from him forever?

The fatal day had come and gone, and Estelle was now alone in the world, so far

as her own consciousness of companionship

her husband had ceased to exist; herfather

and mother were as dead worlds, and her whole past life at Kingshouss was a void

She had but one thought-one sentiment-

life without him. The spasm of somethin

hat was almost shame, which Anne's scorn

would

had awakened, had gone into nothingness

planted her pride on her union with Charlie

and her shame would have gone to her marriage with Anthony. The one which the world disdained and the law condemned

was pure; the other, which men called a

sacrament, was impure. So she thought and felt, and Caleb was not the man to try

But her state alarmed him. This blank

ind motionless despair was as a sickness

he was unable to understand or cure. Had she wept or bewailed herself, had she been

irritable in her grief and peevish in her

sorrow, he would have known his way bet-

ter: but to be so still and silent and

his ken, and he was frightened in propor-

tion to his ignorance. She had fallen into the same state as that which had come on

her after she had married Anthony, save

that she had not that point of horror and

tient and lifeless was something beyond

to convince her of wrong reasoning.

her lost Love, and the bleak blackness of

She had almost forgotten her child

HER COMFORTER.

loor\_that harried t

God help thee, as I will !"

She knew when it came, and bent

ow broke out the clammy sweats of

The open lips were as full of pain

he continued. " Now that I am going, you

before the hody ceased to hold it?

want some one to befriend you.

sweetest and the best on earth!'

answered.

softly.

features.

de**a**th.

ande of their love.

bad pass!

yourself with your husband and get him

up anew with power and brightness.

he opened them on Estelle sitting motion

him there in the dark grave beneath her The supreme moment had come at last, and poor, weak, handsome Charlie Osborne was at the end of all his failures and at Once she startled Caleb by saying, with unconscious parody of a more famous reduplication: "I think no woman's lover the outset of his great journey. He had lived to his last moment, and he had now to resign himself to the inevitable parting but mine died twice. Once before I married him, and once after." "It has been a sore trial for you," said from the woman whose life his love had ruined and whom his death would leave esolate and destroyed. He half hoped,

by the wav-side.

Caleb, not knowing what else to say, and, by the way, not knowing what to call her.

as indifferent as if he had been a trained

dog walking on its hind legs, but as gentle as she was indifferent. Sometimes she

would stop the carriage and ask Caleb to

Charlie will like that," she would say

get her such and such a flower that she saw

and when the flower was laid on his grave

she seemed to feel a certain pleasure, and

over her poor pale face would steal a faint sad smile, as if answering back one from

This, in its degree, was a trial to him, accustomed as he was, like all people of his condition, to bring in the name of the person to whom he was speaking at every turn. It seemed to him so bald and unnarrow grave. It seemed sacrilegious—almost criminal. For all the wise tenderness and larger outlook which death brings civil not to give Estelle some kind of distinctive name. He could sparcely "bring his tongue " to call her Mrs. Charles, and he would not wound her by calling her Mrs. Harford. When he did stumble over a designation at all, it was the former, for he would rather wound his own conscience

"Yes," said Estello, "God has been very hard to me—very cruel. I wonder

why?"
"Those whom He loveth He chasteneth,
"Recause H said Caleb, in a low voice. " Because He

loves you, Mrs. Charles."
"And therefore killed my darling twice.
I do not call that love," she answered, and sank again into silence, from which Caleb did not dare to try and rouse her.

It was natural that the whole story should have excited a great interest in the English colony, both rooted and nomadic, which found itself on the shores of this enchanting sea. Its mixture of pathos and criminality gave a pleasant savor to gossip; and pity, touched with condemnation, made a more interesting state of mind than one sentiment alone could have produced. To this was now added curiosity. Who was this man who had come to take possession of this sorely wounded Impropriety? He was not her hus-Impropriety? band, evidently not a relation, and as evidently not a servant. He was too re-spectful for the one, too familiar for the other; also he was not up to her height socially; yet he had the command of money to a fabulous extent. The young English clergyman and his wife, who might have solved the mystery, had left the place; and conjecture exhausted itself in vain. She more beautiful and more desolate than Ariadne herself, and he the queerest looking god that ever leaped from a car, storm-driven or panther-drawn, what chain could bind them together? It was not love, and it was not blood; and the world is not quick to recognize the unselfish heroism of devotion.

nothing was known here, all was patent at Kingshouse, and the bad, black news flew about the place as fast as if car-ried on bats' wings in the twilight. It made the staple of conversation, and was Not content with having left her own lawful husband for one man, this exceedingly improper person, this Mrs. Harford, had inveigled another. And such another! The golden calf, the butt of his county, was her latest sacrifice; and he, the fool that he was, did not see how she was making as a mere footstool or hearth rug! It was really too shameful, look at it as one would! She was past praying for, of course. She was lost for time and eternity, saving a miracle of grace to snatch her from those eternal fires she so richly deserved. But he, though he was a born diot, all but qualified for Earlswood, he too good and simple minded to be made the victim of an artful intrigante who destroyed men's lives as cruelly as if they had been sacrifices offered up to Moloch.

Kingshouse waxed fierce in its virtue at this time. No Jew ever scraped his floors and walls with more zeal at Passover to make sure that no forbidden scrap of eaven lucked therein than did the whole ociety of Estelle's old home repudiate her and her misdeeds. No one dared to sympathize with her sorrow for fear of seeming to condone her sin, and the general verdict was: "She deserves all she got;" and "She brought it all on her-self, the hussy!"

Mrs. Clanricarde had to bear more taunts and sneers and cold shoulders and tossed-up heads than her pride well knew how to endure; and that foolish George was creatfallen to a degree he had never neen, even when he had most severely ourned his fingers in the fire of the House. And when that foolish George wept, and

aid that nature was stronger even than morality, his wife metaphorically bit off his head, and told him he was an atheist, and she would hear no more of his plasphemy. She even went so far as to say That miserable girl or me, George. If you go to her, you leave me forever. Besider, where, if you please, is the money to go with? You have taken care that we shall never have a five pound note to spare rom our creditors. How are you to ro et that hideous young man bear th burden. He has plenty of money. And when Mr. Harford divorces her he will marry her; and so she will not have to which is as much as she can expect and more than she deserves.

To such a pass of hardness—like to the nether millstone—had large social ambition, personal pride, and perpetual poverty brought the mother's heart, which under more favorable conditions would have been soft and loving enough.

Of Mrs. Aspline, too, it must be sorrow fully said that, on this matter of Estelle's lagrace, she disclosed the one black spot in her otherwise rose-red heart. She was for the most part a kind old thing—a generous-natured old Cookey; but this was one pull that wrenched her good-nature asunder, and let the little stream of gall trickle forth. The contrast to be made beloved safe from marauding beasts and birds of prey. But do we love them for that? Could she then love the man who hallowing influence o the matrimonial acrament, and this besmirched Estelle niether wife nor widow, was too strong to be resisted. She must show Mrs. Clauri

carde her disdain. And she did. Things at Mentone continued pretty much as they had been ever since poor Charlie's death. Estelle's intellect seemed enumbed, and showed no signs of rewak-

One day she and Caleb were sitting by the grave, where she used to pass some time of every day. She used to say she was "going to Charlie," when she made her friend understand she wanted to go to the cemetery, and imagination supplied something almost like reality. Charlie vas always alive to her.

Suddenly she looked up into Caleb's face. "I suppose the world thinks I did wrong? Anne Aspline said so," she said. asking a question by the inflection of her

"I suppose so," said honest Caleb, uncomfortably. How he wished that he could have repudiated the idea, and have shouted, "No!" to all the four quarters of heaven! But even though it was Eatelle who had done it, for a married woman to leave her husband and live with another man was a long way beyond the limits of the morally permissible.

"And did you-do you?" she asked He writhed in spirit. Abstractedly, yes. The act had been profoundly immoral; but his was not the hand to hurt that already so cruelly wounded dove. And what mattered it what he thought? Who her energy into concealing from the man whom she never felt to be aught but her

Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have sent telegrams to President Carnot congratulating him on his escape.

purchaser and tyrant. To Caleb she was Mrs. Charles. You know what you do, I DRUGGIST WOOD BROUGHT BACK. rockon," he answered, humbly.
"But you think I did wrong all the The Alleged Murderer of Lily Charlton same," she persisted, with the obstinacy of a sick mind. Comes Back Voluntarily.

'l am no better than another. He was

"That should comfort you to think of,"

"But now I have one wish—only one," she continued. "I want Mr. Harford to

divorce me. Then I will be married to Charlie by the Church before I die."

"Good Lord!" cried Caleb, aghast.
Mrs. Harford—Mrs. Charles—oh, my

dear lady, what ever is it you are saying Do think a bit! How can you be married

to him and him a lying here?"

"Oh yes, they will. I am sure I can,"
was her reply. "He is not dead, you know.
Only his body is dead, but his soul is
alive, and I can be married to that—my

soul to his before I die--and then we shall

"If you had as much faith as you ought to have you would understand me,"

answered Estelle; ''and,'' again looking him full in the face, ''you would

him full in the face, "you would sympathize with me and uphold me."

and aught you wish to do," said Caleb, with passionate solemnity. "But this is such an idea! I don't well see how it can

be. I doubt if ever a clergyman would be

I intend to write Mr. Harford and ask him.

He will not refuse. He knows that I am not his wife now, and never was. I was

only his married slave. My mother sold

me and he bought me; and I owe him no

more than any other slave owes her master

And not so much, indeed!"

"If you get him to divorce you, it will

have talked enough at present; I'd be

main corry to give them more to set their

"Would you like me to go back to Mr

"Nay that would I not," he answered, with his heart in his good, honest, homely face. "What I would like best of all is

that you shou!d have some lady friend

like Lady Elizabeth, to come and bear

you company, Mrs. Charles; and that you'd just let me go on as I am, looking

after you and seeing that you want for naught. But I want no more clatter and no

more worry to you. And if I were you I'd leave Mr. Harlord alone until we see how

"It is not fair," she answered.

owe it to my darling's memory to get rid

of this hated name, which I suppose is

I had almost forgotten it. For all these months that I have been with Charlie

never remembered that I was not legally

ais wife till that dreadful girl reminde

me. And then I forgot it again when he

went from me. It is only quite lately that I have thought of it, and that I want so

much to get rid of Mr. Harford, and to be

self, Mrs. Charles," said poor Caleb, in

terrible perplexity how to meet this though

which was so insane, though the mind in

which it was born was saner in this than

in some other things. "But I think it wants considering. And if you'l be guided be me, you'll wait until you are a

little stronger before you put vourself about again. Will you let me write to Lady Elizabeth? That would be the wisest thing to do. If she could come here for a bit, that would be about the best job

She was always good to him, and he liked her. He would be pleased for me to have her here. Yes, do write. Let us go home,"

he added, feverishly. " Let us go home a

"I'll go for the trap," said Caleb, bend

ng to her mood as the shadow fullows the

ubstance. "We shall be in time for the

post, I dare say, and she'll have the letter

the day after to morrow."
"Dear, dear Lady Elizabeth!" cried

here! She would help me! she would comfort me!"

(To be Continued).

How to Drink Tea.

As commonly prepared, tea is so bitter and disagreeable that the addition of milk

becomes almost necessary to make it pala table. But to put milk or cream into properly prepared tea is to commit an

unpardonable gastronomic solecism, not only for the fanciful reasons that a chemi-

cal compound result; from the mixture

resembling the basis of leather, but that

the basis of milk disguises the peculiar

aroma of tea, and makes one kind taste

almost exactly like another, very much in

the same way as French cooks sometime

spoil the natural flavor of fish with their

ternal sauces, till you are unable to tel

whether you are eating salmon or shark

catfish or dogfish. Sugar, on the other hand, may and should be added to tea.

For it makes the taste of the tea more

agreeable without in the least interfering

ecome very insipid to the sense of those

with its fragrance. Milk and tea soon

who have accustomed themselves to drink

plain tea. Moreover there is a special

enjoyment to be derived from each kind of

tea; and how actually the sense of smell can be educated in the art of discriminating

teas is shown in the case of professional tea tasters, who can distinguish not only

the country and the locality where the

leaves were grown, but the year and season,

and even the ship that brought them across

THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND, the emi-

nent writer and physician, wrote and published in Scribner's Magazine: "It is

fact that many of the best proprietary

medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them

are first discovered and used in actual medical practice. When, however, any

shrewd person knowing their virtue, fore

seeing their popularity, secures and adver-

tises them, then, in the opinion of the

would use your preparation." Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., author of "Gunn's New

celebrated Dr. Thompson, of the Univer-

adults are carried off by chronic kidney

disease than by any other malady except

A Big Fence.

by the Walrond ranch to fence in a large

portion of their range. The fence will begin at the Old Man's River, this side of the

already been let .-- Macked Gazette.

Arrangements have been about completed

sity of the city of New York, says :

consumption.

pigoted, all virtue went out of them." The

the ocean.—Contemporary Review.

once, and do you write at once.

said Estelle. "Write to her

"Oh, if she was but

we could get through."

Estella, to

give a new impulse.

his, my darling's wholly and entirely.'

"It is a sweet thought, and like

Stagg,

your

egally mine. Do you know, Mr.

things turn of themselves."

the asked, a little haughtily.

be another big talk," said Caleb.

'We will see," said Estelle. "And

I will uphold you, Mrs. Charles, in all

be all right when we meet in heaven. "Lord sakes!" said Caleb. "Did ever any one bear the like?"

said Caleb, his eyes cast down.

but I am not."

had all

straight again.'

got to do it."

teeth on

Harford?'

At an early hour this (Saturday) morn "It would have been an ill thing in any ing, John Wood, druggist, Toronto, charged with murdering Lily Charlton in Toronto ne else," he returned.
"I don't see the difference," she said. was taken to the police station there in charge of Detective Cuddy. He consented to leave Buffalo without formal extradition "Why dr you talk of it?" said Caleb. proceedings. He had eluded the warrante 'Please don't, Mrs. Charles. You did out for his arrest ever since his sudden what you'd a mind to do, and so let it bide."
"I did what I ought to have done," said departure to the States when the crime leaked out. The prisoner strode up to the sergeant with his hands behind his back. Estelle, with a curious emphasis. "They deceived me-all made me simulating by his manner and voice a mascommitthat first sin. This was no sip, the terly indifference to the position in which other was. This was only putting things he is placed.

Wood replied as follows to questions pur by the reporter: "I have simply to state," said Wood, "that I came back here of my own free will, believing that, as I am an innocent man, the law will have no hold upon me. The first I knew of the case wes when Dr. Valentine requested me to telephone for Dr. Strange to attend his patient. I did so in the ordinary way. Do you suppose if I had been in any way implicated that I would have put the case in the hands of a strange doctor when discovery must have been certain? Well, not much. I was quite innocent of the whole affair Why did I run away to Buffalo? simply went because my doctor advised me to go away to some place for the benefit of my health."
"Were you in a state of decline when

you left? ventured the reporter. "Well, I should say so. My stock had gone down about 1,500 per cent. Now that you ask me, I will tell you why I did not come back before. I fell from a buggy at Buffalo last December and broke my hij and am only recovering now. I opened in business for myself in Buffalo about seven weeks ago, and have been living since quite openly with my wife and family over the store, which is situated on Erie street Yes, I expect bail; I have received a pro misc—no matter from whom—that I shall be bailed out in the morning, and that it will be fixed at less than \$2,000. Why was only required to give \$1,500."

Little Siste:s.

BY KATE THORN. Little sisters are a great trial to the young lady with her first beau.

They have such a deadly habit of telling just the secrets that their big sister wouldn't have known for the world, and telling them at just the very worst times they could possibly select. And, what is nore, they seem to take a malicious pleasure in telling them.

If Mary Jane has kept her hair rolled up for two days to be well frizzed when Augustus calls, her little sister will note he proceeding, and just as Mary Jane has assured her admiring swain that her hair curls naturally, and that it is almost impossible to make it stay anywhere, up will pop the small sister and tell the whole story of the curl-papers, and in all proba-bility she will add the information that Mary Jane puts red ink on her cheeks to make her "pritty."
Little sisters are always cropping out as

the wrong time. They never want to go to bed the nights when the big sister's beau is expected, and no amount of coaxing and andy can convince them that they are They have eyes for everything and ear.

And next day, at the dinner-table, the big sister will be mortified to death, and the whole family will be thrown into convul sions by the piping announcement from the small sister : Gus Jones bit our Mary Jane last night

right into the mouth! I seen him! And he bit him back!"

Little sisters always want to know all the whys and the wherefores. One of them is likely to climb on the knee of an aspiring young gentleman suitor, and ask him why he doesn't have more hairs in his mous tache: she would like to ask him if he doesn't feel bad because his nose is long, and it would delight her dear little heart to impart to him the fact that Mary Brown and sister Jane both said he was too long-legged or anything but a greyhound.

Small sisters will tell the family secrets with most delightful candor, and while the young gentleman caller is waiting for the lady of the family to give the final touches to her toilet before coming down, the small sister will confidentially make him acquainted with the fact that " papa swears at mamma right along," and that "we have old hen for dinner and call it chickene." and that "gister Jane wants to get married awfully to some rich young fool who will keep her without work.'

Little sisters will put molasses candy in the chair, and see you sit down on it without a word of warning; they will wipe their bread and butter hands on your pantaloons; they will cradle their kittens in your %6 hat; they will pin you and your mamorata to the chairs; they will put burrs in your hair; they will sift sawdust from the cracked bodies of their dolls down the back of your neck; and they will make faces at you, and yell like little demons, it you attempt to defend yourself. Therefore we say to you, if possible, avoid

oing courting in families where there are little sisters, unless you are so deeply in ove as to be perfectly indifferent and reckless as to the consequences.

Chamberlain's Great Blow Out.

Edmund Yates says: Chamberlain's party at Highbury made one rub one's eyes and wonder whether he were awake or only passing through a dream. Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, all came to pour incense on the altar of Unionism in the emple of which Chamberlain is the high priest. How the wheel goes round! For it seems but yesterday, under other aus-pices and with Schnadhorst as guardian angel, that another Gospel was preached and another altar lighted at the shrine but no one wishes to be critical. The Highbury party was Unionist, intellectual, smart, amusing, cosmopolitan. Mrs Chamberlain made the most charming of hostesses, and won every heart not already captivated. Her reception was very crowded. She pleased her Birmingham lieges by appearing in their pearl necklace. Every one who came feasted his eyes on a larger collection of the British aristocracy than they had ever seen or were likely to see again. The house at Highbury, most comfortable and luxuriously furnished, was done up recently, and what few improvements were wanted were added when Mr. Chamberlain brought home his bride.

How to Tell a True Flasher from a False. late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says: "if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I " It doesn't require an expert," said Dr. genuine or not. The test is very simple and can be made in any place and in a mo-ment. All you need is a piece of paper and Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Do-mestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at for a stone that may \$500.''—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

> A man named Hopkins was fined \$10 and costs in Kingston yesterday for selling pop and fireworks to a boy on Sunday. the strikers and military at Essen, Germany. The soldiers killed three men and many.

Piegan reserve, and will extend to the hills some twelve or fourteen miles, gates being left at regular intervals. We believe the contracts for getting out posts, etc., have wounded five. Bagley-I want a little advice. My tell me to adopt literature as a means of a livelihood. What is the most necessary thing to do first? Editor-Get account.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements-

specially medical ones. Now it seems to us that if, for instance, world-wide advertisers of Warner' Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby hey could work in a startling story of, say -wolver, we believe the immense sales of heir medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let it commence like

Patter! Patter! Patter! There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl nimself through thirty feet of space, with a cream to unnerve the hardiest hunter. 'Wolves," whispers the hunter, as a howl uddenly bursts upon his ear.

Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of buffalo. He can see their dark forms litting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in dan-ger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trilles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to its insidious encroachment. If your back aches, if your eyesight is failing, if your appetite is fickle, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on the prairie of danger, but flee to the nearest naven of safety, and resort to the known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe Warner's Safe Curc. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and ociety at large.
Delays are dangerous.

Had the traveller not been overtaken in he night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn ou just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and bigotry, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed

DR. CRONIN SPOKEN.

a Queer Sequel,

Recent Mysterious Disappearance with

Dr. H. P. Cronin, of Chicago, the former St. Catharines resident, whose mysterious disappearance has caused such a sensation in Chicago, was seen in Toronto yesterday. He took the 12.20 G. T. R. train for this city. The reason for the man's strange conduct is not given. He was seen on Yonge street, Toronto, by a person whose family physician he was in Chicago. When accested with "Why, hello, Doc, how are ou? What are you doing here?" he replied My dear sir, you have the advantage of

I don't know you.' "Now look here, Doc, there's no use of talking like that. Why do you speak that "My dear sir." replied the doctor." i

you don't cease molesting me l'll call a Then Dr. ('ronin drew himself up and moved off. He looked half crazy, says the man who spoke to him.

How to Manage a Kicker,

Says a writer: "I have seen gentle cows spoiled by pounding, but I never saw a kicker cured by it. If any horned animal kicks you, try to make it think you like to be kicked. Kind treatment and the entire ignoring of a kick from a cow will generally cure. Animals kick because they are afraid of you and can't get out of your way. Convince them that you won't hurt them under any circumstances and the cause for kicking is removed. For an unsafe or pervous cow, however, I use a rope; about hree-eighths rope is best. Tie a good snap to one end and a ring to the other, and have it about two or two and a half feet long over all. Pass the rope around the eft hind leg just above the gambrel joint. ive it one twist between the legs and ther nap the ends together outside the right leg, and your cow is harmless. The more she is inclined to kick, the tighter the rope may be twisted. Now keep this rope hanging just behind the kicker and you need

Gulls Always in Season.

A few days ago a young man in an asstern city sent 25 cents to the United States for an article that was advertised as a sure destroyer of potato bugs. parcel arrived on Saturday and contained two small blocks of wood, with directions for use; the purchaser being informed not to open it until necessary. The innocent to open it until necessary. The innocent youth was given these directions: "When the insect is captured place it between the two blocks, squeeze down on them, and you will find that it is sure death to all kinds f bugs." Another gentleman sent 25 cents to Boston for a steel engraving of Queen Victoria and a 1 cent Canadian stamp was sent to him.

First Lady of the Land.

"Is it proper to speak of Mrs. Harrison as the first lady of the land?" depends. If our correspondent has a wife, she should be the first lady of the land to nim. If he has no wife, his mother should be the first lady, and if he has no mother either, then his oldest sister. If he is an unmarried orphan, without sisters, he may be right in looking to the wife of the President as the first lady of the land, but any day he may meet some other lady who will change his opinion and her name.-Hartford Courant.

Six Tall Britishers.

At the presentation of Sir Julian Pauncefote to the President on Friday, the Blue Parlor of the White House sheltered some very striking-looking men. Pauncefote is 6 feet 6 inches in height, his Secretaries of Legation, Edwards and Herbert, are more men present were almost as tail. Walker Blaine estimated that the aggregate height of the six Britishers was 37 feet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Waterproof Hammocks.

Hammocks that are allowed to hang out most of the time are soon rotted by the action of the weather. It is said that they may be made "waterproof" by immersing in boiling linseed oil, and leaving them in it for a day or two. Then with a cloth rub off all the oil possible, and when the netting is dried it will last much longer than it otherwise would.

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of eye sight, tube casts in urine, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling—any one or more of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney disease or Bright's disease, and Warner's Safe Cure should be freely used according to directions. Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the city of New York, says:
"More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by an ther one malady except consumption. The late Dr. Dio Lewis says, over his own sig-nature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I found myself the viotim of a serious A conflict occurred yesterday between kidney trouble I should use your preparation.

The London Lancet recently contained this advertisement: "Home wanted for omicidal lady in house of medical man. Address, stating terms," etc.

Two original editions of "Walton's Ang somebody to give you a good big bank ler," 1653, have been sold in London, realizing \$2,400 and \$360 respectively.

NICE ENDING TO DOMESTIC SCANDAL

Repentant Wife Returns to the Arms of a Forgiving Husband.

The following from an Otterville corresondent of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review will recall to the minds of many of onr readers an interesting story of domestic trial. The plotted elopement of Mrs. Kenny and John Venner, the failure of John Venner to connect, his subsequent arrest and imprisonment, and the dramatic scene in the Court house at the trial, are incidents that merely need mentioning. Mrs. Kenny, it will be remembered, proceeded to England, where she had some friends. The husband (Oliver Kenny) appeared incon-solable at the time for the loss of nis children and the breaking up of his home time is a marvellous magician. It fills many a void and heals many a wound. The happiest chapter in the little social drama is told by an Otterville correspondent as follows:

Amid the ringing of bells and happy greetings, Mrs. Bessie Kenny alighted from the train on Monday evening. She soon found herself in the fond embrace of a lov ing and forgiving husband who had mourned her as lost. Oliver is now happy and things are moving along majestically. Bessie and the children are all well, but they are so tanned by crossing the Atlantic that you would hardly know their faces from a side of sole leather.

The Millionaire's Secret. "The secret of success," said the prince

f American millionaires, "is very simple. Keep out of debt, keep your head cool and your bowels open." Thus in twelve words of wisdom was summed up the policy which turned a poor boy into a hundred-millionaire. Success often hinges upon as small a matter as the state of the bowe's So you see that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are not only the royal road to health, but to wealth and happiness as

A Case of Seif-Defence. "Which do you love most, your papa or

our mamma 🤊 Little Charlie- I love papa most. Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised. I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mother; we men

have to hold together.

Doemed to die, and oh, so young.

Is there nothing that can save
This poor, hopeless sufferer
From the dark and cruel grave?
Comes an answer, "Yes, there is:
'Favorite Prescription' try;
I has saved the lives of thousands
Who were given up to die."

On all "tymals diseases." Dr. I. For all "female diseases" Dr. Pierce's

Pavorite Prescription is the standard rem dy, and no woman should despair of ecovery until she has given it a trial Settling the Argument.

Marietta—Husband, you are always complaining about the estentation of the diamonds I wear in my hair. Have you forgotten that Shakspeare wrote, "E'en the venomous toad hath a jewel in his Husband—Oh, well, if you want to dress

like a toad, I have nothing more to say.

When you feel your strength is failing, In some strange, mysterious way; When your cheek is slowly paling And, "Poor thing" the neighbors say, As they look at you in pity, To the nearest drug store send, At the earliest chance, and get a Bottle of the Sick Man's Friend.

You will get what you want by asking for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine tones up and invigorates the weakened system by purifying the blood and restoring lost vigor.

Needed Relief. "Could I induce you, Mr. Jobson, to part

with your seraphic daughter Clara?"

"Bless your life, young man, yes. I told her mother last night that if nobody came along pretty soon I'd let her run off with the coachman.' A Clincher. Mrs. Perksits (the young man seemed to

like the rooms and looked like taking them)

— 'n' there's another thing, sir; I've no

young darters or nieces to be a bringing breach o' promise or actions for assault agin my lodgers. Lack of Material. Doctor-Madam, your husband's disease,

regret to say, is cataraot of the eye.

Wife-Impossible! He never drank water enough for that. An expert is to be brough

from Kingsville to look for natural gas. Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer at Washington.

The Czar has sent a message of con-dolence to the widow of Count Tolstoi. The Czar says the successor of Count Tolstoi will be a man who is animated by the same principles that controlled the course of the late Minister of the Interior and who will continue his work. On Wednesday afternoon at the Eustis

mines, Capelton, Que., the roof of one of the buildings connected with the smelting works caved in. Thomas Beakey, who was working at the burners, observing a disturbance, started to run, but in his excitement ran in the wrong direction, so that the timbers of the roof fell upon him and brushed him, breaking one leg and injuring his head, his injuries resulting finally in

Mr. Henry Armstrong, brother of the city editor of the Guelph Herald, died of an affection of the throat at his mother's residence, Brownsville, Ohio. He was well known in Guelph. DONE 21 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERSTRADERS We want a good man in your locality to pick up CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S. The Shoe & Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe & Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the Reporter gives him this endorsement "We believe that in extent of light-weight ran material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country."

And the Review says:

"After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in its specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head."

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Figure Paintings (5). Full directions a paint \$1, post paid. SPANISH PORTRAIT CO 44 West 23rd street, New York. Agents wanted IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAME.



DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND