What Fetched Them. (Dedicated to the 13th Band). The tools wich the barlesser would perform with sech eclaw Would melt the toughest mountain gentleman I ever saw-Sech touchin' opry music ez Sech fouchin' opry inusic ez the Troyvory sort. The soluum '' Mizer Reery'' 'nd the thrillin' '' Keely Mort''; Or sometimes from '' Lee Grand Dooshess '' a triffe be would play, Or morsoze from a opry boof to drive dull care away; Or, feelin' kind uv serieus, he'd discourse somewhat in C, The wich he called a opus-whatevar that may be; But the toons that fetched the likker from the crites in the crowd Wuz not the high-toned ones, Perfessor Vere de Blaw allowed.

'Twuz " Dearcst May," 'nd " Bonnie Doon," 'nd the ballad uv "Ben Bolt," Ez wuz regarded by all odds ez Verc de Blaw's best holt; Then there wuz " Darlin' Nellie Gray," 'nd " Bettin' on the Stile," And " Secin' Nellie Home," 'nd " Nancy Lee 'nd " Annie Lisle," 'nd "Settin' on the Stile," And "Seein' Nellie Home," 'nd "Nancy 'nd "Annie Lisle," And "Gentle Annie," 'Nancy Till," and "Gentle Annie," "Nancy Till," and "The Cot Beside the Sea for them ez likes to pay Their money for the truck ez cant be got no other way; But opry to a miner is a thin and holler thing... The music that he pines for is the songs he used to sing.

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Oh," Maude cried. "Eight dollars a week and a home at the Cedars, instead of four dollars a week and boarding around. four dollars a week and boarding around. Of course I will go, though not until my present engagement expires. This will not be until sometime in March," and she be-gan to wonder if she could endure it so long and, now that the pressure was lifting, how she had ever borne it at all.

But whatever may be the nature of our surroundings time passes quickly, and leaves behind a sense of nearly as much pleasure as pain, and when at last the closing days of school came, it was with genuine feelings of regret that Maude said good-bye pupils she had learned to love and to th the patrons who had been so kind to her.

OHAPTER VII.

AT THE CEDARS.

It had cost Grace a struggle before sh decided to take Mande as her companion and she had been driven past the little log house among the hills and through the house among the hills and through the Bush district, that she might judge for herself of the girl's surroundings. The day was raw and blustering and great banks of snow were piled against the fences and lay heaped up in the road unbroken save by a footpath made by children's feet.

And it is through this she walks in the morning and then sits all day in that dingy don't believe I should like it Grace thought, and that night she wrote to Maude, offering her a situation with her-

And now, on a lovely morning in April when the crocuses and snowdrops were just beginning to blossom, she sat waiting for her, wondering if she had done well or ill for herself. She had seen Maude and talked with her, for the latter had called at the Cedars and spent an hour or more and Grace had learned much from her of her former life and of Spring Farm, which she was going to buy back. Max's name, however, was not mentioned, although he was constantly in the minds of both, and Grace was wondering if he would come oftener to the Cedars if Maude were there. She could not be jealous of the girl, and yet the idea had taken possesion of her that she was bringing her to the Cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted is be was bringing her to the Cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted is be was bringing her to the Cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted is be was bringing her to the Cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted is be was being the to the cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted for him because the latter was there; and a little from her pleasure when she began to fit up the room her companion was to cocupy. Such a pretty room it was, just over her own, with a bow window looking across the valley where the lake lay sleep-ing, and on to the hills and the log schoolhouse, which, had it been higher, might have been discerned above the hills which urrounded it. A room all pink and white roses and lilies everywhere, and bright fire in the grate before which a willow chair was standing and a Maltese kitten sleeping, when Maude was ushered into it by Jane, Miss Raynor's maid.

"Oh, it is so lovely," Maude thought, as she looked about her, wondering if it were not a dream from which she should presently awake. But it was no dream and as the days

went on it came to be real to her and she was conscious of a deep and growing affection for the woman who was so kind to her and who treated her like an equal rather than they read

Ch, Max; I don't believe he knows how dear he is to me." She was orying softly now, and Maude she would say to herself, as she sat alone was crying, too; and as she smoothed the hour after hour, while Max and Mau snow white hair and kissed the brow on plored the country in every direction. which lines were beginning to show, she said, "He will never find a sweeter face than yours.'

her Max Gordon now was only the betrothed husband of her mistress; and bill she found herself looking forward to his visit with a keen interest, wondering what he would say to her, and if his eyes was like a mossy carpet beneath their ould kindle at the sight of her as they had done when she saw him in the church at Laurel hill. He was to come the 20th, the broke the summer stillness; then again they anniversary of the day which was to have peen his bridal day, and when the morning Havershaw ?" "Yes, yes," Maude answered quickly, feeling that faded satin and lace of 14 years standing would be sadly out of place.

"You are lovely in those light gowns you wear to much," she said. So Grace wore the dress which Maude selected for her; a soft woollen fabric of a creamy tint with a blue shawl, the color of

her eyes, thrown around her and a bunch of June pinks, Max's favorite flowers at her belt. Then, when she was ready, Maude wheeled her out on to the piazza, where they waited for their visitor.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAX AT THE CEDARS.

The train was late that morning and lunch was nearly ready before they saw the open carriage turn into the grounds with Max.standing up in it and waving his hat to them. "Oh, Maude," Grace said, "I would

give all I am worth to go and meet him. Isn't he handsome and grand, my Max," she continued, as if she would assert her right to him and hold it against the world. But Maude did not hear her, for as Max lighted from the carriage and came eagerly forward, she stole away, feeling that it was not for her to witness the meeting of the overs.

" Dear Max, you are not changed are you ?" Grace cried, extending her arms oward him, with the effort to rise which she involuntarily made so often, and which

vas pitiful to see. "Changed, darling? How could I change in less than a year?" Max answered, as he drew her face down to his bosom and stroked her snowy hair. Grace was not thinking of a physical change. Indeed, she scarcely knew what she did mean, for she was not herself conscious how strong an idea had taken possession of her that she was losing Max. But with him there beside her morbid fears vanished, and letting her head rest upon his arm, she said, "I don't know, Max; only things come back to me to day and I am thinking of 14 years ago and that I am 14 years older than I was then, and crippled and helpless and faded, while you are as young as ever. Oh, Max, stay by me till the last. It will not be for long. I am growing so tired and sad."

Grace hardly knew what she was saving. or why as she said it, Maude Graham's face, young and fair and fresh, seemed to come between herself and Max, any more than he could have told why he was so vaguely wondering what had become of the girl in black, whom he had seen in the distance quite as soon as he had seen the woman in the chair. During his journey Grace and Maude had beeen equally in his now, when he began to have a faint precep-tion of Grace's meaning, though he did not associate it with Maude, he felt half guilty because he had for a moment thought any place where Grace was could be made leasanter than she could make it. Taking her face between his hands he looked at i more closely, noticing with a pang that it had grown thinner and paler and that there were lines about the eyes and mouth, while the blue veins stood out full and distinct upon the forehead shaded by the silvery hair. Was she slowly fading ? he sheet himself, resolving that nothing should be lacking on his part to prove that she was just as dear to him as in the days when they were young and the fature bright before them. He did not even sp eak when of Maud until he saw her in the distance trying to train a refactory honeysuckle over a tall frame. Then he said, "Is that Miss

Graham, and do you like her as well as ever ?'

would be hard for me, I love him so much. she saw him going from her with Maude honr after hour, while Max and Maude ex-

edare again.

here to do it."

Sometimes they drove together, but oft-ner rode, for Maude was a fine horsewoman and never looked better than when on horse back, in the becoming habit which Grace had given her and which fitted her admirhorses hoofs, and the singing of the birds and the brook was the only sound which

galloped over the hills and round the lake, and once through the Bush district, up to came Grace said to Maude, "I'd like to wear my wedding gown; do you think it woold be too much like Dickens', Miss for school. Teacher and scholars had gone home, and tying their horses to the fence they went into the dingy room and sat down side by side upon one of the wooden benches and just where a ray of sunlight fell upon Maude's face and hair. for she had removed her hat and was fanning herself with it. She was very beautiful, with that halo around her head May thought as he sat watching and listening to her as in answer to his question, "How could you endure it here?" she told him of her terrible homesickness during the first weeks of her life as

a school teacher I longed so for mother and Johnnie," she said, "and was always thinking of them and the dear old home, and—and some-times—of you, too, before I received your

letter." 'Of me," Max said, moving a little neare while she went on, "Yes I've wanted to tell you how angry I was because you bought our home. I wrote you something about it, you remember, but I did not tell you half how bitter I felt. I know now you were not to blame, but I did not think so then, and said some harsh things of you to Archie; perhaps he told you. I said he might. Did he?"

mignt. Did he ?" "No," Max answered, playing idly with the riding whip Maude held in her hand. "No, Archie has only told me pleasant things of you. I think he is very fond of you," and he looked straight into Maude's face weigned for work."

you," and he looked straight into inside s face, waiting for her reply. It was surely nothing to him whether Archie were fond of Maude, or she were fond of Archie, and yet her answer was very reassuring, and lifted from his heart a little shadow resting there. "Yes," Maude said, without the slightest

change in voice or expression, "Archie and I are good friends. I have known him and played with him and quarrelled with him ever since I was a child, so that he seems more like a brother than anything else.

"Oh, ye-es," Max resumed, with a feeling of relief, as he let his arm rest on the high desk behind her, so that if she moved time there will be a change, and I shall be only a memory. Tell him I was willing, and that although it was hard at first, it ever so little it would touch her. There was in Max's mind no thought of

ove-making. Indeed, he did not know that love making. Indeed, he did not know that he was thinking of anything except the lovely picture the young girl made, with the sunlight playing on her hair and the shy look in her eyes as, in a pretty apolo-getic way, she told how she had disliked him and credited him with all the trouble which had come upon them since her father's death. "Why I thought I hated you," she said

"Hated me! Oh, Maude, you don't hate me now, I hope—I could not bear that," Max said, letting the whip fall and taking Maude's hand in his, as he said again, " You don't hate me now '

"No, no; oh no. I-oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude began but stopped abruptly, startled by something in the eyes of the man who had never called her Maude before, and whose voice had never sounded as it did now, making every nerve thrill with a sudden joy, all the sweeter perhaps because she knew it must

Wrenching her hand from his and springing to her feet she said, "It is growing late, and Miss Raynor is waiting for us. Have you forgotten her?"

He had forgotten her for one delirious moment, but she came back to him with a throb of pain and self-reproach that he had allowed himself to swerve in the slightest

degree from his loyalty to her. "I am not a man but a traitor," he said to himself, as he helped Maude into her saddle and then vaulted into his own.

The ride home was a comparatively silent one, for both knew that they had not been quite true to the woman who welcomed th m so sweetly and asked so many questions about their ride and what they

WHAT A CLOUDBURST IS. CHATER IX. A Lake of Water Actually Suspended in GOOD-BYE, MAX : GOOD BYE.

Mid-Air, It was a cold stormy afternoon in The phenomena of a cloudburst, which March. The themometer marked six below zero, and the snow which had fallen an only occur in a tornado or whirlwind are not generally understood, says the New York Herald. The whirl in which it forms is the day before vas tessed by the wind in great white cloups which sifted through every crevice of the house at the (.edars not a very broad and shallow disk, but a tall, columnar mass of rotating air, simila and beat agains: the window from which Maude Graham wis looking anxiously out to that in which the Atlantic waterspou to that in which the Atlantic waterspot or the famous pillar like dust storm of India is generated. While this travelling aerial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter, is rapidly gyrating, the cen-trifogal force, as Prof. Ferrel has shown, into the storm for the carriage which ha been sent to meet the train in which Max Gordon was expected. He had not kept his promise to be with Grace at Christmas important law-suit had detained him, and it as would be becessary for him to go to acts as a barrier to prevent the flow of ex London immediately after its close; he ternal air from all sides into its interior could not tell just when he would be at the

except at and near the base of the pillar. Their friction with the earth retards the All through the sutumn Grace had been gyrations and allows the air to rush in be failing, while a cold taken in November, had left her with a cough, which clung to ow and escape upward through the fine like interior as powerful ascending currents. had left her with a cough, which cludg to her persistently. Still she kept up, looking forward to the holdays when Max would be with her. Bat when she found he was not coming she lost all courage, and Maude The phenomenon, however, will not be sttended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely stored with water vapor as it was on Tuesday in the Caya valley, and as it was on May 31st in the was alarmed to see how rapidly she failed. Conemaugh valley. When such is the case the violent ascending currents suddenly Nearly all the day she lay upon the couch in her bedroom, while Grace read or sang to her or talked with her of the book which ift the vapor laden clouds several thousand feet above the level at which they were had actually been commenced, and in which previously floating, and hurl them alof trace was almost as much interested as Grace was almost as much interested as Maude herself. Grace was a careful and discriminating critic, and if Maude were a success she would owe much of it to the kind friend whose sympathy and advice into rarified and cold regions of the atmos phere, where their vapor is instantly con lensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be were so invaluable. A portion of every day she wrote, and every evening read what she comparatively harmless. But the continuous uprushing currents support this mass of water at the high level, and as their own had written to Grace, who smiled as she vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed they add to the water already accumulated recognized Max Gordon in the hero and knew that Mande was weaving the tale mostly from her own experience. Even the Bush district and its people furnished thousands of feet above the earth's surface -making, so to speak, a lake in high air. As the whirlwind weakens or passes from material for the plot, and more than one boy who had called Maud schoolma'am beneath this vast body of water, which its figured in its pages, while Grace was every-

ascending currents have generated and up-held in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever increasing gravitational amid thousands of jeering, mocking, in-sulting, cursing, howling enemies, alone, unfriended and naked, to be burned at a where, permeasing the whole with her sweetness and purity. "I shall dedoiste it to you," Maude said to stake for this truth, I should go smiling as to victory. I should mount the scaffold as her one day, and Grace replied : "That will be kind; but I shall not be here to see force to the earth. In severe cloud bursts the water does not fall as rain, but in that from such a scaffold I saw the heaven open and that was the best ladder by sheets and streams, sometimes unbroken for many seconds. The cloud burst of it, for before your book is published I shall be lying under the flowers in Mt. Auburn. for many seconds. The cloud burst of 1838 at Holidaysburg, Pa., excavated many I want you to take me there, if Maxis not could permit, as I should not care to do holes in the ground, varying from 25 to 30 feet in diameter, and from 3 to 6 feet deep could permit, as I should not cake to do, any mere worldly thought of personal glory to enter into my mind, I should feel that I was not so much making a prophecy as applying the teaching of all history, when I should say the very spot that you would make infamous by the ashes of a man whom you would burn to death for the truth shall be made memorable by this In a similar but milder storm, which visited Boulogne last May, fissures cut in the streets eight feet deep and open ings made large enough to engulf a horse

A STRANGE, SAD, TRUE TALE.

In his speech at the Presbyterian Synod the Rev. John MoNeil, of London, the "Scottish Spurgeon," created quits a sen-sation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance, and said that last Sunday (when he preached a temperngly upon the girl's brown hair as she said : ' Max will be sorry for a while, but after a ance sermon at the Tabernacle) he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fer-mented wine. The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them, several brothers and two sisters, and the children of intemporate parents. The sister had, unfortunately, inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had taken to a moment, and when Grace spoke again she and did all in their power to cure The sister at length married comfortably and children were born. But the craving for drink grow greater and greater, and a length she was sent to a home for inebriates where she stayed a year. She left appar ently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold, and before going out one morn-ing drank a glass of hot whiskey-taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as was his custom, before leaving, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her, and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse and at last left her husband and her chil dres, one of them a cripple, through her dren, one of them a cripple, through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white haired and broken-hearted man, though only 45 years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letter, "what became of her? Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victime. That may my citera!" victims. That was my sister !" " AFTER YOUR BOY."

During the Christian Endeavor Conven tion at Chicago, one of the delgates, a young business man, dressed in a natty rough and ready suit, every movement alert and eager and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red

HE STICKS TO IT. A DUTIFUL SENTRY. Dr. McClynn Tells His Friends He Has

w

Nothing to Recant.

theme. Among other things he said

nothing to explain away : and, least of all

not who he be, who will ask the musty

had the rare good fortune to be led out

if it were a roval throne. I should fee

which I could mount to God. And if I

truth shall be made memorable by this

day's scene, and some after generation better minded, shall come and consecrate

Statue of Wallace in Ballarat

William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, was unveiled in the Public Gardens

Ballarat, Australia. The statue was gift to the city from the estate of the lat

Russell Thomson, a native of Scotland, who was long identified with the place. The sculptor was Mr. Percival Ball, of Mel-

On May 24th a magnificent statue of Sin

the spot to liberty forever.'

We have nothing to be ashamed of.

have we anything to take back.

Coolness and Bravery of a Private Soldier in the Crimea.

The third annual excursion of the Anti-The true soldier esteems it a privilege to Poverty Society, like its predecessors according to the New York Mail and erve his country in word and deed His resolve is to do his duty, come what may, and to do it even in the dark, where his Express, was a big success. Dr. McGlynn spoke to 3,000 of the faithful on his favorite self-devotion can meet with no recognition, much less with reward. How such a determination ennobles a man and lifts him out have nothing to apologize for. We have of the slough of selfishness is illustrated by a story told by Lord Wolseley in his "Fort-If at thi nightly Review "article, "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living ?" The place was in the Crimea, the time during the dismal winter of 1854.5 and the hero a British late day there is some benighted, belated person, some one who has never read the newspapers or forgets all he reads, or some one perhaps who cannot read at all, I care private. One night the Russians forced their way into the English second parallel, drove out the men on guard and for a short the stale, the moth eaten, the chestnuty old question, 'Why didn't Dr. McGlyn go to Rome?' a sufficiently adequat time held the position. Then the English time held the position. Then the English troops drove back the Russians to their own lines and recoccupied the parallel. On the extreme left of the parallel, where it dipped down into a ravine, an answer to that is in the fact that with the command to go to Rome was a command to condemn in writing the doctrines that have maintained. So help me God, English sentry was found at his post, where he had remained during the Ruswhom I venerate as present here, in this where he had remained during the Rus-sian assault and occupation. They had not spread out so as to reach his post, though they had come very near it. His comrades had fied in a panic and he knew that he was in danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner. But he stood there waiting to be attacked before he retread d. When discovered by his comrades he was one of His first temples, since the groves were God's first temples, whence mer looked up to the clear sky beyond and said 'our Father'-so help me God, I would, this or any other moment, sooner be burned alive by slow fires than retract what I know to be the very truth of God. (Applause.) For me under such circumstances to retract or go to Rome coolly looking over the parapet toward the Redan, he having been ordered to watch were to be guilty of an infamy. To retrac under such circumstances, to condemn th truth that was God's, would have been that Russian work. Un being asked why he had not run when the others did, he answered that he had been posted there by not merely a blasphemy and sacrilege and perjury, a monstrous crime against God against my own soul, and against the precious rights of humanity, but, to speak merely from a worldly point of view, it were a blunder worse than a crime. If I

answered that he had been posted there by his officer and could not leave his post until relieved or driven away by the enemy. "His coolness and high sense of duty," writes Lord Wolseley, "made a deep im-pression upon my mind at the time. No marshal's baton was in his knapsack, he expected nothing, he got nothing. It was by accident only that his callent conduct by accident only that his gallant conduct on that dark winter s night was ever known to any one; but he must have had the satisfactory consciousness in his heart that he had done his duty. How many are the heroic deeds which are never heard of."

Siou Eye Sighed

Sioux is pronounced Soos, therefore Siou would be "Soo." Eye is pronounced "I," and sighed is pronounced as though spelt "side." Yet S-i.o.u.e.y.e.s.i.g.h.e.d would be regarded as a most peculiar way of spell-ing suicide. It is an ugly thing however you spell it, yet thousands of women are practically guilty of it. Day after day, week after week, they endure that dull pain in the back, that terrible "dragging down" ensation that tells of weakness and functional disorder, and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure. In a few years a brokenhearted husband and motherless children will follow her to the grave. False delicacy prevents consulting a physician, but even this is not necessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of such women. To suffer and to die when this would cure is plain, unmistakable Suicide. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or noney paid for it refunded.

Lord Wolseley on the German Army.

bourne. Wallace is represented as stand-ing upon the Abbey Craig, watching for the precise moment when a blast upon the horn hanging at his side will give the signal for his forces to fall upon the English as they The German nation may be thankful to the German army for other reasons than simply the defense of the fatherland, accord-ing to Gen. Lord Wolseley. He writes: "I take the German army as the highest existing type of the military system and cross Stirling Bridge. The figure is of heroic size, standing over eight feet in height. His powerful frame is clad in a close fitting suit of chain armor, which well displays the muscular development of organization, which the changes effected in armies by the French revolution have led up the stalwart frame. The arms are bare to just above the elbow, and the large muscles stand out in cords through the armor. Both to: and much as I admire that army as a soldier I admire it still more as a ottizer. Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral. hands are grasping a representation of the immense sword that in Wallace's hands mental and physical training of the people. Designed exclusively for war, it has become wrought such havoc among his foes. Over the figure is a light surceat, with lion o Scotland emblazoned on the breast, and or the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength the head is a simple morion, so that the features are not hidden by a vizor. These and taught the first principles of personal cleanliness and of health. There they learn are most expressive, representing a stern resolve to do or die, not unmixed by anxiety, and full of vigilance and observa-tion. The pose is natural and effective and the tout ensemble is pleasing to the eye. As might be imagined, the unveiling cere-monies user attended by the Section resolution. to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make men good subjects and law abiding citizens. It is the school of the nation, in which deep love of fatherland is fostered monies were attended by the Scottish resi and cherished, and where all classes learn dents for a great distance around Ballarat that there is honor in obedience and no and prolonged and enthusiastic cheer bility in self sacrifice. greeted the figure when it was unveiled by

Successful Business Men.

A man whose blood is thin and weak and

poisoned with impurities, is never success-

ourishing blood he will lack the "vim

Intelligent Cows.

fied and repeated " boo oos "-a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched

off to their pasturage. It was quite clear

to us that the first two callers, pleased with

the friendly reception, had strolled down

to their sister gossips and dairy companions and had informed them—how, I can not say, can you ?—of their liberal entertainment,

and then had taken the pardonable liberty

of inviting them up to our cottage.-Pall

the gate.

and "push" which the man must have

Who are our most successful business men? Go out on the street and look them over. You won't find them men who have fectly adequate substitute for liquor when pale cheeks. They are not thin, emaciated needed as a stimulant could be found in hot milk, and after any cold or wetting she men. They are not nervous, irritable men. They are men whose faces indicate robust ealth Men with good blood. and plentv

was easy at the last." What did she mean? Maude asked her self, while her thoughts went back to that summer afternoon in the log school-house on the hill, when Max Gordon's eyes and voice had in them a tone and look born of more than mere friendship. Did Grace know? Had she guessed the truth? Maude wondered, as, conscience-stricken, she laid her burning cheek against the pale

said: "It is nearly time for Max to be their sister; but it was of no use. starting for Europe, or I should send for him to come, I wish so much to see him once more before I die.'' (To be Continued).

Telegraphing to a Moving Train.

The idea of telegraphing to moving rains had its inception as early as 1853 but of the many forms suggested all were impracticable in that they involved a

mechanical contact between the train and the stationary conductor. Obviously, it is not feasible to make a circuit, either through a sliding arm projecting from s car or by so modifying the track of a rail road that its rails may be utilized as electric conductors. But that this may be done by induction there can be no doubt done by induction there can be no doubt, for its feasibility has been shown in daily practice upon the lines of the Lehigh Valley Railroad for the past two years. A moving train may now receive messages passing along a neighboring wire almost as readily as New York communi-cates with Philadelphia by ordinary methods. Nor does the great speed of the train interfere with successful communi-cation. If it could attain the velocity of a

cation. If it could attain the velocity of meteor, signals upon the wire would fly across the intervening space, inductively "Yes, better and better every day," was Grace's reply. It was a little awkward at least understand why Maude lavished so of the cars with the same certainty as if the much attention upon her that evening, or cars were motionless upon the side track and it is not even essential that the train and the line be separated by a clear air space, for non-conducting or non-magneti substances may be interposed withou impeding transmission. During th memorable blizzard of March, 1888, th capacity of the system, in this particular, was subjected to an instructive test on the Lehigh road.—Charles L. Buckingham in Scribner.

Oh, Miss Raynor," Maud cried, dropping her MS. and sinking upon her knees beside the couch where Grace was lying, 'you must not talk that way. I can't lose What you, the dearest friend I ever had. should I do without you, and what would Max Gordon do?" and cart. At the mention of Max's name a faint smile played around Grace's white lips, and lifting her thin hand she laid it caress-Temperance Notes.

and talked of the books which Maude liked and tailed of the books which hadde liked best, and gradually Grace learned of the dream-life Maude had led before coming to Richland and of the people who had deserted her among the hills, but who in this more congenial atmosphere came trooping back, legions of them, and crowd-ing her herin while the had to the of the ing her brain until she had to tell of the them, and of the two lives she was living, the ideal and the real. She was sitting on a stool at Grace's feet, with her face flushed with excitement as she talked of the Kimbarks and Websters, and Angeline Mason who were all with her now as they had been at home, and all as real to her as was herself. Laying her Raynor hand upon the girl's brown curls, Grace said, half laughingly, "And so you are going to write a book. Well, I believe all girls have some such aspirations. I had once but it was swallowed up by some stronger, deeper feeling, which absorbed

my whole being." Here, Grace's voice trembled a little as she leaned back in her chair and seemed to be thinking. be thinking. Then rousing herself, she asked suddenly, "How old are you, Mande?'

"Nineteen this month," was Maude's reply, and Grace went on: "Just my age when the great sorrow came. That was 14 years ago next June. I am 33, and Max in 37.1

She said this last more to herself than to Mande, who started slightly, for this was the first time his name had been mentioned since she came to the Cedars. After a moment Grace continued : I have never spoken to you of Mr. Gordon although I know you have met him You were with him on the train from Albany to

Canandaigua; he told me of you." "He did !" Maude exclaimed with a ring in her voice which made Grace's heart beat a little faster, but she went calmly on :

"Yes he was greatly interested in you, although he did not then know who you wore; but he knows now. He is coming here soon. We have been engaged ever since I was 17 and he was 21; 14 years ago the 20th of June we were to have be married. Everything was ready; my bridal dress and veil had been been brought some, and I tried them on one morning to see how I looked in them. I was beautiful, Max said, and I think he told the truth; a woman may certainly know whether the face she sees in the mirror be pretty or not, and the picture I saw was very fair, while he, who stood beside me, was splendid in his young manhood. How I loved him; more, I fear, than I loved God, and for that I was punished.-oh. so dreadfully punished. We rode together that afternoon, Max and I, and I was wondering if there were ever a girl as happy as myself and "You may trust me with anything, and I pitying women I met because they had no Max beside them, when suddenly my horse the honeysuckle was one of the many which reared, frightened by a dog, and I was

and I have never walked in all the 14 years and as she could not go with him she sent since. But Max has been true to me and Maude in her stead, even though she knew would have married me had I allowed it. the danger there was in it, for she was no

and sometimes I wish, or think I do, that or Maude's interest in him.

first to have a stranger with me continually, but I am accustomed to her now, and couldn't part with her. She is very dear to her side, or why his voice was so tender watched the girl, moving about so grace-and went to his own room and the selffully, and once showing her round white arms to the elbows as her wide sleeves fell back in her efforts to reach the top of the

"She oughtn't to do that," Grace said. " She is not tall enough. Go and help her Max," and nothing loth Max went along the terrace to where Maude was standing, her face flushed with exercise and her eyes shining like stars as she gave him her hand, and said. " Good morning. Mr. Gordon. I am Maude Graham. Perhaps you remem ber me.'

"How could I forget you," sprang to Max's lips, but he said instead, "Good morning Miss Graham. I have come to help you. Miss Raynor thinks it bad for your heart to reach so high." Maude could have told him that her hear

had not beaten one half as fast while reach ing up as it was beating now, with him there beside her holding the vine while she tied it to its place, his hands touching hers

and his arm once thrown out to keep her from falling as she stumbled backward. It took a long time to fix that honeysuckle and Maxhad leisure to tell Maude of a cal made upon her mother only a week before "Spring Farm islooking its loveliest, with the roses and lillies in bloom," he said "and Angie, my sister, is enjoying it immensely. She has filled the house with immensely. She has filled the house with her city friends, and has made some changes, of which I think you would approve. Your mother does, but when she wanted to cut down that apple tree in the corner I would not let her do it. You remember it, don't

you? "Oh. Mr. Gordon." Mande exclaimed 'Don't let her touch that tree. My play. house was under it, and there the people

used to come to see me." He did not know who the people were, for he had never heard of Maude's brain children—the Kimbricks and the Websters —and could hardly have understood, if he had; but Maude's voice was very pathetic and the eyes which looked at him were full of tears, moving him strangely and making him very earnest in his manner as he as-sured her that every tree and shrub should be kept intact for her

"You know you are going to buy it back," he continued, laughingly, as they walked slowly toward the house where Grace was waiting to be taken in to lunch.

"Yes, and I shall do it. too. You will see; it may be many years, but I trust you to keep it for me, "Maude said, and he replied, Max beside them, when suddenly my horse reared, frightened by a dog, and I was thrown upon a sharp curb-stone. Of the months of agony which followed I cannot tell you, except that I prayed to die and so be rid of pain. The injury was in my spine, and I have never walked in all the 14 years But Max has hese mer true to me and Wayde in ber stord out of the many which for Grace was too unselfish to keep him chained to her side, and insisted that he should enjoy what there was to enjoy in the be rid of pain. The injury was in my spine, and a she could not go with him she sent the hore you was an true to me and way of rides and drives in the neighborhood, and as she could not go with him she sent But I cannot burden him with a cripple, insensible to Max's admiration for the girl,

I am, on whom to lavish his love. He will be, it is all I ask," she thought and would make a wife so happy. And yet it gave no sign of the ache in her heart, when

why Max lingered longer than usual at castigation which he knew awaited him there.

"I was a villan." he said, as he recalled that little episode in the school house when to have put his around Maude Graham and hold her for a moment would have been like heaven to him.

"I was false to Grace, although I did notmean it, and God helping me I will never be so again."

Then, as he remembered the expression of the eyes which had looked up so shyly at him, he said aloud, "Could I win her, were I free? But that is impossible. May God forgive me for the thought. Oh, why

has Grace thrown her so much in my way surely is to blame for that, wh well. I am a fool and a knave and a sneak

He called himself a great many hard names that night, and registered a vow that so long as Grace lived, and he said he hoped she would live forever he would be true to her no matter how strong the temptation placed in his way. It was a fierce battle Max fought, but he came off conqueror, and the meeting between himself and Maude next morning was as natural as if to neither of them had ever come a moment when they had a glimpse of the happiness which, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been theirs. Maude, too, had had her hours of remorse and contrition and close questioning to as the cause of the strange ov which had thrilled every nerve when Max Gordon called her Maude, and asked

her if she hated him. "Hate him! Never!" she thought ' but I have been false to the truest, be

woman that ever lived. She trusted her over to me, and-She did not quite know what she had

Pyrenees, which contains less than one hundred inhabitants, all of which are done, but whatever it was it should not be repeated. There were to be no more rides or drives, or talks alone with Max. And And when next day Grace suggested that she go with him to an adjoining town where a fair was to be held, she took refuge in a headache and insisted that Grace should go herself, while Max, too, encouraged it, and tried to believe that he was just as happy with her beside him as he would have been with the young town or in the neighboring village of Laruns. It any one wishes to espouse a wife he must go away from home to find girl who brought a cushion for her mistres back and adjusted her shawl about her shoulders and arranged her bonnet strings and then, kissing her fondly, said, "I a so glad that you are going instead of

myself." This was for the benefit of Max, at whom she nodded a little defiantly, and who understood her meaning as well as if she had put it into words. Everything was over between them and he accepted the situation, and during the remainder of his stay at the Cedars devoted himself to Grace with an assiduity worthy of the most ardent lover. He even remained longer than he had intended doing, for Grace was loth o let him go, and the soft haze of early September was beginning to show on the Richland hills when he at last said good

bye, promising to come at Christmas if it were possible to do so. neys in a healthy condition

Onen Vaur Winows at Night.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread o night air. What air can we breathe a night but night air? The choice is betwe pure night air from without and foul air from within. Must people prefer the lat-ter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window

most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty four hours. One could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock af night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut-s truth which seems extremely difficult o apprehension. Every room must be sired rom without, every passage from within Sanitary World.

A Model Republic. The smallest republic in the world is not

San Marino, nor Andorra, nor Moresnet, but the tiny Republic of Goust, in the

remained unchanged for several centuries

faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate a trifle unceremoniously, the latter said :

"What are you fellows trying to do down at the battery? You are hot on temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me? "No," replied the delegate, looking him

over from head to foot with a keen glance, slightly contemptuous, "we evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are fter your boy."

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously, "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to day.'

The young man gave in a nutshell the sum and substance of the Christian Endeavor movement.

Mr. Simmons. Governor of Canterbury Prison, is authority for the following: The number of prisoners who have been committed to the prison with which I have been connected during the last ten years amounts to 22,000. Among them I have come in contact with ministers of the gospel, numbers of persons who were once members of Christian churches, as also children of pious parents ; but, I never met

with a prisoner who was a teetotaler.

· Had Bad Experience.

Merchant-"You want a place in my tore you say ?'

Applicant—"Yes, sir." "Ever worked in a store before?" Yes. sir.'

"Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth, and want to get a number of yards to match it what would you do?" 'I'd send her to the next counter." "I guess you've had experience."

A Library Without a Novel.

Romanists. The sole occupation of these people is the weaving of wool and silk people is the weaving of wool and silk. Their government consists of an assembly of old men, called the Council. They pay no taxes nor imposts of any kind, and therefore have need of no collectors. They One would scarcely believe it possible for of fiction on its shelves. Yet, the Friends' Library, Germantown, Philadelphia, contains no novels whatsoever and loans out have neither mayor, pricet, nor physician. They baptize their children, bury their dead, and perform their marriage cere-moniss all beyond the boundaries of the her, and a child was so rare that once in a fourteen thousand and some volumes yearly and about twenty-five thousand annually use its reading room.—De Menil St. Louis Magazin St. Louis Magazine.

Before and After.

Evening Caller-" I have been wonder her. Among the peaceful residents of this miscroscopic republic are several cening who those companion framed portraits are, one a beautiful young girl and the other a wrinkled, sad faced old woman." Pretty Hostess—"Oh, that's ma, before and after tenarians. No one is really poor, and none is rich. The language which they speak is a mixture of French and Spanish, and marriage."-New York Weekly their numbers, manners, and customs have

A new French invention, the thermo

graphic press, is made for printing on wood Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Professor in by means of hot type. As neat an impres-sion is claimed as is obtained in lithography the University College, London, England, Examiner in the Royal College of Surgeone, calls attention to the fact that headache, and by the use of a specially prepared ink it is said that cold type may be used with equally good effect. Its speed is 400 imdizziness, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, derangements of the digestive organs, pressions an hour on flat wood.

are common symptoms of kidney disease A customer may abuse his milk dealer in Warner's Safe Cure cures these symptoms by removing the cause and putting the kidthe most scandalous fashion for supposed unfair dealing, but in the end the milkman will make him take water.

gave them this in place of the wine or of it 'That's the secret of their succes sidered necessary. This is, by the way a custom of Mrs. Cleveland's also, who dis This is, by the way, covered after the fatigues of the many long ful like his healthy neighbor. You cannot expect him to be, for without rich, strong, and wearisome receptions she was obliged to go through, standing for hours on her feet and shaking hands with hundreds of people, that nothing would restore her so quickly as a cupful of boiling milk brought who would succeed. Such men should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to to her by her maid, and which she drank in restore their impoverished blood to its nor-mal condition. By the use of this great blood purifier and builder-up of the system, little sips as hot as it possibly could be taken. The Washington girls caught the idea from her, and finding how quickly it helped them after a hard day of calls and they may put themselves in a condition which will enable them to win the success social duties they began to substitute it for the various malt preparations they had been in the habit of taking, or the hot wine they are anxious to achieve.

Hot Milk a Substitute for Liquor.

Mrs. Hayes always declared that a per

Hon. J. Nimmo.

and water which their maids usually administered when they came in too tired out The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks, I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sconer had this to dress for their next engagement.-New York World.

The First Duty of a Girl Graduate, "So your daughter joins the ranks of the sweet girl graduates this year, Mrs. De Johns?" said Fitzroy in a patronizing sort of way. "Yes, Arabella graduates this year, and will immediately begin her life work." "What profession is she to enter?""Oh, I don't know, but I presume the will teach ber mother sociaty manners idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with the greatest eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about half an nour or so we were surprised and not a little amused, by seeing our two she will teach her mother society manner for a year or so. That's what all girls do after they come home from school---Hartfriends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cowe. The water tap was again called into requisiford Post. tion, and the new comers were in like manner helped liberally. Then, with grati-

Apoplexy, pneumonia, rheumatism are prevented and removed by Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Geo. Johnson, of King's College, London, England, says: "There is wide-spread enlargement of the muscular walls of the small arteries in chronic Bright's Disease, not only in the arteries of the kidneys, but also in those of the pia nater (investing membrane of the brain) the skin, the intestines and the muscles, as a result of a morbidly changed condition of the blood due to kidney disase." If the kidney disease is not cured, apoplexy, pneu monia or rheumatism will result. Warner's Safe Cure does cure kidney disease, thus enabling them to take out of the blood the morbid or unhealthy matters.

Babies in California.

walk through the streets of San Francisc

without having every one pause to gaze on

heatre in the same city where a woman

Aro you bilious and dyspeptic? Does your liver sluggish seem? Aro you billous and dyspoptic? Does your liver sluggles seem? Is your slumber often broken By a bideous, nightmare dream? Friend, be wise; The Pleasant Pellets Made by Dr. Pierce procure, And they Il bring you back the sunshine Of good health, you may be sure. "At one time a woman could hardly

Mall Gazette.

Two Wardrobes.

Loving Wife-" My summer wardrobe is completed and I am now ready for New-port." Husband—" Well, I'll see if I can arrange my affairs so I can go." " Gracious! I can't take you along. You haven't a suit of clothes fit to be seen."-New York

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND nough to travel as third or second-class

freight. Robert Browning has presented the Shah of Persia with a gorgeously bound set of his works.

D C F L 31 89.

The Judge-Where did you find the prisoner, officer? The Policeman—Caught him getting out of a loaded freight-car that had just come in. The Tramp-I desire to say in justice to myself, your Honor, that there was only strictly first-class freight in the car. I may be poor, but I am not low down



Weekly.

-Omaha Youth-" Are you in favor of

you can get papa's consent.-Omaha World.

amid unbounded enthusiasm.

annexation ?" South Omaha belle-" Yes, if

had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, 'Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years.' The audience apsound for ten years.' The audience ap-plauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance

