Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22 1885. NO 18

Travellers' Guide.

NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.
GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
7·45 A. M. 5·05 P. 10·33 A. M. 6·20 P.

CREDIT VALLEY RAILWAY.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
9·34 A.M. 2·27 P. 7·31 A.M. 3·38 P.
5·50 P. 7·04 P.

Stage leaves for Hornby, Drumquin, Omagh, Boyne, &c., at 9 o'clock a m.

Sunday Train C.V.R., go. East 7.31 a.m. West 5 27p.m

VOLUME 25.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
—AT—
MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PAXTON, PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE:—On Main Street opposite the Town Hall.

TERMS:—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Column	1 year		$75.00
do	6 months		45.00
do	3		30.00
do	1 year		40.00
do	6 months		25.00
do	3		15.00
do	1 year		25.00
do	6 months		15.00
do	3		10.00
do	1 year		15.00
do	6 months		10.00

Business Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing, otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

No special notice of any kind admitted among the local news at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to insure insertion.

Terms for job work strictly cash.

Transient advertisements will be stopped until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietors. A post-office notice to discontinue is sufficient.

Leal.

D. DEWAR, Issuer of marriage Licenses. Office —Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun Life and City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

JOHN DEWAR, Barrister, County Crown Attorney, Notary Public, etc., Town Hall, Milton.

T. GIBBONS, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Booth's Block, Milton. 59

CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT,
Barristers, &c.
OFFICE.—First door east of Bank Hamilton, Milton, Ont.
VICTOR CHISHOLM. J.W. ELLIOTT. B.A.

PARKES & MACADAMS,
Barristers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court
NOTARIES & CONVEYANCERS.
Office: Hamilton Provident and Loan Society Chambers, Hamilton.
Money to Loan at lowest rates of interest.
JAS PARKES. A. H. MACADAMS.

R. A. PRINGLE,
Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court
BURLINGTON - ONT.
OFFICE—Water St., opposite Wray' Hotel, open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. 8-6mos,

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.
Barristers & Solicitors.
OFFICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.
C. A. MASTEN. GEORGE KAPPELE.

OSLER, TEETZEL & HARRISON
(Successors of Laidlaw & Harrison, and Osler, Gwyn & Teetzel.)
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICE—Canada Life Buildings, Hamilton, Ont.
Special attention given to investments and collections.
B. B. OSLER, Q. C. J. V. TEETZEL.
JOHN HALLEN. W C LIVINGSTON

Dentistry

W. T. HARRIS L. D. S. SURGEON DENTIST Oakville, Ont. Attends every Tuesday at the Palmer House, Streetsville; every Thursday at his office above Moffat's Shoe Shop, Milton. Oakville Office over W. Hewson's.

G. S. THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office in the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by those wishing his professional services

DR. S. ZIMMERMAN,
DENTIST,
HAMILTON, ONT,
Corner King & Nab Streets. 18-y

Hotel Cards,
THOMPSON HOUSE
—MILTON ONT.—
The subscriber having leased the above hotel, which has been
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED,
is prepared to give all guests the best of accommodation. First class board at reasonable rates. The stables are in charge of an attentive hostler.
FRANK SANDERSON.

WALLACE HOUSE.
MAIN ST., MILTON,
THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN
J. Wallace, Prop.

Farms for Sale.
"CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER" with supplement, containing a choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock and Dairy Farms, and other properties in all parts of the country, with thirty provincial and county maps, sent to any address, post free, on receipt of fifteen cents
W. J. PENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 20 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Subscribe for The Champion

ADVERTISERS
Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers cheerfully furnished, free upon application.
Send for New Catalogue.
J. C. HOUGH,
Advertising Agent,
HOUGH BLOCK, Detroit, Mich.

Farmers!
SEE THE
Patterson Cord Binder
Before Ordering Any Other.
SEND FOR TESTIMONIALS.
Remember the Mitchell Fanning Mill is the Best.
J. R. MITCHELL,
AGENT,
Milton, Ont

CAUTION
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
NONE OTHER GENUINE.

WM. SLOAN
Is again to the front with a new stock of
Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Chains, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Brooches &c.
Also a large stock of Nickel and Alarm Clocks, Pipes, Pocket Books, Rock Crystal Eye Glasses and Specs.
The above stock is all new and will be sold at over prices than ever prevailed in Milton. 49ly

D. BUTCHART,
Grocer
—AND—
Confectioner.
Fresh Oysters Always on Hand
A first class stock of Groceries cheap for Cash or Produce
A CALL SOLICITED.
D. BUTCHART.

MILTON PLANING MILLS.
Hunter & Ezard, Proprietors.
We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
SUCH AS
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, BASE, &c.
BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,
Also all kinds of
SCROLL WORK
done to order.
ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.
DEALER IN
LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES
Lumber Matched and Dressed to Order.
ALSO
GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.
We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole.
PRICES MODERATE.
Factory—Mill Street, Milton.

R. JONES,
HARNESS AND SADDLE
MANUFACTURER,
(Next door to the Thompson House,)
MAIN STREET, MILTON.
I wish to thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and remind them that I have removed my shop across the street to the premises adjoining the Thompson House, where I shall keep on hand a good stock of
HARNESS, SADDLES, TRUNKS, VALISES, WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES,
and all Kinds of Horse Clothing of the very Best English Canadian and American Manufacture.
Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.
Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.

WINTER more money than at any thing else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Claims free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

A Prize Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, ready for any one. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$200.00 in presents given away. Send 6 cents postage, and, by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200.00 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, and all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

Help for the working people. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, greatly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Scientific American Established 1846.
The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable cyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discounts to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantages of such a notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Co.

Has the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion—150x45.
Highest Honors ever Awarded to any Maker in the World Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876. Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia, 1877. Gold Medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878. Highest Awards at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto 1879-80-81.
WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING
SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address
DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY,
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

WINES, WINES
We beg to notify the trade and general public that we have on hand a large consignment of fine Old Rich Ports and Sherries, vintages of 1873 and 1875, which we are offering at remarkably Low prices. Also a large shipment of Fine Old Bordeaux Wines, comprising all the Leading and Best Brands. All Goods Guaranteed to be rich, mellow, and full bodied, and to give the best possible satisfaction. Inspection invited. Call for catalogue.
Jas. Shields & Co.
18 8 Yonge St., Toronto.

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

	Regular price.	With Champion
Weekly Globe.	$1.00	$1.75
" Advertiser	1.00	1.75
Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.20
" Weekly.	4.00	4.20
" Bazar.	4.00	4.20
" Young People	2.00	2.65
Scientific American,	3.20	3.50
" Supplement	5.00	5.50
" and Supplement	7.00	7.00
National Live Stock Journal	2.15	3.00
Canada Farmer,	1.00	1.70
Canada School & Surgical Journal,	3.00	3.00
American Agriculturist,	1.50	2.15
Godeys Lady's Book,	2.00	2.50
Rural New Yorker with seed premums	2.00	2.50
Lippincott's Magazine,	3.00	3.25
Eclectic Magazine,	5.00	5.00
Art Interchange,	2.00	2.85
Demorest's monthly	2.00	2.50
Rural Canadian,	1.00	1.70
Daily Witness	3.00	3.50
Weekly Witness	1.10	2.00
Toronto Daily World	3.00	3.00

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.
Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicine and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this he accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured and the pernicious is unquestioned, as cures affected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and, the present season of the year is most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs A.H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—*Montreal Star Nov. 17, 1882* Nov. 20.

A YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING.

BY E. P. ROE,
Author of "His Sculptor Rivals," "From Jest to Earnest," &c., &c.

When the impetus that Madge had first given to the skiff ceased, she kept the boat in motion by paddling, first on one side, then on the other, her eyes still fixed on one point in the dark water. At last this point seemed almost beneath her; she dropped the oar, stooped, and peered over the side of the boat. After a moment's hesitation she appeared to throw on shore to have lost her balance, fallen overboard, and sunk. Renewed screams of terror resounded, and the Muir children fled toward the hotel, crying, "Aunt Madge is drowned."

"What do you mean?" Graydon gasped, seizing Harry by the arm.

"O Uncle Graydon! run quick. Aunt Madge fell out of a boat under water."

A moment later he saw the young girl rise to the surface with a child in her grasp. With one headlong plunge, and a few strong strokes, he was at her side, exclaiming, "Great God, Madge! what does this mean?"

"Take her to the shore, quick; no matter about me;" and she pushed the limp and apparently lifeless form into his arms.

"But, Madge—" he began.

"Haste! haste! and the child may be saved. Don't think of me; I can swim as well as you;" and she struck out toward the shore.

Wondering, and thrilled with admiration, in spite of the confusion of his thoughts, he did as directed, and took the child to land at once.

Madge was there as soon as he, crying, even before she left the water, "Run for Dr. Sommers, and if not at home ride after him."

Meanwhile gentlemen and employees of the house were arriving, and some turned back in search of the physician.

The awful tidings had come upon poor Mrs. Wilder, the mother of the child, like a bolt out of a clear sky, and she had run screaming and moaning toward the scene of disaster. Mother love had given her almost superhuman strength; but when she saw the pale little face on the ground, with the hue of death upon it, she crouched beside it in speechless agony, and watched the efforts that were made to bring back consciousness.

Madge led and directed these efforts. In truth, she did as much to save the child on land as when it had lain submerged on the muddy bottom of the pond. Graydon, seeing that she was coming up the bank, had paused a moment irresolutely, and then was about to start for the hotel with his burden. Madge caught his arm, and took the child from him.

"Graydon, take off your coat and give it me," she said, imperatively, as she laid the child down on its back; "your handkerchief, also," she added.

She forced open the pale lips, and wiped out the mouth with marvellous celerity, paying no heed to the clamorous voices around her. "Some one give me a sharp knife," she cried, "and don't crowd so near."

Lifting the child's clothing at the throat, she cut it downward to the waist, then down each arm, leaving the lovely little form exposed and free. Dropping the knife, she next rolled the coat into a bundle, turned the child over so that her abdomen should rest upon it; then with hands pressed rather strongly on each side of the little back, Madge sought to expel the water that might have been swallowed. Turning the child over on her back again, the bundle made by the coat was placed under the small of her back, so as to raise the chest. Then, catching the little tongue that had awakened merry echoes but a few moments before, she drew it out of the mouth to one side by the aid of the handkerchief, and said to Graydon, "Hold it, so."

All now saw that they were witnessing skilled efforts. Discordant advice ceased, and they looked on with breathless interest.

"Has any one smelling salts?" Madge asked. There was no response. She snatched a bit of grass and tickled the child's nose, saying, at the same time, "Bring water." This, after a few seconds, she dashed over the face and exposed chest, waited an instant, then gave her patient a slap over the pit of the stomach.

Graydon, kneeling before her, looked on with silent amazement. Her glorious eyes shone with an absorbed and merciful purpose; she was oblivious of her own strange appearance, the masses of her loosening hair falling over and veiling the lovely form outlined clearly by the wet and clinging drapery of her summer dress. Others looked on in wonder, too, and with a respect akin to awe. Among them were her sister and Henry Muir, Mr. Arnault, and Miss Wildmore,—her feelings divided between envy and commiseration for the child and its stricken mother.

These first simple efforts having no apparent effect, Madge said, quietly, "We must try artificial respiration. Move a little more to one side, Graydon."

Kneeling behind the child, she lifted the little arms quickly but steadily up, over and down, until they lay upon the ground behind the wet golden curls. This motion drew the ribs up, expanded the chest and permitted air to enter it. After two or three seconds Madge reversed the motion and pressed the arms firmly against the chest, to expel the air. This alternate motion was kept up regularly at about the rate of sixteen times a minute, until the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and the crowd parted for Dr. Sommers. He took in the situation with his quick eye, and said, "Miss Alden, let me take your place."

"Oh, thank God, you are here!" she exclaimed. "Let me hold her tongue, Graydon; I must do something."

"Yes, Mr. Muir," added the physician, "let her help me; she knows just what to do. How long was the child under water?"

"I don't know exactly; not long."

"Not more than four or five minutes?"

"I think not."

"There should be hope, then."

"We must save her!" cried Madge. "I once saw people work over an hour before there were signs of life."

"God bless your brave heart!" murmured the poor mother. "You won't leave my child,—you won't let them give her up, will you?"

"No Mrs. Wilder, not for one hour or two. I believe that your little girl will be saved."

"Have some brandy ready," said Dr. Sommers.

A flask was produced, and Graydon again knelt near, to have it in readiness, while the doctor kept up his monotonous effort, pressing the arms against the lungs, then lifting them above the head and back to the ground, with regular and mechanical iteration.

The child's eyelids began to tremble. "Ah!" exclaimed the doctor; a moment later there was a slight choking cough, and a glad cry went up from the throng.

"The brandy," said the doctor.

Madge now gave up the case to him and Graydon, and slipped down beside the mother, who was swaying from side to side. "Don't faint," she said; "your child will need you as soon as she is conscious."

"Oh, Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you!" cried the mother; "you have saved my only, my darling."

"Yes, madam, you are right. It's all plain sailing now," the doctor added.

Then Madge became guilty of her first useless act. In strong revulsion she fainted dead away. In a moment her head was on Mrs. Muir's lap, and Henry Muir was at her side.

"Poor girl! no wonder. There's not a woman in a hundred thousand who could do what she has done. There, don't worry about her. Put her in my carriage with Mrs. Muir, and take her to her room; I'll be there soon. She'll come out all right; such girls always do."

Meanwhile Mr. Muir and Graydon were carrying out the doctor's directions, and the unconscious girl was borne rapidly to her apartment, where, under her sister's ministrations, she soon revived.

Almost her first conscious words, after being assured that the child was safe, were, "O Mary! what a guy I must have appeared! What will Graydon—I mean all who saw me think?"

"They'll think things that might well turn any girl's head." As for Graydon, he is waiting outside now, half crazy with anxiety to receive a message from you."

"Tell him I made a fool of myself, and he must not speak about it again on the pain of my displeasure."

"Well, you have come to," said Mrs. Muir, and then she went and laughingly delivered the message verbatim, adding, "Go and put on dry clothes. You'll catch your death with those wet things on, and you look like a scarecrow."

He departed, more puzzled over Madge Alden than ever, but admitting to himself that she had earned the right to be anything she pleased.

Dr. Sommers continued his efforts in behalf of the little girl, chafing her wrists and body with the brandy, and occasionally giving a few drops until circulation was well restored; and then, at her mother's side, carried the child to her room, and gave directions to those who were waiting to assist.

When he entered Madge's apartment, she greeted him with the words, "What a silly thing I did!"

"Not at all, not at all. You made your exit gracefully, and escaped the plaudits which a brave girl like you wouldn't enjoy. I take off my hat to you, as we country-folks say. You are a heroine,—as good a doctor as I on shore and a better one in the water. Where did you learn it all?"

"Nonsense!" said Madge, "nothing would vex me more than to have a time made over the affair. I's all as simple as a, b, c. What's that little pond to one who has been used to swimming in the Pacific! As I said, I saw a girl restored once, and Mr. Wayland has explained to me again and again just what to do."

"Oh yes, it's all simple enough if you know how, but that's just the trouble. In all that crowd I don't believe there was one who would not have done the wrong thing. Well, well, I can manage now if I'm obeyed. You've had a good deal of a shock, and you must keep quiet till to-morrow. Then I'll see."

Madge laughingly protested that nothing would please her better than a good supper and a good book. "Please give out also," she said, "that any reference to the affair will have a very injurious influence on me."

In spite of the doctor, messages and flowers poured in. At last Mrs. Wilder came and said to Mrs. Muir, "I must see her, if it is safe."

"It's safe enough," Mrs. Muir began, "only Madge doesn't like so much made of it."

"I won't say much," pleaded the mother. She did not say anything, but put her arms around Madge and pressed her tear-stained face upon the young girl's bosom in long, passionate embrace, and hastened back to her restored treasure, who was sleeping quietly. Madge's eyes were wet also, as she turned her face to the wall and breathed softly to herself, "Whatever happens now—and it's plain enough what will happen—I did not get strong in vain. Graydon can never think me altogether weak and lackadaisical again, and I have saved one woman's heart from anguish, however my own may ache."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAKE YOUR TERMS.

Graydon's uppermost thought now was to make his peace with Madge. He dismissed all his former theories about her as absurd, and felt that, whether he understood her or not, she had become a splendid woman, of whose friendship he might well be proud, and accept it on any terms that pleased her. He also was sure that Miss Wildmere's prejudices would be banished at once and forever by Madge's heroism, believing that the girl's hostile feeling was due only to the natural jealousy of social rivals. "If Stella does not regard Madge's action with generous enthusiasm, I shall think the worse of her," was his masculine conclusion.

The wily girl was not so obtuse as to be unaware of this, and when he came down she said all he could wish in praise of Madge, but took pains to enlarge upon his own courage. "At this he poohpoohed emphatically. "What was that duck-pond of a lake to a man!" he said. "Madge herself has become an expert ocean-swimmer, I am told." She wasn't afraid of the water. It was her skill in finding the child beneath it, and in resuscitation afterward, that chiefly commands my admiration."

"Oh, dear!" cried the girl, "what can I do to command your admiration?"

"You know well, Miss Wildmere, that you command much more."

She blushed, smiled, and looked around a little apprehensively.

"Don't be alarmed," he added; "I have such confidence in you that I will bide your time."

"Thank you, Graydon," she whispered, and hastened away, leaving him supremely happy. It was the first time she had called him Graydon."

Seeing Dr. Sommers emerging from the hotel, he hastened after him, bent on procuring a peace-offering for Madge,—the finest horse that could be had in the region.

"I know of one a few miles from here," said the doctor. "He's a splendid animal, but a high and mighty stepper. I don't believe that even she could manage him."

"I'll break him in for her, never fear. Of course I won't let her take any risks."

"Well, leave it to me, then. I can manage it. He's awfully headstrong, though. I give you fair warning."

"Take me to see him as soon as you can; the horse I mean, or rather, both man and horse."

"To-morrow morning, then. I have patients out that way."

At supper and during the evening Madge and her exploit were the themes of conversation. Some tried to give Graydon a part of the credit, but he laughed so contemptuously at the idea that he was let alone. Henry Muir did not say much, but looked a great deal, and with Graydon listened attentively as his wife explained how it was that Madge had proved equal to the emergency.

"Why don't more people follow her example?" said the practical man, "and learn to do something definite? As she explains the rescue, there was nothing remarkable in it. If she could swim and dive in the ocean for sport, she would not be much afraid to do the same in that so-called lake, to save life. As to her action on shore, the knowledge she used is given in books and manuals. What's more, she has seen it done. But most people are so pointless and shiftless that they never know just what to do in an emergency, no matter what their opportunities for information may have been."

"Now you hit me," Graydon remarked ruefully. "Left to myself I should have finished the young one, for I was about to run to the hotel with her, a course that I now see would be as fatal as idiotic."

"Madge says," Mrs. Muir continued, "that they used to bathe a great deal, and that Mr. Wayland explained just what should be done in all the possible emergencies of their out-door life at Santa Barbara."

"Wayland is a level-headed man. If he is bookish, he's not a dreamer with his head in the clouds." Madge was in good hands with them, and proves it every day."

"I think she shows the influence of Mrs. Wayland even more than that of her husband. Fanny is a very accomplished woman, and saw a great deal of society in her younger days."

"Confound it all! Why didn't you tell me that Madge had been living with two paragons?" said Graydon.

"Oh, you have been so occupied with another paragon that there has not been much chance to tell you anything," was Mrs. Muir's consoling reply.

"Madge has not been made what she is by paragons." Mr. Muir remarked drily. "She made herself. They only helped her, and couldn't have helped a silly woman."

"It's time you were jealous, Mary," said Graydon, laughing.

"Mary isn't a silly woman. I should hope that no Muir would marry one."

"I see no prospect of it," was the rather cold reply.

"I fear I see a worse prospect," was his brother's thought. "Of what use are his eyes or senses after what he has seen to-day."

Mrs. Muir had explained to some lady friends about Madge, and the information was passing into general circulation,—the ladies rapidly coming to the conclusion that the young girl's action was not so remarkable after all, which was true enough. The men, however, retained their enthusiastic admiration, although it must be admitted that its inspiration was due largely to Madge's beauty.

"Of course women have done braver things," said one man, with sporting tendencies, "but it was the neat, game way in which she did it that took my eye. Her method was as complete and rounded out as herself. Jove! as she bent over that child she was a nymph that would turn the head of of a Greek."

"She has evidently turned the head of a Cyprian," laughed one of his friends.

"Come, that's putting it too strong," said the man, with a frown. "I'll affect no airs, though. I'm not a saint, as you all know, but the aspect of that girl, in her self-forgetful effort, might well make me wish I were one." She is as good and pure-hearted as the child she saved. If there had been a flaw in the white marble of her nature she would have been self-conscious. An angel from heaven couldn't have been more absorbed in the one impulse to save."

Graydon had approached the group unobserved, and heard these words. He walked away, smiling, with the thought, "My sentiments, clearly expressed."

The night was warm, and he saw Miss Wildmere and Arnault going out for a stroll. Following a half-defined inclination, he bent his steps toward the lake. The moon was mirrored in its glassy surface, the place silent and deserted. With slight effort of fancy he called up the scene again. He saw in the moonlight the fairy form of the child, and what even others had regarded as the embodiment of human loveliness and truth bending over it.

"And she was the little ghost that once haunted me," he thought, "and seemed all eyes and affection. How those eyes used to welcome and turn to me, as if in some subtile way she drew from me the power to exist at all. I wish I could follow the processes of her change from the hour of our parting, and see how I passed from what I was to her to what I am now. Stella, in herself, is all that I could ask for a wife, but I don't like her family much better than Henry does. Confound the father! Why should he so mix his daughter up in his speculation that she dare not dismiss Arnault at once and follow her heart? If I were not a good-natured man I wouldn't submit to it. As it is, since I am sure of the girl, I suppose I should give *paterfamilias* a chance to turn himself; but I hate this jumbling of Wall street with affairs of the heart. It angers me that she must play with that fellow for financial reasons, and that she, conscious of power, may use language which she would not dare to resent. I can't imagine Madge in such a position," and he returned.

As he approached Mrs. Muir's door he heard the sound of voices and laughter, and plainly those of his brother and Madge. In response to his knock Mrs. Muir opened the door a little way, and he caught a glimpse of Henry.

"Well?" said Mrs. Muir.

"It's not well at all," he began in an aggrieved tone. "Here's a family party, and I'm shut out in outer darkness. What have I done to be banished from Rome?"

"What's banished but set free?" trilled out Madge. "O Graydon, I'm not fit to be seen!"

"How can I know that unless I see you?"

"Nonsense, Madge!" expostulated her sister, "you look charming. Why put on airs? As she says, it's a family party. Let him join in our fun!" and without waiting for further objections, she brought him in and gave him a chair.

"Now this warms an exile's heart," he began. "If you had shut the door on me I should have asked Henry to send me back to Europe. Mary's right, Madge; you do look charming."

And so she did, blushing and laughing in her dainty wrapper, with her long hair falling over her shoulders, and fastened by a ribbon.

"How comes it that you are in such a deserted and disconsolate condition?" cried Mary.

"I am not in such a condition. Since crossing your threshold, I have become contentment itself. Indeed, I regard myself as the most favored man in the house, for I, first of all, am able to lay my homage at Madge's feet."

"Let me warn you from the start that it will prove a stumbling block to both our paths," said the girl. "Did you not receive my message? But, then it's stupid to think you will ever consider me."

"I have been considering you a great deal more than you think, especially since you metaphorically boxed my ears this morning, and took away my breath generally this afternoon."

"You seem to have plenty left."

"Oh, I'm recovering. Reason is trying to scramble back on her throne. I've been out to the lake alone in the moonlight, and have had the whole scene over again, to assure myself that it was real."

"What! You have not been in the water?"

"No; I was content to moon it out on the shore; but it seemed to me that I saw you as clearly there as here."

"Little wonder! I must have been the most extraordinary-looking creature that ever prowled in these wilds."

"You were only lookers-on did all the devouring. I wouldn't dare tell you the compliments I have heard."

"You had better not, if your reason is even within sight of her throne. When the danger was all over I caught a mental glimpse of myself, and fell over as if shot; and a slow, deep crimson stole into her face.

"Madge," said Graydon, gravely and almost rebukingly, "do you think there was a man present who did not reverence you? I was proud even of you acquaintance."

Her face softened under his words but she did not look at him. "We were partners in misery," she said, laughing softly; "I have a vague remembrance that you were as great a guy as I was."

"I shall be glad to be a guy with you in any circumstances you can imagine, if you will let me make my peace, and will forgive my general stupidity. Be reasonable also, as well as merciful. If it took you over two years to make such changes, you should give me a few days to rub my eyes and get them focussed on the result."

Madge was now laughing heartily. "I don't believe a man could ever eat the whole of a humble pie," she said. "He ever insists that the donor, especially if she be a woman, should have a piece also."

"There now," cried Graydon, ruefully; "give me all of it, and make your terms."

"Solomon himself couldn't have advised you better," said Madge, while Henry leaned back in his chair and laughed as if immensely amused, while Mary improved the occasion by remarking, "When will men ever learn that that is the way to get the best terms possible from a woman?"

"Indeed!" said Graydon. "How you enlighten me! Well, Madge, I'm the more eager now to learn your terms."

"As far as I have any, yes. I don't insist on anything, but warn you that I shall follow my eyes, and consult a very wilful little will of my own!"

"Will your wilful will permit you to accept of a horse that I am going after in the morning? Dr. Sommers told me about him, and I had proposed to make him a peace-offering."

Madge clapped her hands with the delight of a child.

"Oh Graydon, that's splendid of you! I've been sighing, 'My kingdom for a horse,' ever since I came here. But he's no peace-offering. I forgave you when I saw your headlong plunge into the lake. You went into it like a man, while I flopped in so awkwardly that all said I had fallen overboard."

"Shake hands, then."

She sprung up and joined hands with him in frank and cordial grasp, saying, "It's all right now, and Mary and Henry will understand us as well as we do ourselves."

"One condition: you will let me ride with you?"

"When you are disengaged, yes," was her arch reply, "and I'll prove that on horseback I can be as good a comrade as a man."

"Well, if something I've dreamt of is true I never saw such acting," thought Henry Muir. Then he said, quietly, "Madge, how did you find the child so surely and quickly?"

"That accounts for my awkwardness somewhat," she replied, laughing. "How happy she looks!" he thought.) "I never took my eyes from the spot where I had last seen the child sink, and I had to do everything as if my head was in a vise. Don't let us talk about it any more."

"No, nor about anything else," said Mary, rising. "I'm proving a fine nurse, and am likely to be lectured by the doctor to-morrow. You men must walk. Here is Madge flushed, feverish, and excited about a horse. Brain fever will be the next symptom."

An hour later Madge was sleeping quietly, but the happy flush and smile had not left her face. She felt that she had at last scored one point. "Oh, wish she could have more time!"

"Jupiter!" muttered Graydon, as he descended the stairs, "her talk makes a fellow's blood tingle."

Miss Wildmere had just entered with Arnault, and Graydon asked, "Are you not going to give us one dance this evening?"

"Yes, two, if you wish," she replied, sweetly.

He took her at her word, and was as devoted as lover. He had no thought of being anything else. Arnault secured the last word, however, and Graydon made no effort to prevent him. He was too proud to have maintained a jostling and open pursuit with Arnault, in any event, and now, believing that he understood the lady better, felt that there was no occasion for it. When her diplomacy with Arnault should cease to be essential to her father's safety, the final words could be spoken.

He acted on this policy so quietly that she was somewhat troubled, and feared that Madge might be taking too large a place in his thoughts. Therefore when Arnault ventured to make a somewhat humorous reference to the young girl's appearance, he was lenient to the intruder. "I never saw such a drowning creature in my life. She had the appearance of a crazy woman, with her hat disheveled, and her neck muddy, clothes sticking to her as if glued. She ought, at least, to have slipped away when the doctor came. But, instead, of that she fainted—all put on, I believe, to attract attention."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Women's Medical College at Kingston was formally opened on Monday afternoon.

The Peruvian Rebel General Flores recently attacked Cajamarca with 1,000 men; but were completely repulsed.

Cardinal Newman is reported to have described the Anglican Church in England as the bulwark against Atheism.

A great tidal wave in the Savannah river on Sunday caused great damage to the rice plantations in the vicinity of the city of Savannah.

Sea water has been converted into a beverage! A little citric acid or citrate of silver is added to the briny liquid, chloride of silver is precipitated, and a harmless mineral water is produced. An ounce of citrate renders a half pint of water drinkable. Seven ounces would furnish a shipwrecked man with water for a week. The question is how to secure the citrate to the shipwrecked man. It is recommended that those who go to sea carry with them a bottle of citrate, protected by an indian rubber covering; or that such bottles should be furnished in life preservers. In the latter case, lower, the people about to be shipwrecked must not leave the life preservers behind. If, with presence of mind, they remember to take them, all the agonies of thirst portrayed in nautical stories may remain unrealized fiction.—Chicago Herald.

An article that will gratify almost universal curiosity is promised in the Nov. Harper's—"The New York Stock Exchange." It will present a sketch of the growth of the Exchange from its organization by 24 brokers, who met under by twenty-four brokers, who met under a buttonwood-tree in Wall Street in 1792, to its present membership of eleven hundred, with a building worth $1,800,000, a salary list for employees of nearly $200,000 yearly, an initiation fee of $20,000, and yearly transactions of about $23,000,000,000, dividing a profit probably of over $30,000,000. The writer, Dr. R. Wheatley, describes at length the organization of the Exchange, explains its legitimate business function, and sets forth plainly how its facilities are sometimes made use of to fleece the dear public; tells the story of one of Jay Gould's great manipulations of the market, and gives the slang of the street—a portion which in itself an interesting contribution to the curiosities of language. Views, of Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, Russell Sage, and other operators, and other illustrations, make the paper still more interesting.

The Glasgow Herald thinks the only Imperial federation now possible of the three kinds suggested, namely, political, ficial, and defensive, is the last. Canada would never consent to a representation of 45 in an Imperial Parliament of 640 members. Nor would she agree to free trade. It may suit the Dominion, the Herald says, to impose duties on certain United States products, but it would not suit great Britian to do so; and while it might suit Canada to admit woolen manufactures free of duty, it might not in the industrial expansion of the future of the Australias to do so. In other words, a fiscal union is not possible unless upon the principles of free trade, for Great Britian cannot afford to part from these principles, "even to rivet her dependencies for ever to her side," even if she could, a protective tariff is not possible which would be fair and satisfactory to all the members of the union equally. Nevertheless on the tightening or the loosening of the ties which bind Great Britian to he colonies depends not only on the future position of the empire among the nations of the world, but also possibly the peace of the world. Federation for defensive purposes is, therefore, in the Herald's opinion, the most probable.

A good many years ago the Osage tribe of Indians was in Kentucky. The whites came along and wanted their lands. The Government said to the Osages: