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The day was a brighter one to fested in everything about her, dis Waiter than he had known for a long played his possessions to her with time, for he had something pleasant | no small amount of pride, while Mr.

while he had been greatly cheered by smoked his cigar. the friendly interest Mr. Ruggles | Then, as she gianced toward the During dinner the farmer enter- ing, she started and asked: tained him with an account of his! "Who is that? Are you going adventure the previous evening at have more company?" Mr. Gordon's, and our young friend "Eh?" ejaculated the farmer, bend-

inal as it was, of his experiences. performance of America's great with a strong, clastic tread, and tragedian he seemed to see that bearing a satchel in his hand. "Why! slight, graceful figure flitting in and | bless my heart! it does beat all out among her guests and showering | but, if my old eyes don't deceive me, her divine charity upon one whom it's Walter himself!" others would have slighted and neglected, and in his heart he blessed her for her goodness, and almost felt as if it was a link to bind her closer to him than he had ever dared to

HAPTER X. Ruby's Visit to Redville.

Winter passed, spring and summer likewise, and nothing of importance had occurred in the lives of the characters mentioned in our story.

Ruby Gordon had spent a week or two at Cape May, Saratoga, and one or two other fashionable summer resorts, where she had been greatly admired, and whither she had been followed like a shadow by Edmund Carpenter, who was growing every day more and more fond of her."

But the young man did hot make much headway in her favor. Without appearing to do so, or overstepping the bounds of courtesy, she had avoided him whenever she could, while her bearing toward him was far more reserved than of old.

She had met Walter but two or three times since that evening when he came to bring her brother the plans of the new house, and then only for a few moments at a time; but each meeting had served to deepen the favorable impression he had made upon

"I know what I will do; i will go to Redville for a little trip," she said, and seeing her brother, she interviewed him upon the subject, though Mrs Gordon laughed the project to

"Go with me, Robert, will you? You have often wanted to visit a coal mine, and this will be such a good opportunity," she pleaded. "Can you persuade Estelle to go?"

asked Mr. Gorden. "No, indeed," Ruby answered with a light laugh. "It would be altogether too humble and uninteresting a trip for her aesthetic tastes; but she will not mind our going."

"Yes, I will go," replied Mr. Gordon; "it will be just such a trip as I should like; the mountain scenery will be fine, while I became quite interested in that quaint old man while he was here, and I would really like to become better acquainted with him.

So the brother and sister went away for another holiday among the mountains, while Mrs. Gordon flitted off to visit a friend in the coun-

Owen Ruggles was very much girl who had won his heart by her dially. kindness the previous winter, and her polished brother, should remember him with interest enough to come so far to see him, and he and me to say that the pleasure is reciphis good wife bestirred themselves, rocated." upon hospitality intent, to make "Well, now, this is pleasant," intershining with heartfelt pleasure, his

glad to see you, sir," he said, shaking Mr. Gordon heartily by the hand. "And boy, if you've walked all the way glad you have come, Mr. Richardson," you, too, miss," turning to Ruby and from Redville depot; it's more'n two receiving her daintly gloved hand miles. Come in. Mother'll be only too with almost an air of reverence. "It's glad to give you the best she's got." long since the old house up yonder has known what it was to have a bright satchel and led the way to the house, mere politeness, Miss Gordon?" Wal-

with us for a while.' thrifty looking estate, with a wide, her well-filled larder could supply. roomy, old-fashloned mansion, built After Walter had refreshed his inupon a green knoll that looked like ner man, the family all ada carpet of emerald velvet, and journed to the verandah, where which was surrounded by magnifi- it was but natural that the young cent oaks, whose sheltering arms people should seek each other's sowere stretched forth above it as if ciety, although the conversation was, in loving benediction, Mrs. Ruggles ap. | for a time, general,

her guests. ness. Her hair was white as snow, mines, and the price of coal, etc. smooth silken bands, Her face was ville," she answered, "as we only rather pale, and had a careworn drove on the outskirts of the town upon her lips that won Ruby's heart | delightful place."

at once. She stepped forward and laid her arm around the young g. . shoulder as she alighted from the carriage, while she looked earnestly in-

to her face for a moment. Then she stooped down and kissed her. "I hope I see you well. sir," said Mrs. Ruggles, with hearty but old-fash-

ioned politeness. Then she added, as a man came to take the horses:

"Supper is about ready, but perhaps you'd like to come in and get a little of the dust off first." But a little later the sound of a bell aroused her from her reverie.

and, hastening to make some little change in her toilet, she went down to supper.

Never before had a meal tasted so good as did that one eaten by the hungry travellers, in the cool, shady dining-room of the Ruggles mansion, charming spring, a short distance lent; and such people," he concluded Walter's morning offering-fastened with the last rays of the setting from the house; will you come and with a smile, "do not amount to much in her belt. touching with their mellow radiance the inviting table and the always made him unhappy to talk of take this view of the matter," Ruby ment of the good man.

After tea she asked Mr. Ruggles if "Yes, indeed, I shall be delighted to "My mother used to tell me when few days of their visit there. He had

to look forward to in the evening. Gordon sat upon the veranda and

LOVE AND BIRTHRIGHT

--OR-

PLOT VS. PRINCIPLE.

road, and saw some one approach-

was nearly convuised with merriment ing a surprised look upon the peover the description, quaint and orig- destrian, who was a tall, finely formed man, and who appeared to be com-All the evening, as he watched the ing directly toward the farm-house

> CHAPTER XL. An Evening Ramble.

comer proved to be. Ruby had recognized him the inenryes at the thought of meeting uncanny spell."

ever. His form was more fully devel- sportive Puck played upon them. oped; he was more manly in his bearing, while there was an air of assurance and independence about him which his self-sustaining life of the last two years had served to give

Ruby went forward, with ready cordiality, to second Mr. Ruggles'

He thought that she, too, was more lovely than he had ever seen her. with that soft light which came from the rosy western sky falling around her; with that dainty pink in her cheeks and the half shy but pleased look in her large blue eyes as she came toward him.

"Well, well, my boy, I'm sure this does my old eyes good," said Mr. Ruggles, shaking the young man's hand in a way to emphasize his words most forcibly. "My fuck is something wonderful to-day," he added, with a smill ng glance at Ruby, "to have so much pleasant company. But how did you come? I've just been down to the lepot to meet the eastern train, and we might have brought you along just as well as not."

"I came from the other way. have been to Cleveland on a little matter of business for Mrs. Conant; and, as I am to have a little vacation now, I thought I would come and spend it with you-that is, if you will have me," Walter said, with a look of smiling inquiry into his friend's face. "Of course we will have you, and be glad to get you. Bless my heart! monious tone that he had used, re-I'd like to keep you all the time. But look here," added the man, suddenly brought to a sense of his responsibility as host-for he had not given Ruby a chance to say a word as yet--"here is another young friend of mine; Miss Gordon, Mr. Richardson."

Ruby now stepped forward and held out her hand with a charming smile. "I shall claim Mr. Richardson as an old acquaintance, for we have met bepleased to find that the beautiful him again," she said, frankly and corfore, and I am very glad to meet

"Thank you," Walter replied, while there came a deeper giow upon his face, "and I am sure you will allow

"Oh, yes, I have met him many you know," Walter said, as he greet- | thoughtful. "Bless my heart! I'm downright ed him with respectful familiarity.

"I guess you'd like some supper, my have an addition to our party. I am young face in it, and I know it'll do where his good wife greeted the young ter asked, smiling, but thrilling with and, if the truth had been told, she mother a heap of good to have you man in the most hospitable manner. and then hastened to set before him

peared in the door-way to greet! "How are you impressed with Redviile?" Miss Gordon, Walter asked, building that was highly entertaining She was a plain, motherly looking after a while, thinking that Ruby to his fair companion.

> frequently when I was a boy, for turned. Uncle Ralph always enjoyed the farm, and I have had many a good time

among these grand old hills," Walter "Then you are a relative of Mr. Ruggles," Ruby remarked, feeling a little bit of curiosity to hear from

there did exist between them, was the best friend I ever had since almost afraid she had touched upon rarely enjoyed.

half-brother, and he always came "Mr. Ralph Carpenter was Mr. Ed- ment of thought. "I am sure I shall fore," Farmer Ruggles remarked to mund Carpenter's father, was ne feel better satisfied with myself in the his wife, one morning, as Ruby tripnot?" Ruby asked.

let me show it to you?" Walter asked, in the world." suddenly changing the subject, for it 'I think it is very brave of you to mark, and smiled wisely at the senti-

flowing close beside the road. pair of bars and led his companion sione she died." to a lovely, shady spot where a spring, as clear as crystal, bubbled out from listened to this earnest speech, and

Walter seated Ruby upon this and then threw himself upon the rock be-

All about them there was a soft carpet of moss, gathered here and there with a great cluster of graceful ferns, while the thick foliage of "You said truly, Mr. Richardson, this soft music of the water as it rippled over the stones at her feet.

And Walter, sure enough, the new- this place being frequented by fairies, ter she became too ill to do that-Miss Gordon," Walter returned, laugh- by making artificial flowers, it was his span-the young couple had ing, "for some vindictive Oberon might soon gone, and poverty and want been using a single buggy on their stant her eyes fell upon him, and a resent our trespass and send his mis- stared us in the face. She died of conhappy little thrill had run along her chievous elves to bewitch us with some

Ruby finshed, for the young man's | who would help her?" queried Ruby, It seemed to her that he had words made her remember fair Her- in tones of sympathy. that he had grown handsomer than the wood and the word and the wood and the wood and the word an the wood, and the sly trick which

"Rather," Walter continued, breakin, a long, slender, feathery fern, sting it into a circle and tying it with a blade of grass, "let me make you a chaplet, and crown you 'Queen of the Glen." He held it out to her as he ceased

speaking, while his eyes kindled at the hearty welcome, and Walter's face pretty picture which she made, sit- notions, I believe, and considered a lighted with unmistakable pleasure as ting with such graceful abandon in poor and friendless girl as far beneath of shafts, etc., than in natural bridges, Unmarried Men are More Numerous Ruby smiled and bent her head to-

ward him to receive his offering. "I wonder how it would seem to be really a queen," she said. Walter dropped the dainty circlet upon her brow, saying, with playful

ceremony: "Fair maid, I crown thee queen of this mountain glen, and, with this emerald diadem, I pray thee accept a willing subject's undying allegiance." Ruby Gordon dld not dream how lovely she looked with the soft rings of her golden hair peeping out from under the delicate green of the dainty wreath encircling her small head Her eyes gleamed with amusement over the mock coronation, her face shone, fair as a pearl, in the dim light, though there was an exquisite color

in her cheeks, called there by the admiring look of her companion, while her scarlet lips were parted in a lummous smale. She had in her hand a brilliant spray of sumae leaves, which she had plucked gently touched her companion upon the shoulder, and, adopting the cere-

"Sir Knight, your promise of loyalty is graciously received, and I hereby invest you with the office of prime minister to the queen. But, jesting apart," she added, "I shall consider this my own especial nook after this, and come here every day while I remain at the farm "Shall you be here long?" Walter

eagerly asked, his face lighting. "Yes, for a week or so." "Then I shall have the pleasure of howing you other lovely places, for I am to have a vacation of two weeks, and-I was intending to spend it here."

Ruby's heart quickened its pulsa-It would be very delightful, she their stay as enjoyable as possible. posed Mr. Ruggles, his benevolent face among those wonderful mountains or among those who have been wrongthought, to spend a couple of weeks ardson, only among superficial people, "Your mission?" questioned Wal-They had sent word on before, expressing his satisfaction. "I had no with Walter Richardson for a comstating when they should arrive, idea that you'd ever seen each other. panion and guide. But something in thoughtfully. "To me a true and noble girl—who seemed made only for sun-

her glance at him searchingly. small gray eyes gleaming with an times. We are building his new house, seemed to have grown suddenly "I am sure it will be pleasant to

> she said, with frank cordiality. "Are you? I was fearing I might seem almost like an intruder. Are And the farmer picked up Walter's you sure you did not say that out of | the beautiful girl as "a queen among | a little different from what I mean.

delight at her words. Arriving at the farm, which was a as tempting an array of viands as lite fictions," Ruby gravely replied: "Quite sure. I never indulge in pothen she added, to change the subject: "But please, Mr. Ricnardson, tell me something about the new house. Is it going to be very, very nice?"

"Indeed it is. It will be one of the most elegant residences in all the And Walter entered at once upon an enthusiastic description of the new

woman, having kind, dark eyes, in would perhaps enjoy talking about "Mr. Richardson, I believe you have come better acquainted with each in which there was a shade of sad- something else beside the farm, stock, a real love for your work. You seem other during this one brief interview and drawn back from her brow in "I have seen but very little of Red- remarked, when, at length, he conto enter heart and soul into it," she

cluded: look, but there was a gentle smile in coming here; but I think it is a this year. Last year it was very hard, as I was engaged simply in learning | tumnal evening. It is, indeed. I used to come here the carpenter's trade," Walter re-

"That must have been very hard. Was it necessary?" Ruby inquired. "Yes, in order to acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of my business, and I was determined to have that anyway."

my mother died-was Mr. Ruggles' the topic she ought to have left alone. "I do not think that I regret being | spell over her since she came up here; here to spend a couple of weeks in the obliged to work my way up in the though what for is more'n I can tell, world," Walter replied, after a mo- for she was as sweet as an angel beend than if Uncle Ralph had left me | ped into the dining-room, absolutely "Yes, he was. Miss Gordon, there is a portion of his fortune. It might bewildering in her dainty white wrapthe prettiest little nook, with a have made me both selfish and indo- per with a bunch of cardinal flowers-

all the strength of character that I And modding gayly to her host could cultivate. She used to entreat | learned considerable regarding his hisand hostess, she tripped down the me, too, to strive to become a thor- tory from Mr. Ruggles, and he adsteps with Walter, and the two wan- oughly good man, never to be guilty mired his energy and independence dered away in the gloaming by them. of an ignoble act, but to endeavor to as well as his honor and manliness. A short distance behind the house by good men and women. I thought to love this noble young man, he

beneath a huge, flat rock, and where she could not help drawing an unfava thrifty birch tree had grown up be orable comparison between him and the mines, or over the farm, or down side it in a curious way, nature in the man who, she believed, had done to the village, with Mr. Ruggles, who curved and twisted its trunk so as to ter seemed very inferior to this strong, true man, who had bent all his en- marking once, with a quizzical glance ergies toward making the most of at Ruby, that he "guessed there was himself, and the not very flattering one Philadelphia gallant who could

"Your mother must have been very lovely," she said, in a low, moved tone. "She was, both in person and character," Walter returned, a tenthe trees above them made a charm- der light coming into his eyes. ing silver bower-a veritable lover's "I have a picture of her as she was at twenty; and some time, if s indeed the prettiest little nook I you care to see it, I will show it to if that same Philadelphia gallant had have ever seen—a spot fit for Titania | you. She has eyes and hair very much herself and her fairy train to keep like yours, Miss Gordon. My father I their revels in," Ruby said, as, with a do not remember. He died when I was little sigh of delight, she leaned back very young, and my delicate mother he went away chuckling to himself, against the trunk of the tree, charmed was left with no resources save a life and mumuring that he guessed "pity lars. This, of course, was almost no- | ter, anyway." thing, and though she tried to eke it "Do not suggest the possibility of out by giving music lessons, and-afsumption when I was ten years old." "And had she no relatives or friends

ing you with so much personal his-

I am deeply interested," Ruby said,

"My mother was an orphan when my father married her." Walter continued, "and his friends were very Perhaps Mr. Gordon would like to go much displeased with the match; they were very aristocratic in their ther for the act. They live, or did live, | would do very well without him. in Baltimore, and were very wealthy.

communicate it to me." impulsively; "it might have been along in any prosy fashion. something very important."

to me who my relatives are, and where I could find them, it would not have amounted to anything," returned Walter: "for," straightening him- beauty!" she cried, rapturously; "and on the way thither, and with this she | my life working upon the highway | ionable water-place again. Nature is

> Ruby clapped her hands softly in applause at this demonstration of spirit; then she said, with a little | them always?" Walter asked. augh of triumph

and I believe that you are as far life. It must be very lonely here in above them in true nobility as they | the winter, when one would have to be above your lovely mother."

"You are very good to say so, Miss summer, if one can have pleasant Gordon, and I thank you for the kind | company." interest that you have manifested in my simple story. But is it not strange | don." that wealth and position, which are often attained only by the fluctuations of trade, should be so much more life, sparkle, gayety, and I believe

worth ?" "I do not believe they are, Mr. Rich- busy world where I live." to meet them when the train stop he added, as he saw that gentleman with which they were uttered made | vered Money and position, I know, sion" in life, had never occurred to are great advantages under certain him. circumstances, but they are not to be "Yes. Don't you think that compared with honor or a strong, everybody has a mission, Mr. Richbrave character"-like yours, she ardson?" Ruby asked, lifting a pair wanted to add, but did not. "I would of very earnest eyes to his face. rather lose every dollar of my fortune, would rather my brother should to have some aim or purpose lose all he is worth, than be convicted life," he replied, musingly. of a mean or dishonorable act."

Walter Richardson mentally crowned she said, decidedly. "But that is women" for these noble sentiments, One can have an 'aim and purpose' became, from that moment, queen of My idea is, that every one has been his heart as well.

She arose almost immediately, say- outside of one's self, and if ing, with a smile: "Well, we have drifted into rather a serious vein; but it is getting quite dark, and I am afraid our friends will think we are unappreciative of their hospitality to leave them so long on

this first evening." Walter sprang to his feet to attend her, and together they wended their way back to the farm-house in the than during all their previous meetings, while, to one heart at least, life was forever changed by that delightful interchange of thought beside the mountain spring on that lovely au-

CHAPTER XII. A Mountain Ride.

Such a delightful week followed! The weather was pertect. It seemed as if there never had been such beautiful September days, "crown jewels of the year," Ruby called them, "You were never used to such work, for scarcely a cloud obscured the sky his own lips just what relationship I am told, until after Mr. Carpenter during all that delectable time, and died. It seems a great pity that- every morning the young girl was "No, s am in no way related to matters could not have been arranged up with the lark to see the sun risehim; but Mr. Ralph Carpenter-who differently for you," Ruby said, yet a sight which she had previously very

"The witches have cast their beauty

Robert Gordon overheard the re-

make myself respected and honored He resolved that if Ruby should learn John Nicholas Babcock, of Shartiny mountain brook or rill went her all that was oure and perfect would never les a straw in the way of while she lived, and I have tried to her happiness, even though he poslittle beyond. Walter turned in at treasure and practise her precepts sessed nothing but his honest heart and good right hand to offer her.

So he smiled indulgently when they arranged to go off upon little excurappeared to think it was all right, only he could not refrain from re-

prospects that had been his during the last two years. make his place good after all."

Ruby blushed rosily at this shaft, but she shook her golden head at him, and retorted, with an arch glance at

Walter: "That was very naughty of you, Mr. Ruggles, when you know my inquisitive brother has monopolized all your

not taken pity on me." Mr. Ruggles only nodded a smiling insurance policy for a thousand dol- | had precious little to do in the mat-

The day before the Gordons were to return home Walter asked the excursions-and allow him to take Ruby to see a beautiful natural bridge that spanned a mountain stream some twelve miles distant.

"Yes, indeed," the man replied, heartily; "I'd trust you with anything I have in the world, my boy; by Gravel and other Kidney Trouble. and, as I know the horses are gentle, I am pleased to make it known that "indeed, you are not. Please go on. and the roads safe, though steep in I have been completely cured by one spots, you shall have them and wel- box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. During come. It's a pretty trip," he added, these years I have spent hundreds of "and I'm right glad you thought to dollars, but without any lasting retake Miss Gordon to see the bridge. | lief. Yours respectfully,

along, too." But that gentleman was more inthem in station, and disowned my fa- and remarked that he thought they Mr. Ruggies informed them, how-

became of age. He was stricken horses sped over the mountain road ages from 20 years up. Thus it is obspeechless, however, before he could at a spanking pace, as if realizing vious that if girls do not find husthat youth and vigor were behind "Oh, how sorry r am!" cried Ruby, | them, and would not be content to jog | tiful supply of the article. What is Every mountain was gorgeous with

was at its height of splendor. Ruby was in ecstasies. "I never before saw so much self haughtily, "I would have spent I believe I will never go to a fash- actually an excess of unmarried wobefore I would have sought aid from | far more charming. I will go to the mountains. Their grandeur impresses

me as nothing else ever did." "Would you like to live among "No; I hardly think I should," she Some day, perhaps, they will be answered, thoughfully. "I believe I proud to seek you, Mr. Richardson, should miss the advantages of city have appeared to consider themselves | shut away in the house a great deal of the time; but it is very nice in

"You are fond of society, Miss Gor-"Yes, I am; I am free to confess it," Ruby answered, smiling. "I love highly esteemed than real moral I am fitted for society. I imagine that my mission lies in the great,

"I suppose that everyone ought

"Yes, indeed; everybody ought!" in life and yet be wholly selfish. appointed some special work to do neglect to do it we miss the chief purpose for which we were put into the world. Have you ever

thought of it?" (To be Continued.)

How a Lot of Braves Were Entertained

AN INDIAN DOG FEAST.

by Captain Mercer. To celebrate the gathering of so many braves they had to have a dogfeast, which is a ceremony, and not merely the gratification of an appetite. There were plenty of dogs about the camp; but whether these were too dearly beloved, or not the right breed, or if a strange dog is a necessity, I do not know; at all events a dog from without the grounds was desired, and some of the red men visited the neighborhood in search of one. But the neighbors' dogs all ran away were gathered into the houses, and the hunters returned empty-handed. So Captain Mercer sent a wagon to the dog-pound, and a nice fat animal that met all the requirements of the articles pertaining to dog-feasts was obtained. It was duly slaughtered and boiled in a big kettle, and the braves who had stained their hands with the blood of their fellow men, -or could make the master of ceremonies believe they had,-partook thereof. It seems that none but the brave deserve the dog; the privilege of eating dog being akin to the white man's privilege of wearing the button of the Loyal Legion, save that there is no inherited right; the right to eat dog does not descend to the oldest son; he must win it by his own deeds of valor.—Self Culture.

she might go out to see the cows milked, and take a peep into the stable and barn to see the horses and other stock, and her host, dearn and other stock, and her host, destinated with the interest she manistrated with the interest she First Burglar-Why, what's the

AFTER 20 YEARS

bot Lake, Released.

A Prisoner to Pain Caused by Gravel and Other Kidney Troubles-Twen-ty Years of Buffering-Release at

Last by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Sharbot Lake, Oct. 16.-It was with feelings like those of some poor prisoner released from unjust captivity that Mr. J. N. Babcock, of this place, realized he was cured-free at last from the captivity of disease. For twenty years he had been in the depths of the dungeon of pain caused by Gravel and other forms of Kidney Disease. For twenty years he had been struggling to escape in vain. There was no door left untried, no lock not carefully examined.

Now at last he sees the light of day. The prison is behind him forever. He is done with pain, and the key lay to his hands for the last ten years and he never knew. The key was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills were given to mankind ten years ago. Since then they have been the master key in thousands of cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Woman's Weakness and Blood Disorders. If Mr. Babcock had known he might have been liberated

"But better late than never," rans the proverb, and Mr. Babcock is grateful at escaping from the clutches of Kidney Disease at all. He

"After twenty years of pain caused

'John Nicholas Babcock,"

Than are Single Women. It appears that people generally are I feel that I know very little about | ever, that a gentleman and his wife, | greatly mistaken in their notion that them, for my mother was always who were visiting about a mile below there is an enormous surplus of unbackward in speaking of them, and them, were intending to make the married women in this country. The what little I do know I gathered from same trip that day, and doubtless truth is that no such excess of spincasual remarks which she dropped would be glad of company. So the sters exists; in fact, it is quite the from time to time. I have thought of | young couple waited until the stran- other way, the bachelors outnumberlate that there might be something | gers made their appearance, and then | ing the maidens. At the present moconnected with them which I ought | went off with a basket of lunch, | ment there are in the United States to know, for the night that Mr. Car- "such as," Walter said, "only good 2,200,000 more unattached males penter died he told me that he had | Mother Ruggles knew how to put up." | than females similarly situated, the something to say to me that my | The day was perfection itself, the exact figures being 5,427,767 bachemother wished me to know when I air pure and invigorating, and the lors against 3,224,494 spinsters of bands it is not for lack of a plentirequired, seemingly, is a general migration of spinsters from the north "If it was simply to make known autumnal coloring, for the foliage and east to the great and growing west, in parts of which there are ten available mates for every maid. From the last remark, however, it must not be inferred that there is in the Northern and Eastern States. Even in those parts of the country there are more bachelors than spinsters, 20 years old and upward, notwithstanding the theory to the contrary so widely accepted No State in the Union has as many maldens as bachelors-not even Massachusetts, where the figures are 219.255 spinsters, against 226.085 bachelors. Massachusetts is the banner State for spinsters, the bachelors outnumbering them by only twotenths of 1 per cent. Next comes Rhode Island, where the excess of bachelors is 2 per cent. The excess of bachelors in the District of Columbia is 8 per cent., in North Carolina 9 per cent., in New Hampshire 9 per cent., in Connecticut 20 per cent., in Maine 37 per cent., and in Vermont 54 per cent. In Maryland the bachelor surplus is 19 per cent, in New Jersey it is 22 per cent., in New York It is 26 per cent., and in Virginia it is 22 per cent. All of these are low percentages so far as the superior ity of bachelors in point of numbers is concerned.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

> CORRECTING NEWSPAPER PROOFS. Not Such an Easy Task for a Paper to be Exempt From Errors.

When the manuscripts are set up in type a proof is pulled by a handpress and despatched for corrections-sometimes to the editor or sub-editor, sometimes to the leader writers, and always to the proof correctors, who look out for mistakes in the columns submitted to them. No easy task is the correcting of errors in print. There are so many blunders possible-blunders literary and grammatical, blunders telegraphic and of translation, blunders literal and of lifting, of which more hereafter. We have all seen many in the press, but their scarcity is far stranger than their numbers. Some of them are humorous enough, and, though the editor may tear his hair at sight of them, the public

laughingly forgive. Take, for example, the paper which desciribed a celebrated general as a 'battle-scared' instead of a "battlemarred" veteran, and subsequently apologized to the "bottle-scarred" warrior for the first misprint; or even more painful mistake made in the announcement of a death, which concluded "Flends are requested to accept this, the only intimation," the falling out of one letter having led to an appalling result. Sometimes when the type is pulled about to correct an error the lines become transposed in such a way that the last state is worse than the first. Notice, for instance, a case where two paragraphs became intermingled, with this result, "A large, cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in the city, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent member of the local temperance association."-Cassell's Magazine

Walter Wellman, the Arctic explorer, who recently returned from a journey of exploration in Franz Josef Land, has arrived in New York.

The trouble between the C. P. R. and the Minister of Railways over the traffic arrangements of the Intercolonial has broken out again.

The difference between a politician and a statesman is that the politician is content with notoriety, while the statesman isn't satisfied with any-