IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

CHAPTER XV.

"Please, please wait! I hope I am not too late!" the silvery though anxious tones continued, while the astonished judge and other occupants of the room, together with the no less surprised prisoner in the box, turned to see who had burst upon the scene in this very unceremonious fashion.

She was a young girl, perhaps fourteen years old, slender and rather tall for her years, but not awkwardly so, while her face was exquisitely fair and delicate in its outlines.

Her eyes were large and very blue, with an earnestness of expression that was striking in their clear depths. Her hair, a bright gold, was braided, and hung down her back in a massive plait, being tied at the ends with a soft shade of olive ribbon.

She was dressed in white, very simply made, with a broad sash of ribbon in two shades of olive, knotted about her slight waist, while a broad, soft finished leghorn hat, trimmed with a wreath of hops—also in two shades of olive—black silk gloves and hose with low French kid shoes, completed the inconspicuous but very effective toilet.

She made a charming picture as she stood there before the judge, her flushed face upraised to him, apparently oblivious of every one else in the room, and one which the gentleman never forgot.

"Young lady, you are interrupting the proceedings of the court," the judge remarked, with grave dignity, but with a kindly gleam in his eyes, "and, unless you have something to say upon the case in hand, I must request you to be seated and remain quiet, or leave the room."

"Oh! I have something to say, sir—please let me tell what I know about Ned Heatherton," the girl eagerly responded.

"Have you some evidence to give in favor of the prisoner, which bears directly upon the case of theft that occurred yesterday?" the judge asked.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"Very well, we will hear it. Let the prisoner step down, and the young lady may take the witness-stand," said his honor.

Ned, with an astonished look on his handsome face, vacated the box, and the girl, evidently greatly relieved to find that she was not "too late," stepped into his place, but giving him a smile of cheer and a friendly nod of greeting as she passed him.

She unhesitatingly took the oath, and then stood quietly waiting to be questioned, while she was so fair, so graceful, so unassuming, and so unconscious in her youthful beauty that she appealed to every heart in that room.

"What is your name?" The judge inquired.

"Gertrude Hilton Langmaid."

"Your age?"

"I shall be thirteen next month."

"You saw him. Where were you at the time?"

"In an office on the third floor of a building on Atlantic avenue, just opposite Bowes' wharf. I went there with a friend who had an errand with her father. I stood looking out of the window, while she talked with him, watching the people as they came up from the boat, which had just came in, and I saw this boy——"

"Describe the boy, if you please," interposed the Judge.

"He was taller than Ned—a great.

"Where do you live?"

"No. — Arlington street."

"Do you know the prisoner personally?"

"Yes, sir," with a blush and a shy, smiling glance at Ned.

"How long have you known him?"

"More than three years."

"Very well, now you may tell us what you know about his stealing the lady's purse yesterday," commanded the judge.

"Oh, he did not steal it—another boy took it out of the lady's pocket while she stood waiting for a horse-car, and a few minutes afterward, he dropped it into Ned Heatherton's pocket," the little lady confidently replied.

"How do you know this?" demanded his honor with some sternness.

"I saw the boy when he did it." Gertrude unhesitatingly answered, but growing slightly pale and frightened at his tone.

awkward boy in ragged clothes, and he was very—very unclean. He had Why! there he is now, sir!" Gertrude suddenly exclaimed, as a slouching fig- black hair and a very sharp nose. ure in the back part of the room arose and moved stealthily toward the door, evidently with the intention of getting out of the place as soon as possible, for Bill Bunting, finding the tables likely to be turned against him by the new and unexpected witness, suddenly became convinced that it would be well to make himself scarce without delay.

"Stop him!" cried the judge, in a voice of thunder.

Bill Bunting turned pale, if such a change could be possible with all the dirt and tan on his face, and, rendered desperate by the startling edict, made a bold dash for the door. But an officer standing near reached forth his powerful arm, seized him by the collar, and swung him "right about face," thus effectually cutting short his flight.

"Bring him inside the dock," his honor ordered; and when this was done, he turned again to Gertrude, and continued, in a more kindly tone: "You are sure this is the boy whom you saw rob the lady of her purse yesterday?"

the man asked, smiling slightly.

"It looked like a purse, sir; and a minute after he went up to Ned and began talking with him. Pretty soon he threw out his arm and I

"Yes, sir; I know he is the boy," the maiden emphatically replied.

"Very well. You saw the boy take the lady's purse from her pocket. Describe the purse."

"I don't think I can, sir, very well, for I was so far away," Gertrude answered, flushing.

"You are sure it was a purse?" thought he was going to strike Ned, but he only tumbled up against him, and then I saw him drop the purse in his pocket"——

"Which pocket?" interposed the judge, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes.

Gertrude thought a moment, then she said:

"I think it was the left one, sir; for when he fell against him he put his arm around and dropped the purse in the one on the side farthest from him. Ned turned away from him then, and the next minute I saw the boy point at him and tell the officer something."

All this tallied so exactly with the evidence which had already been given in Ned's favor, that almost everyone was impressed with the truthfulness of it.

"When did you last see young Heatherton to speak with him?" questioned the judge.

Gertrude flushed to the brows at this question, for it recalled very vividly the regretful, almost pathetic farewell that she and Ned had taken of each other some five weeks previous, when she was on the eve of leaving for the White Mountains with her parents.

"Not since the day school closed," she responded, with downcast eyes.

A satisfied gleam shot into the judge's eyes. Evidently there was no collusion between the two parties.

"Why did you not go immediately down to the officer who arrested your friend, tell him what you had seen, and point out the real thief to him?" he asked.

"I did start to do so," the young girl replied. "I was nearly down the last flight of stairs when my heel caught on one and I fell, striking my head against the railing. I was so stunned I did not come really to myself until I was in the carriage going home with my friend. My head was very bad all night and I did not sleep much until near morning, and so I did not wake until very late. Then I hurried down to Atlantic avenue to see the policeman who had arrested Ned. He was not there, but another man told me that he had gone to court as a witness, and—and that is why I was so late getting here."

"That will do, young lady; you may step down and be seated," said the judge.

Then, rising once more, he said, with a kindly glance at Ned:

"I find the prisoner not guilty. He is honorably discharged, and the case is dismissed. Officer," turning to the man who had arrested Bill Bunting in his flight, "you will take charge of your prisoner until his case is called for trial."

So Ned was released, and proudly left the court-room, in company with his lawyer, Gertrude and Mr. Lawson, his face very bright, his heart very light.

"I say, Gertrude, you're just the plucklest girl in Boston," he enthusiastically exclaimed, when they were outside the gloomy building, while he turned a pair of gleaming and grateful eyes upon her. "I just believe I should have had to go to the reformatory, or some other dreadful place, if it had not been for you."

"Oh! I hope not—that would have been shocking. But I was awfully afraid, when I got to Atlantic avenue this morning, and found out that you were being tried that I should be too late to do you any good. I ran away and had to depend on the street cars," Gertrude explained, with tremulous lips.

"Ran away!" repeated Ned, wonderingly.

"Yes; you see papa and mamma went away to Philadelphia the day before yesterday, to a wedding, and I was invited to stay with Grace Emerson while they were gone. Mrs. Emerson was very much frightened about my fall, and ordered me to lie quietly in bed all day. She was ill herself, so I did not like to trouble her in any way, and Mr. Emerson had gone down to the office when I awoke, so I could not tell him about you. Grace had to go to her music-teacher at nine, so I disobeyed orders, got up and dressed myself, and ran away to tell the officer about that dreadful boy who stole the purse. When I could not find him I was almost crazy, and couldn't think of anything else to do but to come to court and tell what I knew."

"Well, you are a very brave young lady, and you have probably saved your young friend here a great deal of trouble by acting so promptly," Ned's lawyer here remarked, while he regarded the fair girl admiringly.

"I am very glad," Gertrude answered, with a blush.

Mr. Lawson now drew the attorney aside to settle with him, thus leaving the two young people together.

"I shall never forget this of you —never!" Ned said, in a voice that was husky from grateful emotion. "I believe it would have broken my mother's heart if I had had to go to prison, and I'm sure I never could have held my head up after it."

"Of course, it would have broken her heart, and mine, too," Gertrude naively responded.

Ned flushed at her words, and a glad light leaped into his eyes.

"Would it?" he earnestly asked.

"Yes, indeed," she frankly returned, "and I believe I am not sorry that mean fellow is going to get his pay for playing such a wretched trick upon you—though I think it is dreadful for any one to have to go to prison. What made him do it—who is he, anyway?"

"Why, that was Bill Bunting—the chap who stole your dog three years ago," Ned explained.

"Why! was it? What a wicked creature he is! Then of course he tried to make you out a thief, just to be revenged on you for getting Budge back for me," Gertrude excitedly exclaimed.

"Yes, I am sure he never would have given up such a fat purse for any other reason—he might have kept it himself as well as not," Ned answered. Then he added, as he searched his fair companion's face somewhat anxiously, "but I can't help thinking about your fall—I hope your head doesn't trouble you now."

"No—not much; once in a while I have a little twinge, but it will be all right in a day or two," the young girl carelessly replied.

Mr. Lawson now joined them.

"Well! well! well!" he ejaculated, in a satisfied tone, "we're safely out of the woods—eh? thanks to Miss Gertrude. And now, as it is almost twelve, suppose we all celebrate the occasion by going down to the Adams House and getting an A No. 1 dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Lawson," Gertrude said, smiling. "I should like to more than I can tell you, but I am afraid that Grace and Mrs. Emerson will be anxious about me, for no one knows where I am, and I am sure I ought to go directly back to them, if you will please put me on a Commonwealth avenue car."

"All right; I suppose we'll have to let you go, though we would be glad of your company at dinner," Mr. Lawson returned, as he stepped forward to stop a car for her.

"Are you going to Nantucket this summer?" Ned inquired, when they were left alone again.

"No; haven't I told you we are going to Europe the 18th of this month."

"Going to Europe!" exclaimed Ned, with as much astonishment and dismay as if she had said she was going out of the world.

"Why, yes; but don't look so woebegone," Gertrude cried, laughing, "for we are coming back the last of September. But I'm glad, though," she concluded, flushing.

"Glad of what?" asked Ned, not comprehending her meaning.

"Glad that you are sorry to have me go," she confessed, with a blush and a shy smile, at which Ned's heart gave a sudden bound of joy.

"Then you'll be back for school?" he said, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Don't you imagine, Ned, that I'm going to let you get ahead of me in school," she roguishly retorted. "I will be back to race with you next year, and I will give you all the mental exercise—as Professor George expresses it—that you will want. Oh! there comes my car. But say, Ned," she eagerly interposed; "if I write to you from abroad, will you answer my letters?"

"Just try me and see," Ned exclaimed, his face all aglow over the proposition.

"All right. Then you look for one by the first return steamer after we land. Now I must go. Good-bye," and with a smile and nod of farewell the lovely girl tripped daintily out into the street, where Mr. Lawson helped her upon the car, shoved a nickel into the hand of the conductor for her fare, and waved his cane in adieu as she disappeared within.

Ned followed her with wistful eyes, and muttered longingly:

"I—I just wish that girl was my sister."

Then he gave a sudden start, scratched his head reflectively, while a peculiar expression illuminated his features and a great wave of color shot up to his brow.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated under his breath, as if an altogether new idea had struck him. "No—I guess—I don't either."

Mr. Lawson now rejoined him, and asked if he would come and have some dinner.

"If you please, sir, I think I'd rather take the next boat and go home—unless you'd like me to attend to that errand I came for yesterday," Ned replied, feeling as if he wanted to see his mother. It seemed an age since he left her the day before.

"All right, go on—you'll have just time to catch the noon boat, and I'll attend to that matter myself. There's something else, too, that I want to look after," Mr. Lawson responded, then, bidding him good-bye, with the promise that he'd be home himself by 4 o'clock, he went about his business, while Ned started briskly off to catch the 12.10 boat.

He stowed himself away in a snug corner of the deck, near one of the great paddle-wheels, and gave himself up to his thoughts, which appeared to be of a very grave nature, for he scarcely moved until the gang-plank was thrown out upon the pier at Nantasket.

Then he sprang ashore and darted away toward one of the lovely cottages on the bluff, where he was soon rehearsing to his mother the exciting incidents of the last twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Heatherton was considerably wrought up over the matter, but thankful that Ned had come out of it so honorably, while she gave high praise to Gertrude for the noble part she had borne in the affair.

"I am afraid I should have had to go to prison if it had not been for her," Ned gravely remarked, "unless," he added, "I had done as the lawyer advised and pleaded guilty of a first offence. Do you think it would have been right for me to do that, mother?"

"No, my son," Mrs. Heatherton decidedly replied. "I think it would have been very wrong; it would have been a deliberate falsehood, and nothing but evil could have resulted. You would have sullied your conscience with a lie, and also branded yourself as a thief."

"I knew you would say so, and I wouldn't have done it for anything," Ned said, resolutely. "I should always have despised myself for it; and if that is a specimen of the tricks that lawyers use to gain their cases I never want to be a lawyer."

CHAPTER XVI.

Four more years slipped by without any material change in the lives of our friends on Mount Vernon street. The only event of noteworthy importance was Ned's graduation from the High school, where he stood first in his class, his average being ninety-nine and a quarter per cent., while Gertrude Langmaid stood next to him at ninety-eight and three-quarters per cent.

Thus, according to the custom of the school, it lay with these two to open and close the exercises of commencement day.

"Please let Miss Langmaid take the valedictory, sir, and I will deliver the salutatory," Ned remarked, when Professor George announced their standing in connection with the arrangement for the closing exercises. "Being a young lady, I should prefer to have it given to her," he chivalrously added, as he darted a smiling glance at Gertrude.

That young lady, who, by the way, had grown wondrously fair during the last four years, flushed rosily at his words.

"I think that the honors should fall where they belong," she emphatically asserted. "Heatherton stands first in the class, and no one should usurp his place."

"Well, you two must settle the matter between yourselves," the professor good naturedly remarked; "it is immaterial to me."

"Sentiment, farewells, and last words are more characteristic of the gentler sex," Ned observed, with a merry twinkle in his dark eyes that caused a ripple of laughter to run around the class, "and, if it is all the same to you, Miss Langmaid, I think I would prefer the salutatory."

Gertrude knew well enough that he only said this because he did not wish to take precedence over her; but, of course, as he said he "preferred" the salutatory, asking it of her as a favor, she did not like to refuse him.

"Very well," she said, with an independent little toss of her bright head, "if Mr. Heatherton desires, I will agree to the exchange, upon one condition, and that is that an announcement be made regarding the facts of the case, so that a wrong impression need not prevail."

"I do not think that is necessary," objected Ned.

"Miss Langmaid is right," said the professor. "You can have the salutatory, Heatherton, if you prefer, but of course any young lady would feel sensitive about accepting an honor which did not belong to her, without explaining the situation, and so some announcement regarding your relative standing will have to be made."

This did not quite please Ned, but the matter had to stand thus, and when the important day arrived the two young people did great honor to themselves and their class.

Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid called, in their carriage, at Mount Vernon street, to take Mrs, Heatherton and Mr. Lawson to the hall where the exercises were to be held, and all four were as proud as they well could be over the creditable appearance which their dear ones made and the high eomiums which they won for the excellence of their literary productions.

"You have a smart boy there, Mrs. Heatherton," Mr. Langmaid remarked to that lady, as he shook hands with her at the close of the exercises. "I congratulate you upon being the mother of such a son."

"Hum—well you may, sir; there isn't a smarter boy in the city of Boston," Mr. Lawson proudly asserted, while Mrs. Heatherton thanked Mr. Langmaid with tears in her eyes for his praise of Ned, and said something equally kind regarding Gertrude.

"You just did the business up in grand style," Ned whispered in a confidential aside to Gertrude, when, with her hands full of flowers, she came down from the stage after delivering her farewells to school, faculty and class. "That was what I call a dignified and first-class valedictory; there wasn't the least bit o fbosh or maudlin sentiment about it."

"Thank you, Mr. Heatherton," Gertrude responded, flushing with pleasure, "since I was occupying a position that did not really belong to me, I naturally felt a desire to do credit to it; while, if you will allow me to say it, I was proud of your display of talent to-day."

"Were you, really?" Ned asked, with an animated look.

"Yes, truly; your address was fine and full of thought."

"Much obliged," said Ned, with a low bow, "I do not know of any one I would rather hear say that; only, if you please, I would have liked it better if you had not been quite so formal about it."

"Formal!" repeated the young girl, looking surprised.

"Yes. How long is it since I became Mr. Heatherton? Must I begin to call you Miss Langmaid?" Ned inquired, with a sigh.

"No—please don't; but somehow I thought perhaps I ought to—to"—Gertrude stammered, blushed and finally gave up trying to tell what she thought she ought to do.

"You used to call me Ned, until lately; we've always been good frineds in the past, and—and I hope we shall be in—in the future," the young man faltered, as he searched the beautiful face beside him with wistful eyes.

"Of course—why shouldn't we be? Why, if I were going to make a list of my friends I should write your name first of all," the young girl earnestly exclaimed.

Fashions for the Middle-Aged.

Fashion is now kinder to elderly women than formerly, for the capricious dame permits them to wear a wide assortment of colors, instead of confining them to sober black. Soft grays and purples are quite appropriate for women who are sixty-five and older. The gown may be very effective in design, quite in keeping with the fashion of the day, and yet have an individuality about it that is very charming. Too many flounces and ruffles are out of place, and the plainer the skirt is made, the better. There should be soft folds of the material itself, whether it be of cloth, silk, or of peau de soie, or flat bands of passementerie, with or without beads. Trimmings of lace and even a little applique of cut-work on a skirt are quite permissible; but all trimmings should be laid on flat. The skirts may have the gored front and side breadths, but must be made with a little fulness—not gathers, but fulness—at the top of the front breadth, to allow for the rather larger figure apt to be acquired with the years. A long skirt in the house is altogether the prettiest, but for the street the skirt may be of walking length.—Harper's Bazar.

There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.—Rochefoucauld.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—Edward Eggleston.

CATARRH.

Testimony of a trained nurse who was cured of Acute Catarrh. For three months the sufferer used snuffs, powders and other equally worthless remedies.

CATARRHOZONE CURED AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Miss E. Eames, trained nurse, residing at No. 47 Aylmer street, Montreal, writes: "About three months ago I caught cold in my head, which developed into acute nasal catarrh. From that time up till a few days ago I had been constantly using snuffs, powders and other worthless remedies, but none of them benefited. Hearing of Catarrhozone I decided to try it, and am pleased to say that I found relief upon the first application, and a few days of its use completely cured me. My experience with all kinds of medicine has been extensive, but I must say that I never saw a remedy more speedy in its action than Catarrhozone. I think I know what I am talking about when I say it is the best remedy in the market for catarrh."

If you have catarrh you cannot afford to be indifferent to its progress. Treatment cannot be commenced too early. Your unsatisfactory experience with other remedies should not influence you against Catarrhozone.

CATARRHOZONE

Is a guaranteed cure for

CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

It is a specific for these diseases, and as such receives the recognition of the medical profession, the patronage of the drug trade and the free endorsement of every health journal.

Complete outfit, consisting of beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler and sufficient inhalant for six weeks' use, price $1; extra bottles of inhalant 50c. At druggists, or by mail. Twenty-five cent trial size for 10c in stamps from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

WHAT SHE GAVE UP.

Stephanie Sacrificed a Great Fortune for Love.

The Archduchess Stephanie loses her huge jointure from the Imperial Treasury by her morganatic marriage, and her town and country houses, and she is deprived of all the benefits to which she was entitled under the generous settlement which was made in 1881, when she married the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the Emperor William and the Prince of Wales were witnesses to the marriage contract, and attended the wedding at Vienna. The Countess Lonyay's income in future will be £12,000 a year, of which £10,000 is a voluntary allowance from her father-in-law, the Emperor Francis Joseph, while £2,000 a year was irrevocably settled on her in 1881 by her father, the King of the Belgians. Count Lonyay's income from the family estate of Bodrog Glaszi, in Upper Hungary, is £3,000 a year, which is burdened by a jointure to his mother and allowances to his brother and sister. The Emperor is going to give his daughter-in-law a house at Buda-Pest, and he will provide her with a villa at Baden, near Vienna.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

A RIDE IN A NIGHT-SHIRT.

William the Conqueror's Escape From a Band of Assassins.

Among several incidents of "The Boyhood of 'The Conqueror,'" related by Adele E. Orpen in the March St. Nicholas, is this account of a midnight flight:

One of these shooting matches nearly cost him his life. He was about 20 years old, when, in early summer of the year 1047, he went, with a large train of friends and attendants, to shoot at Valognes. In those days there were great forests covering the hills and valleys around Valognes, and as these forests were full of game, the young duke and his friends expected to enjoy themselves. They formed so large a party that they had to separate and lodge where they could in the town. This left the duke with only a few servants in the castle. In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking, and the shouting of some one mounting the stairs to his chamber. He listened, and recognized the voice of Gallet, a strolling buffoon, whom he knew very well, and to whom he had frequently given little trifles.

"Fly! fly!" shouted the buffoon, "William, thou art lost! Fly, sweet friend! Thy murderers are coming! I saw them. Fly, or thou wilt be taken!"

William had been through too many dangers, and had had too many narrow escapes, to neglect such a warning. He believed that Gallet, though but a fool, spoke the truth. He sprang from his bed, and in his night-dress, with only a short cloak flung upon his shoulders, dashed downstairs and into the courtyard. Perhaps he heard the sound of armed men approaching; perhaps he needed to hear nothing more in order to realize his danger; at all events, he seized the first horse he could find, leaped upon it bareback, and rode for his life.

Not a moment too soon. He had scarce galloped out of the courtyard before several armed men rode hurriedly into it. Gallet met them at the entrance. He had seen them a short time before from his hay-loft at the inn, when they were preparing for their murderous errand, and whence he had run to warn his "sweet friend" William. He knew them and their purpose. "Ha, ha!" he cried, with mad glee, "you're late, my sirs; you're late. The duke is gone! William is off! Your stroke has missed! But hark ye; bide a bit. He will pay you! You made him pass a bad night—he will make you see an ill day." And then he capered derisively about them.

And what of the duke? He was riding furiously eastward, heading for the wide ford where the River Vire meets the sea in a great three-mile stretch of sand, nearly bare at low water. The young man plunged into the water at Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, and owing to the clear moonlight crossed over in safety to St. Clement's Church on the opposite side near Isigny. It was a dangerous place to cross alone at night, but he was in a sore strait, and he had no choice. The tide was rising fast, and as William came dripping out of the sea he knew that he had won the first round in the game. There was no other ford across the Vire, and until the tide fell again no one could follow him. He entered the church and fell upon his knees, and offered up a prayer of thanks for his safety. The little Church of St. Clement, mostly rebuilt, stands to-day in the same place, at the eastern side of the ford, which, in memory of that night and the man who rode across, goes by the name of Ve-le-Duc (the Duke's Way). But people do not any longer cross by that long ford, for there are bridges further inland, which, had they existed in William's time, would have inevitably cost him his life.

GIRLS AT 30 CENTS EACH.

Hindoos Selling Their Children to Mohammedans

TO SAVE THEM FROM STARVING.

In New York, where slang is licensed, it is often said of a girl that she "looks like thirty cents," but in far off India, according to returned missionaries, that is a girl's actual value.

Rev. Rockwell Clancy, now visiting America, makes this statement in the course of an interview depicting the horrors of the terrible Indian famine. Girls, he says, are being sold for 30 cents apiece to Mohammedans to save them from starvation.

Mr. Clancy says that boys do not sell well, and the traffic is almost exclusively in girls. He says:

"I saw girls in one town just before I came away being sold for 30 cents apiece. They were bought up by Mohammedans. But they won't buy the boys, so when the parents can no longer support their children, they abandon them, and henceforth they must get on as best they can.

"These cast-offs congregate about the door of the grain merchants' shops, and the only way the proprietors can get rid of them is to throw out handfuls of grain, scattering it wide. The children pick and pick all day, and at night perhaps are rewarded by having collected a single handful."

Mr. Clancy says the state of affairs brought about by the famine is awful to contemplate. Sixty millions of people are suffering and thirty millions of these are in dire distress. The Government is unable to aid more than about three millions. When the famine set in the people began to sell everything that they had that might get a little grain for food. They took the doors from their houses and sold them; sold their furniture and farming utensils, and then, when they had no longer anything to sell, they sold their children.

DEEPLY V'D.

The Downward Curve Given by New French Stays.

Note the downward curve given to the figure at the bust line, by the new corsets, which are deeply V'd, as the expressive phrase goes. This is a return to natural lines from the artificial form moulded by the old-fashioned stays, which pushed the breast upward with stiff buckram and whale-bone. The new French stays are pretty and easy affairs. The old corset made the body long-waisted upward from the waist. The new stay attempts to make the body compressed, if anywhere, downward from the waist. The model now in request is a corset short above the waist and long below. Even these last are often cut up on the hip to permit an elastic motion in walking. The steels and elaborate whale-bone stiffening is directed almost wholly downward below the belt.

Some new corsets are very expensive. A mondaine orders two pairs made, at $16 apiece, and thinks it a matter of course to pay such a sum; while her less wealthy sister searches among ready-made corsets until she finds a model and cut adapted to her figure and, after all, looks just as well as her luxurious relative.

It is never advisable to purchase a corset unless it fits, and the best figure is not that which is compressed into torture in the strict bonds of a tight, stiff corset.

WORK ONLY WHEN THEY LIKE.

Mexican Peons are the Most Independent Laborers on Earth.

Observers of industrial conditions in Mexico assert, that, as far as they have noted, there is no more independent person in the world than the Mexican laborer. Especially is this true of the peon of the tropics. It would seem that he works for Americans who have big plantations to develop more as a matter of accommodation than from necessity. He demands a snug sum in advance, too, on which to have a good time at the fiestas before he settles down to several months of drudgery. No native Indian has to work for white men in the tropics in order to gain a livelihood. His wants are few, his ambition is limited to a desire for enough to eat, a thatched hut and a little cotton cloth. The hut he can make for himself. There are fish in the river and game in the forest. There is plenty game in th eforest. There is plenty of unoccupied land upon which he can raise a few cereals to trade for the things he cannot produce himself. There is no winter to provide against, and, though the rainy days come often in summer, they only mean more rest.

Said a well-meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "the bell is only rung in case of a visit from the Lord Bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamities."

Protruding, Bleeding Piles

For 15 Years—In Agony with the terrible itching and bleeding. Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment make a permanent cure.

When asked for a remedy for dyspepsia or kidney disease the druggist pauses before several good preparations, not knowing which to recommend to you.

Not so when asked for a pile cure. He knows that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only remedy which actually cures every form of piles. It has had many imitations, but its wonderful record of cures has never been duplicated.

Mr. James A. Bowles, painter and paper-hanger, a member of the Council at Embro, Ont., states: "For over fifteen years I was a victim of bleeding, protruding piles, and was so bad at times that I was forced to give up work. I suffered untold agony from the terrible itching and they would protrude, causing the greatest misery.

"In spite of all remedies I used I could get no relief. At last I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first application gave relief, and after the third day the bleeding stopped. Two boxes cured me completely. I would not begrudge five dollars for a box. I have recommended it to all who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never yet been known to fail to cure piles, whether itching, bleeding or protruding. It has certain ingredients which imitators have never been able to discover, and stands alone to-day as the only positive and guaranteed cure for piles.

It also cures eczema, salt rheum and all sorts of itching skin disease, but we emphasize it as a cure for piles because it is the only actual cure for that torturing and dreadfully prevalent disease. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or by mail, from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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