Oll teas look alike in a news-baber advertisement, but but
them in your teabot and the

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

Anne O'Nell puts her cup down sud- across the lobby, and her heart beats denly, and almost starts to her feet, tingle. with a light of surprised delight making her face radiant.

9,603

5.608

7.793

6.058

505

know Moore's poems? Do you like them? Do you like Irish poetry?" she asks, breathlessly, her hands clasped unconsciously, her eyes a-glitter with excitement, the color burning red in her lips and cheeks.

"Why, she is actually rather handsome," Gillian thinks, amazed. "And ! far as I know it," she says aloud, some mutual ground for sympathy care she shall never more know. with this strange, sarcastic, deferential, scornfu! young person, who Damer's waiting women."

cited face that watches her.

tremulous. "You sing, of course, Miss look. Deane? Do you sing Irish songs?" Gilian blushes girlishly, and laughs.

"I do sometimes, when 1 am sure nebody can hear me," she says. "I have such a poor little voice, such a ghost of a little contralto, and when I get nervous the little ghost vanishes atterly! You must not say I can sing, Miss O'Neil, please," she adds, her eyes dilating with alarm. "I would not sing at Mount Ossory on any account or for any one !"

"And yet you would be listened to | "George! You!" she exclaims, starter smile - cold as . winter | eyes and lips are full of smiles. cept when there are visitors," she address. "We thought it was Capt.

"Is Captain Lacy ?-of course!" in- the truth. terrupts Gillian, frowning a little. Mr. George Archer bows profoundly Moore's melodies!"

No. Indeed!" Miss O'Neil retorts, pure, pale young face with a shy her tones. "A man of 'such very good | ing over it. Deane."

retorts on her side, getting impa- at the girlish heiress. tlent, and those gentle, loving lips of ! "I took the liberty of ordering

him." Miss O'Neil says, quite deliber- very intimate friends. anything-than an Irishman!"

"Oh!" Gillian says, very slowly, and | your journey this evening." Lady Jeanette Damer nor Captain have tea with us, Mr. Archer?" Bingham Lacy will contribute to her | "Thank you, I shall be very happy," peace or happiness-she does not he answers in a low tone, and for think of Mr. Damer, but then, no- half a moment-if the idea were not body ever does-and that this world absurd-Gillian imagines that this is a lonely, cold, and friendless place | bold, big, handsome man of six or even if one be not nineteen years of seven and twenty is a little afraid sand pounds.

"I am sorry to hear that," she says, her fair, young face growing grave and cold; "because--" The deferential waiter suddenly ap-

of the room.

can do anything more for the ladies | sured herself. before he leaves Ballyford!" the pecting to see the traditional red and bold.

man's message for a few moments. "what message, please? Capt. Lacy his name means. has called to have the pleasure of serving you, if he have not the pleas-

ure of seeing you, as yet." crimson again at the scarcely-veiled her the wide world can never be if she could burst into tears of haughty head well carried, piercing sneer in tone and words alike; and desolate wherever her lot may lie shame and annoyance at the un- !bright eyes, and majestic draperies. her pride, always powerful if latent since she loves one, bright, and necessary interest she has displayed- The gentleman on whose arm she

strength. "I shall like to see Capt. Lacy, to thank him." she says, calmly, with those burning cheeks and dark eyes sparkling and dilating. "Will you were coming, surely?" Gillian hears mind. ask the gentleman to walk upstairs, Anne O'Neil say presently, in a "I have not the least reason to man, with a ruddy color and griz- commenced reading. "Sir, sir, you ward, crying: please?" to the waiter, who noise- rapid undertone; but George Archer fear Lady Damer's displeasure, Miss zled whiskers. This individual seems mistake! I came to be married, not | What is it? Has your husband lessly disappears, and a minute later answers with a slight laugh, decis- Deane," he says, haughtily, after to be laden with the light luggage buried!" "Weil," Explied the clergy- met with an accident?" flings the door open. And Gillian | ively and clearly :

For she is really and truly, even in these latter days of "advanced" "How do you know that? Do you young ladyhood, a girl of sensitive, womanly instincts, and innocent, womanly consciousness-modest, proud

And the advent of this man, whom worst of foes, fills her with vague dread and a longing to she looks so plain in that hat that one loving heart, one pair of escape-with a vague, wild wish and ulster! Certainly I like Irish tender, sheltering arms were here in inspiration, with the wave of color more, bows and walks away. an aching pain of longing for her and smiling, glad to have discovered dear, dead mother, and the loving

And then Gillian sees her visitor. A tall, broad-shouldered young felannounces herself as "one of Lady low, with thick, close-cropped chestnut hair, a sun-burned face, a fair, "I know all Moore's poems well, in- long moustache, and a pair of brilcluding 'Lallah Rookh,' and Denis liant, ardent blue-gray eyes, full of Florence Macarty's poems," Gillian humor, kindliness, and dare-devil gaycontinues, a little shyly before the ety-real Irish eyes that look right keen, eager eyes-the glowing, ex- into the depths of Gillian's soft, startled eyes, with that quick, bright "Do you indeed?" she says, almost glance-bold, tender, and respectful softly, her clear, sharp voice rather all in one, as only Irish eyes can

Gillian recognizes in him in an instant, as he crosses the room with his quick swinging tread, and his felt hat in his hand, the tall athleticat landing.

But not as Miss O'Neil recognizes him, with amazement and bewilderment, and then with a sudden delighted relief and pleasure which Gillian understand, as she tells herself.

-did you sing ever so little-with the ing, and looking behind him, as if greatest attention, and thanks and for the appearance of some second

features which have grown pale and | for us, Mr. Archer?" she asks, recov- | gaze. settled once again. "There is very ering herself a little, and Gillian notes little singing at Mount Ossory, ex- the quick change of her form of adds, as if in explanation of her Lacy who had been so assiduous-

'The 'Admirable Crichton' warbling to Miss Deane, his bright eyes losing their gaiety and gallantry as they "No. indeed. He! Sing Irish songs! see the slender, girlish figure, the

form,' as Lady Damer says, as Cap- "Capt. Lacy is not so fortunate tain Lacy singing Irish songs, Miss as I am, for once in his life, Miss "Oh, I thought Captain Lacy was teeth are gleaming in a humorous can hold that opinion. And besides," of having intruded myself on her an Irishman, that is all !" Miss Deane smile, which fades again as he glances with her sarcastic smile glittering this evening, and ashamed of hav-

hers actually curving in displeased dinner here for you as soon as I saw was that of his gallant father before of formality between people who are

ately, "but that does not make Cap- | "Knowing," he continues, glancing tain Lacy an Irishman, Miss Deane! at Gillian with a grave respectfulness | play Mordecai in the Gate." He is more English than a Londoner, that insensibly pleases and flatters more French than a Parisian, more her, "that from the breakdown on American than a New Yorker, more the line it was most unlikely that Miss Deane and you could continue

a sudden sensation tightening round "I am sure we are very much obher innocent, timid heart, that Mount | liged to you for your kindness," Gil-Ossory will not be a place of peace lian says, smiling brightly in her reor happiness to her, though she must lief which seems to equal Miss O'go there, and stay there for six Nell's, and apparently for the same months or more; and that neither cause. "Will you not sit down and

age, and possesses a hundred thou- of her-a little embarrassed in her presence-if it were not too ridiculous-Gillian imagines that his bright, sun-tanned face flushes as she smiles and hands him a cup of tea, and his bold, blue eyes are suddenly downeast, like those of a bashful boy, as pears at the door at the further end he meets the kindly light of her innocent admiring gaze. For assuredly "The gentleman from Mount Os- one cannot but admire him-one cansory has called again to know if he not but like him-Gillian gravely as-

He is a goodly man in the very waiter says, in respectful undertones. | flower of manhood, this friend of And Gillian is so occupied in won- Anne O'Neil's-George Archer- his dering at her own absurdity in ex- | very name is like himself, honest, gay

hair, check waistcoat, green coat | Assuredly one cannot but admire with brass buttons, mellifluous brogue | him and like him and trust him-Anne and 'bedads' and "at-all-at-alls," O'Neil's friend and lover. Gillian knows-even in her innocent havior.

that she scarcely comprehends the ignorance of love and lovers-what "I thought you would prefer that of fresh arrivals reaches him from "Miss Deane," Miss O'Neil says, in that glad, bright blush meant-what I should not tell Lady Damer that you the hall, and glancing over the her low, sharp voice, her eyes fixed | those smiling eyes and pleased lips | called to see me," she manages to say, | paper which he folds before his lace, on the girl with coldest scrutiny, mean-what that startled outcry of crimson and hot, and afraid to lift he sees the group who have just

be! To her, Mount Ossory is no land," poor Gillian says, essaying a but the lady's natural employment Gillian's soft, lily-pale cheeks are dreaded, lonely, friendless place-to little smile, when she really feels as -is a tall, slender woman, with a in a noble nature, rouses into fair, and true, who loves her in re- the unnecessary suggestion she has leans is a very elegant-looking of a clergyman who, in the lottery

CHAPTER III.

dark eyes fixed on him with a her!" timid inquiry; for his voice is as His tones are full of the coldest full of sarcasm as Anne O'Neil's pride and disdain, and Gillian fairly had been, and his blue eyes are shrinks with girlish mortification full of defiant mirthfulness.

ing look in Gillian's innocent, grave voice. "I only made the suggestion "But I, nevertheless, regret to say wishes and Miss O'Neil's."

that I am no favorite of Lady Damer's, Miss Deane," he says, with a warmly, in his pleasant, cordial voice, faint, explanatory smile. "Indeed, I whose Irish accent seems to give it may say her ladyship does me the a friendly persuasiveness, a breadth honor to peculiarly dislike me. You and fullness of sincerity, and his would discover this trifling fact so strong hand closes tightly over the very soon that I presume to antici- trembling little palm that touches pate anyone else in informing you his. "And I thank you for your con-

breathlessly, her heart beating high ful tones, "who have done very as she looks up in George Archer's little to deserve it; who have not handsome face, with the brave, bright even given you a welcome to Ireland!" eyes, and the firm, well-cut lips smil- The strong hand holds the little reing under his moustache; so kind, luctant hand, quivering to escape at and brave and gay and true he looks. | this repetition of her own words, so Anne O'Neil's lover.

lian's ardent, generous imaginings. She can see that Anne O'Neil is a stinct; she can see that as clearly Deare!

as Anne O'Neil's lover does. She can she dimly feels will be to her an as- hidden love of Anne O'Neil's gallant glance into the ardent Irish eyes humble dependent of a haughty lady. lips that utter the greeting. Perhaps that is why Lady Damer | "Yes. And I wish them with all my dislikes him.

in the yellow light before her.

know, Miss Deane. The only reason | coils of soft, brown hair. -"is no just reason at all."

it. If she dare venture to intrude him in this fashion, George?" looking figure in the light gray-tweed herself into the happy secret of Say I ought to be ashamed of from the following interpolation in haps less attentive to his duties, suit which she had seen on the quay their lives-those two, who love myself," says the young man, curtly the 32nd chapter of Exedus at the than he ought to have been, read each other-and she, poor, lonely, and moodily, "and so I am." friendless Gillian, unimportant to "Ashamed of yourself!" she re- calf, which Moses caused to be burned printed, thus, "We shall all be any one, unloved by any one in the peats, in accents of angry surprise. | and mixed with the water that was | hanged in the twinkling of an eye." wide world, unimportant, insignifi- "To the very depths of my heart," drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the One cannot help being reminded of cant, save for the golden weights he says, more curtly and sharply. "I beards of such as had fallen down Franklin's epigrammatic advice to cannot but perceive, and cannot but attached to her slender hands-the am, Anne. I did not think what she before it; by which they appeared the continental congress: "We must sordid wealth that will buy for her would be like. I am ashamed to look with git beards as a peculiar mark hang together or hang separately." consideration, flattery, homage, but in her eyes."

never-never love! compliments heaped on you," Miss person; and then a warm flush of ure in gray, with the keen, kindly all fair in love and war, as version. O'Neil says, slowly, her bit- pleasure rises to her face, and her biue eyes grows dim for a mo- Bingham Lacy so often tells you? Pope Sixtus V. was especially un- the sins of the Lord." In another, ment and the fire is blurred into If you have gained the advantage fortunate in his efforts to have an ediction a prayer concluded thus: moonlight - glancing over the "Was it you who ordered dinner a crimson star before Gillian's now, he may, by and by, you know." absolutely correct edition of the vul- "Through the unrighteousness of

cher says, more slowly, his eyes fixed were thinking about him! Lacy can publication of this Bible prefixed to if by any possibility the Bible should on her face, "that the fact of my take care of himself. It's about her! the first edition a bull excommunicat- be completely destroyed and lost, it having had the pleasure of being able Anne, it's like stalking a little white ing all printers, who in re-printing could still be reconstructed from dubiously-worded compliment. "And pardon me, this is Mr. Archer, Mr. to render a slight service to you and I should expect a curse should make any alteration of the even then, the only one who can sing Damer's agent, Miss Deane-we really Miss O'Neil this evening, and the fact | would fall on me if I succeeded. | text. Yet the book swarms with in general literature. It is to be Irish songs-at least the only gentle- | thought it was Capt. Lacy !" she re- of your having kindly received me, Lacy said 'a fair field and no favor,' blunders and it was necessary to peats, as if hardly able to realize | will be no additional recommendation | if you remember?" to Lady Damer on my account."

"Dear me. That does not matter, says, quietly, but with hands clutch- ing the true text. surely." Anne O'Neil interrupts, ed until the nails cut into the sharply, with a forced laugh; but palms. "Well?" Gillian can see how agitated she is, "Well, it's the field to himself, as and how her fingers nervously push far as I am concerned," George acle bibles." Thus Cranmer's bible of found. sharply, with quiet, fierce sarcasm in blush like a wild rose tint just glow- away the loose, wavy locks of bright, Archer says, abruptly, putting on dark hair that lie on her brow. "You his hat and going down a step or can exist even if you do 'Sail in the two of the stairs. north of my lady's opinion,' Mr. Ar. "I am ashamed of myself, and O'Neil," he says gravely, but his white cher, almost as easily as my lady ashamed of my plot, and ashamed

in her brilliant eyes as she looks ing won her thanks and smiles so in dismay. "But my lady must susup at Geroge Archer's honest, rather falsely; and, as heaven hears me, troubled face, "you are giving Miss I'll do so no more!" he says, agitataversion to the captain, and his the boat come in and recognized you leave and I know you are vexed and to his guns, and dragged her poor servants. He mentions one of these name, and his entire individuality. It is boat come in and recognized you have been and Mount Ossory. It is boat come in and recognized you have been and Mount Ossory. It is boat come in and recognized you have been and like the boat come in an area. The boat come is a second you have been an area of the boat come in an area of the boa The town of Athlone had the another bow and smile which Gillian Archer You will make Miss Deane charge of firearms within two feet honor of being his birthplace, as it fancies is but a humorous affectation | Archer. You will make Miss Deane | cess for my own sake; but it is | Gillian, your fate is sealed. I should imagine that Lady Damer is a tyrannical or unamiable person, and that your mission in life seems to be to

"No, I don't think it is quite so bad as that," George Archer says, with a slight shrug of his shoulders and a curious long look at Gillian as he takes up his hat and moves away a few paces, "I don't think that Lacy would like to see me hanged."

"What a horrible thing for you to say!" Anne O'Neil exclaims, sharply, her color rising angrily, and then fading until her very lips are pale. "I wonder you are not afraid of shocking Miss Deane!" she adds in he calls, eagerly, following her. "I a lower tone, with a rapid warning | must tell you this much, Anne!" he glance. "Excuse me, Miss Deane, a pleads; but the door is shut almost moment," she adds, hurriedly. want to get a little parcel out of my with a slow, reluctant step and a bag for Mr. Archer's housekeeper, if | clouded brow. I may trouble you with it," she adds, with a second glance at him | cess is certain," he mutters, turning as she leaves the room.

hand in kindly frankness, a sudden nor like her, nor trust her, that

secret foe. "Would you wish, from what you said awhile ago I thought that you shyly and then blushing violently be- presses his spirits to the very lowwould wish," she begins stammering, cause she feels that in some way est degree. "But, if it must be so, George Archer is utterly misunderstanding her-that he is in fact no chance for honor in that path, and standing breathless in astonishment | through dishonor I will never try to at this strange English girl's be- reach you, I swear solemnly!"

her eyes. "That you were so kind entered. Annie O'Neil's friend and lover! to come here to do us a service, and Foremost of the party-taking the How happy she should be-must receive me, and welcome me to Ire- lead, as it were, as it seems indeed made; at the silent wonderment, and young man, pale and very fair, with of matrimony, had not had much the secret ridicule, perchance, which a faultless figure and a perfectly- luck. On one occasion, when he was as she fell back, clutching at her her romantic, and rather undignified cut coat.

that pause of astonishment. "You of the party, as a courier bag is man, "if you insist on it, I am obliged "No-no," she moaned; "it is from

and I knew Miss Deane and you were myself, I assure you, I utterly disreexpected by the steamer, I, of gard it. I owe Lady Damer nothing. course, endeavored to anticipate She owes me a bitter grudge-heaven her ladyship's wishes in every re- only knows why. But, at all events, her enmity has no power to render And then he sees Gillian's velvety me accountable for my actions to

from the mistake she has made. The mirth and the scornfulness "I beg your pardon," she says

fade a little as he sees the question- gravely, in a very low, unsteady in accordance, as I thought, with your

"You are very kind!" he says sideration of me," he adds, with a "Why does she?" Gillian asks, spice of Irish gallantry in his gratetight that it cannot stir, and George A man for whom a woman might | Archer's head with its close-cut waves dare the wide world, and find her of thick auburn hair stoops-a long earthly heaven in his faithful love. | way down-to be nearer to Gillian's furiously, and her very finger-ends Anne O'Neil's lover. That the wo- pretty little classic head, highman he loves is below him in sta- wreathed with fluffy coils of soft tion, is no hinderance at all to Gil- brown hair, and short, rippling locks lying above her brow.

"But I do now, ten thousand times gentlewoman by education and in over. Cead mille fealtha to you Miss

"Ten thousand welcomes," transimagine in her girlish romance, how lates Gillian, with a sly little smile, deep, and fond, and faithful is the but looking up with a swift, timid lover for the lonely girl who is the gazing down at her, and the smiling

heart," he answers warmly. The idea comes to Gillian like an | And then he presses her hand once

that surges over her white face, And Gillian gazes after him with and soft, round throat, almost as her innocent, wistful eyes as he goes, soon as she has asked the question. until he reaches the door, and then, "I do not quite know," he says, as he turns for a final courteous slowly, his blue eyes full of earnest- glance of adieu, a sudden tremor of ness as they gaze down at Gillian's shy dread makes her hastily turn girlish blushes from his stalwart away and gaze into the fire, and so lations of the Bible is that which height-six feet one as he stands George Archer only sees in that final | was printed in French by Anthony glance the little thin white hand Bennemere in Paris, in 1538, when "On my honor, I do not quite that supports her head, and the loose Francis I. was King. The preface de-

I can guess at"-he falters a little, Outside on the staircase, her slim printed at the request of his most A good story comes down from reor his voice grows a little husky, figure half concealed by a big vase of | Christian Majesty, Charles III. in | volutionary days, and was puband he looks down for a moment flowering hydrangea, Anne O'Neil is 1495, and that the French transla- lished in some of the newspapers in waiting for him.

well. Gillian could tell them both somewhat sardonic smile. "I never terms of the Latin Bible, nor omitted ed" in the following text: "We shall the reason easily if need were. If | thought of this plan. What will Capt. | anything but what was improper to | be changed in the twinkling of an it were possible they did not know Lacy say to you for outgeneraling be translated." The marvellous accu- eye." A clergyman less familiar

And then the tall, stalwart fig- in her scornful tones. "Isn't of several interpolations in the same any so that it read in two places: "But this I do know," George Ar- tones equally scornful; "as if I sheet with his own hands and on

too false, and treacherous, and cruel an affair for me to care for, for even twice the reward."

"A hundred thousand pounds, and an innocent, tender-hearted, pretty girl," Anne O'Neil says, quietly as ever. "Very well. It will not be too false, and too treacherous, and cruel for Bingham Lacy, you may be sure 'The field to himself,' you say? Very well. His success is certain. Good-

evening, George!" And she turns away at once toward the door of an adjoining room. "Well, but Anne, wait a minute!" "I | in his face, and he goes down-stairs

"The field to himself, and his sucinto the coffee-room in sheer ab-"And are you going?" Gillian asks, sence of mind, and sitting down rising as she sees him stand waiting. I vaguely at a table to stare at a And then, as she offers him her little | Punch three months old. "It will not be too false, and cruel, and treachsuggestion comes to her to prove to erous for Lacy, as she said, and I bethose people, who neither know her, lieve she knows too well how true she spoke-poor Anne! And poor little they may at least be sure she is no Gillian, more unfortunate by far !" he muses, drearily, vaguely reading extremely vapid jokes at the same time which, it is needless to say, deit must. Poor little Gillian! I see

"Two minutes later and the bustle

"Lady Damer did not know you conduct is exciting in George Archer's | And the rear is brought up by a ceremony, he opened the prayer book to flutter to the floor. rather short, brozdly-built, elderly at the burial service by mistake, and | Her fashionable guests rushed for-

ERRORS IN THE BIBLE:

How Some Editions Have Been Marred By Careless Printers.

Publishers of the Holy Scriptures | May, 1541, makes Jeremiah viii. 22, must be given credit for exercising ask: "Is there no tryacle at Gilead?" great care in guarding against the In another edition the word "resin" appearance in the sacred book of typographical errors. Yet "mistakes rives its name from the fact that the will happen in the best regulated printers alleged that unpleasant in-

families," and even though an exceptional degree of perfection must be awarded to the publishers referred to they have at times permitted blun-Bible that prove their fallity and the fallibility of the printers and preofreaders they employ.

Six thousand errors are said to "vineyard." "Blessed are the placehave been contained in what was | makers" said Matthew vi, 9, at a known as the Pearl Bible, which was | time when political corruption was printed in England in 1653. The rampant in England, and this was printer was accused of being a forger | looked upon as a good joke. The and some of the perverted texts were | "breeches bible," printed at Geneva. inserted by him for a consideration. in 1550, only followed Wycliffe's It is asserted that he was paid £1,- translation in saying that Adam 500 by the independents to corrupt | and Eve "made themselves breeches." a text in Acts, vi., 3, by substituting a "ye" for a "we," the intent being to sanction the right of the people resources of the early translators to appoint their own pastors. In Romans, vl., 13, "righteousness" was of Palestine. One translator sugprinted for "unrighteoumess," and in | gested "laudanum" as part of the I. Corinthians, vi., 9, a "not" was omitted, so that the text read: "The unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God." During the wars between the Cavaliers and Roundheads many thousands of Bibles were imported into England from Holland, that this "precious liquor" is "ginne." but were destroyed, inasmuch as they A Gothic bishop in translating the infringed the rights of the English bible is said to have omitted the Book infringed the rights of the English printer. Forged and corrupted texts of Kings, lest reading of the wars deabounded in these versions of the scribed therein might increase the

A Curious French Translation. One of the most curious of all transclares that this Bible was originally also suffered from various printers. tor "has added nothing but the genu- 1776. An English printer omitted But Gillian knows the reason | "You are clever," she says with a | ine truth, according to the express | the first letter of the word "changracy of this version may be judged with the sacred scriptures, and per-20th verse. "The ashes of the golden it to his congregation as it was to distinguish those who had wor- As late as 1813 the Ciarendon "Why, pray?" Anne O'Neil demands, shipped the calf." This is only one Press, Oxford, misprinted the Lit-

"He!" repeats George Archer, in gate. He revised and corrected every our Lord Jesus Christ. print a multitude of scraps to paste "Yes, I remember," Anne O'Neil over the erroneous passages and giv- possibility he were required to col-

Treacle and Vinegar Bibies.

is substituted for "treacle" in the same passage. The "bug bible" desect to be "the terror of night," mentioned in the fifth verse of psalm xci. The "wicked bible" omitted the word "not" from the seventh commandment. The "vinegar" bible, ders to creep into the pages of the printed at the Clarendon press, Oxford, in 1717, is so called because the twentieth chapter of Luke's gospel is made to contain the alleged "parable of the vinegar" instead of Jacob's present to Joseph (Genesis, xliii, 11) taxed the ingenuity and who knew nothing about the botany offering. In his manuscripts in the Bodleian library Wycliffe translates the first item on the list as "a lytle of precious liquor of sibote," and adds with roguish humor in the margin propensity of his flock for fighting, Dr. Alexander Geddes, in 1792, introduced the English Catholics to Hebrew "constables" and translated the passover as "the skipover."

Mistakes in the Prayer Book. "The Book of Common Prayer" has "O, Lamb of God, which takest away,

An eminent divine once said that the quotations from the scriptures feared that this theologian was inclined to hyperbole. But if by any lect the sacred texts from general literature, the probability is that Most collectors of rare books are an enormous number of curious coraware that there are several "tre- ruptions and blunders would be

trails after him along the floor, and THEY ARE HARD SLEEPERS. he clutches a small parcel and a Arabs Can Enjoy a Nap Under Many

roll of papers as well. "As I live!" George Archer says, half aloud, and starting to his feet pect! She is on my track aiready! She has actually brought Lacy up ity for sleep developed by his Arab have no chance now even if I tried." | follows:

And then he recollects the unad- | "Salam, our Arab boy, sleeps more visability of presenting himself to soundly than anyone else I have ever their notice just at this moment, and | come across. It is a task of no ordinsinks down in his chair, and holds up ary magnitude to wake him. his paper before his face once more. For a colloquy between the mem- himself to the effect that one night bers of the party is going on at the | when he was travelling with an Arab very door of the coffee-room.

and then come up after you."

sort replies, with cool indifference. "If you choose to sit in the coffeeroom for the next hour, Mr. Damer. that is your affair; I only request | Articles of Diet That Should Not be that you will not drink more hot whisky and water than will enable you to behave respectably, when you do condescend to join us! Come, Bing- | place as factors in the catering for

And without condescending to lis- | Companion. They contain a large ten to the indignant exculpation of amount of nourishment, and owing himself from any such fell designs as to their oily nature digest easily. she has attributed to him, which Mr. | Eaten with salt they are palatable. Damer is attempting, she ascends the | Either as a dessert course or saltstaircase straight and majestic, with | ed and used as a relish, their value deliberate steps and trailing silken | is the same. They are not expensive, draperies, as if she were ascending for from the peanut through the the steps of a throne.

Her nephew silently follows her, and Mr. Damer-waiting but for the last glimpse of his imperious wife to disappear, with the usual perfidy of married men-hastily gives the waiter an order for whiskey, sugar, lemon, and is supposed to cure insomnia if eaten hot water, and, turning into the cof- just before retiring. Salted, they are fee-room, flings aside his incum- much cheaper than almonds. The brances with disrespectful haste, un- small hickory nut, at a few cents buttons his overcoat, and is throw- a quart, can be used on the most ing himself into an easy-chair with | economical table. The English wala loud sigh of relief, when he sud- nut makes a very good salad denly perceives George Archer. (To be Continued.)

Another Name for Burial. The following amusing story is told hears a quick, strong step coming who had far better be buried." -Chicago Record-Herald.

Disadvantageous Conditions. A recent traveller in Central Africa gives several instances of the capac-

of his head. Another is described as "He tells a story in regard to

in North Africa he had to sleep with "I think you and Lacy had better | their donkey tethered to his leg to go up first, Lady Damer, my dear," keep it from running away. When he that lady's obedient husband and woke in the morning he found that humble servant suggests earnestly. his donkey had wandered away to a "I think I shall just sit here five | considerable distance and had dragged minutes and have a glass of sherry, him along. Judging from our own experience of his sleeping powers, we "As you please," Mr. Damer's con- | do not think the story incredible."

NUTS AS FOOD.

Neglected. Nuts are beginning to take their a family, says the Woman's Home imported varieties they can be bought in bulk at small cost.

The peanut has many good qualities to recommend it, and from its low estate is coming to the front as an important item in dietetics. It blanched and used with celery. Filberts, almonds and Brazil nuts are more expensive, but as only a few are needed at a time the cost is not great.

Beauty's Greatest Hardship.

"Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman, about to perform the marriage heart, and permitting the telegram