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LOVE AND A TITLE

"Who is Florida?" asked Hal, with the deepest interest.

"My horse," she replied.

"Are you fond of riding?" asked Hal.

"Yes," she said—very! I ride every evening, and sometimes in the morning. And you?"

"Yes," said Hal.

He had got a stout cob down at Newton, a present from Vane.

"Yes, all Englishmen are," she said.

"And—ah," said Hal, "where—I mean—where would you recommend as a pleasant ride?"

"There are many," said the princess, innocently. "I generally ride through the valley to the hills; one gets some air up there. It is like fresh life, and her eyes kindled. "You must go up to the hills."

"Yes," said Hal, with artfully feigned carelessness, "I think I must."

These fell a silence upon them as they paced side by side, mainly caused by Hal puzzling his brains to find some excuse for staying longer.

Presently they came to a hot-house. The princess opened the door.

"Here are some of my flowers," she said, and she entered.

A gardener who was at work made a low obeisance and withdrew.

Like everything else he had seen, this place was on the grandest scale, and in the most perfect order.

"I call this my kingdom," said the princess, smiling with evident delight at Hal's admiration.

"I know every flower in it. See, these are my favorites," and she threw down a bunch of white camellias.

"George!" said Hal, "they are fine! We've nothing like this in England! They are as thick as blackberries."

"Come," said the princess. "You shall take them in return for your fish," and she caught up a knife and cut a handful of the flowers.

"Stop—stop!" said Hal; "you are spoiling the plant."

"And why should I not?" she said, with a sweet smile. "See, they are beautiful as they are! Will you have one flower already?"

Hal smoothed the smail on his button-hole and pitched it under the stand.

"No, I haven't," he said.

She laughed like a child, and selecting the largest of the camellias, handed it to him.

"Thanks," he said, and tried to put it in his button-hole, where it hung clumsily out, as they always do when clumsy hands meddle with them.

"Ah, you will lose it," said the princess, and in the most natural manner in the world, she stretched up to him and fixed the flower with a pin. Hal's face went crimson, poor boy, and then pale, for he was possessed by a maddening desire to seize the two white hands fluttering at his breast and kiss them.

If he could have been sure of dying the moment afterward I think he would have done it.

"Thanks," he said, and tried to put it in his button-hole, where it hung clumsily out, as they always do when clumsy hands meddle with them.

She looked about as she spoke for something to put the camellias in, and pounced upon a small, fanciful basket, more precious in Hal's eyes than the flowers, for how often might her little fingers have clasped the handle!

"There," she said.

Hal took the basket and raised his hat, but not a word could he get out.

"I am afraid I must go now, your highness," he said, with an innocent look of regret; "you are going on an excursion with your friend. Well, you have a beautiful day."

"No, I'm not," said Hal, eagerly. "I'm going—I shall go to the stream, where—where I saw you yesterday."

"Any catch some more fish? Well, I will wish you good fortune. Perhaps you are dull without your friends—your sister, who is coming. She is beautiful, you say?"

"Jeanne, yes, Jeanne is good-looking enough," said Hal.

"Yes," said the princess, folding her hands behind her, and looking up at him with a strange thoughtfulness on her face. "I wonder if I shall see her."

"Of course you will," said Hal, eagerly.

"I hope so," said the princess, "and I think, yes, I am sure I shall like her."

"I am sure you will," said Hal, emphatically; "most people like Jeanne—"

"Jeanne, it is a pretty name."

"And—and I am sure she will like you," he ventured, with an effort.

"Are you?" she asked, naively. "What makes you think that?"

Hal is on the point of blustering out: "Because I like you," because no one could help it; because you are an angel! but he stops himself in time and rubs his head. "I'm sure of it," he says, rather weakly.

By this time they had reached the terrace steps opposite the reception room, and the first thing Hal sees is the companion still resting her back, and waiting for them; and Hal takes a sudden violent detour to the thin woman with the cold face.

Excepting into the prince's room, Carlo has followed them everywhere, and he

now stands by the door, thrusting his broad nose into Hal's caressing hand.

"See, senora," says the princess, "Carlo is quite amiable."

The companion answers something in Italian, and Hal fidgets with his hat.

"Good-by—that is, good-morning," she says, holding out his hand; but the princess goes with him into the hall, Carlo following.

"Good-by," she says, giving him her soft, little hand, which seems swallowed up by Hal's brown paw. "Good-by, and thank you for calling."

Hal is about to stammer something, possibly a prayer to be allowed to repeat the visit, when a step is heard on the front terrace, and with a growl, Carlo bounds forward. Hal, looking around hastily, sees a gentleman at the outer door, and the next instant the princess utters a cry, for Carlo has dashed at the glass with an ominous growl and a liberal display of fangs.

Hal steps forward and seizes the dog just in time to prevent him clawing open the door, which has been left ajar, and, looking up, sees that the object of his ferocious manifestation is a short, upright gentleman, with a wrinkled face—none other than the Count Mikoff.

The count, keeping a wary eye on the huge hound, opens the door delicately, and, bare-headed, goes toward the princess, and greets her in Italian.

The princess, with a little smile and a certain little falter, no doubt caused by Carlo's savagery, gives him her hand, which, to Hal's surprise, and, he added, disgust, he kisses.

Then he turns to Hal, as the princess, glancing up for a moment, says, in a quiet, constrained voice:

"Mr. Bertram, a friend, count—Count Mikoff, Mr. Bertram."

The count makes an elaborate bow and wrinkles into a smile.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman before, senora, and am charmed to renew the acquaintance."

She is far above poor Hal, who stammers something polite, and moves toward the door, with his hand still on the growling Carlo's collar, as if he really intended walking off with him.

"The dog! let me implore you not to release him, sir, until he is otherwise secured," says the count, with a smile, but keeping a wary eye on the dog.

"Carlo, come here, sir!" says the princess, and Carlo, with a side glance at the count, goes to her. "For shame, sir, for shame, to treat an old friend so!" she says. "He is good now, count—he is very obedient."

"Who would not be to such a mistress, your highness?" says the count, with another smile. "Carlo and I have not forgotten our old quarrels. Come hither, my good friend."

But Carlo firmly refuses to be cajoled, and Hal, now that peace is restored, turns to depart.

"Adieu," says the count.

"Good-bye," says the princess, and, Hal fancies, with a subdued tone.

For some unexplained reason, he goes up to the dog and puts him on the head; he couldn't tell why he does it; but he is rewarded by a gentle smile from the dark eyes; and, gathering up his two baskets, he takes his departure.

As Hal went down the long avenue he looked about him with a faint feeling of surprise. The sun seemed to have gone in, but it had not—it was just as bright as when he was in the garden, brighter, perhaps; and yet the day seemed suddenly dark and gloomy, as if the best part had gone out of it.

Poor Hal did not understand; until yesterday he had no more idea of love than a native of India has of ice. If any one had told him he was in love he would have been divided between the desire to laugh at the person and—if he were a man—to knock him down.

He tried to persuade himself that it was only a feeling of pity for such a bright, lovely creature leading a dull life which made him loath to leave her presence and a desire to see her and hear her speak.

"I wonder," he muttered, as he went up the street, "I wonder who the dickens the old Russian mummy is! Her uncle, I suppose; that can't be, though. Must be a relation, or he wouldn't have the cheek to kiss her hand—confound his impudence! These blessed foreigners have monopolized all the brass in the world! Must be a relation—perhaps her grandfather; no, not quite old enough for that. Confound him, whoever he is! That's a sensible dog, that Carlo. By George! if I hadn't held him tight, he would have made mincemeat of the count, wrinkles and all!"

Arrived at the hotel door, Hal hesitates and looks down at his precious basket of camellias.

"Old Bell will hater me to death!" he mutters; "want to know where I got 'em, and cackle for an hour. I'll go around the back way."

But, unfortunately for love's shy reserve, "Old Bell" is taking exercise under the shadow of the balcony in the yard itself, and stands open-mouthed, nearly dropping his book, at Hal's tressure.

"My dear Hal what exquisite flowers, where?"

"Had 'em given me!" says Hal. "Five, aren't they? I'll take them upstairs," and he hurries up the broad wooden steps.

With a selfishness never to be much commended, he doesn't put these great white blooms in the dusty saloon, where they would refresh the eyes of the hungry tourists, nor does he place them, as

he should do, on the table of his esteemed tutor, but he carries them to his own little room, and, having placed them with the utmost care in the milk jug belonging to the washstand, puts them on the table, and sits and stares at them.

Presently a knock at the door, which rouses Hal, and causes him to blushing remove the jug to a remote corner.

It is Bell, and he has a letter in his hand.

"Reading, my dear Hal? Am I disturbing you? Here is a letter from—the marchioness."

Hal takes it, and Bell goes to the window, shyly lingering.

"Any—any news, Hal?" he asks, timidly.

"Eh?" says Hal, with knitted brows. "I can scarcely make it out. Jeanne seems to have forgotten how to write since she became a great swell. Oh, look here, they're coming to the palace a week sooner than they expected; that will be pleasant news for your friend, the major-domo, and make him hurry up pretty considerably; and, look here; 'About me, says Bell, blushing.

"Yes, but hang me if I can make it out. Here, spell it over, will you?"

Bell takes the letter almost reverently.

"Will you ask Mr. Bell if he will be so kind as to tell them at the castle that there will be three more visitors than the list contains? You—you careless boy—would forget all about it, but Mr. Bell will not."

"That's one for me and ten for you, Bell," says Hal, with a grin.

"They are the Countess Stanhope, Lord Lane and Lord Nugent. The countess must have a room with a southern aspect. Shall I read any more?"

"Yes, go on," says Hal.

"I have enjoyed myself very much, and, except for seeing you, should be glad to leave. Lord Lane has had a beautiful yacht brought down to the coast here, and we have been out in it every day. Lord Lane is going to get one built for us on the same lines. He sends his kind regards, and is writing you. Yesterday we—Lord Lane and I—tried some deep-sea fishing, and had very good sport. He is very fond of sailing, and he and I are the only two who do feel ill—excepting Vane, who is busy at a picture, which he will finish at Forbach."

"That is all," says Bell, quietly.

"Not much news; seems to be more about Lord Lane than anything else. Head-ack-and-bottle-washer, evidently," says Hal.

"Yes," says Bell, very grimly, and, turning to the window, he speaks "there is a great deal about Lord Lane—a great deal!"

And as he lays the letter down he sighs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"But you don't call that a horse!" says Hal, pointing with indignation dismay at the animal which the stable-keeper of the Hotel Der has brought from the stall into the yard.

It is the morning after Jeanne's letter; Bell has gone over to the castle to encourage the major-domo, who is already distracted by the sending of the time left him for preparation; and the news that three more suites of rooms are required. Hal has waited until Bell's back is fairly turned, and is now trying to convince the stable-keeper that the animal which he is pointing to is not a horse, but a monster.

"You don't surely call that a horse!" says Hal, speaking very slowly and loudly, as if an Englishman's wont when addressing foreigners, as if deaf. "It isn't a horse—it's a cathepod, or a scafoid, or an animated skeleton from a museum—anything you like, except a horse!"

"But, my lord!" exostulates the man, gesturing with his hands, "it is a horse, a good horse, a grand horse!"

"Then he's a little too grand for me!" says Hal, scornfully. "Something with fewer bones, and more flesh and hair, is good enough for me. Is there such a thing as a horse in this confounded place?"

The man raises his eyebrows and shakes his head.

"If mildred," he says, stroking the Gothic structure with an extravagant gaze of admiration, "if mildred is so satisfied with that charming quadruped, I do not know what mildred will do for another."

"Well, I'm not satisfied with that charming quadruped," says Hal. "In fact, I'd rather dine the death than see on such a heap of bones. Take him back to the marine store shop you call a stable. He won't—he won't do; and here's something for your trouble."

Hal went down the long avenue he looked about him with a faint feeling of surprise. The sun seemed to have gone in, but it had not—it was just as bright as when he was in the garden, brighter, perhaps; and yet the day seemed suddenly dark and gloomy, as if the best part had gone out of it.

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existence of Homer, concerning which ancient poet Bell was enthusiastic.

And now, as he rode along, it seemed ages since he saw her yesterday, quite centuries since she looked up into his face, and fastened the camellia in his button-hole.

"I expect she won't ride this morning," he uttered; "or else she'd had her gallop and gone home; just my luck, and if I were to see her, I don't know what I should say to her. I can't go on making her present of fish. I might give her my penknife, just to create a bit of conversation. Oh, I'm making an idiot of myself."

But he still rode on, and still watched, meeting with nothing human excepting a boy driving oxen, all through the valley and up the ascent of the hill which caused his steed to puff and groan like a grampus.

"I'm glad I don't meet her with this beast roaring like a bull of Bashan," he grumbled; "and now, old man, we'll have a gallop along the top, just to see if you can bend your legs."

Any one less preoccupied would have turned to admire the scenery, but the grand expanse of fir-clad hills gets not a glance from Hal. Even his brother-in-law's castle, stretched out below him, and so grandly majestic in the sunlight, scarcely attracts his attention, and he rides on, with his eyes fixed before him, until suddenly, much to the astonishment of his horse, he pulls up.

Right before him, revealed by a sharp curve of the mountain land, is a girl on horseback. So motionless the steed and rider stand that they might be an equestrian statue.

But the steepest statue in the Vatican could not bring the blood to Hal's face as the sight of the slim, habit-clad girl in her thoroughbred horse.

He becomes motionless, too, but presently Carlo bounds from among the trees with a snarl, and the princess turns her head and sees him.

(To be continued.)

MONSTER SEA ELEPHANT.

Killed by Whalers off the Coast of the Falkland Islands.

A new and interesting attraction at the Berlin Zoological Garden is a mounted specimen of a monster sea elephant. It can claim the distinction of being the largest sea elephant that has ever been killed.

It was found some 18 months ago by whalers off the coast of the Falkland Islands. They promptly surrounded the monster and subsequently slaughtered it—no easy task—and the hide with the raw skeleton was purchased at a high price by Mr. J. F. G. Umlauf.

Some of the size of the monster may be gauged from the fact that from the tip of its tail to the tip of its trunk has a total measurement of nearly 21 feet. Such an animal, when alive, would weigh 10,000 pounds, or nearly four and a half tons. The circumference of the skull at its widest part is some 18 feet. The skull alone measures 2 feet 3 inches long and 1 foot 3 inches high.

The sea elephant, or seal elephant, is in many ways an interesting creature. So far as size goes he can give points to the walrus, but he is certainly not so ferocious looking. Except for the curious nose (which is a fairly good imitation of a pig), he is just a big black seal, (Greek name), he is sea and clumsy ashore, like all his kind. He is about the bulk of a hippopotamus, although more hirsute and with a less extensive opening of the jaws. He holds among seals the unique position of being common to both hemispheres, although from the Falkland Islands he has been hunted very few specimens now exist north of the equator.

Just now, however, the sea elephant is enjoying a respite, and is consequently increasing in numbers rapidly, particularly in the only population of many an otherwise barren part of the world, the Atlantic Ocean, consists chiefly, if not entirely, of cuttlefish. Formerly the animal was hunted by whalers upon all the islands of the Antarctic Ocean, notably Kerguelen's Land and the South Shetland, where they abounded in immense herds. The creatures were slaughtered for their hides and blubber.

The tusks of the male reach a length of four to five inches, their external part being smooth and conical, while the part embedded in the flesh is furrowed and slightly curved. The tusks of the males are solid—at the lower end only a slight cavity appears—while in the female they are shorter, and, moreover, almost hollow up to the point. Sailors and seal hunters are fond of using these hollow teeth of the females for pipe bowls, quills from the wings of pelicans supplying suitable stems for the pipes.—Scientific American.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

Your little one may be well and happy to-day, but would you know what to do if it awoke to-night with the croup, or went into convulsions or spasms or merriment? The doctor may come to him. Have you a reliable remedy at hand? Baby's Own Tablets break up colds, prevent croup, reduce fever, check diarrhoea, cure constipation and stomach troubles, help the obstinate little teeth through painlessly, and give sound, healthful sleep. And they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff"—this is guaranteed. They are equally good for the newborn infant or the well-grown child. Mrs. Susan E. Mackenzie, Burk's Corners, Que., says: "Before I began using Baby's Own Tablets, my little one was weak and delicate, since then she has had splendid health and is growing nicely. I find nothing so good as the Tablets when any of my children are ill." Sold by all druggists, or by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Effects of Destroying Game.

(New Orleans Picayune.)

One of the penalties for the wanton destruction of birds is paid in the frequent terrible visitations by insect swarms which devour the various crops in the field. They cost the people not only of this country, but of all the world, which see thousands of acres of our crops, millions in loss. Many States have made laws for the preservation of the game animals, birds, and swarms, and laws have no effect on the classes for which they are really meant, and little on the majority of the people. Those who have the new-fangled destructive guns want to use them, and they will find living targets, and in too many cases they may human marks for their shot.



BERTILLON, MEASURER OF MEN

"I learned the foundations of my finger print knowledge from the English."

This striking and at the same time characteristic modest utterance was made to me in the course of my stay in the London Daily Express, by M. Alphonse Bertillon, the great French anthropometrical expert, the man whose name is closely associated with the world over with the identification of criminals by measurements and finger prints.

Mr. Bertillon was fresh from the witness box at Bow street, where he had been giving some of his dandy finger print evidence with regard to the recent ghastly crop of Paris murders.

In appearance, Mr. Bertillon is the serene thinker rather than the man of action, the scientist of cloister, rather than the public figure of the forum. To talk with him is to see that he has thought out the finger print system to its last, arch by arch, loop by loop, whorl by whorl, even as he has thought out the science of anthropometry millimeter by millimeter.

A high forehead, a well-balanced brow, a thin oval face, a pair of serene dark eyes, a dark moustache, a slightly French, but not too pronounced in curl, a trim dark beard, a complexion strongly reminiscent of the parliamentarian and diplomat, a tallish, lightish frame, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor almost imperceptible on the lapel of his coat—such is M. Alphonse Bertillon, the terror of criminals.

"Do you think, M. Bertillon," I asked him, "that the science of measurements will ever supplant the science of finger prints?"

"No," he answered, very quietly. "I think the human measurement system will supplement and assist the finger print system in the ultimate marking down and tabulating of practically every man, woman and potential criminal in the civilized world. The sister sciences will be evidently complementary rather than antagonistic."

"The science that is based upon the fact that each different individual has among his bones certain characters, shapes and dimensions will march forward in unison with the science which arises from the circumstances that the finger prints of practically everybody are different from those of anybody else."

Both these truths and the application of them in every day criminal search and detection have been of enormous service to us in France, and have helped to rid respectable society of many of the human parasites who prey upon it.

"And what led you to take up the study and practise of finger print science?"

"Some of the work of Alphonse Galton, I looked into what they were doing as pioneers of the finger print system. I became deeply interested. I soon found that they were right, and I started collecting finger prints if friends and criminals myself."

"My subsequent experience in actual criminal practice has shown me that if two finger prints tally exactly it is practically certain that they are the prints of one and the same person, however many of the population of the entire world may have passed that way and have handled the article on which the prints were made."

"And the sister science to finger prints, your own gift to the world, the science of the measurement of man, how did you first come to think that out?"

"Well," answered M. Bertillon, with the shrug of a smile, and a tiny, depressing shrug of the shoulder, "I saw the need for some such system for the identification of criminals. I saw that the evidence of the photograph and the official description indeed has in many cases been quite qualified by the criminal's own little tricks of disguise. All the previously photographed and officially described criminals had to do was to alter the style of doing his hair and the shape of his feet, and he had features in the eye of the well known world, alter the eyebrows, or what not, and he had passed beyond the likelihood of recognition."

"But a man cannot change his bones. He cannot disguise the exact length of his nose, of his forearm, the length and width of his head, the length of the left middle finger, or the length of his foot."

"Experience soon taught me that these few portions of the human frame rarely undergo any material change in the course of years, and that practically no two persons in the civilized world have the same combination of measurements. This great central fact, together with the marvelous faithfulness of the finger prints, many cases being of immense assistance to us in France in the detection of criminals, and the more of these records we took the more thoroughly is the efficacy of the two systems of finger printing and measurement substantiated and proved."

"Sir William Herschel, cited above by M. Bertillon as one of his teachers, took many finger print observations while in India, and was so convinced of the efficacy of the principle that he brought back to England a mass of evidence on the subject. This was of great value to M. Bertillon."

Francis Galton, the other English finger print pioneer, after long and close study of a vast number of finger prints, estimated that the chance of two sets of finger prints being identical is less than one in 650,000,000. Thus is the march of science going triumphantly on, to the harnessing and harnessing of the human past, by the malignancy deeds against society and social peace and safety. The march of science, by the internationality of brains, France, by the M. Bertillon, has learned from us, and by Scotland Yard have learned from France.

To the comfort of peace loving citizens, and to the terror of evil doers, he is known that there has long existed between Paris and Scotland Yard a real, deep seated scientific cordiality.

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Make hens keep you.

An increase of only two eggs a month for each hen will more than pay for the feeding of

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It will give this increase, and more, besides giving the plumage a better gloss, and in every way keeping them in tip-top health, also making the chicks harder.

For the winter laying of eggs there is nothing as good on this or any other market.

Keep your hens from fretting by using HERCULES LOUSE KILLER. Try it and see the difference in the weight and egg production.

Nothing better for keeping the henhouse clean than CLYDESDALE CARBOLINE ANTISEPTIC.

All Clydesdale Preparations are sold under a POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION or money cheerfully refunded by the dealer.

Clydesdale Stock Food Co., Limited, Toronto.

CROP REPORT.

J. B. Stringer & Co., grain merchants and exporters, Chatham, submit the following report relative to the three crops of beans, corn and sugar beets, peculiar to that district:

Beans—Have had favorable weather, and the early planted are all harvested in good condition, but as about 75 per cent. were late, will take two weeks yet of favorable weather to secure. A few are threshed, and although the quality is fine the yield is not large, 10 to 15 bushels to the acre, so there is promise of not more than about 70 per cent. of last year's yield, and as prices for the new crop are a little lower than last year at opening of season, farmers are not free sellers.

Corn—This crop has come on very much better than first expected of it, due of course to the unusually favorable weather. While much was planted late and little reliance placed on it, yet it is now going to count. The crop will be no bumper one, in fact is estimated much under a good year, but glad to say will get well ripened, something that hasn't happened to the crop for three years past, to the great loss of producers and shippers.

Sugar Beets—A large area of land is now given up to this crop in Essex, Kent and Lambton, and due to a favorable season promises exceedingly well. The beets they are sent to Wallaceburg Sugar Co. by boat loads and train loads, producers realizing 85 a ton delivered on bank of river and on board cars at shipping points, with an increase if over normal percentage.

THE STORE SPY.

She Must Keep Informed as to What Other Shops Are Doing.

"For the life of me," said the girl at the ribbon counter to the girl across the way at the chiffons, "I can't make out whether she's a shoplifter, a purchasing agent, or a store detective, indicating a woman, who had just walked away."

"You're away off," said the friendly aisle manager. "She's a store spy. We employ them in this establishment ourselves to spy on other stores, only you don't seem to know it. They go out in various disguises. Sometimes they are the most fashionably dressed women among the shoppers; sometimes they are quiet, little, unobtrusive women, who don't look as if they knew a bolt of cotton from a yard of wool, and sometimes they are a clever man buying for his store; but they all come to see what is going on in the other stores. If Mr. Smith up the street, is selling shirtwaists at 39 cents we want to find out how he can do it; if the newest thing in fall suits is going at \$17, and we have just put a lot of ours in for \$18, off we creep and the store spy to see how it can be done; how much of it is cotton and how much wool. There is not a position in a department store which takes more nerve and more knowledge of goods. No green hand can go from the kitchen utensils to the carpets and be capable of judging all the fine shadings without knowing something about the dry goods business, and, besides, the store spy has to carry things in her eye. She has to be able to tell, when she gets back to her own shop, just how much better or worse the other stores are selling for the same price. The job's worth all the money they pay for it."

Fall Days in the Country.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Why go to the country in the best of the early harvest when the sun is disciplining the earth in the process of development? Will you fall ill the loneliness and the beauty of their decay, when the teaming soil is muffled and warm, the trees and grass in the richness of their maturity, and the atmosphere stormless, steady and misty dricing.

SOME ARE BORN BLEEDERS.

Peculiar Malady Studied by a German Physician.

The rare peculiarity known as haemophilia, or "bleeding sickness," has been brought to notice anew by Dr. Boehme, a German physician. It continues for generation after generation in certain families, and is characterized by an extraordinary tendency to hemorrhage, making the extraction of a tooth a dangerous operation, while even a pin-prick may lead to severe or fatal bleeding. The cause seems to exist in an unexplained failure of the blood to coagulate like normal blood. The disease has been studied in more than 60 European families, and in the Mampel family has been followed for more than a century. Johan Peter Mampel and wife were not "bleeders." Of their 11 children three sons were affected, and from observations on 212 members of these and subsequent generations of the family a most singular law of heredity is deduced. This law is that, while the disease is practically confined to males, it is never transmitted by these males to their sons, but only by the women, who are normal, to their sons.

Some of John Bull's Expenses.

(Louis's West.)

As Mea of the cost of running a great nation may be gained from the statement that England's balance sheet for the last fiscal year shows an expenditure of considerable more than three-quarters of a billion dollars. The exact amount was \$1,157,709,600. To meet this expenditure were raised amounts of \$123,000,000, leaving a surplus on hand of \$1,034,709,600. Of this sum \$222,000,000 went to the army and navy, \$292,000,000 for disposing justice, and \$520,000,000 was spent on education. There is only one entry under expenditure which reveals the magnitude of the empire's burden, and shows that just over half of a billion pounds was expended on this item during the past year.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"Can't see why you're so smitten with her."

"Why, because she's so comely pretty."

"Beauty's only skin deep."

"Well, great Scott! I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me."

Market.

Market to—
Prices were
Higher than
yesterday.

10 to 15	0.90
15 to 20	0.85
20 to 25	0.80
25 to 30	0.75
30 to 35	0.70
35 to 40	0.65
40 to 45	0.60
45 to 50	0.55
50 to 55	0.50
55 to 60	0.45
60 to 65	0.40
65 to 70	0.35
70 to 75	0.30
75 to 80	0.25
80 to 85	0.20
85 to 90	0.15
90 to 95	0.10
95 to 100	0.05

Dec. May,
30% 31%
32% 33%
34% 35%
36% 37%
38% 39%
40% 41%
42% 43%
44% 45%
46% 47%
48% 49%
50% 51%
52% 53%
54% 55%
56% 57%
58% 59%
60% 61%
62% 63%
64% 65%
66% 67%
68% 69%
70% 71%
72% 73%
74% 75%
76% 77%
78% 79%
80% 81%
82% 83%
84% 85%
86% 87%
88% 89%
90% 91%
92% 93%
94% 95%
96% 97%
98% 99%
100% 101%