.....

ve 'aven't done much for years. ch you a simple story vably start yer tears? Christmas of eighty-five, sir. nd my pard, wot's 'im, sir,

es than it takes to tell, was that funny and tender, n' yer just the facks edin'ry non sensation wadin' across our backs.

If I knows wot it is, mate, ma's morn wrong wiw me! a-swimming fremomfus. at evry lint, ms is that tired, I dunno could lift a pist."

wer!" I says. "Why, matey, of the werry same! ri-ov'rish feelin'. skin' my ribs that soreough a lot in my lifetime,

----

as, have a drink with me, ming to buy; man to let a friend as I have you go dry. m I have got the price; if glass—that's not enough e with a bluff.

OB'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

een mighty kind to me f the long ago: and shovels, bots and caps, young and loved the snow, en how cold it was, we as I did now; as warm and well-

my mother put awayerse was one, I think. e was a pair of skatesanother drink e, "Now, Boy, my boy, plain as yesterday). play with these again, at them all away.

re grown to be a manhow these things ared here's my hand! dead these twenty yearsender if she knows 've gone down the hill-

leet and driving wrack. never should be warm: stared into the storm. storm I heard the bells.

omewhere mercy dwells . for such as L he stony-hearted town s eve had come again, on earth, good will to men!"

ements, sleet and snow, d chattering crowds and gle face I know. shadow on the dial, ires that priesthood cries. their changes bring. s take strange disguise.

I'm sure of that: people that I meet s that come and gothe street; low, old man-well, wellhust-fill up again-To the days gone by.

vines that sparkled then!" ames, the roaring fires. me that once was mine, h all its dear desires! mend! Don't say good-bye! o much almo-

one-and where am 12 old and dark it seemslow my pulses creepat have been asleep! \*\*\* AS OLD AND NEW.

ra its closing year,

bells are full and free me halis rang with cheer ept the jubflee. w the chimney doep own, my pet of three, from white faced sheep

igh above the knee. it was so wide he gifts for fifty boys, m easy slide

down with grandpa's toys! not the dainty stuff rase with childish glee, a triffe rough was a child of three.

yed green and red. and overshoes, tory, a sied, too big to lose. ed the Christmas then, Santa brought to him

e little men trees in pariors dim. the great world o'er; Bethlehem story tells ar, from shore to shore, the Christmas bells. -Boston Transcript.

4++ ass It On.

had a kindness shown? ven for you alone, down the years, another's tears, en the deed appears,

NO COLORING MATTER NO ADULTERATION

CEYLON CREEN TEA Has the same character as Japan, but is infinitely more delicious.

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And so in my thoughts I separate them | baron woed and won a young and beaustill. Well, he went away again, and I tiful bride. She was a delicate crea- must permit me to return to the castle, dress and veil; and see this wreath or saw him no more for two years, for the ture, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-hair- and make certain arrangements that next vacation he spent with some friends, ed-too fragile for the cares of this must not be delayed. I will return to in them, such as the French only can In the meantime my young sister grew world, where, indeed she did not tarry you immediately afterward," said Laura,

black eyes, and an ever-varying, most traitor!" last visit, previous to departing for his her?" tour on the Continent. I had never seen | "Peace, Lady Etheridge, until you him so handsome and fascinating as he hear the rest-it is not much. The newwas then. Still I never thought of him born babe was likely to perish for the except as the young master; and never associated him with the memory of my nursing my own child, which was but love; but during the few weeks of his three weeks old. My husband was down stay he came frequently to our lodge, with the mortal illness that finally terand always seemed affectionate to me | minated his life. The housekeeper at I used to do all the shopping and mar the castle recommended that the child keting for our little household, and oft should be placed in my charge. I was en upon returning from thees errands applied to, and I agreed to nurse the in in the village, I found Mr. Etheridge in | fant, but only on condition that company with my fair young sister. Up- | should be sent to my cottage ,and left on these occasions he would always spring in my sole care. To this His Lordship forward and greet me most affectionate-

"I have been waiting for you, Maggy."

or words to that effect. ter's heart. I had known the young squire from his boyhood, and though we both little, round, faced, bald-headed, al had once been sincere lovers, he had never done, or said, a single thing to wound uality to distinguish one from the other my delicacy; therefore, how could I suspect that his visits boded evil-to my May? Alas! I did not know how much! besides classics and mathematics he had learned at Oxford: no, nor now the world had changed him! I was blind, deaf, senseless to all misgivings. At length the last day of his visit came. The next morning he was to start upon his travels. That night my sister clung to me and wept all night. I could not comfort her. She had been hysterical for several days, and I sat it all lown to vervousness, never for an instant conlecting her malady with the tthought of the young squire's departure. The next morning he took leave of us, and went away; alone as we thought. That night my May was missing. Ah! I cannot enter upon the details of this sad story. A few days of agonizing and fruitless search and then we ascertained that she was the companion of his tour. He had waited for her at a neighboring post-town where according to their previous arrangement, she had joined him. My father was an old man, in feeble health; he never recovered the shock. The baron was in a terrible rage, and swore that he would never forgive or speak to his nephew again. He did all he could for my father, retained him in his service at full wages, and hired a young man, John | Lady Etheridge again shuddered. Elmer, to do his duty in the Chase, I must hurry over this part of my story. Within tweive months after the flight | Laura, my daughter, speak to me, I am of May father died. I married John El- dying! mer, and he succeeded to the situation of head-keeper and we continued to occupy the lodge. It was in the second Lady Etheridge, as she dropped upon year of our marriage that we got news | her knees by the bedside, and buried her of May. He had deserted her, broken face in the coverlet. her heart and she was dead-dead, and in a foreign grave! It was then that me! I am dying! Laura, Laura, you I registered an oath in heaven to avenge at least have no reason to complain; you

died, and the young one reigned in his God for forgiveness!" sobbed Laura,

band to throw up his situation, rather gloomily. than serve a master who had wrought us such bitter wrong. But John Elmer was | have done-to right this wrong-will be obstinate. We remained, and I burned more difficult than you think; the bitter hatred in my breast -and | though I shall immediately yield up my

baby.

I pass on to other days, when the new I have so long considered my own, yet.

up as beautiful a creature as ever long. It was some fifteen months af rising, and arranging her disordered bloomed into womanhood. She had a ter her marriage that she died, dress. and red, glittering black hair, splendid was a righteous judgment on him, the the morning.

sister eighteen, when the young who perished in her early youth! Oh,

want of a nursing mother. I was then

"He went away. And then I laid the babes side by side in the solitude of my room, and looked at them. Young in-"Heaven knows that I never had a fants as they were, they were much doubt of his honor, or a fear of my sis- alike. My own child and my master's were both of the same age and sex, and mond-eved babies, with no more individthan waxen dolls of the same pattern, "There, in the solitude of my cottage,

> lordship came home, it was my daughter whom I carried up to the castle to b christened by a Lord Bishop, who came down for the purpose. It was my daughter who had servants, and tutors, and governesses to attend her by day and night. It was my daughter who was brought up with the state of a young princess. Finally, it was my daughter who, at the death of the baron, entered into his inheritance as Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne!" exclaimed the weird creature, her eyes gleaming with triumph, as if again she felt the virulent stimulus of hatred, and tasted the poisoned sweetness of re-

"My God! my God! Oh, woman, woman!-for I cannot call you motherwhat is this that you have done?" moaned the lady, dropping her head upon her clasped hands.

"I have consummated my revenge-Lady Etheridge shuddered and shrank

away from her. "I have filled my life with remorse

"And I have lost my immortal soul! Laura, no longer Baroness Etheridge-

"Oh, mother! mother! mother! moth er-" exclaimed she who was no longer

"Laura, Laura, speak to me! comfort upon the head of her destroyer the rum | have not suffered by the exchange! You and death of my only sister. And to have received the education of a gen do this more effectually, I resolved to tlewoman; you should not blame me!" conceal the fiery hatred that consumed | "Mother, mother, I do not presume

"Another year passed. The old baron crime! Repent of it! repent of it! pray "Repent ?- I undo my doings. I can "I would fain have persuaded my hus- go no further," replied the woman.

"Ah! my mother, to undo what you possession of the castle and estates that

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Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a Scott's Emulsion

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ge more with

and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is

easily digested by little folks.

believe me, it will be difficult to convince | "It is very well," said Laura, languidthe House of Peers, before whom this ly, as she passed on her way up the ABSOLUTELY PURE girl whom you deprived of the title has | She entered her dressing room, when matter must come, that the nameless stairs.

any right thereunto." through a gallery of the portraits of by the friends of Lady Etheridge. her ancestors, and compare her face with theirs, and it will then be seen that Rosamond, in face and features, is a true | ferings. All these came last night, or this Etheridge. Or, if more proof is needed. let anyone strip up her sleeve, and look your ladyship's satisfaction. This really upon her right arm above the elbow. and they will see the family mark, the fiery cross, with which, while in Scotland. some ancient Baroness of Etheridge was so frightened as not only to leave its ; image on her immmediate child, but to send it down to all her descendants. Have you. Laura, any such mark, or

any such resemblance?" 'No, no: and I remember that the absence of the Etheridge mark, and of all likeness to the Etheridge family, used to be commented upon by the servants in my presence."

"Ah! nor is that all. There are other

dence will all be found complete." question as to the true inheritrix must be raised. I am glad that the answer is susceptible of proof which will place the mother, you are not dying, nor even near death, as your fears would suggest. You

small and graceful form, delicate feat- leaving behind an infant laughter | In their long interview, the night unures, complexion of the purest white of only a few days old. Her early death heeded had passed away, and brought

When Laura opened the door, the first room. The carriage still waited before the drawing room, and Mr. Hastings insquire came to the castle to pay us a nurse, how can you say such things of the door, and the coachman was asleep to the library, and come and let me "Wilson," said the lady, "I am really

sorry to have kept you sitting here all night, while I watched by a sick bed. You shall go to sleep when you get back to the castle; but now drive round to terday Lady Etheridge of Swinburne, the residence of Colonel and Mr. Hast- the mistress of all this vast estate, the ings, and request them to come to me at | betrothed of Albert Hastings, and tothe castle upon important business that day-to-day-only Laura Elmer, will not admit of delay. Then return | daughter of the village laundress. Yet hither to take me home.

returned to the house, and sat down be- ven, amid all the wreck and ruin of my to wait until the carriage came back. Will he be faithful in my fallen for-

I changed the clothing of those children, And three months afterward, when his good-morning to Lady Etheridge, was of her dressing room. so low and faltering as to be almost

> "How this child loved her supposed a footman, opening the door. mother," was the thought of Laura, as | she kindly said: "Do not be uneasy, our patient is not in immediate danger." "Thank you, I know that she is not,

Laura, sympathetically.

"The heart knoweth its own bitter-

"Very true; I beg your parden; yet | hands-Albert Hastings. permit me to be the good fairy who will foretell to you an end, before many days, of all your troubles," said Laura, gently, for not the slightest element of jealousy entered into her heart of the unconscious maiden who was soon to displace her from her high rank.

those only have troubles who have hopes, prospects and desires. I wave done: nothing but the bitterness of an aerid with my poor affairs, my lady. This is your wedding day: I have the honor to and say, can we serve you." wish you much joy, madam!" said Rose, with a deep courtesy, as she turned !

"Yes, she is an Etheridge-a true Etheridge, although she knows it not as Suburban Housekeeper Returns Their vet. And I-who am I? This must be all a dream, or a delirium of some fierce brain fever! Oh, heaven, that I could wake!-that I could burst these bonds of sleep or frenzy, and awake!" thought Laura, as she stood for a few moments like one in a trance. Then, recovering he would soon return; and, taking eave, entered the carriage and drove to winburne Castle, no longer her home. She was met in the hall by Mrs. Ma. | sional but serious inconvenience.

berly, her woman, who was all in a flutter of anxiety. "Ah, my lady! my lady! how very discreet! Just like your kind heart. stay out all night nursing a whimsical old woman, instead of taking your rest with such a day as this before you. And alack, how worn your ladyship does look. Will your ladyship lie down and sleep for an hour, and then take a warm bath and a cup of coffice before commencing your ladyship's bridal toilet. There will be lenty of time."

"No, Maberly, no I thank you; could not sleep. I will go to my dressing-room, and evchange this habit for a loose wrapper; and you may bring me a

"Yes, my lady. Will your ladyshir look into the dining-room as your lady ship goes by ? Mounseer, the French cook that Colonel Hastings brought down and applied to the others. has laid the breakfast most magnificent. my lady," said the maid, throwing open a pair of folding doors on her right, and to another. revealing a fine dining-hall, with a long table and sideboards covered with snow | bor. white damask, and sparkling, glowing, and blazing ith gold plate and crystal ceased entirely.-Philadelphia Record. glass, while all the pillars that support ed the arched roof, and all the family portraits that graced the walls, were the side, aren't they?" Tommy's Popfestooned with wreaths of flowers.

a beautiful vision met her view. Upon "Will it? The proof does not rest a center table, covered with a white velsolely upon my word or dying oath, Let vet embroidered cloth, were displayed anyone lead Rosamond Etheridge the magnificent bridal presents offered Cured by Zam-Buk-Chronic Ulcers

> "Do but see, my lady, if your ladyship is equal to it, what splendid of morning. I hope they are arranged to royal set of diamonds, my lady, came last night, with Mr. Hastings' compli ments. This other set of oriental pearls, my lady, were left with Colonel Hastings' respects. This dressing case of eb ony, with all its appointments of solid ton. This superb workbox .--- "

"There, cease, Maberly. I see all these hings. I admire them, and I acknowledge the kindness of my friends; but I am very tired; help me to undress." "Yes, my lady; but just lift up your

eyes and look upon that Indian shawl. If that splendid shawl is not enough to proofs. The links in the chain of evi- judge of ladies nor shawls. That comes restore strength to the fainting, I am no "It is better that it is so; since a forth, who brought it from Constantinople, himself, no doubt." "It is very rich and rare. There, Mab

erly, give me my dressing gown." matter at rest forever. And now, my Yes, my lady; and while you are rest ing and drinking your tea, just feast your ladyship's eyes upon that bride orange blossoms, with the real perfume

> "Yes, yes, Maberly, it is all very beautiful, no doubt; but I have now other things to occupy my thoughts." "Other things, my lady."

'Yes, yes; I am momentarily expectenglanting smile. I was twenty-five, and "My mother, my sweet young mother, rays of the rising sun streamed into the they arrive, show Colonel Hastings into know. And now leave me. I wish to be

> "Yes, my lady," said the wondering abigail, as she left the room. "Strange! oh, most strange, but yes-

still the betrothed of Albert Hastings. The weary coachman obeyed, and, ga- That was the dearest title I ever had. thering up his reins, drove off. The lady I have that still. Oh, thanks be to Heaside the bed of the now sleeping woman, fortune, I have that precious title still. Stunned by the shock of her sudden tune. Yes, yes, Oh, traitress that I should fall, distressed by doubts of the reality | be to doubt him for a moment. Yes, he of her own position, and of the stability | will be faithful. He never loved me for of her own reason, tempted to believe my rank or fortune. He loves me for the events of the night only the phan- myself. Upon the rock of my husband's passed over the face of the maiden. Her heart, where, safe as a jewel in its cas- with ribbons. cheeks were the pallid hue of death, her | ket, lies the treasure of my life, the eyes were dim and sunken, her lips blue | love of Albert Hastings!" mused Laura,

> "My lady, Mr. Hastings waits your the hoof of the equine quadruped. How ladyship's pleasure in the library," said far back that goes is not exactly known, "Very well, Williams, precede and an progenitor of the present horse, did not

leaving the dressing room. my lady," replied Rose, in a tearful she passed along the halls communicat- undoubtedly beyond the powers of prim-"Then what other grief can a young ful? I shall know now! - nay, do now! dweller was contemporaneous with the girl like you possibly have?" inquired My life-my soul on his fidelity. He will animal whose remains are found in the

And with this inspiring word upon her When men first devised plans for proness, Lady Etheridge-a bitterness with glowing lips, and with this thought tecting the hoofs of horses from damage which the stranger intermeddleth not," lighting up her eloquent face, she en- they probably made real shoes of braided replied Rose, with a certain mournful tered the library and stood in the pre- rushes and of leather, which were put sence of him who held her fate in his on the horses' feet only in time of need.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Hastings was pacing the floor, of burden and turned to greet her, exclaiming: something in the expression of that made that they could be easily removed. "I have no troubles Lade Phasidea; ous eyes, stopped him. Looking wistfully in the first century before Christ, re-

"Something has happened, Lady Etheheart. Do not occupy your noble mind Colonel Hastings and myself, and we are to horses' hoofs being broken by mighty here at your orders. Speak, dear Laura, prancings, showing that they were not (To be continued.)

## BORROWERS TOOK THE HINT.

----

Own Coffee and Gets Desired Relief.

coffee, and those who have enjoyed the their horses feet with shoes of iron. They hospitality of her board agree that her were first tied on with thongs, but with herself, she told the good neighbor to pride is well founded. For months she the invention of nails they were used to ay to Mrs. Elmer, when she awoke, that has been distressed by the propensities of some of her neighbors who have borrowed coffee, and that only, to her occa-

It was true they returned what they borrowed, or imagined they did, but the coffee they brought her back was not of the quality of that they borrowed. She could not in justice to her reputation or her own requirements or the maintenance of her reputation so much as use it. On one occasion when her complaints to her husband were particularly sorrowful he suggested that she keep the coffee returned to her for use when her visitors sought to borrow more instead of throw-

I ing it away as she had been doing. And she at once put the plan into execution. The next borrower was received sweetly and her request for a portion o coffee complied with most graciously. It was promptly returned, but with less appearance of gratification than had been the wont. The plan was continued "Mrs. Jones' coffee is not of as good

quality as formerly," said one neighbor "So I've noticed," said the other neigh-

In less than a month the borrowing Tommy - "Pop, ears are always on

"Yes, my son." Tommy-"Then what's

**RESULTS OF BLOOD POISONING** 

and So es of Nine Years Standing Healed by This Herbal Balm.

The wonderful value of Zam-Buk, the herbal balm in cases of chronic ulcers, sores, etc., is illustrated by the experience of Mrs. W. E. Rice, of London Junction (Ont), She says:

"I cannot be thankful enough for the day Zam-Buk came to Canada gold, was an offering from Lady Dorn- For nine years I had been a sufferer from running sores on my legs caused by blood-poisoning. I had tried every kind of ointment and salve that I had heard of, but none of them seemed equal to my case. Last winter I was worse than ever, and could not bear to stand on my feet for five minutes. The pain was so acute that I could not bear to

have my slippers on. "I heard of Zam-Buk, and decided to from your ladyship's cousin, Lord Sea- give it a fair trial. From first commencing with it it did me good, and it has now cured me. Whereas before I could not stand on my feet for five minutes at a time. I can now not only stand, but walk about without feeling any pain whatever. I feel like a new woman. have waited to see if the cure was permanent before making any statement, and now I am very willing to give my testimony. I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries, and if any one cares to come and see me, I shall be pleased to tell them what Zam-Buk has done for

> It is by working such cures as the Horseshoeing has been characterized as above that Zam-Buk has made for itself "one of the penalties which civilization its world-wide reputation. It is a cer- inexorably exacts." Every time a horse tain cure for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, is shod damage is done to the hoof by pimples, running sores, spreading scabs, paring it and putting nail holes in it scalp diseases, poisoned wounds, fester- and there is constant danger of a nail ing sores, piles, ulcers, bad legs, abscesses, boiles, ringworm, erysipelas, scrofula, flesh and causing lameness. It is said barber's rash, blackheads, acne, stiffness, rheumatism, and all injured, dis- machinery, which was invented in the eased or inflamed conditions of skin last century, and has almost wholly supand tissue. Of all druggists at 50c a planted the old-fashioned hand-grought box, or postpaid from the Zam-Buk Co., nail. has contributed largely to lameness us, but the loving Father will help us to Colborne street, Toronto, upon receipt of horses, as a machine-made nail is believe it even now. "For our light afof price. 6 boxes for \$2.50.

(Buffalo Express).

The days when horseshoes were nailed tasmagoria of a feverish dream, and feel- love I may repose, for I know he will over the entrances of houses to keep ing, through all this chaos of thought, never change with changed fortune. He away witches and their malign influencthe imminent necessity of immediate ac- will throw his strong arm around me es have passed away, save in some retion, Laura waited until, almost at the against the world. Had this calamity fal- mote rural communities where superstisame moment the carriage drove up to len upon him, and stripped him of rank tion continues to maintain its hold on the door, Rose, with the neighbor at and wealth, and name and fame, I should uneducated minds. But the use of the whose house she had spent the night, have loved him even more deeply for symbol has not died out, as the tiny his misfortunes. I should have been the golden horseshoe dangling from a watch Making a sign to them that her pa- happiness of my life to make him forget chain or the diamond-incrusted one on tient was asleep, Laura Elmer arose to them. I judge his noble heart by mine! the bosom or hair of beauty testifies. leave the house; but first she turned to He will be faithful! Do your worst, fate. And the belief in the luck of picking gaze on Rose, the unconscious, though Strip me of my rank and wealth, and up a castoff horseshoe in the roadway rightful Baroness Etheridge. Since the name and fame, and friends, and all is shown by the frequency which it is preceding night, a fearful change had external goods. You cannot touch my gilded and hung up and perhaps adorned

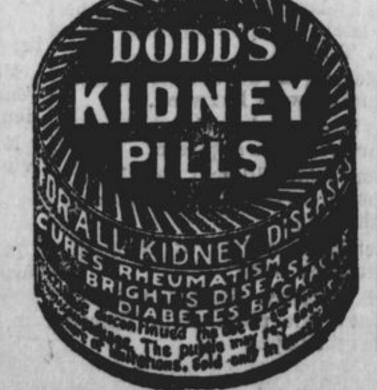
The origin of the belief in the lucky qualities of the horseshoe is lost in the and tremulous; her voice, in bidding as she sat amid the transitory splendor mist of antiquity, but it does not antedate the use of the metal protection for but it is certain that the echippus, the nounce me," said his mistress, rising and wear shoes, for he had four toes, and although the divided hoof of the ox is "Will he be faithful?" she mused, as frequently shod, to shoe four toes was ing with the library. "Will he be faith- litive man, even if the neolithic cave

fossil beds of Colorado. But as these soon wore out and the working of metal became easy the use of iron shoes came into vogue for beasts

The first were in all probability not "My worshipped Laura-" when nailed to the hoof of the horse, but so queenly brow, and those steady, lumin- Catullus, the Roman poet, who wrote fers to the way "the mule leaves her iron shoe in the stiffs and of the slough." ridge. You commanded the presence of In the old testament there is reference protected by metal shoes, but the reference by Homer to "brazen-footed" horses although others regard it as mere poetic | counselled him that the only way

besieging Cyzicus because the hoofs of In a suburb of this city resides a his horses were worn down. The earliest matron who prides herself upon her records show that the people of Thessaly were the first to protect the hoofs of fasten the hoofs and shoes together. The Greek name for the modern horse-

shoe, the shape of the crescent moon first appears in the works of the Emperor Leo in the ninth century. These were made of iron and fastened on with nails. Suctorius says that Nero, the emperor whose name is inseparably connected with the burning of Rome, had mules with silver shoes, while the elder Pliny, says that Nero's notorious Queen Poppea had her beasts shod with gold. But t is believed that these were not nailed to the hoofs, but the upper part drawn over the feet only was made of the precious metal so as to give a glittering ap-



pearance to the hoofs of the animals when they moved.

No older nails used in fastening shoes to horses' feet have been found than those believed to have belonged to Childeric I, emperor of the Franks, who died in 481 A. D. The shoes were fastened with nine nails to each hoof, but no part of the shoe remains. The oldest shoe extant is one which belonged to the Emperor Charlemagne in the eighth century. in which there are holes for nails.

William the Conquerer is believed to have introduced horseshoes into England for he gave the city of Northampton as a fief to a man in consideration of his furnishing shoes for his horses and Henry De Ferres, who went from Normandy with the king and whose descendants bear six horseshoes in their arms, was so named because he was in charge of the roval forriers.

At Oakham, the seat of the Earl of Ferrers, the rule was for centuries enforced that any baron of the realm who passed through should forfeit one of his horseshoes unless he redeemed it with a fine, and so many shoes were received in this way and placed in the castle gates that these were covered with the

When Boniface, third Duke of Tuscany, went to meet his bride in 1038, it is recorded that his train was so magnificently decorated that the horses were shod with silver instead of iron and silver nails were used, and the duke graci-

ously granted that if any fell out they should be the property of those who found them. As late as the sixteenth century an English ambassador in Paris had light silver shoes so fastened on his horse that when the animal pranced the

shoes were flung off the the crowd scrambled for them. or a sliver of one penetrating into the that the making of horseshoe nails by more likely to split when driven into the

the other outward. No monuments or sculptures are extant showing any horses with shoes ear. affliction seems heavy beyond endurlier than the second century, but a bas ance; it is heavy with an oppression relief in the museum at Avignon is of thi sdote. A coin in the British museum yet even its terrible weight is as lightfrom Tarentum of about 200 B. C. is. however, supposed to represent a shod horse. When the Huns invaded Europe their horses are believed to have been shod and the Arabs of the Hejira in 622

hoof and one portion to turn inward and

A. D. shod their steeds. When horseshoeing first came into vogue the art of the smith was regarded loving. Let us keep faith while we canas ranking with that of writing poetry not see. or giving instruction, so that noblemen. bishops and squires and even kings did not disdain to practice it and the first smiths were men of high rank. Many noble families have horseshoes in their armorial bearings.

The popular tradition that it is lucky to find a horseshoe has great antiquity, as has the custom of nailing them up for preserving the same good fortune od as an antidote to ill. In a book written by Dr. Horne in 1650 reference is made to the good luck of finding pieces of iron and the ill luck of finding silver. In Holyday's comedy "Marriage of the Arts," published in the same century, he writes that the horseshoes may never be pulled from your threshold. In his

"Reflections," published in 1695 ,he says: "The common people of the country have a tradition that 'tis a lucky thing to find a horseshoe and though 'twas to make myself merry with this fond conceit of the superstitious vulgar stooned to pick it up.'

and windows to keep away witches and their malign influence had great vogue the outer crust of this molten orb begins in the days when beset in witcheraft to cool and harden, immense volumes of was prevalent. The ancient Romans drove nails in the walls of houses as a and steams become sufficiently attenuprotection against the plague and had the ated to permit the diffused light of the protection against the plague and had they known of horseshoes they doubt-

less would have nailed them up. In the latter half of the seventeenth century a writer mentions that most of the houses in the west end of London were protected against witches by horseshoes nailed in them. As late as 1813 there were seventeen horseshoes nailed up in one London street, but in 1841 only

Only a few years ago the story was published in English newspapers of a carpenter in Ely who when taken ill imagined that a woman whom he had ejected from one of his houses had is held by some to refer to brass shoes, witched him. Certain wise old women Mithridates in his war with the Ro- | cantations, sorceries and evil influence mans had to send his cavalry away while was to have a blacksmith nail three

horseshoes over his door. This was done, and the supposed witch was so enraged that she complained to the dean of the cathedral, but he only laughed at her. Enraged at her failure to secure relief from what she regarded as an intolerable condition, she hurried to the bedside of the sick man, and despite the horseshoes over the doorway passed through it. But the sick man and his advisers had their faith restored when they found that the economical blacksmith instead of using horseshoes had nailed up three of the shoes discarded after being taken from a donkey's

As belief in witches has almost wholly passed away so has the belief in the efficacy of horseshoes to keep them away. In fact, the poetry and romance of the old fashioned horseshoe, hammered out on his anvil by the busy smith in his grimy forge—the sparks flying from the beaten steel, thrust into the fire at intervals, while with one hand he blew his huge bellows to supply the oxygen to keep the metal at white heat-almost wholly passed away when the horseshoemaking machine was invented. When first devised in 1835 it could turn out fifty or sixty pairs a minute,

and this was afterward increased. When Longfellow wrote-Under the spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy standsthere was still much more interest in blacksmithing than there is now, when the automobile has to so great an extent served to dispense with horses and horseshoers. A use to which horseshoes are often put in country districts is in pitching a game of quoits when regular quoits are not available. The heavier shoes-that it, the less worn they arethe better for this purpose.



Peace, Gentle Peace.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hear, s and minds through Christ Jesus Peace, gentie peace, pervades my happy heart For Christ within Controls my every thought, my every deed, And keeps from sin.

Nothing in self, yet everything in lilm; How caim; how blest! To back in the sweet sunshine of His love; There sweetly rest.

I never knew such bliss could here be found. Such joy serene; Such sweet communion with my blessed Lord, With naught between.

Till all I gladly laid at Jesus' feet, And passive lay In His kind hand, to fashion as He willed. The shapeless clay.

then what grand designs the Artist's To being brought!

What wendrous transformations in my soul The Savious wrought!

To leave His side-My highest joy, to sit at His dear feet, And there abide.

For by His might He keeps me from the sin That graceed my heart The evil which I loathed, and yet from which I could not part.

In sweet content the happy days go by; Nor time nor place Can rob of Christ's blest presence in my soul, His matchiess grace.

And every day beauties He displays,-New wonders rise; Till from my long-closed lips a song bursts

Of glad surprise. -Mrs. N. Ohman .-Westmount.

The Lightness of Heavy Sorrow.

Sorrow's burden is going to be outweighed, some day, by the joy for which it is making us ready. We cannot understand this while sorrow is heavy upon fliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." Our present that God must help us bear up under; ness to the "weight of giory" which God has in store for us, and which, for reasons that we cannot know, he could not give us save by the "lightness" of present affliction. Times will come, and is near at hand when we shall see to rejoice in all that now looks dark and un-

# The Realms of Chaos.

(By A Banker). Far away down the long, dim vista of the past, in that remote, long vanished mass of seething molten elements, instead of the fair beauties which now adorn it, instead of the hills and dales, the forests and leafy glades, the flowers and the emerald verdure and all the many other varied and harmonious attractions which so add to its richness and its splendor, we see but a wild chaos, a shapeless, turgid accretion of steaming semi-liquid plutonic rock, Cimmerian darkness reigns supreme; for no rain, nor, probably, at this early time, any air; and therefore no storms and tempests, but one continuous belching forth from the gigantic, reeking hypocaust, of stupendous volumes of suffo-

cating, heavy smoke. But as the long acons pass on, time be-The nailing of horseshoes over doors ing so prolonged that to our present conception it would appear to be an eternity to cool and harden, immense volumes of sun to penetrate and the alternations of day and night ensue; followed after more agons have fled, and the cooling process is almost completed, by the cessation of the mists and vapours and the

appearance of the sun, moon and stars. But during this cooling process, and before the vapors have cleared off, the earth is under the rule of the wildest chaos; for in the shrinkage which ensues mountains and hills and continents are forced upwards, and great valleys and chasms or depressions are formed, into which the displaced waters rush, And what a spectacle of fury and of conas the American continent was formerly called, was upheaved from beneath the ocean, and a stupendous deluge of tossing waters hurled in wildly surging, mountainous billows over the whole globe. And so it continued as age after age passed away, now a period of violence, now a spell of quiet and rest. until at length our earth was ready for our habitation and adorned with beauty.

and radiance and splendor. But alas, man had no sooner been created to enjoy all this than he rebelled against his Creator, all his descendants in consequence inheriting the stain of sin. But no one need suffer from that fall. for the Son of God made full, perfect and sufficient atonement for all and any who will accept the gift of eternal life

Beautiful Things. Beautiful faces are those that wear, It matters little if dark or fair, Whole-souled honesty written there.

Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below, Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the beart like songs of birds Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is hones, brave and true Momen by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly errands to and fro Down humblest ways if God wills it so. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear The needful burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless, Silent rivers of happiness Whose hidden fountains but few may guess. Robbers Worthy of Name.

(Fort Worth, Tex., Record.) Two men broke into a circus car in Ne-braska and stole two leopards. The man who stole a red-hot stove may now be set down in the amateur class.