

A House-Hunter's Reprieve.

"Yes," said mamma, "you'd better tell the doctor, Betty, that we have concluded not to take this house for another year. It's a pretty blow to me, Betty. My pecuniary arrangements with the doctor have been very advantageous, and strict economy in domestic matters is highly important just now. The little money we had when your papa died is sadly diminished, and the education has cost so much, and it is so expensive to dress and educate Blanche suitably to her style and beauty. I had hoped—I was almost certain—

might have been thought that the consummation to mamma's ambition was about to be reached. "You look already so tired," he said. "Sit down here in this easy chair, and tell me what I can do to save you from the awful fate of a house-hunter. Did you ever hear of Myrbaer Von Ghlan, who every morning said, 'I am the richest merchant in Rotterdam?' he came to grief, my dear little woman, from too much walking. Haven't you cared enough upon your poor little shoulders? If your mother will move, why don't she go herself upon this hunt that she desires?" "My mother is never quite well," I said. "And your sister?" he said. "That would never do," I replied quickly; "she is too—" and here I hesitated. "Too beautiful," he said, with a wry grimace. "Yes," I exclaimed, resolving to make one little struggle in mamma's behalf. "Don't you think that my sister is beautiful, Dr. Steele?" "Yes," he said, with all the vehemence that could be required of them; "too beautiful altogether. I wish she was as ugly as a stone fence."

of his way, apparently undisturbed by the rise or fall of real estate. "Such happened to be going out as a lion on the day that I scoured the house. The heavens opened, the rain fell, and best upon my defenceless head, that had shed and shed for many a day, I had almost lived in the streets for the previous fortnight, and ought to have grown accustomed to my nomadic miseries. But they seemed to console me in my final success, and when the agent handed me over a document which he said would secure me the house if properly signed, a cool shudder went to the marrow of my bones, and I felt as if it was my death warrant. I staggered home, resolved to have done with the whole torture that day, and found a moneyed looking person on the doorstep anxious to negotiate with the doctor about his property. This was the last turn of the thumb-screw, but I hastened to the doctor's study and asked him to know the price of the house. "A hundred thousand dollars, cash down!" shouted the doctor, without even turning his head. "I thought I had misunderstood him. I was so faint and weary that every word of his seemed to me like a blow. He carried me to an easy chair, undid my bonnet strings, dropped some liquid in a little glass, and pushing back my head, poured it down my throat. The bell rang loudly. The party at the door had raised all this time to know the price of the house. "Tell him I've changed my mind," said the doctor. "Take the bill down, John, and tell Miss Betty's mother to step down here at once."

as I can, before he comes in, that you needn't think of anybody but yourself any more. You've worn yourself out for so long enough. I'm engaged to Miss Edward Smythe, and only waiting for you to get well to marry him." "Oh, Blanche," I gasped; for the young man was little better than a poodle-dog. "I'm fond of him, Betty; I am indeed," she exclaimed; and the really looked as if she meant what she said. "I actually love him. He'll do anything in the world I tell him to do, and we shall have a most elegant time together, because his money is all his own, and I can help him take care of it, and show him how to really enjoy it in a proper way. There will be money enough for all us. You and mamma and Fred are to live with me, and it's all arranged between Fitz-Edward and myself that my family is to be held in the greatest consideration. I'd have been buried alive with your doctor, and any one that marries him will be worse than a doormat. Oh, goodness gracious me!" For the doctor walked softly in, with a bunch of roses in his hand. Blanche slipped out of the door, my mother noisily followed her, and I was left with my benefactor. "The roses fell out of his hand. He scanned me at first with the eye of a physician. He felt my pulse, my forehead, my hands, my feet; he watched me for fully ten minutes, his face softening the while from the Ecceplian carbonic acid was believed to lurk in the damp, wholesome ground. But modern science has removed all grounds for these superstitious apprehensions, and it is known now that the night air is purer than that of the day; that the dwelling in it is not injurious, and that the windows should be opened a little at the bottom and wide at the top. When one learns what goes on in the air of a tightly closed sleeping-room, breathed over and over for eight or ten hours, and without any chance of purification, it would be no cause for surprise that diseases should prevail more in country places than in towns and cities; one person will add to the air of the room ten by ten feet of air, and thus having 1000 cubic feet of air, as much carbonic acid as would amount to four parts in 10,000. As the normal proportion consistent with health is four parts of carbonic acid to 10,000 of air, the excess contributed to the air of an unventilated closed room during eight hours would be eighty parts in 10,000 of air, an increase twenty times the normal. That this does not actually happen is because a room is not exactly air-tight, but many persons fearing a draught of night air do so much as to make their rooms air-tight. The effect of breathing carbonic acid is to induce a restless torpor, a state of coma in which the brain becomes paralyzed and the blood loaded with impurities. On waking, the person has severe headache, nausea of the stomach, dimness of vision, and a continuance of the cause produces fevers of various kinds, or such a weakened condition of the system that a person falls an easy prey to infection, and the prevalent fevers and contagious diseases abound the more through this error than all others. Physicians consider that 2,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour is the least that should be supplied to healthy persons in dwellings, and this quantity is as much as would be contained in a room 14x14 feet and ten feet high. How far short of this requirement the ordinary supply is may be realized by a moment's thought, and yet how few persons are aware of the risks they run for want of the admission of fresh air into their rooms at night, through a mistaken belief that the night air is injurious. An English judge has decided that "unmarried" does not mean "never having been married," but "having no husband or wife surviving."

HEALTH NOTES. Cultivating Disease. The internal organs do not want to be thought about. A man's stomach is healthy when he does not know he has one. When we are conscious of the existence of any internal organ, that organ is sick. The internal machinery was intended to do its work unconsciously. When we begin to think about our stomachs, digestion is arrested. John Hunter said he got good by thinking about his great toe. A man who sits at the table wondering if baked potatoes will agree with him, and whether fruits and vegetables are a good combination, is in a fair way to have trouble with the simplest foods. Thinking about the internal organs gets them into a sort of stage fright, and they are powerless.—Good Health. Facts About Night Air. There is a most erroneous impression prevalent that the night air is wholesome. This is a relic of the old times when the night was supposed to afford a congenial time for ghosts and evil spirits to walk abroad, and when everything malignant and injurious threatened danger to mankind; when the imaginary witches worked their evil spells when "churchyards yawned and hell itself breathed out contagion to the world." Even the air itself was supposed to be filled with poisonous vapors and the germs of disease, and the deadly carbonic acid was believed to lurk in the damp, wholesome ground. But modern science has removed all grounds for these superstitious apprehensions, and it is known now that the night air is purer than that of the day; that the dwelling in it is not injurious, and that the windows should be opened a little at the bottom and wide at the top. When one learns what goes on in the air of a tightly closed sleeping-room, breathed over and over for eight or ten hours, and without any chance of purification, it would be no cause for surprise that diseases should prevail more in country places than in towns and cities; one person will add to the air of the room ten by ten feet of air, and thus having 1000 cubic feet of air, as much carbonic acid as would amount to four parts in 10,000. As the normal proportion consistent with health is four parts of carbonic acid to 10,000 of air, the excess contributed to the air of an unventilated closed room during eight hours would be eighty parts in 10,000 of air, an increase twenty times the normal. That this does not actually happen is because a room is not exactly air-tight, but many persons fearing a draught of night air do so much as to make their rooms air-tight. The effect of breathing carbonic acid is to induce a restless torpor, a state of coma in which the brain becomes paralyzed and the blood loaded with impurities. On waking, the person has severe headache, nausea of the stomach, dimness of vision, and a continuance of the cause produces fevers of various kinds, or such a weakened condition of the system that a person falls an easy prey to infection, and the prevalent fevers and contagious diseases abound the more through this error than all others. Physicians consider that 2,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour is the least that should be supplied to healthy persons in dwellings, and this quantity is as much as would be contained in a room 14x14 feet and ten feet high. How far short of this requirement the ordinary supply is may be realized by a moment's thought, and yet how few persons are aware of the risks they run for want of the admission of fresh air into their rooms at night, through a mistaken belief that the night air is injurious. An English judge has decided that "unmarried" does not mean "never having been married," but "having no husband or wife surviving."

ODDS AND ENDS. The younger Mayo is soon to produce a dramatization of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." It saved his life. GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont. The St. James' Gazette makes the statement that there is a schism in the English church as to what one's ghost is, one side holding that it has an existence of its own and can will abroad as it likes, the other party thinking that it is beset by the relation between the minds of two living persons—that it is, in fact, a "co-operative hallucination." Minard's Lintment Cures Bandrags. In the new Emperor and Empress Frederick Children's Hospital at Berlin there will be a completely isolated pavilion for each of the following diseases: Diphtheria, scarlatina, measles and whooping cough. In his address on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the institution Professor Virchow stated that in 1888 there were 8,921 cases of diphtheria in Berlin, of which 2,446 proved fatal. Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine is distinctly tonic and fortifier. 1m The most monotonous city in its buildings is Paris, the houses there being almost all alike. An attempt is now being made to vary this by building houses of the style of the Renaissance and Louis XVI., and hope is expressed that the example will be followed generally. Regulate the Liver and Bowels by the judicious use of National Pills, they are purely vegetable. 1m The use of electricity is offered to the lion tamer in the form of a light wand, with an insulating grip for the hand, connected by a flexible wire with a battery of which the power can be varied at will. An experiment with this form of applied science has been successfully made. Re-see-see-see. There he is again, first on my nose, then in my ear, and I dare not open my mouth for fear he should fly down my throat. Hello, John, just run over to the drug store and buy a packet of Wilson's Fly Poison Pads, I can't stand this any longer. Price 10c. Sold by all druggists. 1m The corner stone of the Piedmont Institute has been broken open by a sneak thief and robbed of the bright new dollar placed there by Judge W. C. Barber. The papers were not disturbed. The institute walls are going up rapidly and the house will be ready for use by October. Consumption Surely Cured. TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. STOOMER, 1y 164 W. Adelaide st., Toronto, Ont. It is a good deal easier to spoil a knife than to sharpen it. To begin with a rough stone is used too freely. Unless a knife has a very round or squared edge it does not want any grinding at all, and it can be brought into shape far more rapidly and surely by the aid of a whetstone and a little oil. It is no use rubbing the blade flat on the stone and laying the blade on the stone and using a knife to sharpen the edge of the blade only. If you know how to use it, the back of a knife makes an excellent steel or sharpener, but the secret is hard to acquire. There is more fun in a sheet of sticky fly paper than in a sheet of sticky fly paper. Watch the kitten playing with it on the new carpet; the latter is ruined for ever; the kitten goes into it and all the women and children rush out of the house in terror. If you want to rid your house of flies, use Wilson's Fly Poison Pads, and use as directed. Nothing else will clear them out thoroughly. Sold at 10c by all druggists. 1m They are having a peculiar picnic of Egyptian style at Owensboro, Ky., where the fat tough old sinners are bringing plaques upon the newspapers and other pious folk. The Messenger says:—"Every night a new kind of bug from the plagued shores of Indiana makes life unbearable to the consumers of the midnight oil. The last complaint was of millions of willow flies. Last night there was an invasion of a winged slug, the like of which was never seen before, in ten-fold greater numbers and in far more irritating shape."

THE GOSSIP OF A V. SOME INTERESTING CHAT. CURRENT EVENTS. The Baccin Blot in Toronto.—Respectable Examination in variety.—Another Fined gets ward—Prince George of Wales. Toronto, Aug. 11.—This city is very unenviable notoriety. Some full scenes have taken place on streets during the past week. A day of the Irish patriot, Daniel was celebrated in the usual hilarious fashion by the countrymen here. A procession paraded the streets. But flag of that day while a demon being held in Moss Park rink, a group of sympathizers arrived, and on the other party thinking that it is beset by the relation between the minds of two living persons—that it is, in fact, a "co-operative hallucination." charged on the mob and used vigorously. Subsequently more arrived on some of the other street time all the police force resorted called out and order was established. But before any had been made on the mob, freely used and stones were thrown in directions. Several people were midnight before order was restored. This riot was the outcome row between two bands a few 1m One, composed of Orangemen; belonging to the opposite faction, and a free fight ensued. Many ever attribute the trouble to "J tell an orator who holds forth in Park every Sunday afternoon, 1m This man was the cause of the disturbance in the Police Court two ago for disturbing the Sabbath decent and insulting language place. This is what the police day trials against the Cat Toronto is becoming quite no her Orange and Green rivalry pity that such faction brawl name the honor of the city and the country. A very sad and touching of ported here. Andrew Judd, soldier in the Tenth Michigan, died last week from diphtheria occasioned by this trouble v the poor father and he was the bears were conveying his casket to his resting place, alongside of his children. Much discussion has been held here of a by-law for 1m In rebuilding Toronto fore the university was winter the citizens of great deal of pride in point ters as their university, 1m overtook it and was in deny avowed to the fact that but belonged to the provi proof, not the city, other was removed to some other The results of the June amination for the University issued and adopted by the Toronto College, 23; Hra town and London, 9; Lindsay, 8; Ottawa, 5; Cambridge, 4; York, 3; Prince of Wales school; 1m Crediting each school a school in the school of in passing either in it distributed among the Toronto College, 23; Hra town and London, 9; Lindsay, 8; Ottawa, 5; Cambridge, 4; York, 3; Prince of Wales school; 1m A human brute has just been deservin months in the the whip. Half are to half just before his convicted of what is of the most cruel infliction of the cat-mad compulsory is. Pines George of Canada. He is no of a gunboat, H.M story is going it American newspaper prints has delibe Catholic Archbishop eling to accept a is being simply obey in his present command of the American Squa regulations, of a cept invitation to his honor, without manding officer, will remain in Ca turns home to a br will take a trip the fall. He will but will probably officially. Alfred Bailey, was admitted to being from a br was attracted by and ran in the the baby escaped unbr. The buggy was considerably broken. The broken bit nearly severed the horse's tongue in two.