

God makes human natures just as different as He makes plants, some needing the utmost care and protection, others blooming hardily and healthily through sun or frost.

It was full forty-eight hours before I saw Miss Trimmings again. The following day was cold and wet, which caused Mr. Curshaw to keep his room, and his daughter remained in attendance upon him; while I groaned the hours away with only my little black maid for company.

The next morning was bright and sunny, but I breakfasted in my room. Just as Chloe was wheeling my chair to the window, a tap sounded at my door, and I said "Come in," expecting to see the stylish angular form and clear-cut sallow face of Miss Trimmings enter. Instead, the Venus-like proportions and Hebe countenance of Miss Folly appeared.

"Mother sent me to see how you were," she explained. "We didn't see you at all yesterday, and feared you might be sick."

"I was ill yesterday—the rain renewed my rheumatism of course. But I shall be out to dinner to-day," I replied.

"Well, I'm glad of that," Miss Mollie said. "I like to see everybody out meals. I just enjoy a crowd, and we had half a dozen arrivals last night. One perfect swell from Chicago, a Mr. Archer. Oh, but he is stunning—such a mustache, and big, solemn eyes with white lids half covering them. I mean to go for him."

"To what, Miss Mollie?"

"To go for him," repeated Miss Mollie deliberately putting her head upon one side and looking at me with round blue saucy eyes. "That means set my cap for him. He is just the kind of a swell I have been looking for!"

"Oh, Mollie, how can you talk so!" I cried, fairly horrified with the girl's language and ideas. "Don't you know slang like that is vulgar, and unlady like? and how can you make such assertions about a stranger? You know nothing of him—he may be a gambler."

"Oh no, he isn't," Mollie asserted, shaking her head knowingly. "He is on very friendly terms with old money-bags, Mr. Curshaw, and his thin daughter, my! didn't she smile sweetly on him all through breakfast. Just you wait till I sail in and cut her out. He gave me one or two awful cute looks while I waited on him, which she didn't see."

"Mollie," I said gravely, "you are a very rash, foolish girl to allow any stranger to give you what you call cute looks. Don't you know that such a liberty is an insult? and if you do not resent it, men will think you are not a good girl?"

Mollie tossed her head.

"Oh, pshaw!" she answered. "Men are not so bad as some would make out. I've seen a great deal of them in the three years pa's been keeping hotel, and I'm not afraid of them. The fellows that come here just like to have a little flirtation, that's all. They like a girl with some life and fun in her too, and they all treat me well. They all know better than to say or do one thing out of the way before me. They know I've got a temper of my own if I choose to use it. Don't you worry about me, Mrs. Dillingham, I only mean to have a good time. I'll never be young but once, ma says. Well, by-by—just let us know if you want anything."

And the vain, self-conceited, crude, handsome creature tripped away, leaving me fairly sick at heart.

The afternoon was very warm and beautiful, and I had my chair taken out through the French window upon the veranda, where I could enjoy the sunshine, and a view of the rugged, picturesque scenery which characterizes Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

While I sat there, I saw two figures approachin from the winding street that

led to the cluster of shops and the P. O. which constituted the village.

One was Miss Trimmings, arrayed all in white, with no end of tucks and frills and floating ribbons, the other I instantly recognized as Mr. Archer, from the description given me that morning by Miss Folly. The waxed mustache, the dark eyes, the drooping lids. He was of medium height, well built, and his white duck suit was extremely becoming to his dark, melancholy face.

He carried his companion's red parasol, and bent his head toward her while he conversed with an air of tender devotion.

I wondered to myself what they found to talk about. Was Mr. Archer interested in the latest fashions? Was he describing to his companion the new styles of hats and mantles? I had never found myself able to engage Miss Trimmings' attention for more than five minutes upon any other topic.

She brought him to me, and introduced him. Mr. Archer made an elaborate bow, and they both took seats near me. I studied the young man closely. He was very handsome and well-bred. But I felt instinctively that he was not a sincere character clear through.

His manner to Miss Agnes was impressive, yet I could not feel that he was earnestly and honestly in love with her. There was too much display, and not enough of that nameless deference and reverence which characterizes a true love.

After some moments, passed in light badinage and chit-chat, Miss Trimmings excused herself to go and see if her father needed her attention. She begged Mr. Archer to remain and entertain me.

Just as Miss Trimmings disappeared, Miss Folly came around from the wing of the building, all dressed for a walk. She wore a pink lawn, long lace mitts which displayed her handsome arms, a broad hat set well back on her head, and carried a small basket. She nodded to me brightly, and threw a side-glance at Mr. Archer, as she walked slowly toward the village, with various little tossings of the head and shoulders, which showed her consciousness of being observed.

Mr. Archer's eyes followed the girl's form as long as it was visible. Then after a few moments he remarked that he believed he would stroll in the yard and smoke a cigar, and fifteen minutes later I saw him walking idly down the street and out of sight.

I went back to my room, like an old turtle to its shell, feeling very much out of sorts with the whole world, in general, and the guests at Sulphur Lake in particular.

Miss Folly was waiting on the guests at supper again that evening, and her face fairly glowed with health and happiness. She was a goodly sight for old eyes, in her radiant young beauty, but my heart ached with an indefinable dread as I looked at her.

And no wonder.

Yet as the days wore on, my fears of a foolish flirtation between Mr. Archer and Mollie seemed groundless. I confess my first impression of that young gentleman led me to think he would not scruple to amuse himself at Miss Folly's expense. And she had deliberately announced her intention to "go to him," which translated I understood to mean to seek his attention.

To my surprise, however, and relief, Mollie's conduct underwent a marked change during the next month. She made herself less conspicuous, did not frequent the veranda so often, and her voice and laugh were less boisterous. Yet, she looked the picture of happiness—I often felt as if she carried with her an atmosphere of suppressed joy.

And she scarcely noticed Mr. Archer at all, and he never looked at her, save in the most casual manner.

After all, I concluded I was an old fool, and had better mind my own affairs and

not borrow trouble about other people, who seemed quite able to look out for themselves.

Miss Trimmings no longer complained of the dullness, or expressed any desire to change her location. She received several express packages containing new dresses, and Mr. Archer's devotion remained unabated. Indeed, I sometimes thought each new costume called forth an increase of devotion from him. I sometimes wondered vaguely if she had been a poor man's daughter, plainly attired, whether handsome Hugh Archer would have given his whole summer to her entertainment in this quiet little health-resort.

And what did they talk about? This question still puzzled me, for I discovered Mr. Archer to be well read and decidedly bookish in his tastes, while story papers and fashion periodicals comprised Miss Trimmings' reading matter. And I could not imagine her being interested in even love-making, unless it was mixed with a discussion of the modes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Said a nervous visitor to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking-water from."

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it.

Sir Samuel Moreland's travelling coach had a fire-place and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clockwork.

As well expect life without air, as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Mackinaw straw hats are the best for mountain and seaside wear.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured. There are base imitations of this medicine for sale; see that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Beau Brummel, speaking of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup!"

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences.

A crazy quilt may be an undesirable sort of an article, but it isn't half as bad as the spread of the cholera.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

Dr. Paley, having been out fishing for a whole day, was asked on his return if he had met with good sport. "Oh yes," he answered, "I have caught no fish, but I have made a sermon."

"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferer from chills and fever generally find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commence to use Ayer's Ague Cure. That medicine eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and invariably cures even the worst cases.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

Pope says:

One loves the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.

Furred Tongue and impure Breath are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.

The beaver is not profane, but he will dam a river when it is low as vigorously as a steamboat mate.

SPAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellery, trinkets, toys, etc.

A bachelor's view: "Men's rights —" and this is as much as they deserve.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

A woman who would give fifty dollars for a pug dog, would give twice that much to get rid of a pug nose. There are pugs and pugs.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Some people are "clothed in their right minds," but forgetful ones are clothed in their left minds.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?  
No tears can e'er bedew mine eye  
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

John L. Sullivan is the strongest man at the Boston bar.

What is it makes me hale and stout,  
And all my friends can't make it out,  
I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

The camel has a hump higher than any thing the base ball field can show up.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,  
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,  
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Short fob chains are worn by ladies as well as gentlemen.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

A bald headed man hasn't much to be proud of, but he always wants to put on hairs.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Bathing suits are belted with woollen cloths to match.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. &c. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

A sower trial—testing an agricultural implement.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

A married woman, having made aname, gives up her maiden name.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.