A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

Meantime Kitty, who is still sore at heart, has successfully eluded her husband throughout the day, much to that careless man's bewilderment. Feigning headache in the morning, she escapes breakfast, and is dead to all the tender messages of condolence conveyed to her through her maid. Yet withal she suffers more from this self-enforced severance than he does, and grows sadder if not wiser as the hours pass without bringing about a reconciliation.

About four a longing to see some one of whose affection she may count herself assured induces her to drive to Gretchen's, where she finds Kenneth on a sofa, with "little Tom Scarlett" and two or three other men around him, laughing and talking as he has not done for many a day. Gretchen at a distance — looking sweeter and more girlish than ever — is pouring out tea, and making much of Dandy, who has just come off second best in a wordy war with Brandy, who is also present.

"My dear girl, how glad I am you have come! I hardly hoped to see you to-day — I don't know why," Gretchen says, flushing with unmistakable pleasure, as Kitty, tall and stately, sweeps up the pretty room.

"Neither do I," returns Kitty, laughing, "considering I generally and my way here five days out of the week. I always say" — sinking into a chair, with a little sigh that has something in it resembling envy — "this is the pleasantest house in town."

"You are going to the opera to-night, are you not, Kitty?" asks Kenneth, presently, from his sofa.

"Yes, dear."

"Make Gretchen go with you. She wants to hear Tassalle, and won't go by herself."

"Why not come to our box?" says Kitty, persuasively, turning to her sister. "Brandy will bring you, and I myself will see you home with — with Jack."

"May I count on you, Brandy?" asks Gretchen, addressing that ingenious youth, who is standing in one of the windows, apparently lost in thought, though in reality he is only meditating on some final remark that shall help to smash beyond all recognition his quondam friend.

"I should be charmed, my dear, but I really am not at liberty," he says, being under the delusion that Mrs. Charteris is to be present to-night at a "small and early" given in Berkeley Square; whereas she has refused that invitation, and is going to the opera, and nowhere else later on. "Please don't compel me, Gretchen. I would do anything to oblige you, — really anything, from playing pitch-and-toss up to manslaughter, if it would afford you the smallest gratification; but I confess the opera to-night is out of my reach."

Gretchen shrugs her shoulders.

"Then you will take me, Dandy?" she says, turning to Mr. Diamont.

"Thanks awfully," replies he, speaking with unconcealed alacrity. "It is very good of you to have me. I hate my own society; and I was bound to put in an appearance at the Italian house to-night."

"I didn't know you were going," says Brandy, with sudden suspicion, trying to examine his friend's infantile features. Dandy has also had an invitation to that dance in Berkeley Square. Why is he not going? He may be going later on, certainly; but it is unlike the careful Dinmont to be late on the field.

"You said nothing of it."

"No?" — innocently, but maliciously. "I don't care about those Stanleys, so I sha'n't go to the Square; and, besides, yesterday Mrs. Charteris made rather a point of seeing me at the opera to-night, — has a commission or something for me to execute, and asked me to come to her box some time during the evening, that she might tell me about it."

"Ah!" says Brandy. For an instant he suffers defeat, — only for an instant; then he rallies and comes to the front boldly.

Going up to Gretchen, he leans over her chair, and pushes back tenderly a little bit of her pretty hair behind her ears.

"Though I have behaved badly to you, Meg," he says, caressingly, "will you do something for me?"

"It depends upon what it is," replies Meg, with a sweet smile.

"Will you forget what I said just now, and let me take you to the opera?"

"But Dandy has promised to take care of me; and, besides, I thought you said you had a pressing engagement that prevented you escorting your poor little sister. How is that, Master Brandy?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world," says Mr. Tremaine, unabashed; "I have changed my mind. The fact is, Mrs. Charteris gave me a fan to get mended for her, and, as I believed she would be at the Stanley's to-night, I meant to go there to return it to her; but (as Dinmont has kindly informed me) she is going to the opera. I should like to go there too."

"How flattering, says Gretchen, laughing. "It seems to be all Mrs. Charteris. I wonder in what part of the play I make my appearance? However, I am not greedy, nor do I bear malice. You shall both escort me, if you will."

"There is safety in a multitude," says Kenneth.

"It depends upon the kind of rable," says Kitty. "I think it rather rash your trusting yourself alone to two such incompetent people. Why, they can't even take care of themselves," — giving Brandy's ear a little pinch.

"Better accept me as a guard of honor," says Danvers. "Never court danger if you can decently avoid it."

"No, — thanks; I shall keep to my bargain. I am sure 'our boys' will behave very prettily to me," returns Gretchen, smiling.

"I accept defeat," says Danvers, falling back again upon Kenneth; and, Gretchen crossing the room to a distant davenport to show Kitty some important missive received from their mother that morning, Brandy and Dandy find themselves virtually alone.

Brandy hastens to break the dismal silence consequent on Gretchen's retreat.

"What was that you said just now," he asks, with unconcealed scorn and a tendency towards gibing in his tone, "about Mrs. Charteris and her making a point to see you to-night? I like that."

"I'm glad you do. It speaks well for you. Truth is so seldom palatable," retorts Mr. Dinmont, with a maddening smile.

"At times, as it seems to me, your absurd infatuation for Mrs. Charteris rather leads you astray,— makes your intellect totter on its throne. Frail things as a rule do totter," says Tremaine, with a short laugh. "I'd propose to her if I were you."

"So I shall, the first available opportunity,"—with immovable calm.

"You've pluck, but I doubt her giving you that available opportunity."

"Then I shall make one for myself"—stoutly.

"Then so shall I," declares Brandy, in a furious though suppressed tone, now thoroughly incensed. "Yes, I suppose I have as good a chance as you have. You never knew her until I introduced you; and as I" (heavily accentuated) "am not the one to do things in an underhand fashion, I tell you I too shall propose to her as soon as occasion offers, and so I warn you."

"Warn me, sir! What do you mean? Do you imagine I fear you as a rival? I beg you will try to master the fact that I fear no man, —you least of all," — with withering contempt. "You can propose to her, or to the Princess Beatrice, or to any one else your madness suggests, with, I should say, quite the same result in all cases."

"You mean Mrs. Charteris will refuse me, — struck by your superior charms, no doubt? I flatter myself I'm better looking than you, anyway."

"You may be," — with imperturbable nonchalance, — "and better bred your manners prove you! but you're not richer; and money makes the man, according to Byron."

"The Tremaine property is as good as the Dinmont's any day," — with intense disgust. "You can do as you like, however. A refusal will be good for you, and take you down a bit."

"I shall thank you not to address me again on any subject," says Dandy, with sudden wrath

Brandy laughs sardonically.

"It isn't a friendly act," he says, "to sit silent and watch a fellow make an ass of himself without uttering a word of expostulation."

At this Dandy exhibits his best sneer.

"Your affecting concern for my welfare touches me deeply," he is beginning, when a movement among the other occupants of the room checks him. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine where this charming discussion might have led the belligerents did not Kitty, coming up at this point, say good-bye to Dinmont and carry Brandy away with her.

One by one the others too depart, and evening falls very silently, and the lamps are lit in the square outside, and the cries of the venders grow less, and the music of the wheels grows louder, and the people hurry madly to and fro, as though the last moment for action has indeed come.

Gretchen, standing at the window, looking down upon the pavements and the flickering jets of gas, and humming softly to herself, marks a little child standing half bare and wholly lonely against a lamp-post. Hunger sits upon his brow; and want, and worse than want, have made hollows in the cheeks that should be rounded and flushed with childish grace and beauty.

"How absorbed you are!" says Kenneth from his sofa.

"Yes. I am watching a little boy —such a pretty child, but so thin and miserable, poor little fellow. I wonder where his mother is? See! he is looking up. Oh! I must give him something," — turning impulsively to the door, as though bent on embracing the picturesque gamin then and there.

"Tell Jacobs to give him something, darling, and don't worry yourself," says Kenneth.

"I don't think servants giving things nicely, do you, Ken?" asks she, wistfully. "And he is such a pretty boy. No, I shall run down and see to him myself."

"So she runs out of the room, and, I dare say, makes that boy blissfully happy for an hour or so, and presently returns, bringing Jack Blunden in her train, who has looked in idly on his way home, almost hoping to find Kitty here. He is more upset about this quarrel with his wife than he is himself quite aware of, and he is in unmistakably low spirits.

"Ah, Blunden," says Kenneth, who likes Jack better than most people, "what lucky wind has blown you here this evening?"

"A desire to see you both, Gretchen especially. She is the one restful thing, I think, in all this great Babylon—the one green spot in the wilderness."

"My dear Ken, if you allow this sort of thing to go on you will be the sufferer," says Gretchen, laughing. "I shall become arrogant and overbearing, and all my amiability —now so much admired—will die a natural death. Kitty was here, Jack, about an hour ago. Did you know?"

"No; I haven't seen her for some hours." returns Sir John, in a constrained and rather bored tone. "She is going to hear Patti to-night."

"And you? You are going?"

"I'm not sure. Kitty said something about going to the Stanleys afterwards, and I hate that kind of affair, and Mrs. Stanley in particular. I can't endure gushing women, and I like a little moderation in the use of rouge. The fact is, Mrs. Stanley and I don't love each other dear. Are you going?"

"No."

"Not even to the opera?"

"Yes, I shall go there, certainly," says Gretchen, who is playing a symphony, with variations, — many variations, — on her husband's head.

Thinking she is going to her own box, he says nothing more on this subject, but passes on to another.

"I shall never forget the astonishment I felt to-night," he says, smiling. "Fancy walking up to any respectable house and finding the mistress of it indulging in a lengthened and apparently cheerful conversation with a very filthy little boy, who couldn't understand a word she was saying, because she was unable to speak his native language, which is slang!"

"Nonsense! He was the dearest boy. And so grateful! I told him he should have his breakfast here every morning, and I made him promise to come and tell me whenever he is hungry."

"Ah!" says Sir John, mildly. "You didn't order a camp-stool for him on the door step, did you? Because I should rather fancy, after your noble offer of assistance, it is there he will take his 'lonely stand' for the term of his natural existence. You're in awful luck to get a pretty boy; it will be so much more ornamental than an ugly one."

"Poor Kitty," says Gretchen, making a little grimace; "I can't help pitying her when I think what a goose she has married."

But at the mention of his wife's name Sir John grows grave again and goes back to common-place subjects.

"Do you still like that new man,— Blunt?" he asks, turning to Dugdale.

"Very much," Gretchen returns, eagerly, answering for Kenneth. "He is so gentle, and, I am sure, clever. When I see him I believe in him, he looks so strong, so able. And then there is that successful case of his, — Letty Norman's brother. He was considered almost hopeless, and is now nearly well. And Ken is much better. Are you not, Ken?"

"Yes, I really think I am," says Kenneth, who would have said just the same to please her were it the blackest untruth. "And really Norman's case, you know, was one in a thousand."

"One likes to hear that," says Blunden, heartily. "Hearing of a new man, one likes to know something positive about his genius before going into ecstacies over him. You have faith in him yourself?"

"Well, yes, I think so."

"That's right; that's half the battle," — cheerfully. "I always think, you know, one ought to believe in a fellow when he is doing all he can for one. It's only decently grateful, you know. And really you are looking better. I suppose the change from the country to this pure air——"

"That will do; you may draw the line there," says Kenneth, laughing; and Jack rises to go.

"So glad we shall see you to-night," he says to Gretchen. "Kitty" — with a slightly dejected air — "is never so happy with any one else as with you."

"What a modest speech!" says Gretchen. "Except myself, you ought to have added."

"Well, I'm not sure, do you know?" says Jack, simply, almost wistfully; and then he bids them good-bye and goes home to his dinner.

(To Be Continued.)

A DEFINITION OF PRIDE.

"Father," said his son, looking up from a book, "what is pride?"

"Pride!" returned the father. "Pride! Why—a—eh, surely you know what pride is. A sort of being stuck up—a kind of—well, proud, you know. I just get the dictionary —that's the thing to tell you exactly what it is. There's nothing like a dictionary, Johnny."

"Here it is," said the latter, after an exhausting search. "'Pride — being proud.'"

"Um—yes, that's it," replied the father.

"But——"

"Well, look at 'proud'! That's the way—you've got to hunt these things out, my lad."

"I've got it," answered Johnny. "Pre—pri—pro—why——!"

"What does it say?"

"'Proud—having pride.'"

"That's it. There you are, as clear as day. I tell you, Johnny, there is nothing like a good dictionary when you are young. Take care of the binding, my son, as you put it back."

PERHAPS.

"I don't have no opinion of these new-fangled women's notions," said Mr. Hyde, when his wife timidly expressed her desire to join the woman's self-improvement society.

"But we learn so much there," ventured Mrs. Hyde.

"Don't believe it!" snapped Mr. Hyde. "Women don't know much, that's a fact; but let 'em stick to their domestic duties and learn them. That's my opinion. Let 'em follow St. Paul's injunction, stay at home, and ask their husbands if they want to know anything."

"But, John——"

"I've settled it, and that's enough, Jane."

"But, John, that's what women have been doing all this time, and perhaps that's the reason they don't know much."

And then Mr. Hyde threw his boot at the cat and boxed Freddy's ears for grinning.

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If you want to keep your little ones hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them Baby's Own Tablets the moment they show signs of being out of order in any way.

This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the world for sleeplessness, nervousness, irritation when teething, etc. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles; first, because it always does good; and, second, because it can never do any harm—guaranteed free from opiates. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, Kingston, Ont., says: —"I began using Baby's Own Tablets when my little girl was about three months old. At that time she had indigestion badly; she was vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly and although she had an apparently ravenous appetite her food did her no good and she was very thin. Nothing helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets, but after giving her these the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. I have since used the Tablets for other troubles and have found them all that can be desired—they are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest, weakest infant by crushing them to a powder. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

One Sunday, as a minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old lady, who said: "Oh, well do I like the day that you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: "My good lady, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I can always get a good seat."

"I am Mr. Phake, sir," said the obtrusive stranger. "maker of Phake's panacea." "Ah, yes," remarked Cadleigh. "Your medicine, sir, has benefited me greatly." "Glad to hear it. I——" "Yes, a rich uncle of mine took it, and I was his sole heir."

P.—"Is old Closefist mean?" Q.—"Mean! Why, he lives in the suburbs, and has made a complaint to the authorities to prevent cyclists from pumping the pure air of the place into their pneumatic tyres."

Pompous Mistress—"Who is that man at the door, Hannah?" New Girl—"He says he's the rent collector, ma'am." P. M.—"But, Hannah, we don't pay rent." New Girl —"That's what he says, ma'am."

The Crime In the First Smoker

I.

In the oily duskiness of the guard's van, something on his watch chain glinted and sparkled like an eye of pure white fire.

"What have you got there?" I asked him.

He took it off his watch chain and handed it to me. It was a heart-shaped diamond — as far as I could judge, one of the purest water, and extremely valuable, and on the plain gold band, which ended in a snap-ring, was engraved the one word "Thanks."

"It seems a curious thing for a man like me to wear, doesn't it?" said the guard. "And I've been told that if I sold it I should get as much—or more—for it than the pension which the company, I hope, will give me one day; but I shall never sell the pendant while I live."

"Of course, it's got a story?" I asked curiously.

The guard laughed.

"It very nearly killed me, that thing did," he said— "and killed me on the gallows, too."

"What ever do you mean?" said I. "You didn't——"

"No," — laughed the guard, "it wasn't robbery with violence; but it looked very like it at the time.

"I expect you heard about the murder of Herbert Jeaffreson, M.P., and of the guard who was accused of it? You may have heard, too, of the death of Samuel Finkelstein, the diamond-broker, of Hatton Garden?"

"I heard of both things, certainly," I said. "But Finkelstein, I fancy, was run over by a cab, and —"

"And it never occurred to you to connect the deaths of the two men in any way. This diamond pendant was given to me by Finkelstein, and now I'll tell you the story without more ado.

"When the 9.30 steamed into Hurleyford Station, Mr. Jeaffreson, the M.P. for the district, was lying murdered in a first-class carriage, and I was standing over him. Finkelstein, who was the only other person in the carriage, was lying in a dead faint, half on the seat, half on the floor, and in my turned-up trouser leg, was this diamond pendant—or, rather, this diamond, for the setting was not put on till some time afterwards.

"Mr. Jeaffreson had been killed by strangulation. His watch-glass was broken where the murderer had kneeled upon it, and round his neck were the dull purple marks of a strong man's ten fingers. I can see those purple marks now as I think of it.

"I explained that I had heard a faint shout for help coming from the compartment—a first-class one — next the van, and that, not being certain whether anything was really wrong, I had not stopped the train, but had climbed into the first-class carriage to see what was happening. There I found the dead body of Mr. Jeaffreson and the unconscious one of Finkelstein. Need I tell you that nobody believed my story in the least, and when they found this diamond on me, and an ounce of stones clutched in Finkelstein's hands, matters looked very black indeed against me?

"The little diamond-broker, when he was well enough to be questioned, said that he knew nothing whatsoever of what had happened. He had fallen asleep soon after the train left London, and when he awoke it was to find a crowd around him and a doctor bending over him. As to the open parcel of diamonds, they were his, of course; but he could not remember having taken them out of his pocket. He was ready, in fact, to swear, he said, that he had not done so.

"My character was, I suppose, at least as good as Mr. Finkelstein's; but the man was such a weak and pitiful little creature that nobody believed it to be possible that he could have strangled Mr. Jeaffreson, and there seemed no reason, either, why he should have done so.

"With me the case was different. I saw that well enough. Everybody thought that I had tried to rob the diamond-broker, and had been interrupted by Mr. Jeaffreson, whom I had strangled; and, to cut a long story short, I was taken off to prison.

"A few days afterwards I was taken from prison to St. Thomas's Hospital. A dying man had asked to see me, I was told. When we got to his bedside I found a magistrate there, with his clerk, and, to my surprise, saw that the dying man was little Finkelstein. He had been run over by a hansom, as you know, and the doctors had said he could not live more than an hour or two. The poor little wreck of humanity stretched out a bony hand to me as I came up to the bedside, and pressed my fingers in his clammy ones.

"'No honest man will shake hands with me when I've told my story!' he groaned, in agony. 'And yet it wasn't my fault!'

"'Waste no words unnecessarily, Mr. Finkelstein,' said the doctor, who had his fingers on the poor creature's pulse. 'Get through what you have to say as quickly as you can, and try not to excite yourself unduly.'

"They raised him up a little, and he handed me this heart-shaped pendant.

"'Have it engraved with the word "Thanks,"' he said.

"Then he turned towards the magistrate's clerk, who was waiting to take down the deposition he had promised, and in a rattling, broken voice, as though every word was costing him a struggle, he told us the true story of the death of Mr. Jeaffreson, which I will repeat to you in as nearly his own words as I can.

II.

"The other passenger was in the carriage when I entered," he began. "I had arrived at the station at the last moment, and if I had noticed that I was not alone in the compartment I would not have got into it. I'm a nervous man, and I had property upon me worth nearly £40,000. I sat in the far corner of the carriage—opposite, but as far away from my fellow-passenger as I could manage. I could not see his face, for he was wearing, as you know, a large-brimmed soft felt hat; but his appearance inspired me with a vague distrust.

"Whenever I looked down at my newspaper I could feel his eyes upon me, and it seemed to me as though his eyes, although I had not seen them, could see the outline of my pocket-book and of my parcel of diamonds through my coat and overcoat. I got up and pulled down half of the blue shade over the lamp in the ceiling, so that my half of the compartment was in darkness, while his half was brightly lit; then, with one hand inside my pocket, I closed my eyes, and pretended to sleep. But through my closed eyelids, in the dark, I could feel the gaze of the man in the corner fixed upon me. I looked up suddenly, and as I did so he looked down again.

"'He does not want me to see his face,' I whispered to myself.

"Presently I felt a quiver of apprehension run through me. The man had pulled his soft hat down over his eyes, and I knew he was going to get up and close the other half of the blue shade over the lamp. 'What will he do then?' I thought, trembling.

"I could feel my teeth chatter, and I remember muttering to myself that it was cold, and laughing at myself for saying so. I knew it wasn't cold. I knew I was afraid—terribly, dangerously afraid—of that man in the corner. I knew well enough now why he was there. He had come for the diamonds, and as soon as he thought that I was well asleep he would murder me and take them. How would he do it? Would it be a blow with a bludgeon, a revolver shot, chloroform, or a dagger?

"As I thought of these things I went through the sufferings of death in each of the ways in which I feared it. I could feel the crack of the loaded stick upon my skull as the skin broke. I could feel the chloroform gradually steal my senses from me, and in my struggles against its imaginary influence I all but shrieked aloud.

"The man in the corner gave another quick, searching glance at me as I sat there quivering in the blue-black darkness of the carriage, pulled his hat still lower over his eyes, and slipped his right hand into his breast-pocket. The time had come for one of us to strike the blow. I struck him first. I hardly know quite how I did it. I was upon my enemy.

"I had my hands upon his throat, and pressed and pressed at it with all the strength which my own terror gave me. Even now, as I tell you about it, I feel the starting veins of that warm, hairy throat beneath my fingers, and the brush of his beard as, once in the struggle, it touched my face. I don't know how long I kneeled upon his breast there in the carriage, but it seemed to last a year. From the time I sprang at him I never loosed my grip, but pressed and pressed and pressed, until he fell back dead.

"When he ceased to struggle I sat down quietly in my place again, and took my diamonds from my pocket to see if they were safe. Then I suppose I fainted, for I can remember nothing else.

"This man — the guard — is as innocent of the murder of Herbert Jeaffreson as I, in God's sight, am innocent of it. Men would perhaps condemn me, God knows that I was mad with fear, and not responsible.

"Now that I am dying I see things more clearly. I saw the dead man's face when we were taken from the carriage at the station, and when the guard was handcuffed, and the look of surprise upon it has haunted me ever since. It was my fright, my baseless terror, which killed Herbert Jeaffreson; but that terror was beyond my own control, and in God's sight I am quite innocent of murder.

* * * * * *

"The last words were more of a supreme appeal than a mere statement.

"The dying man, whose breath came with more difficulty than ever, turned his lack-lustre eyes to me.

"'You must forgive me, guard,' he said, 'for the suspicion which was thrown upon you. They will set you free now that I have confessed the truth, and you must keep the pendant, and try not to think hardly of me. I am a coward—that was my only fault.'

"I bent over poor little Finkelstein and kissed him on the forehead.

"'The beard—the dreadful man's beard!' he shrieked, and died, in an agony of terror."—London Answers.

MILEAGE TICKETS.

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Milcage tickets are used very generally by persons who travel at all regularly in the State of New York. The liberal conditions under which these conditions have been issued induce almost every family to purchase a mileage ticket, so that very often a person will make a trip on a slight excuse, having in the house the means of traveling without the time paying out any money.

It is estimated that there are used of New York Central mileage books alone from seven to ten million miles per month. Notwithstanding that the courts have decided that the act of the Legislature of New York obliging railroads to issue mileage tickets is unconstitutional, the New York Central still continues to sell them under the same liberal conditions as before. Perhaps this is one of the reasons for the steady increase in the passenger traffic of the New York Central and its leased lines.

People appreciate low rates for travel and liberal arrangements under which the low rates can be secured. They dislike red tape and want to avoid it as much as they can. The direct, straight-forward two-cent per mile mileage ticket suits them exactly, and practically everybody on the Central has one.—From the Buffalo Commercial.

NEW VOLCANIC PHENOMENA.

Geologists who have visited Martinique since the terrible eruption of Mont Pelee, by which the city of St. Pierre was destroyed on May 8th, report that some of the phenomena connected with this volcanic outburst present facts that are new to science. A "tornadic blast," consisting of scorching gases and dry, superheated steam, driven with resistless force across the island, is thought by some to have been chiefly responsible for the sudden and awful loss of life. These fearful blasts were repeated after the catastrophe, and on May 20th they are said to have attained an intensity exceeding that at first manifested; but this time they blew only over the dead. The electric phenomena connected with the eruption were also of an extraordinary character.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

The professor suddenly arose from his chair, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and went towards his wife with the expression and air of a man who at last has come to a final decision.

"Now listen to me, wife," he said. "And I do not want you to oppose me, do you hear?"

"Yes, dear; what is it, then?"

"Now, no opposition, mind! I wish the boy to be an engineer."

"But, my dear, what are you talking about? We haven't any boy!"

"Oh, yes, that is so; I had forgotten that," said the professor, as he resumed his seat.

318 million bricks were used in building the main drainage works of London.

SALADA

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Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

GREEN FOOD AND ROOTS

HINTS ON ECONOMICAL PORK PRODUCTION.

The Farmer May Make Forage Plants the Chief Item of His Pig Feed.

In the past some objections have been raised by the packers re the use of forage plants and roots for pork production, but the light of recent experiments would seem to show their fears or objections groundless; in fact, the good influence of a considerable proportion of green feed or roots in the ration of a pig can scarcely be overestimated. It has long been known that skim milk has a most beneficial influence upon the thrift of the porkers and quality of the pork, even when the amount fed forms only a small part of the ration. Green food and roots seem in a large measure to be capable of supplementing the new,—in view of the tremendous expansion in the Canadian bacon industry,—quite inadequate supply of dairy by-products, for use in pig feeding. The farmer whose conditions permit may go even further than to use forage plants as a supplementary food. He may even make them the chief item of his pig feed if he is careful to use a good proportion of grain, (oats, peas and barley), during the last month of the feeding period.

As the season is rather far advanced for an exhaustive discussion of forage crops suitable for this purpose, I shall confine my remarks to such as are

STILL SEASONABLE.

Clover.—Probably no crop is better adapted to young pigs than clover, and a bit of clover stubble used for this purpose will give very good returns. So far as our experiments go, the pork so produced is of good quality.

Rape.—Of all the crops used here so far for pasturing pigs, rape quite easily stands first. The principal points in its favor are :—(1) its quick growth, (2) its wide range, as it grows well in almost any kind of land, (3) its long season, as it may be sown as late as September and still do fairly well, (4) its evident palatability, as the pigs eat it greedily, and (5) its good effect upon the quality of the bacon, producing as it does, almost invariably a good firm carcass. Rape may be expected to be fit for pasturage from 6 to 8 weeks from date of sowing. It should be sown in rows about 24 inches apart, since when so grown it gives the greatest return per acre, and is best adapted for pasturing. It should be sown fairly thickly in the rows, say three pounds of seed per acre. An acre may be expected to carry from 20 to 40 pigs through a season, depending on the season and the condition of the crop when the pigs are turned in.

Vetches.—Vetches are valuable as forage for swine, and may be, under exceptional conditions, sown late in the season. Especially is this true of the hairy Vetch, which species has the peculiar quality of growing up again after having been cut off and eaten down.

Oats—Probably no green crop will give a better return in pork than oats. They may be sown late or early in the season at the rate of 5 or 6 bushels to the acre and the pigs turned on about a month after they germinate. The fault of this crop is that it lasts only a short time, as it does not seem to be able to recover when once eaten down.

Artichokes. — Another crop of great value for pork production is the artichoke. It should be sown late in the fall or very early in the spring. The pigs may be allowed to feed on it in October and the early spring. They will do the harvesting themselves. This is a most excellent crop for brood sows in spring and autumn.

Almost all varieties of juicy forage crops are suitable for pork production, the sorts mentioned above being probably

THE BEST FOR CANADA.

The question as to the advisability of allowing pigs to graze, or shutting in a small pen and feeding them the green crops, does not seem to have been positively settled yet, for while greater daily gains may be expected where animals are kept in close quarters, there is always an item of extra labor for cutting and carrying the forage.

Another item of some importance to the feeder is the comparative economy of winter and summer feeding of pigs. According to various experiments conducted here recently, pork may be produced at about 8 cent per hundred pounds, live weight, less cost in summer than in winter. This seems to be due to less cost of green feed, as well as to low temperature, which must be overcome by food or by artificial heat.

J. H. GRISDALE,
Agriculturist.

Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

HONEST WORDS OF ADVICE FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

Algoma Young Lady Speaks Strong Plain Counsel to Her Suffering Sisters—Tells Them Her Own Experience as Proof.

Blind River, Ont., July 21.—(Special)—Anyone who might to-day see Miss Emily Liddell of this place for the first time would find it hard to believe that only a few months ago she was an invalid.

Miss Liddell suffered with Female Weakness and Backache, and for months was so ill as to be unable to attend to her household duties, the slightest task being too much for her in her weakened condition.

She was terribly run down, and nothing seemed to do her any good or afford her the slightest relief till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the very beginning they seemed to help her, and although at first the improvement was slow she persevered and gradually grew stronger, till to-day she is in better health than she has ever known before.

Miss Liddell is very grateful for her remarkable deliverance, and strongly recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to all her lady acquaintances who need help. She has given for publication a very strong letter of recommendation in which she says:

"I would most heartily and conscientiously advise all young women troubled with Female Weakness in any form, to try the remedy that cured me after everything else had failed, and that remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For months at a time I was so low and weak that I found it impossible to attend to my household duties, my back used to ache something dreadful. Now I feel strong and better than I ever did, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all. They are worth their weight in gold to any young woman suffering as I used to suffer.

"They built me up wonderfully and I cannot speak too highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a medicine for sick women."

"I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man. "Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father; "I have troubles enough of my own."

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

"Civility is particularly due to all women" said Chesterfield. If you wish to be popular as well as civil, give your friends Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

LEMONS Extra Fine Stock 300 or 360 size, $3.50 PER BOX.

The DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

THE KING'S POPULARITY.

With High and Low He Is a Favorite for Good Cause.

What sort of a ruler has King Edward VII. turned out to be? To this question there is but one answer, both among the few who know and the many who can only guess. He has proved an admirable King, writes Sydney Brooks to the New York Commercial-Advertiser from London. There is a member of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet who is one of the three most powerful statesmen in the country. Many think him the most powerful statesman not only in the country, but in the Empire. He was always a particular favorite with Queen Victoria. He has been thrown into the closest relations, both private and official, with King Edward for the last fifteen years. Personally he dislikes the King. He disliked him when he was Prince of Wales; he dislikes him now. I have known him to use some startingly frank adjectives on the subject. His opinion of Edward VII. as a King is not therefore influenced by any admiration for him as a man. This makes all the more remarkable his deliberately expressed judgment that "from the day of his accession the King has done perfectly." He went on to say that the King's shrewdness and tact and industry and extraordinary quickness in grasping the point of an argument, or a situation has ASTONISHED HIS MINISTERS. He especially praised His Majesty's "manageableness." The King has proved far more docile, more willing to surrender his private wishes, less crochety than was Queen Victoria. "He had not made a single mistake"; it was "a pleasure to work with him"; you could always "rely on the right thing being done or said at the right moment in the right way." Above all, he is "a man you can convince"; he gives way with imperturbable good humor, when he is satisfied that "reasons of state" require the surrender of private schemes and inclinations.

There is a quality in the King which only those in touch with him can accurately appreciate. For the public his chief attraction remains in his instinct for combining pageantry, show and ceremony with democracy. The masses like to think of the King as "having a good time," attending the theatre, race course and polo ground just like any of his subjects, without fuss or unnecessary delay or any of the military precautions that on the Continent convert the simplest incident into a state event. They also like to think that when ceremony is necessary no one can be more ceremonial. On both accounts their opinion of the King is well justified. He gratifies them by being visible and public without cheapening the crown, and by the apparent air of heartiness and good-fellowship he diffuses. At the same time he gives them the pomp and glitter and stateliness which no monarchy can safely dispense with. One talks of the popularity of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain. It is nothing compared with the King's.

38 in every 1,000 Englishmen who marry are over 50 years of age.

The Darnaras, a tribe of Southwest Africa, never eat salt.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

The average yield of American petroleum wells is only 24,000 gallons yearly per well. Russian wells produce 950,000 gallons per well in the same space of time.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Only six pounds out of every 100 pounds of paper manufactured is used for making books.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Of the 310 artisans added to the British fleet last year, 100 were electricians.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E.W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Turnip seeds have been known to be dormant for seven years through being planted so deep, and after that time to sprout.

For Over Sixty Years.

An old and well-tried remedy.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It pleasants to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

There are about three million people always afloat, according to the latest computation.

Mother—"Do you think his love for you is unselfish?" Daughter—"Perfectly. The other night he let me sit so long on his knee that he walked lame for nearly ten minutes."

AN EXPLANATION.

In the criminal court of one of our cities a badgering lawyer caught a tartar in the person of a physician of considerable local repute. The lawyer represented the defence, and the doctor testified that he had treated the prosecutor for a black eye.

"What did you mean by a 'black eye'?" queried the attorney.

"I mean," said the doctor, without a smile, "that the prosecutor had received a severe contusion over the lower portion of the frontal bone, producing extensive ecchymosis around the eye, together with considerable infiltration of the subjacent areolar tissue."

"Serves you right," said the judge to the abashed lawyer; "everybody knows what a black eye is."

"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?" "Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

The largest projectile ever fired from a gun weighed 2,600 pounds.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

The value of all the land in the United Kingdom is about 1,800 millions sterling.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to lay the irritation, and did so, the effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. OKE.

Harbor Grace, Nfld., Jan. 8, 1898.

The most sensitive part of the human body is the tip of the tongue. Next come the lips, and then the tips of the fingers.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

There are 17,000 statutes in British statute law. Thirty volumes are yearly added to the Law Reports.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

London's 14,000 police get $6,500,000 a year as pay. New York's 6,000 police get over $10,500,000 between them.