

"Look here, Steyne, my boy," said Mr. Kemp one afternoon, as they sat in the shady verandah, "I have an idea!"

"Surely—for Mr. Kemp—that is nothing uncommon," observed Mr. Steyne, with a courteous smile. "I've been thinking," went on Mr. Kemp, "You say you have never seen much of Madrid. Neither have I; and I guess it's an interesting little place. Why shouldn't we take a run up there together; not straight up, but doing all the places of interest on the way?"

"My dear, sir," said Mr. Steyne, blowing a tiny curl of smoke into the air as he spoke, "you have misunderstood me, I fear. The little sum my uncle left me, though a fortune to me, does not admit of such extravagance as you mention. Much as I should enjoy the trip—"

"Pooh!" broke in the other, brusquely, "don't let's have any nonsense. My dear Fred, I've more money than I know what to do with! Let me do the thing—I guess you'll be doing me a favor: it's not enough traveling alone, and I tell you I don't know when I've felt so drawn to any one before."

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Steyne, objectingly, "I—I really should enjoy it extremely, but you know—"

"Then that's settled," said the American, in brisk tones. "No, I'll take no refusal. We'll start this very day, or to-morrow. We'll have a right royal time."

Mr. Steyne made no further objections. They did start the next day, and they certainly had a royal time. They went from Malaga to Granada, Cordova, Seville, Badajoz, Ciudad-Real, and Toledo, and took the countless other places en route. They visited the Alhambra by moonlight. They attended bull fights by day and masked balls by night, and they spent money like water. Finally they arrived in Madrid, and took up their quarters at the Fonda de Paris, in the Puerta del Sol.

On the second day after their arrival in the Spanish capital, Mr. Kemp, who had been out for some time, entered the cool, marble-tiled apartment, where his travelling companion was stretched upon two chairs, with a cigar between his lips, and a small glass of curacao at his elbow, and said, in accents of pleased surprise:

"Now, isn't this the most fortunate thing? I've just had this—holding out an open letter—sent on from Toledo. It's from an old friend of mine—a countryman too—he's been yachting about for the last few months, and is going to put in at Bayonne. He's very anxious I should meet him there, and take a short cruise, and when he hears that we are together he'll be just as pleased to see you; he's a regularly hospitable fellow, and very rich. Let me see now," running his eye over the letter, "we'll have just about time to get up there by the time he arrives. We'll start at once. He says he has some very pretty girls on board, too. Why, Fred, it'll be a considerable bit of fun."

"I hope you'll enjoy your cruise, Kemp, my dear fellow," said Mr. Steyne, "but I'm sorry I cannot accompany you. I must really get back to Malaga this week. I was just thinking so when you came in."

"Pooh," returned the other, "a couple of weeks or so won't make much difference. Your business can stand, I guess. We'll give up our rooms to-night and start in the morning."

"No, really," persisted Mr. Steyne, "I couldn't think of intruding on your friend's little circle. It's very kind of you, Kemp, but, really, I would rather not."

"Oh, bosh! I won't take any denial," said Mr. Kemp, good humoredly. "If you were once there, I bet I wouldn't get you away in a hurry." He went on, with a sly wink, "All the women would fall down and worship that Senior Ingles way you have. You're a sad fellow among the ladies, Fred."

But Fred's mind was made up, apparently. Malaga, and not Bayonne, was his destination; and not all the American's persuasions had any effect upon his determination.

"But, hang it all, why not?" said Mr. Kemp, in exasperated tones, as he sat astride on a chair, leaning his chin on the back and looking puzzled and mortified.

"Shall I tell you?" said the other, settling himself once more comfortably in his chair and leisurely lighting a fresh cigar. "I think you'll admit that my reasons are very good ones. Have a cigar?"

"No," impatiently. "Well—your reasons?"

Mr. Steyne examined the end of his cigar attentively, and then said, fixing his clear eyes on his companion: "I am in debt to you for a very enjoyable trip—I think quite the most enjoyable trip I ever had. You have been most generous—princely, indeed. I think I may say I shall never forget you, and should we meet again—which, unhappily, is, I fear, a remote chance—I trust we may renew our—hitherto—very pleasant intercourse."

"Yes—yes, that's all very well," interrupted Mr. Kemp, with a wave of his hand. "But it's not to the point. I want to know why you won't go."

"I'm coming to that," said the other, tranquilly. "Unforeseen accidents sometimes happen. Your friend's yacht, for instance, might take a run over to England—while I was on board. Now, the climate of England doesn't suit me. That is one reason. The other reason is this. I like you—nay, I am fond of you—as Mr. Kemp, the American, in Spain—but, in slow, deliberate tones, I don't think I should like you quite so well as Mr. Bolton, the detective—across the frontier!"

For fully a minute there was a dead silence. Mr. Kemp—or rather Mr. Bolton—rose from his chair and moved mechanically to the window. He felt literally stunned and speechless with rage and chagrin—added to the mortifying consciousness of

being as completely done as if he had been the veriest novice in his profession.

"You look faint," observed his companion, courteously. "Pray allow me to ring for some brandy. It will be only a small item in Messrs. Levi & Co.'s already—I fear—rather heavy expenses!"

Mr. Bolton felt as if he could cheerfully have strangled the calm, polished gentleman-looking villain, who leaned back in his chair with such easy, unstudied grace, and with that half-mocking smile in his deceitfully frank eyes.

"You are a scoundrel, Mr. Johnson!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak—shaken out of all his usual imperturbable self-possession.

Mr. Johnson shrugged his shoulders gently.

"Possibly," he answered, with an exasperating smile. "Had I been otherwise, I will conclude that you would not have taken quite such an interest in me. Do have a cigar; you will find them really good. No? Then have a turn outside. You look rather upset."

Mr. Bolton left Madrid within an hour, but—he did not join his friend at Bayonne. He still vows he'll get Johnson, but up to now it's "A Drawn Game."

What Glycerine Will Do.

Few people realize, says the Scientific American, the importance of the uses of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where they sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—is rubbed on the feet at night, and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water will keep them during the day free from odor so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

For bunions and corns, cannabis and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn, and bound around with cotton flannel, adding a few drops of the liquid to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore it to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumptives, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine in pure whiskey or hot rich cream will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

For diseased and inflamed gums two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum, and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying.

Under no Obligation.—Of French "bulls" there are few better than the following:—A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man. "So far from having served me you have always stood in my way, for if you had never been born I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

Now is the time to secure new subscribers to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. Every progressive farmer should have it. Send for extra copies and commence work at once.

The Mother's Duty.

This begins before her arms clasp or her eyes look upon the little face. It begins by such a course of daily living and daily thought as will give her child a sound, healthy body and mind to start with. She should study hygiene, and let her first care be to insure physical health and strength for the little one. It is much easier to train a healthy, well-developed child into a boy or girl of comforting, enjoyable presence, than one that is poorly fed and cared for. Be happy and you will be virtuous, is just as likely to be true as the old saw of, "Be virtuous and you will be happy." And no child can be happy or good whose body is poorly nourished or whose lungs is fed on impure air. Fresh air, sunshine, clean, well-aired beds, simple and well-cooked food, will go far toward building up a healthy, cheerful young citizen or citizeness for the Republic—one who can take up life's responsibilities cheerily, with love to God and man, and do something toward bettering this world of woes and lightening its burdens.

The mother has not only the body but the soul of her child to train. Here, too, is heavy responsibility, and this training also begins at birth. Obedience, perfect truth, loving charity, purity of speech and thought, industry, all are to be taught by the patient mother who needs all of God's grace that one person can appropriate to help her. Children are precious to us, but oh, they are trying beyond description sometimes! And when the poor tired, tried mother has so far lost self-control as to speak loudly or roughly, or let the little rebel see that it has succeeded in provoking her, she has lost just that much ground to be again contended for. Verily, she needs God's grace, and not only that but a goodly share of plain, every-day common sense to enable her to see that she cannot properly do her duty to the children without doing well by herself. She, also, must be rightly fed, and cared for, and rested in body and mind. How can a broken-down, sick, worn-out body and brain care for those fresh, restless little things to whom life is so new, so mysterious that every thought is a question? every flower and blade of grass and wondering insect a miracle? When my little one, aged three, awoke one fair spring morning and her enraptured eyes tell on an apple-tree which had burst under a soft night rain into a shower of bloom, her delight and surprise could find no adequate expression in her limited vocabulary; but I found it easy to impress a lesson the spirit of which she has never forgotten, though she may not remember the words or the occasion. We are not all born with the capability of finding "sermons in stones," but we may be very successfully pointed in that direction.

To be wise and judicious in our management of children—to fill a mother's place—why, it is a task that angels might dread, one that they might envy. The training of immortal creatures for life here and hereafter! There is but one way to do. We are finite and sure to make mistakes over which repentant tears must be shed, but there is a certainty that by constant, prayerful effort we can so rear our children that they, and our neighbors, will rise up and call us blessed. Living in a Christian land, we all know where to go to find instruction and guidance in every emergency of life, comfort in every trouble. The mother who oftenest seeks this aid will be most apt to succeed with the bodies and souls of her children.—[Florida Agriculturist.]