FOR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ON MASSAGE TREATMENT.

Beneficial Movements That May be Practical at Home—Important Points That Must be Borne in Mind by Amateur Masseurs Who Desire Success.

Dr. Randolph Faries, recently prepared a paper on the massage treatment which is clear and practical enough to teach the average layman enough about the subject to enable him, after paying a little attention to a few of the principles upon which the treatment is based, to get all the benefits claimed for massage and save the fee of an experienced trainer or masseur at the same time. In the opinion of many medical authorities exercise and massage are the two greatest curative remedies that nature affords, and the latter is considered by many as the coming treatment for all those common functional troubles like dyspepsia, constipation, jaundice, biliousness, emaciation, nerve exhaustion, etc., and therefore a little time spent on this subject is time well spent.

Rubbing may be either local or general—that is, it may be applied to an arm, the back, or the foot, or it may be applied to the whole body. Dr. Faries mentions seven different kinds of manipulation. "It may consist of stroking the body with the palm of the hand, slapping the body with the open hand, beating it with the closed fist, striking it with the hand at right angles to the body, so that the edge corresponding to the side of the little finger comes into contact with it; kneading the skin, muscles and tendons; grabbing the skin and muscles and squeezing them, and making combined digital pressure over the surface of the body in different regions."

The friction produced by rubbing may be either rectilinear or circular. Either one or both hands may be used to rub the body. It is customary for the right hand of the manipulator to be used for the right hand and foot, and the left hand for the left hand and foot of the patient, if the rubbing be applied with one hand.

BOTH HANDS ARE USED

for the back, loins, abdomen and chest. The upward stroke in rubbing should always be more intense than the downward, and the stroke should extend over the whole surface, from joint to joint, exercising great care not to chafe the skin. More danger of this arises in making the upward stroke than in making the downward.

The rubbing should not last so long that fatigue will result. Further, too rapid rubbing will frequently cause pain by heating the skin too quickly, causing the hairs of the body to stick to the manipulator's hands, giving as a final result a pulling of these hairs. Rubbing should never be begun strenuously at the outset, but should be started slowly and gently, and gradually increased, so as to be adjusted to the individual's feelings. Persons taking general exercise should take a rub after their bath. In this way they will not only cause the blood to circulate again through all parts of the body, but will also prevent or overcome any soreness or stiffness that may be present, and in addition to this, the tissues of the body will constantly be kept in a better condition.

It is a good rule to commence rubbing in the neighborhood of the large blood vessels, so as to influence the circulation as soon as possible, and thus, by sending the blood more quickly to the neighboring tributaries, influence them and the tissues surrounding them. The inner sides of the upper and lower extremities are where the large blood vessels will be found. When rubbing, if one begins with the lower extremities, the foot should be well rubbed, then the ankle joint, then the leg, after that the knee joint, then the thigh, and

LASTLY, THE HIP JOINT.

The rubbing of the upper extremities should begin with the hand, then the wrist joint should be cared for, after that the forearm, next the elbow joint, then the arm, and lastly the shoulder joint. The reason for this is to influence the points most remote from the heart and gradually work toward the heart. The upper and lower extremities may also be rubbed upward and downward.

The chest should be rubbed from the insertion of the large muscles upon it to their origin, while the abdominal muscles should be rubbed from the right groin, as it is commonly called, in the direction of that part of the intestines known as the ascending transverse and descending colons. When rubbing the abdomen the fingers of the manipulator should be kept close together. More pressure and less care are necessary in rubbing the back, because the skin and muscles are thicker and more numerous in this region, and the muscles are much larger and stronger. Here, as in the abdomen, the rubbing should be from the origin to the insertion of the muscles. In the upper part of the back the anatomy of the muscles is so very complicated that it is difficult to understand how to do this unless one has studied the anatomical relation of the origin and insertion of these muscles very thoroughly. As a general method of rubbing the back, it would be best, in order to have all the muscles in this region well cared for, first to rub upward and downward, then crosswise, and lastly obliquely upward and downward. This will suffice for ordinary purposes, and will be of great benefit for those who employ it.

CHARACTERS FORMED.

Surgical Operations May Yet Include Changing of Mental Traits.

"A quarter of a century or so ago the brain of a living man was virgin soil to the surgeon's knife," says a leading surgeon. "Then came the wonderful advancement in our knowledge of antiseptics, and in a few years' time abscesses had been opened in it, and pieces of its tissue, bruised and lacerated by injury, had been cut away with confidence and complete success.

"Already such operations have borne some fruit. Children, once little higher than the lower animals in intelligence, have, after operation, been taught to read and write, the dumb to speak, the paralyzed to walk.

"And as our great physiologists and pathologists are now acquainted with the duties performed by almost every square quarter of an inch of the whole brain, and can now examine, cut, or free it from pressure at a not very great risk, it is almost certain that the twentieth century will yet be young when the surgeon, under certain conditions, will form or mold the character, cause habitual drunkards and criminals to become saints and cure bad temper after a few weeks' residence in a hospital.

"If no unforeseen barrier stands in our way we shall, before the present generation is dead, have swept the Police Courts and prisons from the land as no longer needed.

"'Characters formed while you wait' may never be a familiar legend upon surgeons' brass plates during the next hundred years, but the twenty-first century may witness even that triumph of science and skill."

POPULAR WITH THE LADIES.

Women like this season of the year because it isn't cold enough to make their noses blue, and it isn't so hot that their hair won't stay in crimp.

TOO ATTRACTIVE.

Pretty New Housemaid—I hope I give satisfaction, mum?

Mrs. Jellus—No, you don't. The master is too well satisfied with you.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER I.

"Who lives in the big, gloomy house on the other side of the river?" Kilmeny asked. She was swinging her hat in her hand in spite of her companion's repeated warning that she would take cold in the evening air. "You needn't be uneasy about me," she said, "I seldom wear a hat in the country and never take cold. I want to know all about my neighbors as soon as possible, and you can tell me, therefore——"

"Therefore you tolerate my company?" the young man asked.

"Oh, no—it is, of course, because I like you so much that I do that," the girl answered, with a subdued laugh, and she glanced at her companion out of her wonderful eyes.

There was something strange about Kilmeny Richmond's eyes. Whether they were blue or black no one had been able to discover, because she never looked long enough at any one for him to be quite sure; perhaps it was the black lashes which made them look so dark, for there was certainly blue in their depths. Kilmeny's hair was as black as her lashes and her teeth were as white as snow. As she walked along, as gracceful as a young leopard, she made a picture which might well have turned the head of any man, as it had plainly done in the case of the one beside her.

"I don't want to be liked," he answered—"anything but that."

"Hated, perhaps?"

"I should prefer it. But you asked me who lives in the house on the other side of the river. It is a Mr. Daryl. He is an eccentric old man; lives alone, has no connection with any one, as far as we can see; visits nowhere, and receives no visitors. He is, if not actually morose, at least exceeding unapproachable."

"I should not hesitate over the word. He is morose. Was he ever married?"

"I believe so, but it is so long ago that the memory of it is forgotten. He had brothers and relatives once on a time; but every one without exception, so the story runs, turned out badly and became a disgrace to society."

"And he is left alone?"

"Yes. One brother was killed in the hunting field, just before he was about to contract a marriage with some woman of whom all well-disposed persons disapproved. Another, who was wedded, met his end in a duel, and the news of his fate killed his wife. A sister, who married a man of notorious character, committed suicide to escape from the misery of her life; two more disappeared years ago, and the news of their death in poverty and wretchedness was brought here long after. One still lives, but she and Mr. Daryl have not spoken for twenty years. The story of the family is a black record without one relieving point."

"His wife—she may have been good?"

Christopher Wren laughed at the genuine anxiety and interest in Kilmeny's tone.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but she was by no means good. She was a vain, shallow, frivolous woman, who disappointed him in every particular and whose only merit was that she died before her extravagance ruined her husband. There was a son who grew up to copy the vices of his family, and, like them, to meet a violent end."

Kilmeny stopped, and, leaning against a tree, surveyed Mr. Daryl's house, which was now visible through a break in the trees opposite to them. It was a solid structure of gray stone, and might have been handsome if anything had been done to enliven it. As it was, framed in by thick trees, destitute of flower beds, with no signs of habitation except a light wreath of smoke escaping slowly from some chimney in the rear, it seemed the fit abode of the disappointed and embittered man who dwelt in it. There was a shade of pity in the girl's eyes as she withdrew them from the house and turned them on her companion.

"He is not morose," she said, "and, if he is unapproachable, it is only what is to be expected. I mean to see this Mr. Daryl some day and to know more about him."

Christopher Warrender's reply was prevented by a voice which broke in suddenly on their conversation.

"I presume you did not observe the notice at the entrance to this walk warning trespassers off my grounds?"

The young man turned quickly at the sound, and confronted the newcomer, an elderly man leaning on a stick. He had a haughty and forbidding air, and his look of stern annoyance did not melt as Kilmeny eagerly took the blame on herself.

"It was my fault," she said. "Mr. Warrender wished me to come in by the gate, but I preferred climbing over the stile, I had no idea that there was any harm in it."

"And I certainly should not have dreamed of bringing Miss Richmond this way if I had any idea that it was forbidden. I have walked by this path for years, and I never saw any notice warning me that I was a trespasser."

"The notice was affixed by my orders to-day. If you had come in through the gate you could not have failed to see it."

"We can then only make amends for our intrusion by going out—by the gate," the young man said.

"Certainly—it was for that purpose that I informed you. If I had had any doubts of the propriety of still further shutting out those around me, the short sketch of my family history with which you favored this young lady would have decided me. Whatever people may say outside my gates as to me and my affairs, they shall not again have the opportunity of retailing their gossip within my hearing."

"It was not gossip!" Kilmeny broke in. "I am sorry if we are trespassing, and we will go away at once."

She could not repress a slight laugh, and, as her eyes met those of the newcomer, he seemed to be suddenly attracted by them.

"Miss Richmond, I think you said?" he asked.

Young Warrender nodded.

"Kilmeny Richmond," the girl said quickly, putting on her hat. "Good-by! It is not likely that you will see either of us again."

"Stay!" Mr. Daryl called out as the young people turned to depart. "You cannot wonder if I do not enjoy hearing the faults and misfortunes of my family made the subject of conversation between two strangers; but I do not wish to appear churlish. If you and Miss Richmond choose to walk here again I will give directions that you shall not be prevented."

"I have no wish to do so," Mr. Warrender answered. "There are many other walks which will be equally interesting to Miss Richmond, and to which she can have access without special permission."

It was a peculiarity of Kilmeny that she was always unexpected, and she was so in the present instance.

"Thank you," she said, graciously, to Mr. Daryl. "I shall certainly come again. And I shall remember not to bring brother or sister with me. We are only here for a month, while my father, Doctor Richmond, is in America. And nobody can object to my coming alone"—with a glance at Christopher's face—"as every other intruder will be kept out. When mamma knows that she will be quite satis-

"I conclude from Mr. Warrender's being your constant attendant that you are engaged to him?" Mr. Daryl asked abruptly.

"Oh, no," Kilmeny answered promptly, while the warm color flooded the rich brown of her cheeks—"by no manner of means, as my Irish cousins say. I am not engaged at all, and have no intention of being so for an indefinite time—if ever. The reason why we are going about together, is that I want to know the whole of this neighborhood during the month that we are in it, and as Mr. Warrender lives here a great part of his time, he can show it to me."

"I see," Mr. Daryl answered, and his glance was sardonic. "Do not let me detain you any longer from your interesting researches." Good afternoon."

Kilmeny replied with much cordiality, and when she and her companion had gone sufficiently far away to be secure from Mr. Daryl's sharp hearing, she broke into laughter.

"You cannot surely look like a bear any longer," she cried, "when Mr. Daryl condescended to be so gracious? I am certain to meet him every time I go into his grounds. I said that I should like to know more about him, and now I can."

"You don't really intend to go again?"

"Of course I do, I am intensely interested in him. Perhaps he will ask me into the house—who knows? He gave you leave to go as well as me, and the next time you do so you may perhaps see me looking out of one of the windows."

Mr. Warrender's face was impenetrable when she glanced at it. He walked silently along by her side.

"What possible interest could he take in our affairs, I wonder?" she went on. "However, seeing that he really wanted to know, I told him as much as I possibly could. I don't think any one could have done it better. I am called Kilmeny, and I have Irish cousins, which fact accounts for my name, of course; papa is a doctor, and has gone to America for a month; mamma is here with me, and is most anxious about the proprieties—witness her ending you with me to take care of me on my walks; and I have sisters and a brother. What more could I have told?"

"He was obliged to ask you about your engagements to me."

Kilmeny blushed again—a frank, clear blush, which made her look still more charming.

"He has been so long shut up, poor man," she observed, sedately, "that it is no wonder if he makes some mistakes."

To Be Continued.

CHINESE PRIDE IN COFFINS.

Superstitions That May Delay Burials for Years in China.

A sympathetic foreigner, recently writing to an American newspaper, bewailed the heartlessness of Chinese sons and daughters, who in the parent's lifetime prepare his coffin and shroud, and openly talk with him of his demise. The facts do not justify the sympathy, for there can be no truer evidence of filial piety in China than for a child to present to his parent a burial outfit. Let the head of the family be assured, by the indisputable evidence of the coffin in the house, that a respectable burial will be his, and one of the greatest anxieties of his life is relieved. The coffin is proudly displayed to each guest, the latter never failing to add his testimony to the filial piety of the younger generation. The force of the Irish bull that "hopes you may live to eat the hen that scratched on your grave" is quite lost in China.

It is singular to note with what certainty a Chinaman who is old or ill will prepare for his demise. Premonitions of coming fate seem to enter into his soul, and he sends word to his relatives and friends that he is about to die—what day can they come to his funeral? If he has not been forehanded enough to secure his burial outfit, there is a great commotion among the households till money is collected for a coffin and also for feasting and music for a funeral is a great social event. The evil spirits must be propitiated with food and paper money, and a supply of paper clothing and furniture must be burned for the use of the departed spirit in the realm of shades. When he is assured that his obsequies will be properly conducted the patient calmly surrenders to the inevitable. When a man has made up his mind to die it is not often that he recovers, though it sometimes happens that vigorous protests and exhortation on the part of some influential relative will induce him to delay shuffling off this mortal coil.

VASILY MORE SHOCKING

than the ubiquitous grave is the unburied coffin. It is everywhere. Every village has its houses for storing coffins for which no suitable burial place has been found, and whole hamlets are given over to this ghastly use. The interment depending on the good will of the Wind-and-Water Devil, Fong-Shui, and his favor being closely intertwined with that of the priest who is employed to choose the site, it sometimes happens that the ancestral remains occupy a corner of the dwelling house for fifty years before the two powers that be can agree upon a proper resting place. Even after the bones are laid in the ground it is by no means certain that they are finally disposed of; for if the relatives have money the priest is apt to discover that the site is not a good one, or perhaps the Fong-Shui has changed his mind, and up comes the ancestors. If the coffin has decayed the fleshless bones are stowed in a covered jar, and these frightful objects awaiting reinterment, dot the country thickly.

That China is being changed finds additional proof in the fact that not even her graves remain inviolate. Thousands of them have recently been destroyed to make room for improvements. Even the ancestors who for centuries have enjoyed undisturbed repose, who in their lifetime opposed all reform and advancement, and in their death went to swell the long list of those who are nothing less than an incubus to their descendants, must now share in the fate of the old empire for whose blind conservatism they are so largely responsible.

One of the most fruitful sources of dispute is these same graves. A little man came running into the compound of the writer some weeks ago, in great distress because his buffalo was accused of exercising its horns upon a grave belonging to another man. In consequence of such rude disturbance of the Fong-Shui the man's wife was very ill, and he demanded $6 damages from the owner of the buffalo. The little man protested that it was not his beast that did the mischief, and the writer's teacher, a literary graduate, who was sitting by, made the apparently axiomatic statement, "Well, if it wasn't your buffalo you won't have to pay." Whereupon some friend of the aggrieved graveholder took the case before the magistrate, accusing the graduate himself of interfering against him, and the case is still unsettled. But time is nothing—a thousand years more or less, are but as yesterday when it is past to a Chinaman.

MR. GRATEBAR'S PHILOSOPHY.

The sooner a man discovers that for whatever success he attains he must rely, not upon his own labor solely, the better off he will be. Some men spend their lives sitting on the bank waiting for a tow, while others get out into their boats and pull for themselves. And it may be here remarked that every man has a chance in this race, and no man need fear to enter, for the race is not necessarily to the man who feathers his oar the nicest; the bungler may win by keeping at it. There are different degrees of success in life, but no man can achieve any of them, high or low—he may be sure of that — without labor.

She would Be a Lady.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

At the last moment he wished he was not going to take them to the Palladium, and he suggested to his mother that they should go instead to the opera; but Mrs. Westbrook reminded him that he had secured a box at the former place, and added that she particularly wished to use it.

With a slight shrug of the shoulders he yielded the point. If his mother would but leave matters alone how much more comfortably life would slip along.

Angry as he secretly felt with Eva, he could not help looking at her every now and again, and thinking how sweet and pure and gentle she was. The very tones of her voice soothed him, while the touch of her ungloved hand sent a thrill of happiness to his very heart.

Yes, if he remained long with her and saw much of her, the old spell that he thought he had broken would come over him again, stronger than ever. He was more than tempted to yield to it, but he told himself he had not been fairly treated, either by his mother or by Eva, and then the recollection of Lilas Lampier's voluptuous beauty came back to him, and he determined at least to wait.

In point of fact, he could do nothing else at present, for by this time they had reached the theatre, and had entered their box.

Lilas was on the stage; he saw and heard her, but for the first time he fully realized the wide gulf that separated the notorious actress from the two women by his side.

Her voice sounded harshly upon his ears; her sensuous movements, her tightly-draped form, and her wanton gestures, made him blush to think he had brought two modest women to see her, and when, as the play went on the moment came when the former playmates recognized each other, he was relieved rather than surprised to see Eva shrink back and cover her face, as though with shame.

"We were children together," he heard her say in a low tone to his mother, "and to think that she could have come to this!"

It can be readily understood, therefore, that he was in no mood for obeying the imperious message which Lilas had written him. Indeed, the probability is that he would not have read the note till the next morning if his mother had not injudiciously asked him if he would like to escort Eva home.

"No, I have an appointment," he replied, decisively; "you had better drive round and leave yourself." And in a louder tone to the girl, he said: "Good-night, Miss Randolph; I am afraid you have not had a very pleasant evening."

Then he came back to the stage entrance of the Palladium, with the hope, it must be confessed, of finding that Lilas had gone, he was just in time to meet her on the pavement in somewhat angry discussion with a broken-down, needy-looking foreigner.

"I don't believe your story. My father was a communard, and is dead, beyond a doubt. You are not he; I will not believe you."

This she said in French, and the man answered, volubly:

"I can bring proofs; you are my child; I will convince you to-morrow, but to-night I starve."

"Take that!" and she tossed him a piece of gold; then, seeing Ernest Westbrook, she exclaimed, in a changed tone:

"Ah! then you have come at last."

"Yes," he replied, quietly.

"Come with me," and she got into the brougham.

Without a word he followed her, and then, almost in silence, they were driven to the small but sumptuously-furnished house in which she lived.

Like a man who had set himself some appointed task, he followed her into the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, and he paused, leaning on the back of a chair, as she turned round upon him almost fiercely, and said:

"I will have no more of this fooling. What do you mean to do?"

"I don't quite understand you," he replied, cautiously.

"I mean that you must choose between Eva Randolph and me. I saw the adoring way in which she looked at you; I remember now that you would not talk to me about her. I am not jealous of such a poor thing, but I wouldn't share the affections of my dog with her, and I won't share you. You must choose between us this very night."

"I have chosen. Good-night, Mademoiselle de Lampier," and so saying, he turned on his heel and walked out of the house.

For a few seconds Lilas stood like a woman petrified. She had been so accustomed to storm and carry everything before her, that she could not realize all at once that this time she had failed.

But she had failed—completely and utterly failed. She had insisted that Ernest should make his choice between her and her unconscious rival, and he had obeyed, and had gone away never to come back.

At first she told herself that she was glad he was gone. But she was not glad.

With the consciousness that she had lost him, her passion seemed to turn upon herself, and now her one absorbing thought was for revenge. But how could she avenge herself upon her rival? Under ordinary circumstances they would never meet; their lives were as far asunder as the poles, and yet Lilas swore that since she had failed to win love she would have revenge, and she kept thenceforth a watch on Ernest Westbrook's movements night and day.

And meanwhile Eva had gone back to her work, but with new hope in her heart. What she had hardly dared to pray for had come to pass; Mrs. Westbrook had withdrawn her opposition, and now, if Ernest would come again as a suitor, she would be free to accept him.

Despite the coolness with which he had treated her, Eva more than half suspected that he would call the day after the visit to the theatre, and she waited in all the day long, and her heart palpitated painfully at every loud knock at the street door.

But he never came, and the next day passed, and again the next, and she could not work or think of her work to any purpose in the tremulous anxiety that had taken possession of her.

On the fifth day she felt that she could endure this suspense no longer. Etiquette demanded that after dining at Mrs. Westbrook's house she should go and call upon that lady, and, glad of the excuse, she dressed herself with more than usual care, and took a cab and drove to her house in Mayfair.

But fate was against her. Mrs. Westbrook was not at home, so she could but leave her card and go back as she came.

After this, Eva thought her sometime patroness would write to her or come to see her, even if her son did not desire to renew his suit, but she did not, and Eva was sometimes almost driven to believe she had dreamed of that dinner and the visit to the theatre.

Strange as Mrs. Westbrook's conduct might seem to our heroine, however, there was much method and not a little wisdom in it.

Very tardily, but, at length, very resolutely, Ernest's mother admitted to herself that she had made a serious blunder in interfering with her son's work and pressed into molds.

or peat. The three substances are ligneous and caustic lime. The latter is obtained by the distillation of wood would leave him to take his own course.

Thus three weeks passed on, and then Eva received a communication from the lawyer in whose hands she had placed her stepmother's letter.

"Dear Madam," he wrote, "after careful inquiry, we find that your late father was possessed of property producing at the time of his decease about a hundred a year, but now of much greater value. He died intestate, and his widow should have taken out letters of administration; this she neglected to do, but contrived to appropriate the whole income, and whatsoever personal property there might have been in his possession at the time of his sudden death, to her own use. Your signature was probably wanted by Mr. and Mrs. Church to enable them to realize the estate, as I have ascertained they meant to do, and then leave the country. I advice you to give me authority to take immediate proceedings against them. As far as I can at present judge, the property to which you are legally entitled is worth five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds!" repeated Eva, dreamily; "and I was dependent upon the bounty of strangers for food and education for all those years. Well, thank Heaven, I can return to Mrs. Westbrook every penny she has spent upon me!"

There might have been some magic in the mention of the name, for scarcely had she uttered it before a servant announced, not Mrs. but Mr. Westbrook.

A change had come over the young man. He seemed older, but the look of dissipation that had begun to taint him was gone. The old expression of earnest, manliness had taken its place, and now, no sooner was the door closed behind him, than he advanced to the trembling girl, took both her hands in his, and said, without a word of preface:

"I come to repeat the question I wrote to you months ago, Eva. Will you give me a different answer now?"

She murmured "Yes!" and the next instant she was clasped to his heat.

It was some time before the lovers were calm and collected enough to talk of anything but their mutual love, and it was the sight of the lawyer's letter that recalled the fact of her long-withheld fortune to Eva's mind.

"You see, I have had two bright surprises this morning," she said, with a happy smile, when he had read the letter; "a fortune and a husband come almost together."

He answered her with lover-like warmth and affection, but little as they thought it, a third surprise, and this not a pleasant one, was close at hand.

While Ernest, with his arm around Eva, was talking of his love, and urging that there need be no delay in their marriage, the door of the room was opened without knock or ceremony, and Lilas Lampier stood before them.

Eva sprang to her feet with astonishment and indignation at such an intrusion, but Ernest, instinctively fearing some danger to the woman he loved, rushed in front of her. Quick as he was, however, Lilas was still quicker.

Without a word, but with lightning-like rapidity, she took aim at Eva with a pistol she held in her hand, and fired, then there followed the report of a second shot; she had turned the weapon against herself.

The horror and consternation that followed baffles all description. Eva was only slightly wounded, but Lilas had fatally injured herself.

The unhappy creature lived just long enough to say:

"She will be a lady; but, I—I——"

She never finished the sentence, and, a few minutes after, she expired.

Eva was long in recovering from her wound and the shock caused by the outrage, and her wedding, when it did take place, was a very quiet one; but her wedded life is not the less happy on that account, and when she thinks of erring Lilas, it is with a sigh of pity that one so richly endowed with nature's choicest gifts should have flung them all away so recklessly.

The End.

A Veteran's Trials.

ATTACKED WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

His Digestion Became Impaired and His Case Was Looked Upon as Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him When Other Medicines Failed.

From the Telegraph, Welland, Ont.

Among the residents of Port Robinson there are few better known than Mr. Samuel Richards, who has resided in that vicinity for some twenty-seven years. Mr. Richards came to Canada from Illinois, and is one of the veterans of the American civil war, having been a member of the 7th Illinois regiment. Mr. Richards is also one of the vast army who bear willing and cheerful testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To a reporter who recently interviewed him he said: "I very gladly testify to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago I fell a victim to one of the worst forms of kidney trouble. I was tortured with terrible pains across the back. I could neither sit up or lie down with any degree of ease. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me medicine which I took from time to time, but instead of helping me I was growing worse. My digestion became impaired and I suffered from additional pains in the stomach. I would feel cold along the spine and in the region of the kidneys, sparks would apparently float before my eyes, and I would have frequent headaches. I then began using a medicine advertised to cure kidney trouble, but to no avail; it left me poorer in pocket, while I grew worse in health. I fell away in flesh until my neighbors scarcely knew me. In my day I have undergone many hardships and a great deal of pain having been through the American war; but in all this I never experienced the dread that I now have when I recall this sickness; not even the hour when I was captured and dragged within two miles of Libby prison. My sufferings were intensified by the stomach trouble. I could not eat and was bent almost double from pain, in fact I deemed myself a wreck. One day R. A. Abbey, general merchant, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as he highly recommended them I purchased three boxes, and before they were used I could feel improvement. I kept on taking them until I used twelve boxes and am now so well and strong that I can do two days' work in one and weigh 226 pounds. My cure was a surprise to everyone in the community, as all thought my case hopeless. I feel so gratified that I consider this testimony compensates only poorly for what this medicine has done for me, and I believe I would have been dead if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

A woman who lives in one room and "does light housekeeping has hit upon a plan for cooking without leaving odors in her tiny domain. A strong pine packing box has been firmly screwed to the outside of the window. The top is slanting and is covered with tar paper. The sides are perforated by holes an inch in diamter, to carry off odors and steam. On the lower shelf of this extension is the gas stove, attached to the main pipe through a hole bored in the window sash. This allows the window to be closed during the cooking. On the upper shelf are the cooking utensils.

IRISH THRIFTIER THAN SCOTCH.

Some preconceived notions as to the saving qualities of men and women of various nationalities have been rudely attacked in official figures which have recently appeared in England showing the average of Post Office Saving Bank deposits to be £13 in Scotland to £16 in England and £21 in Ireland. Heretofore, it has been popularly supposed that "canny Scotchmen" displayed many more of the qualities of thrift than their more easy-going English brethren, and decidedly more than the happy-go-lucky Irishman, whose lack of frugality is often cited as a barrier to Ireland's commercial success. The fact, however, is that many deeply-rooted notions as to economy and savings are overthrown by the banking figures of various countries.

HEALTH REPORT.

City of Toronto Showing Marked Decrease in Deaths from Bright's Disease.

Not Only Bright's Disease But All Kidney Diseases Decreasing—Dodd's Kidney Pills the Cause of Decrease—F. Borland Cured.

Toronto, Oct. 23.—There has been a marked falling off in the number of deaths due to Bright's Disease in the city of Toronto of recent years. This decrease is ascribed solely to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the marvellous medicine which has performed so many wonderful cures throughout the country.

Formerly, within recent years, Bright's Disease claimed a constant sacrifice of unfortunate victims, and wherever it struck, death was sure to follow. Now Bright's Disease itself is comparatively rare, and deaths therefrom almost unknown in this city. Dodd's Kidney Pills have come into universal household use and disorders in the kidneys are rectified early, so Bright's Disease is seldom allowed to develop.

Where Kidney Disease has been neglected, however, owing to ignorance, prejudice or carelessness, and Bright's Disease has ensued, Dodd's Kidney Pills are in the end called into requisition ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Doctors themselves prescribe Dodd's Kidney Pills in their own boxes or in bulk, so Bright's Disease with the aid of Dodd's Kidney Pills is held completely at bay in Toronto.

Mr. Fred Borland, 677 Markham Street, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Bright's Disease and impure blood. I could not get anything to help me until I had taken two boxes of your Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am now cured of this disease Pills. I am now cured of this disease which I am told has always been considered incurable. Publish this letter. It may help others."

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

Brutus—What's this yarn about Caesar thrice refusing a golden crown?

Cassius — The dentist wanted to crown one of his teeth and Caesar didn't have the nerve to let him go ahead.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion. Address W. J. UREQUHART, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

ENGLISH ARMY BEARSKINS.

The Regulations About the Big Fur Hats of the Coldstream, Grenadiers and Scots Guards.

For more than one hundred and thirty years "a tall hat of fur," has been a conspicuous article of headgear in the British army, and it was with something of a shock that people read in the papers the other day that a committee was going to sit to consider the growing scarcity of the bearskins from which are made the imposing full-dress hats of the Foot Guards, says the London Telegraph. War Office committees on clothing are dreadful things, but those that sit on hats are unutterable. All remember with horror the alleged helmet such a committee produced a few years ago, It was to be the universal head-covering of the British army, and must be serviceable and useful. The committee decided, as a first principle, that an article possessing these two qualities, must be ugly. Proceeding from this premise, they gave full expression to their ideas of utility, and produced a head-covering the like of which was never before seen on earth, and it is to be hoped never will be again. There are members of the headquarters staff who to this day have not quite got over the sight of the experimental helmet devised by the committee. Fortunately, only one was made, or, instead of only having to lament the scarcity of recruits, the nation would have found itself without any army whatever. No regular soldier, or self-respecting militiaman—a volunteer will wear anything—would have put it on, and its adoption into the service would have left

NO SERVICE TO WEAR IT.

This much is necessary to explain the alarm felt the other day, when it was announced that a War Office Headress Committee was about to tamper with the Guardsmen's bearskins. Fortunately, the committee has only limited powers. Its only function this time is, so to speak, to haggle with tradesmen. The plain fact is that bearskins are growing scarce, and the cost of providing the Guards with their magnificent "tall hat of fur," is increasing yearly in a remarkable manner. Only one kind of fur is used for this purpose. It is that produced by the American black bear, and as Ursus Americanus, despite the extraordinary cordiality subsisting between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, refuses to produce well-furred integument in sufficient quantities to cover the heads of our Guardsmen at a reasonable rate, the never-failing resource of a committee has been called into operation.

It costs on an average, £1 per head per annum, to maintain the imposing appearance imparted by the busby. The great caps cost the Government about £8 each. Those worn by the Coldstreams are a little less, but those for the Grenadiers and Scots Guards cost more than that sum. According to the regulations a busby must last for eight years, but there are several reasons why the regulation "life" of a busby, like the regulation lot of a whole lot of other equipment, falls considerably short of the War Office span. One of the principal reasons is that the cap is only a home-service equipment. When a Guards' battalion is ordered on foregin service, the big bustiles—stirring battle-pictures to the contrary notwithstanding—are returned to store at the Pimlico Clothing Factory. They are not kept there awaiting the return of the former owners, but are reissued to newly joined recruits or to battalions returning home, so that men get what is called "part worn equipment."

THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF

LUDELLA Ceylon Tea

speaks for itself. A trial is the most convincing argument in its favor.

Lead Packages. . . . . .25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

LADIES WANTED

To use the latest and most popular DYE on the market, known as

Home Dyes, as they are the most simple and easiest handled. Any person having Clothes, Carpet Rags, Yarn, Feathers, or in fact anything that requires dyeing, get a package and it will convince you that they will do all we claim for them. Home Dyes are POSITIVELY Union Dyes, and will dye Cotton, Wool, Silk or Mixed Goods with 41 results. Ask your druggist for them, or send direct and we will mail free to any address 10c package, or three for 25c. Special inducements to agents.

TORONTO HOME DYE CO., TORONTO.

A CHEAP CAMERA.

A camera can be made by any fairly deft amateur with the following materials: A cigar box, piece of tin an inch square, 12 small nails, some glue and a narrow strip of tin an inch long. Make of one side of the cigar box a little box two and a half inches square, with one end left open. Blacken the inside with ink. Cut a hole one fourth of an inch across in the end of the box opposite the open side. Bevel the outside edges of this hole. Drill a hole the size of a pin point in the centre of an inch square piece of tin and glue it inside the box over the hole in the wood. The hole in the tin makes a lens. Make a plate holder by gluing into the four corners of the box four thin pieces of wood, each two inches long, the end of each resting on the end of the box where the lens has been placed. Make the lid to the camera of two thicknesses of cigar box wood, blacken it on the inside, and on the center of the inner side fasten a strip of tin an inch long, very narrow and bent in a semi-circle, with the center fastened to the lid. This tin strip, when the lid is put on, will hold the plate in place. The camera is made for dry plate measuring 2 1-2 by 2-1-2 inches.

It is as Easy to Love

Your neighbor as yourself when your neighbor is a pretty girl. It is just as easy to cure yourself of Catarrh, Bronchitis or Asthma, if you use Catarrhozone, the new medicated air treatment for all diseases of the nasal and respiratory passages caused by germ life. Catarrhozone cures by inhalation without danger or risk to the sufferer. It goes wherever air can go and never fails to reach the affected parts. This is why it excels treatments requiring the use of sprays, douches, powders, ointments, etc., which cannot reach the seat of the disease and are therefore useless. For sale at all druggists, or direct by mail, price $1.00. Send 10c, in stamps to N. C. Polson & Co., Box 518 Kingston, Ont., for sample outfit.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favour rather than silver and gold.—Solomon.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—Taylor.

"Pharaoh 10c." H. Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—Pope.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.—Hughes.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT

Invigorates and Strengthens.

LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.—Sterne.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow fast, restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

DISCUSSION BECOMING PERSONAL.

When I married you, exclaimed the indignant wife, you hadn't a cent to your name!

I haven't now, either, madam, he howled. It's all in your name!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

MARVELOUS LUCK.

Sir Robert Rawlinson, K.C.B., is the only man who was ever knocked out of the saddle by a cannon ball without being killed.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1 50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. station, Montreal. Geo Carslake & Co., Prop's.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill College Avenue. Eur. Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

STREET SWEEPERS.