A PERILOUS WOOING.

From the Norwegian of Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

(Strand Magazine.)

From the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night; and it was always worst on Saturday night. Aslang's father, old Canute Husaby, never went to bed on those nights without keeping on at least his leather breeches, and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her." Thor Nesset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Husaby. Of course old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that, at any rate, he had never seen him there. Still they smiled, and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the hay-loft, whither Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there. Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose cool and clear through the sun's misty rays, the cow-bells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs, and blew the cow-horn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man, who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action: "Come up here again, and there will be still more in store for you!" All the young fellows could arrive but at one conclusion, that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Nesset. And all the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favor. Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all, and said that if there were no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now Canute was certainly getting on in years; still, although he was past 60, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever time indoors fell heavy on his hands. There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings—a man suddenly rushed at him. "What do you want with me?" asked Thor, and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes. "You will soon learn that," said someone else behind him, and gave him a great blow in the back of the neck. That was Aslang's brother. "And here's the third man," said old Canute, and attacked him also. The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow, and hit out right manfully; he dived and he ducked; whenever a blow fell it missed him; and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterwards that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up till blood began to flow, then Canute cried out, "Stop!" Then he added in a croaking tone: "If you can get up here next Saturday, in spite of Canute, Husaby and his men, the girl shall be yours!"

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight up on Husaby Hill, but everyone said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Aslang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when she heard what had happened between him and her father, she sat down and cried bitterly, and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor, I shall never have a happy day again in this world." Thor stayed in his bed all Sunday, and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came, and it was a very lovely day. It had rained in the night; the hills looked so fresh and green, the window was open, sweet odors were wafted in, the cow-bells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above someone was "jodling." . . . Truly, if it had not been for his mother who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came, and still he stayed in bed; on Thursday, though, he began to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said: "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men, the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm: "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor. As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby Hill; but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work. Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful; the sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up in the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upwards—all was quiet; he looked over towards Husaby farm—and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut; her day's work was done; she was thinking Thor would not come that evening, and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfastened the dog, and, without saying anything, walked farther on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place, and, without thinking more about it, sat down so that she looked towards the side where lay the fjord; it seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water. As she sat there the fancy struck her that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with "long-drawn notes," and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself sing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second, it seemed to her as though someone answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge, and twined her arms round a slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice, and looked down. But she could see nothing; the fjord lay there calm and at rest; not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be." Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaned over the cliff. And there down below, at the foot of the rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap, and under it the figure of a man, climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself; and, letting go the birch, she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down on the green sward, seized the grass with both hands as though it were she who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots; she screamed aloud, and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him; but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and therefore he could not expect help from above. "Only just this once!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time, and help him!" Then she threw her arms round the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it. The time seemed to her quite endless. Suddenly the dog began to bark "Bow, wow!" said he to Aslang, and jumped upon her. And again, "Wow, wow!" then over the edge of the cliff a coarse, round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms! He lay there a whole minute, and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable. And when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said. But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason. Bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash, "The lad deserves her," he cried; "the girl shall be his!"

IN DAYS GONE BY.

This may be a wicked world, but in many respects it is better than it used to be. Macaulay in one of his essays rebukes the people who are always sighing for "the good old days," and tells them that they would feel pretty sore if they had to live as their great-grandfathers did. There is an improvement to be noted in manners as well as in food and transportation. W. C. Sydney, in his "England and the English in the Eighteenth Century," gives this entertaining description of a fine gentleman of the Georgian era: "Roughly speaking, a fine gentleman of the Georgian era ordinarily began the day about ten o'clock in the forenoon by a general reception of visitors in his dressing chamber, having first fortified himself for that arduous task by swallowing a cogue of Nantsey. When the last batch of callers had taken their departure he rose and placed himself under the superintendence of his valet for about two hours. Now was brought into requisition his extensive assortment of perfumery—oil of Venus, spirit of lavender, attar of roses, spirit of cinnamon, or eau-de-luce, among others — with which the various articles of attire were severally and carefully sprinkled. Then, as now, there were in vogue certain sweetly-scented soaps, which were largely patronized by fashionable beaux, and with a cake of one of these he freely lathered his hands and face. He next dabbed his face with scented powder till it was as white as that of a miller, and plastered his hair with scented pomatum, and, having perfumed his pocket-handkerchief with rose or jessamine water, tied his cravat and adjusted his periwig, he finally sat down to dine about 3, either alone or in company with his friends. The repast concluded, he buckled on his sword, brushed his hat with great care, gave it the 'cock,' placed it with much ceremony on his head, and for a brief space surveyed himself in the mirror. When quite satisfied with his appearance, the beau took up his cane, ordered a sedan-chair, and proceeded in state to some coffee-house in the neighborhood of St. James' (generally White's), where for about an hour he aired his political views, or tickled the ears of the company with choice samples of his wit and pleasantry, intermingled with jests from the newest play or the gist of the latest scandalous story that had been circulated. Then this 'killing creature,' having first smeared his upper lip with snuff, hailed a chair and was borne along to the door of the playhouse, where, instead of attending to the performance (his mind would have recoiled with horror at the thought!) he wandered from pillar to post, now laughing and chatting with his friends, and then pulling out by turns his watch and pocket handkerchief. When the play concluded the beau usually repaired either to the coffee-house or to the residence of some boon companions, with whom he spent the remainder of the night, lending a hand at crimp, ombre, loo or whist, over bowls of punch and bottles of claret, until the small hours of the following morning—not unfrequently being conducted reeling home by a friendly watchman, bribed with sixpence for the purpose."

Headache, dizziness, ringing noises in the ears, hawking and spitting are sure symptoms of catarrh. Their no case Nasal Balm will not cure if given a fair trial. Beware of imitations.

—People who want to commit suicide by going over a big fall ought to look into the advantages of that recently discovered great cataract in Labrador.

Which of the New York libraries, asks the *World*, will be entitled to received from His Holiness the Pope a copy of that $64,000 *edition de luxe* of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which is to be sent one to each of "the leading libraries of the world?"

ARE YOU A JOINER?

If So, Here is Something Worth Joining.

The number of benefit orders seems to be on the increase. By "benefit orders" we mean those associations of individuals which require each member to pay in $100 or so, promising him in return $500 or $1,000 in cold cash in a year or two.

Now these seven-year, five-year and three-year benefit orders are all right enough in their way, but they are too tedious in their operation for this day of push and enterprise. People nowadays can't wait a year or two for large boxes of wealth to be unloaded at their front door-steps. What they want is to be able to pay down a few old copper pocket-pieces, and at the end of the commercial cash period of ten days, to call around at the bank vaults with a hand-cart and haul off great shotbags full of ripe, gleaming coin.

Now, why not carry the benefit scheme to its logical limit and give the "boys" what they want?

Can it be done?

Why not?

Establish the "Peoples' Ten Days' Benefit Order," organizing it under the Massachusetts law. Require every member to pay a penny a day for ten days, this payment entitling him at the end of that time to $1,000 in gold, payable at the office of the Treasurer at Boston, unless said Treasurer has previously sought a change of climate on account of his health.

Now, the success of this scheme lies in its magnitude. Make it broad and comprehensive. Take in the whole world with its population of a billion and a half.

Throwing off the odd half billion for children and old fogies who do not believe in such enterprises, and there will be left a round billion of people to do business with.

Estimating the lapses in payment at 99,999-1,000 per cent., there will be left at the end of the ten days only 10,000 members in good and regular standing.

Now, average the payments for the billion members, lapses, and all, at five cents each, would give $50,000,000, which is enough to pay every one of the 10,000 remaining members his $1,000, and leaves $40,000 for the treasurer and directors to buy a typewriter and have illuminated letter-heads struck off.

It may be ased what would be the result if there should be no lapses in payment—if every one of the billion members should have the same crafty intent and go into the scheme, hoping every other fellow would change his trousers some cold morning and forget to continue the requisite payment.

Supposing each member should pay his ten cents, and at the end of the ten days these billion individuals, with handcarts are waiting in line at the treasurer's office for their money, it is plain what the result would be. The treasurer's office would be very much overcrowded, and somebody would be liable to get hurt in the crush.

But here a condition, not a theory confronts us. In case of such a rush the directors could relieve the back-pressure of the crowd by declaring an *ex post facto* assessment on each member of $101 per day for the ten days, making $1,010; of this each member to get his $1,000 promised, the extra $10 being for the treasurer to have a few games of pool with, while the crowd is playing football with the cuspidors and other bric-a-brac in his office.

This scheme is not copyrighted nor patented, but is open to all. Why keep shortening the time of these benefits so slowly? Why not start this ten-day benefit scheme right off now, and give "the boys" just what they have been looking for?—*Free Press.*

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

It Will Work Both Ways!

Ald. Gowanlock said he had heard that the St. Lawrence Foundry was purchasing the water mains in Hamilton supplied to this city. He thought all these mains should be cast in this city. The Superintendent said he had not heard of this, but promised to report.—*Report in Toronto News.* Let Hamiltonians remember this. Toronto's selfishness is proverbial, and if Hamilton people were possessed of more of this spirit it would be better for this city.

A Chance to Make $500—or Better!

A slim chance, you fancy. Well, read and judge for yourself. You have Catarrh. $500 is offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of the nose, discharges falling into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in the ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere. $500 or a cure. Either would be acceptable.

Bad for Georgia.

Mr. Gotham—I see that a new law in Georgia prevents the selling of liquor within three miles of a church or a school house.

Col. Kaintuck (of Louisville)—My stars! That's a terrible blow to Georgia.

Mr. Gotham—Think so?

Col. Kaintuck—Mercy, yes! In five years there won't be a church or a school house left in the State.

Rather Careless.

Puck: Polly—So you are really and truly engaged. How did it come about?

Patsy—Well, papa said he didn't care, mama said she didn't care, Jack said he didn't care, and I'm sure I didn't care, and we became engaged.

Horse Sense.

Mrs. Eastern—My goodness me, Hiram, I see by the papers that a man has just died aged 118.

Mr. Eastern—Waal, wan't it 'bout time, Maria?

Sarah Bernhardt is accredited with the following statement: "My earnings during my career? Nothing. Nothing, I say. It comes, it goes. I keep no account. Could I not spend money I would not earn it. Money is to spend. I detest accounts I don't bother. I have enough. I never calculate. I can't calculate."

Miss Leither, the famous beauty, denies the truth of the report that she is going to marry Archibald Philip Pannrose, Earl of Rosebery.

"JUST ABOVE THE ANKLE."

That, Says Miss Willard is Where the Skirt Should End.

Miss Frances E. Willard sends this dictum and plea to the *Woman's Journal*, current issue: "We must, as women of common sense, agree to stand by each other in wearing street skirts that do not fall below the ankles. To do less is uncleanly and costs us the respect of every thinking person who sees us shuffling along on our street mopping expeditions. Let us insist on this reform for simple decency's sake, to say nothing of health or wholesomeness. This is the first step, this the hour's demand; all else that health, modesty and good taste indicate will follow. FRANCES E. WILLARD."

Too Late.

Perhaps Tennyson has written nothing which appeals to the hearts of all who read his poems more than the lyric of "Too Late." The burden of the sad refrain comes home with telling force to the hearts of those who have lost friends by that dread disease—consumption. They realize, "too late," the result of neglect. They feel that the dear one might have been saved if they had heeded the warning of the hacking cough, the pallid cheek, and weakening system. They feel this all the more keenly because they see others being rescued from the grasp of the destroyer, and they think what is saving others might have saved their loved one. When the first signal of danger is seen, take steps to avert the catastrophe. Be wise in time. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will drive away consumption. Do not wait until too late before putting its wonderful efficacy to the best. It succeeds where other remedies fail.

The Wild Animal Market.

Here are some prices of wild animals taken from the catalogue of the great Jamrach, who died recently in London:

Two hump-back camels	$150
Spotted hyenas, a pair	150
One peccary	20
Two mongooses, each	5
Spider monkey	15
Two baboons, a pair	100
Mesopotamia deer, each	50
Porcupine	25
Bengal tiger cat	20
South American ocelot	10
Pair of Persian greyhounds	200
Full-grown cassowary	200
Great eagle owl	20
Four pelicans, each	25

The Way is Clear.

Chicago *Tribune:* "Beg pardon, sir," said the man who had been standing up in the aisle of the car, as he wedged himself down by the side of a man who was trying to occupy two seats, "but have you ever travelled in Germany?"

"I have not, sir," gruffly answered the party addressed.

"It's an interesting country," rejoined the other pleasantly. "You ought to visit it. You would have no trouble in getting in now."

Just in Time.

Clothier and Furnisher: "Am I to understand," said the young man bitterly, as he arose to go, "that all is over between us?"

"I am afraid that is the case," she said calmly, a slight tone of Jersey City hauteur observable in her voice.

"Then," he answered briskly, reaching for his hat, "you have told me at just the right moment. I have recently ordered a new winter overcoat, and I will just have time to countermand those pockets under the arms."

Horrors of Housekeeping.

And yet it is a fact that dishwashing is the one great irksome fact of housework. It makes the wife determined that she will have a servant, and makes the servant hate to be one. Dishes and knives and forks are the great curse of our modern civilization. Without them there would be no servant-girl question; there never was one before they were introduced. A Society for the Abolition of Dishes might do a good deal to abolish the servant-girl question.—*Boston Transcript.*

Accustomed to It.

Washington *Star:* Mr. Flannelsuit (doubtfully)—What would you think if I should kiss you, Miss Ethel?

Miss Ethel (indifferently)—Oh, I don't know. I'm not very original. I'd probably say just what I said to Harry Shoulderstraps and Capt. Cascabel and the rest of them.

The various classes of single and double horses were an excellent lot and the entries numerous.

Rev. Dr. Burchard is said to have declared, while exhorting at a revival meeting in Poughkeepsie fifty years ago, that he had huge carbuncles on his knees caused by the hours he had spent on his knees for the conversion of sinners. After that, says the New York *Tribune*, he went by the title of "Carbuncle Burchard."

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Which greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing inflammation and will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Canadian Peanut Culture.

A cluster of peanuts was exhibited on 'Change yesterday by Mr. Charles Watt, the central grain buyer. The cluster was shown, not with a view to finding a purchaser, but to demonstrate what can be done in Canada in the way of this particular industry, the sample produced being grown near Bullock's Corners, Ont., by W. J. Morden. The nuts were well developed and were attached to the stalk that brought them into existence. Mr. Morden is so encouraged with his venture that he intends going extensively into the cultivation of what he is assured will prove a fruitful as well as a new source of revenue.—*Toronto World.*

Mother and Child are Doing Well.

Mrs. Brown was sick. Her friends said she would never get well. "What's the trouble?" "O, some kind of female weakness. The doctors have given up her case as hopeless. 'She may live for some time,' they say, 'but as for a cure, that is quite out of the question."

"I don't believe it," said a woman, who heard the sad news. "I don't believe she's any worse off than I was, five years ago, from the same trouble, and I don't look very much like a dead woman, do I?" She certainly did not, with her red, plump cheeks, bright eyes, and 150 pounds of good healthy bone, blood and flesh. "I'm going to see her and tell her how she can get well. She did so. She advised Mrs. Brown to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Mrs. Brown took the advice, also the medicine which cures all kinds of delicate diseases so common among women, and—got well. That was two years ago. Last month she persented Mr. Brown with a ten-pound son, and "mother and child are doing well."

A Natural Inference.

Willie—Do you like milk, Mr. Stay late?

Staylate—Not particularly, my little man; why do you ask?

Willie—Sister says you never leave until the cows come home.

A 3-year-old child in Lewiston, Me., babbles in three languages—French, Swedish and English. Her father is French and her mother is a swede. She picked up English from customers in her father's fruit store.

There are more women workers in the United Kingdom, Great Britain and Ireland, in proportion to the population, than in any other country in the world. Twelve per cent. of the working classes there are women.

D. C. N. L. 43. 93

DIAMOND VERA-CURA —FOR— DYSPEPSIA AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, FROST-BITES, SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, Etc.

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CURE YOURSELF. REMEDIES.

NO. 1 POSITIVE HERBAL REMEDY cures Nervous Weakness from whatever cause arising.
NO. 2 POSITIVE HERBAL REMEDY cures Urinary Discharges, either recent or otherwise, in a few days.
NO. 3 POSITIVE HERBAL REMEDY infallible in Blood diseases, taint, &c. Price each Remedy Two Dollars. In pill form. Sent in plain, sealed package with Rules. Enormous sale. GUARANTEED CURES. Sealed pamphlet free.
DR. JOHN PERCY, BOX 503, WINDSOR, ONT.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENU'NE HARTSHORN