

Rosanne.

But circumstances seldom allow us to rage long uninterrupted, and while Rosanne walked on, the fields grew dimmer, and the green gray, and the breeze chillier, and the grass wetter until at last she found the thorny briars which twined her by the shawl as she passed them, were beginning to ask her where she was going. It was a puzzling question. To go home among those false, scheming, triumphant creatures, could not for a moment be thought of. It would be more tolerable to return and face the storm in the dairy at Kiltormlyn farm, and even that was quite impossible. On such consideration as she could give, only one answer occurred to her. She would go to her Aunt Lizzie Mahony, her mother's sister, who had always been good natured and friendly. The Mahonys, it was true, lived rather a long step off, somewhere beyond Hewitstown, still she thought she could certainly contrive to get there in the course of the next day, and she knew that her future was all drearily vague. She supposed that she could get field work to do, and sometimes she even thought wildly of turning ballad singer. Dan used to say that she had a voice fit to make her fortune; but of course that might only have been one of his lies, for it was evident you could not believe a word that came out of his head. The further her feet and her reflections traveled, the more attractive grew the picture of the Mahony's little white cottage, with her aunt looking out at the door, and saying: "Glory be to goodness, if it isn't little Rosanne." For the fields round her spread lonelier, and stranger, and the moonlight began to fill them cruelly with ghastly gleams and shades. At last in a great fright she reared under a haystack and shivered and dazed in unequal alterations till the dawn.

It found her bewilderingly miserable, but delivered from the panic fears that had beset her, while the world was black and white, and she stole out of the yellow-mounded haggart on to the high-road close by. She hardly noticed that she was hungry and cold and damp with dew as she resumed her journey, upon which the July sun soon began to glare strong and fierce. The way was much longer than she thought, and she lengthened it by missing it several times, finding intricate directions all the more puzzling because she was dazed for the want of food and sleep. Two women of whom she had made inquiries and who told her of terribly many miles gave her a drink of milk, but that was all she had the whole day. With her gaudy hat and her carelessly-wiped-on shawl and bedded and ruffled and her curly hair tossed and puffed and her eyes wild and woebegone, she had become a forlorn, strange-looking figure, which passers-by eyed curiously, and on which they sometimes made remarks. This alarmed her greatly, for solitary wanderings were a new experience to her. She made up her mind never to be a ballad singer, and her aunt's house grew more and more desired refuge. At last, when the shadows stretched very long and the sunbeams had relaxed their scorching grip, she came to a bit of road that seemed familiar to her. Round the next turn, if she was not mistaken, stood the little white cottage at the foot of a steep field, in the angle where two longings met—she remembered the place very well.

And sure enough round the corner, just as she had hoped, the little white cottage came into view, a sight which for a few moments she beheld with much comfort of heart. But she had not taken many steps towards it before she perceived that something was amiss. On the brown slope of the thicket a thick cloud of smoke was brooding, dull and pale, and, as she looked thicker black clouds came rolling up, pierced here and there by sharp thrusts of flame, which even under the sunset of the sky gleamed strong and red. Very clearly the house was on fire, which was a dreadful thing; but what struck Rosanne with still more dismay was that there seemed to be nobody about to mind it. Three small stranger boys were sitting on the triangular grass plot between the two lanes just in front of the cottage, but they were busily playing some game with bits of broken crockery and taking no interest in the fire. Nobody else was to be seen. Rosanne ran up to the children in a breathless scare. "Where's all the Mahonys?" One of the boys glanced at her indifferently. "Och, the Mahonys was put out of it yesterday for the rint," he said, "and the colonel's burning the ould had houses to hinder the people of comin' back to them, and squatters and tramps, and all manner. Give me the blue-edged bit, Billy."

"And where's my uncle gone to?" said Rosanne. "I dunno," said the boy, "unless it was to the Union below at Hewitstown."

"Sure, not at all," said Billy; "I heard them sayin' Pat Mahony was gone to his brother's place, away at Tullylough."

The first boy, who was freckled and blue-eyed and red-headed, put out his tongue in acknowledgment of this correction, and the third, who was like him, said: "No, he isn't. They've taken off to the States." Rosanne thought they looked quite fiendishly hideous. She was turning towards the house when Billy said: "There's nobody in it," but his brother said: "Vie there is, after that vagin. I seen Alec Anderson and another of the bailiffs men goin' round wid a pitchfork awhile ago."

Rosanne ran desperately up to the door and looked in. It was all a

smother of smoke inside, and the flames might be heard gnashing their teeth among the crackling rafters. Then she ran on round the corner of the house, and there, sure enough, were two men, one of whom, standing on the pig sty wall, was poking a pitchfork into the thicket. The fact was that Alec Anderson, who had a thrifty turn, had noticed a fresh golden patch where Pat Mahony had lately darned his roof, and now deemed it worth while to rescue the good bit of straw from the conflagration for use on his premises. Burning cabins is hot and thirsty work on a radiant July day, and Anderson's mood had become irritable over it. So when a dishevelled bit of a vagrant girl, wrapped in an old rag of a shawl, surmounted by an incongruous gray hat, came rushing up to him, and in horror-stricken accents asked would he please be tellin' where Mrs. Mahony was gone, he felt moved to reply by tossing down a bundle of thatch on her off his fork, and saying: "Ou speir that at somebody that kens or cares, me hizze and rinna be bletherin' here away."

Unluckily the bundle had a red hot smouldering core, and as it dropped on Rosanne's head, it knocked off her hat, and set her hair alight, and fell in scorching flakes before her eyes. She was fleeing away, blind and terrified, but she tripped over a stone, and fell with her head against the wall, which stunned her into unconsciousness.

By the time that her troublesome world came back to her, she had been conveyed to the infirmary ward of the Hewitstown workhouse, a doleful white-washed place, where the last red rays of the sunset were beating on the grimy windows. Poor Rosanne's fortunes had sunk so deeply within the last four and twenty hours that you would hardly have recognized her as the same girl who had talked to her cousin Martha at the gate among the hayfields, while the sun went down behind a screen of rounded tree tops. For her clothes were blackened and drenched with fire and water, and much worse, her pretty curling hair was all burnt off, and one side of her face was scorched. Next morning her neighbor in the ward thoughtfully lent her a bit of broken looking-glass that "she might see the quare shape she was," but she had scarcely energy to glance at it, and was faintly shocked by the disfigured image. All the day she lay in a dazed, apathetic state, and took little heed of anything, and took her as if she had been there always in a dreary sort of dream.

But on the day after, when the creeping shadow on the floor had shrunk almost to its noontide skimpiness, she suddenly roused up quite awake. Just outside the door, which was close to her bed, she heard a familiar voice speaking—the voice of Dan McClean. Rosanne held her breath as the nurse, a square-framed stolid person, was called out to interview "a young man from about Kiltormlyn, that was come cixin' after a girl," Dan's voice would have sounded like heavenly music to her, if the echo of Martha's had not come harshly through it and jarred it into discord.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," she heard him say diffidently, "might there be a girl by the name of Rosanne Tierney in it?" "Is it the name?" said the nurse, "sure I couldn't be tellin' you the names of the half of them that comes and goes. What sort is she?" "Och, a slip of a girl," said Dan, whose descriptive powers were not great, "a slip of a girl—wid black hair—and a smallish size she is." "There's plenty of them, like that, if that's all," said the nurse, "we have a black-haired one came in the other day, but not over big. Some sort of a tramp she is, and got a crack on the head wid a bit of the roof slippin' down on her; but I could be axin' her name. Rosanne Tierney, did you say? And what might you be to her, supposin' she is? Her brother maybe?" It seemed to Rosanne as if an endless pause followed this question; yet Dan only hesitated for a moment before he answered: "Och, well, ma'am," as a brother, anyway.

And with that a stormy darkness fell upon Rosanne. For what could "as good as a brother," signify, except marriage with the step-sister, Maggie Walsh? She hoped to goodness she might never have the misfortune to set eyes on either of the two of them to the end of her life's days—and she'd as lief that mightn't be very long—a pair of black-hearted rogues—the villain might just go back the way he came.

When a minute afterwards the nurse returned to make her inquiry, the tramp kept her head under the blanket, and would only mutter in a husky, mumbling way: "I dunno any such people at all—bid him get along out of that—me name's Isabella Hill," facts which were at once reported to Dan outside in the passage, with the additional details that the creature seemed to be a cross-tempered one, and perhaps not quite right in her senses. But at this moment another visitor arrived in the shape of a small freckled and red-haired boy, who was carrying with an aversive expression of countenance, a large, gaudily-wreathed straw hat. "And what might you be wantin', Matthew Flanagan?" said the nurse. "Me mother bid me bringin' th' ould hat," said Matthew. It dropped off the girl that got hurt up at Pat Mahony's on Friday, and me brother brought it home, but she sez it might be a loss to the warthar that owned it, so she sent me along wid it, and it's him she'd a right to ha' sent."

"Be the powers of smoke!" Dan exclaimed, seizing hold of the hat, "that's belongin' to Rosanne Tierney; she got it new at Aster, and as proud

of herself in it she was as a little pay-cock. Sure I remember this tuft of yeller roses wid red glass beads in them cocked up at the side of it; I was tellin' her it looked for all the world like one of our ould donkey's ears; and was axin' her why wouldn't she be sticking up the other to match it."

"For the matter of that," said the nurse, "there's dozens of quare hats goin' about the world, and all of them set to tell the same from the other. The aquil, of the outlandish gazaboes, you see on people these times I never witnessed."

"Ah! but I couldn't be mistook in this one by any means," said Dan continuing to examine the hat: "sure 'twas sittin' in front of me in the trap all the way drivin' over from her place to our place and back agin of Easter Sunday, and here it is the very same. Couldn't I be seemin' the girl, ma'am, just for a minyit, for if she isn't Rosanne—"

But here a voice called, loudly and clearly through the half-open door: "Don't you offer to be comin' next or nigh me, Dan McClean. I'm no such thing. Git away home to Maggie Walsh," it said, and Dan's sunburnt face grew two inches shorter at the sound. "Glory be to goodness, it's herself," he said, "and me heart broke since Saturday mornin'. Sure, I'll not be comin' in if you're not wishin' jewel," he said, peering warily round the edge of the door, "but what talk at all was that you had about Maggie Walsh?"

"It was me cousin, Martha Reilly, was tellin' me all manner," said Rosanne, who felt as if she were wakenin' up out of a very ill-favored nightmare. "Trust Martha Reilly to be gabbin' about what doesn't concern her," said Dan. "Troth I well ken your step-mother was puttin' that story about this while back, and devil a word of truth in it. Deed, Rosanne, that ould woman isn't any ood good I'm thinkin'. But sure what matter about the pack of them? Your Aunt Lizzie Mahony's stoppin' wid her sister-in-law away at Drumcastle. I discovered that much yesterday—and they bid me be bringin' to stay up there till we would be gettin' married afore reapin' begins. Maggie Walsh bedad! Is it idlin' me time I'd be trampin' over the country after her on a Monday mornin' in the middle of haymakin'? So hurry, up, honey, and git all-right agin, the way I can be comin' to fetch you. I'll borry Jimmy Byrne's side-car."

"And did you bean tell the quare awful thing I done at the farm—throwin' all Mrs. Conroy's grand crame to the pigs?" said Rosanne, the recollection of this disaster now beginning to emerge from the chaos of troubles which had overwhelmed and obliterated it. But Dan replied unappalled: "Why to be sure. And was that any reason for you to be drivin' yourself after it, so to spake? Not if every sup of crame in Ireland was split, and all the pigs in the country swimmin' in the middle of it wave, and your step-mother and her daughter, and Martha Reilly, that can't be aisy unless she's gabbin', along wid the lot of them."

So a few Sundays later Rosanne Tierney was married in her gay buff and crimson wreathed hat. It was slightly battered and the worse for its travels, but it would have been up-grateful for her to discard it, as only for its timely turning up on a former critical occasion, it might probably have been worn by a forlorn little distracted vagrant, instead of adorning the proud and happy head of Mrs. Daniel McClean.

The End.

HEALTH.

BEAUTY BATHS.

Some physicians maintain that weak constitutions can not stand frequent bathing, yet eminent authorities contend that bathing is as much of a tonic to the weak as to the strong. It must, in the latter case, be done judiciously. On waking in the morning the skin is in a moist condition, covered with poisonous matter, thrown off during sleep. Is it better for the weak person to allow the skin to reabsorb that poison? A quick sponge bath from head to foot with cold water and a violent rubbing with a flesh brush or coarse towel need not take more than five minutes, and the weakest person is benefited by the exercise. The blood is sent tingling through the veins, and there is no danger of taking cold through the day, no matter what the changes of weather may be.

A hot bath should always be taken at night before retiring; it is quite as necessary to relieve the skin of the dust and dirt accumulated through the day. The same quick bathing, using pure soap, see to it that the water is hot, not warm, removes all foreign matter and rests the tired nerves, making sleep the sweeter afterward. These quick baths, with the exercise of rubbing one's self vigorously with coarse towels, bringing every muscle into play, can not but be invigorating to the constitution, and when taken daily and systematically will save many a doctor's bill. It is all the tonic an inactive liver needs.

In addition to this, many beauties take—once a week—a Turkish bath. Oh the luxury of these Turkish baths! There are physicians who spend a great deal of energy in their arguments against them. Undoubtedly they have their own reasons for so doing. Dr. Wilson, a noted dermatolo-

gist of England, has written a book containing 5000 pages on the subject, and gives scientific reasoning why Turkish baths must necessarily be the enemy to the physician whose income depends entirely upon the prevalence of disease.

If, as he says, a great many women say they can not take these baths, as the method is too severe, there are many ways of modifying it. It is not necessary to stay in the heated rooms till exhausted. The luxury of the rubbing, scrubbing, showering, plunge, rest and sleep afterward can be remembered only with pleasure. When it is not convenient to go to a regular bath house, much can be accomplished in one's own home by taking some care and plenty of time. If you have a cabinet bath, with the alcohol lamp for steam, it is excellent; but if not, a simple method is to place a deep pan or foot tub of very hot water under a cane-seated chair, roll yourself in a blanket, and see that the blanket comes well down to the floor to keep in the steam. Your hot bath should be all ready waiting, with coarse towels and brushes at hand, so that when you are all aglow and perspiring freely you can step at once into the hot water and have a vigorous friction bath. Go to bed at once, for the long rest in one of the great factors in the success of a Turkish bath.

Face steaming is much practiced for beauty's sake, but it must not be overdone, as it would then enlarge the pores beyond a natural, healthful condition. A little steam, however, is excellent.

A friend, whose chief desire in life had been a fine complexion, visited a specialist and paid the sum of \$15 for some very simple remedies, but which, by patient and systematic application, have transformed her wonderfully. He gave her some cream, some brushes, like those any druggist keeps, and told her to keep up the steaming, which we shall explain, daily for one month, thereafter every other day, unless exposed to unusual winds or dust, when it should always be used.

Make a kind of large bonnet of paper—wrapping or news paper—so that the face is removed about 14 inches from the edge. Secure this so that no steam escapes around back of the neck. Have a fire shovel, stove lid or heavy pan heated quite hot. A box of powdered myrrh is set on a table so that it comes within easy reach, also a glass of wine—Rhine wine is best, but even vinegar is good. Fill the mouth with the wine, and place the lid inside the bonnet. Throw on a pinch of myrrh, let the fumes penetrate the face as long as they can be borne—a minute, anyhow. Then adjust some of the wine on the hot lid and hold the paper securely so that the steam comes up to your face. Repeat this until the lid is cold and the steam all gone. Wipe the face very gently with a bit of silk or old linen and notice the change in your appearance. A few recipes for toilet water may be welcomed. Any of them added to the bath makes the skin soft and velvety.

One pound of barley meal.
Two pounds of bran.
One ounce of borax.
Dissolve in two quarts of water—strain into ordinary bath of about thirty gallons. Another good way is to put the barley, bran and borax into a cheese-cloth bag and allow it to remain in the bath water until dissolved. An equally delightful tonic for the skin is as follows:

One ounce tincture of camphor.
One-half ounce tincture of benzoin.
Two ounces cologne water.
Drop slowly into the bathing water. This makes a refreshing wash for the face, neck and hands, by adding a little to a small quantity of water.

The following is a very good substitute for a milk bath, easier to obtain and at a much less expense.
One-half pound meal of small flour.
One-fourth pound hyssop herb.
Four pounds bran flour.
Put into a cheese-cloth bag and add to an ordinary bath of thirty gallons. Right here we may as well say something about glycerine, whether "chemically pure" or otherwise, it is bad for the skin, unless very much diluted. A well-known physician once told me that by the continued use of glycerine a lady's face would become like a piece of parchment. It has a tendency to dry, burn and darken the skin, but when very much diluted with rose water or distilled water, the effect is counteracted, and it becomes an excellent emollient.

The wine bath is much prized by a beautiful Russian lady. When one has taken cold, or feels very much fatigued, fill a pint cup with pine needles, to be had at any drug store if you can't get them fresh; add enough boiling water to make about two quarts of tea. After drinking a wine-glassful, pour the rest into a hot bath. After bathing go to bed, and you will awaken thoroughly refreshed and with no trace of cold.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

Long—Have you forgotten that \$5 that you borrowed of me some time ago?
Short—Oh, no; I still have it in my mind.

Long—Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?

VAUDEVILLAINY.

The Gentleman with the Bald Wig—The revenue officers broke into our lodge and seized the artificial goat last night.

The Gentleman with the Green Whiskers—What for?
Bogus utter.

IRON FROM THE SEA.

It is probable that few people know what an enormous quantity of old iron in the shape of anchors, chains, etc., is annually rescued from the sea. During 10 months as much as 360 tons weight was dredged up on the east coast of the United States alone.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING

Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith, of Fort Robinson came to see me and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I had improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Although I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHEN CATS WERE RARE.

In the middle ages cats were very rare. Even with the ladies, little dogs were the familiar household pets, and cats were regarded as almost a royal possession. In Wales as early as the tenth century cats were protected by law. Before a kitten, could open its eyes it was worth a penny; afterward it was worth two, and when it had caught a mouse its value rose to four pennies. These may seem small prices now, but they meant a good deal then. Both cats and pennies are within reach of any one, and the simplest little home may have as guard the cat that "once upon a time" kept watch in the King's granaries.

In Wales the Prince had his storehouses thus protected, and the following story will show you how the theft of a cat was regarded: One day a small black kitten was missing. It was not very big, but it had caught a mouse, and search was made at once. It was found in a peasant's hut, and his daughter confessed that she had stolen it from the granary. The child declared that the kitten was frightened by the Prince's two great wolf hounds, and had taken refuge with her, and she had not had the heart to give it up.

The steward had father and child brought, trembling with fear, before the Prince, who sat on his throne, yawning and stroking his tawny hounds.

"What is the law?" he asked.
"The chief shall pay a full grown ewe with all its fleeces," said the steward.

"Alas! the man was too poor to own sheep."
"Failing this, the cat shall be hung up by its tail!"

"Rather hard on the cat," said the Prince, and little Mertha's tears ran down her face.

"And the thief shall pay a heap of grain high enough to reach the very tip of the tail," continued the steward.

"Then shall we starve," murmured the peasant. "After toils and tithes there is so little left."

Now the black kitten was brought into court, and seeing the dogs and its little friend, it bristled up its hair with fear and mewed piteously to Mertha for succor.

The cat hath chosen the child," said the Prince carelessly. "I will remit the fine and give her the animal for her own."

This law is still found among the old Welsh statutes, but it is no longer enforced.

A BOER DELICACY.

The Transvaal Boer will eat almost anything in the flesh, fish or fowl line, for all is grist that comes to his gastronomic mill, and the following mixture is voted most delectable by the majority of the rougher classes: A great square slice is cut off a loaf made of coarse, unsifted meal, and covered with a thick layer of jam, preferably strawberry; a row of sardines is then placed on top, and the oil from the sardine box is liberally poured over the whole. A loud smacking of lips and other manifestations of thorough appreciation accompany the disposal of this delicate bonne-bouche; but the unsophisticated Boer only indulges in this luxury when he means to enjoy a special treat, quite regardless of expense.