near you."

Pocahontas rallied her forces resolutely called up her pride, her womanbood, he sense of the wrong he had done her. If sh should give way an instant—if she should yield a hair's breadth, she would be lost to be the standard of the sense of the standard of the sense The look in his eyes, the tenderness of h voice, appeared to sap the foundations her resolution and to turn her heart to wa within her.

"Why have you come?" she wailed, he tone one of passionate reproach. "Had yo not done harm enough? Why have yo

some?
Thorne started slightly, but commanded himself. It was the former marriage; the divorce; she felt it keenly—every woman must; some cursed modiler had told her.
"My darling," he answered, with patient tenderness, "you know why I have comewhy it was impossible for me to keep away.

you, Princess, as a man loves by in his life. Will you come to me Will you be my wife?

The girl shook her head, and moved her hand with a gesture of denial; words she

hand with a gesture of team ; working, Prinhad none.

"I know of what you are thinking, Princeas. I know the idea that has taken possession of your mind. You have heard of
my former marriage, and you know that the
woman who was my wife still lives. Is it
not so?" She bent her head in mute assent.
Thorne gazed at her pale, resolute face with
his brows khit heavily, and then continued:

his brows knit heavily, and then continued:

"Listen to me, Princess. That woman—Ethel Ross—is my wife no longer, even in name; she ceased to be my wife in fact two years ago. Our lives have drifted uterly asunder. It was her will, and I acquiesced in it, for she had never loved me, and I—when my idiotic infatuation for her heartless diabolical beauty passed, had ceased to love her. At last, even my presence became a trouble to her, which she was at no pains to conceal. The breach between us widened with the years, until nothing remained to us but the galling strain of a useless fetter. Now that is broken, and we are free,"—there was an exultant ring in his voice, as though his freedom were precions to him.

"Were you bound, or free, that night at Shirley?" questioned the girl, slowly and

will not lessen our sin; nor ner unnoy
marriage make ours pure and righteous."

Thorne stamped his foot. "Do you
vish to madden me?" he exclaimed;
'there is no sin, I tell you; 'nor would our
narriage be unholy. You are torturing us
ooth for nothing on God's earth but a
secuple. MARRIED.

MARRIED.

MARRIED.

MBERLAND-THORNE.—At the Church of the control of th

cruple

For a moment, Pocahontas lay quietly
n his arms, lulled into quiescence. Then
the wrenched herself free, and moved
the way from him. It had been said of
the that she could be hard upon
the been hard.

secasion; the occasion had arrsen, and see was hard.

"Go!" she said, her face wan as ashes, but her voice firm; "it is you who are cruel; you who are blind and obstinate. You will neither see nor understand why this thing may not be. I have showed you my thought, and you will not bend; implored you to have pity, and you are merciless. And yet you talk of love! You love me, and would sacrifice me to your love; love me, and would break down the bulwarks I have been taught to consider rightcous, to gratify your love. o consider righteous, to gratify your love, do not understand; love seemed to me so different, so noble and unselfish. Leave ue; I am tired; I want to think it out

Alone."
Thorne stood silent, his head bent in thought. "Yes," he said, presently, "it will be better so. You are overwrought and your mind is worn with excitement you need rest. To-morrow, next week, the week after, this matter will wear a different will wear a will will come again. week after, this matter will wear a different aspect. I can wait, and I will come again. It will be different thên."
"It will never be different"; the voice was low; the gray eyes had a hopeless look.

CHAPTER XVIII. The next day Thorne quitely returned to New York, without making any attempt to New York without making any attempt to see or communicate with Pocahontas again. He had considered the situation earnestly, and decided that it would be his wisest

Winter again; the city dull, listless and sodden of aspect in the gloom of a January evening.

Since her return from her wedding trip, which had lengthened to four months amid the delights of Paris, Mrs. Cumberland had found time for only one short visit to her little son. There had been such an accumulation of social duties and engagements, that pilgrimages over to Brooklyn were out of the question; and besides, she disliked Mrs. Cresswell, Thorne's aunt, who had charge of the boy, and who had the bad taste, Ethel felt sure, to disapprove of her. It was too bad of Nesbit to put the child so far away, and with a person whom she did not like; it amounted to a total separation, for of course it would be impossible for her to make such a journey foften.

A sharp ring at the door-bell, tardily answered by a servant, and then footsteps approached the parlor door. Husband and wife looked up with interest—with expectation. Was it a visitor? No; only the servant with a telegram which he handed furned the thin envelope in his fland inquisitively. He was fond of having everything pass through his own hands—of knowing all the ins and outs, the minuties of daily happenings.

"What is it?" questioned Ethel, indowhich she was at no pains to conceal. The brack he was at no pains to conceal. The brack hetween us widened with the years, antil nothing remained to us but the galling strain of a useless fetter. Now that is broken, and we are free,"—there was an exultant ring in his voice, as though his freedom were precious to him.

"Were you bound, or free, that night at Shirley?" questioned the girl, slowly and steadily.

"In heart and thought I was free, but in fact I was bound," he acknowledged. "The words! I spoke on the steps that, night escaped me unaware. I was tortured by jecalousy, and tempted by love. I had no right to speak them then; nothing can excuse or palliate the weakness which allowed me to. I should have come to you untrammeled—as now. I attempt no justification of my madness, Princess. I have no excuse but my love, and can only sue for pardon. You word tenderly—"for the sake of my gast love. I've my only plea"—his voice to behardest of all for a woman to steel her heart against.

"Must I understand, Mr. Thorae, that love for me suggested the thought of divorcing of all for a woman to steel her heart against.

"What I understand, Mr. Thorae, that love for me suggested the thought of divorcing the latter of the sake of my gast love. I've my only plea"—his voice to behardest of all for a woman to steel her heart against.

"What I understand, Mr. Thorae, that love for me suggested the thought of divorcing of all for a woman to steel her heart against.

"Princess," have no excuse better thought of divorcing the contract of the princess in the princess in the princess in the suggest of the thought of divorcing of the princess in the suggest of the thought of the princess. They are loved Jim gast the princess in the princess in

Sailor collars ending in revers to the wais ine are edged with embroidery. Leggins are of cloth or ooze calf in tar black. Black shoes and hose are alway orn.

orn.
Figured ginghams of the plainest descri ion have a gathered shirt and round wais Pique dresses having a round waist a rimmed with collars, cuffs and bretel ged with embroidery. Little boys of two and three years

Mason laid the paper on the liteside her chair. "My daughte

and beside her chair. "My daugner, ie said, looking up at the girl seriously, this can make no difference." "No, mother," very quietly, "no difference i but I thought you ought to know."
If only she could think that this made

If only she could think that this made a difference. She was very weary of the struggle. The arguments which formerly sustained her had, with ceaseless iteration, lost their force; her battle-worn mind longed to throw down its arms in unconditional surrender. Her up-bringing had been so different; this thing was not regarded by the world in the same light as it appeared to her; was she over-strained, opinionated, censorious? Nesbit had called her so—was he right? Who was she, to set up her feeble judgment against the world's verdict—to condemn and criticise society's decision? Divorce must be—even Scripture allowed that; a limb must be sacrificed sometimes that a life might be saved.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XX.

Winter again; the city dull, listless and odden of aspect in the gloom of a January

their front hair banged and the test in loose surls or waved ends.

Jacket suits of pique or gingham have a plaited or gathered skirt, short coat sleeves and a square three-piece jacket.

Cotton dresses are cut with a round, broad waist in three pieces, corded and sewed to the full gathered or plaited and henpmed skirt.

Flannel and cotton dresses for little chaps just donning boyish gowns have one-piece dresses in three box-plaits, back and front, caught to just below the waist line.—

Emma M. Hooper, in the Economist.

A Two-Strike.

A Two-strike.

The out-door household work in summer such as that of the summer-kitchen, washing and ironing, is a sort of makeshift with many mishaps like burns and scads. But Mr. Jno. Heinemann, Middle Amana, Lowa. U. S. A., has found the true remety. He says: "I scalded my leg with boiling water, and had a sprained ankle at the same time. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil promptly cured both." That doubles its value easily, and shows its great usefulness.

Get Their Names in the Papers Get Their Names in the Papers, bechester Herald: The summer is the per here than people begin to ging where the water is deep will joing to reflect upon the dangers would a person who goes into we would a person who goes into we would a person who goes into we are wading is impossible and puming is imperatively necessary, perienced boatman who "cha se," the bather who can't swim, curr yachtsman who doesn't key to anticipate a sould and the tateur yachtsman who doesn't know ough to anticipate a squall and the sur-ther who is ignorant of the strength of a undertow, are all mentioned in the wspapers at this season of the year, and happily they all figure in the mortuary t. Why don't the people learn to swim?

THE MARKET DATE OF THE PARTY OF

Now that the reign of the summer girl is hand, these are a few of the things to ount on the beads of her rosary of her membrance: The girl the boys like best to de rowing doesn't trail her hands in the store, even if they are prefix and bor rings. ke rowing doesn't trail her hands in the atter, even if they are pretty and her rings andsome, for it gets the boat out of trim, he doesn't act frisky or kittenish in the act or playfully spring out of it at the lore, only to fall back very unplayfully to the stream and dip-the skiff half full of ater. She doesn't pretend to steer if she cesn't know how, just because the bright ords of the rudder are effective against her cords of the rudder are effective against ner dress. She doesn't put up her sunshade when the wind is dead against you, even if its lining is becoming to her complexion. She doesn't get a headache and have to go home just when the fish are beginning to bite; and she doesn't squeal if you happen, inadvertently, to land a gamy catch in her lap.—The Eye.

One of the Mysteries. Chicago Tribune: Maud-What do you hink of Irene?
Laura-I detest her. And she hateame like Harper's Bazaar: Did you see the notic gave you?" said the editor to the grocer "Yes; and I don't want another. Th "Then why do you and she always kis when you meet?"
"Heaven only knows." may mean well, but he is not the want to flatter me a second time."

New York Herald: Harry-I saw eorge down town last night hugging a Sir Gordon Not in the Cast. Puck: Rockaway Beach—We tried to ay baccawat at owah club the othah night mppost. Ethel—I don't believe it; and I'm not o it couldn't manage it. Howell Gibbon—Why not? Rockaway Beach—All the fellahs wanted be bankaw. The pwince was bankaw,

Tunisian girl has no chance of ma is she tips the scales at 200 pound at end she common at end she com

eats a great deal of sweet sum and adentary life to hasten the process. Up 15 she is very handsome, but at 20 wha immense, unwieldly mass of fat she be nes. She waddles, or undulates, alon

pecially if she be of the richer class.

especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silk of resplendent hue of bright yellow or green, and wear a sort of conical-shaped head dress, from which depends a loose, white drapery. Turkist trousers and dainty slippers, the heels of which barely reach the middle of the foot, complete costume.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Never Mind the Administration. Rochester Heraid: The American naturcan, who beat his pretty wife over ad with a rock at Rettar y Coed, a fan sort in Wales, has bee placed in an account of the company for life.

Minnie Palmer will make her reapper ance in London in September and in t following month will commence a tour the provinces. "I see now," said he sadly, after he had lost his money on the ball game, "why they say 'blind as a bat.' The bat didn' seem to see the ball once."

o be bankaw. The pwince was bankaw, reu know.

Boston Courier: Tartly—Doctor, what lo you really think is the matter with my vife? Dr. Bias—I am sorry to say, sir, hat I fear that she is losing her reason. Tartly—I thought as much when they told ne she had sent for you.

Maple sugar on snow was the attraction at a recent gathering near North Adams, Mass. The snow had been kept since winer under a thick covering of spruce oranches.

Read This and the Question Will Never Bother You Again.

1. When he bows to a lady or an elderly gentleman.

2. When he is with a lady who bows to a person, even if the other is a total stranger to him.

3. When he salutes a gentleman who is in the company of another gentleman who bows to a lady.

5. When he is in the company of another gentleman who bows to a lady.

6. When he he with a lady and meets a gentleman who bows to a lady.

7. When he parts with a lady, after speaking to her, or after walking or the speaking to her, or after walking or speaking to her, or after walking or speaking to her, or after walking or speaking to her, or after walking to her ceiving instruments of occan cables, the galvanometers used in taking the receiving instruments of occan cables, the galvanometers used in taking the receiving insulation of occan cables, the galvanometers used in taking the receiving insulation of occan cables, the galvanometers used in taking the receiving insulation of occan cables, the galvanometers used in taking the receiving insulation of occan cables, the galvanometers used in taking the receiving insulation of occan cables and measuring insulation of occan cables, the galvanometers used i

Epoch: Melancholy Stranger—You are sure this poison will kill a man?
Druggist—Ves, sir, I can guarantee it. By the way, if you are going to commit suicide, I wish you'd put one of our circulars in your pecket. It'll be a bigadvertisement for us when your body is found.

Preparing for the Scashore. Jewelers' Circular: Cholly Cholmonderl-Now we're all pwepared for our twip. Bu seem to forget something.
Valet.—Have you ordered the engagement ngs? Cholly C.—Aw, that's it. Go to Ti

A Vital Question. Puck: The bosom friend—They tell me Nell, that you are engaged.
The victim—Dear me! Is it to anyone I know?

All the women of the Vanberbilt famil are notable for their good looks. Mrs. Co-nelius Vanderbilt has a calm, lovely fac-which is suggestive of the Madonna. Mr William K. Vanderbilt has a fine figure William K. Vanderbitt has a nne ngure which she carries with much statelines; her eyes are dark blue and her hair is a ruddy bronze brown. Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, however, is the beauty of the house of Vanderbilt. Her figure is extremely graceful, her complexion lovely and her hair has the glint and glimmer of golden sunbeams in them.

The son of General Isidro, Urtecho, Com-

come in the ginth and ginthine or glotten seems in the son of General Isidro. Urtecho, Commander-in-Chief of the Nicaraguan army, is the only foreign cadet at West Point. He is a young man of 20, tall and active, with swarthy skin and flashing black eyes.

The house which Lord Revelstoke was building preyious to the Baring failure is now Baron Hirsch's.

Baron de Gondoriy, the Brazilian india-

SURELY

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for 1700 man of disease. By its injury use thousands of hoppless cases have been permanently or is said be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have computed in first will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, 7: A SLOW CL. 188 West Adeialde St., TOPONYO, ONTARIO. THOUSANDS OF BOT

with a person whom she did not like; it is a magneted to a total separation, for of course it would be impossible for her to make as a learning of the course it would be impossible for her to make as a learning of the course it would be impossible for her to make as a learning of the course it would be impossible for her to make as a learning of the course of the year, and inhapping they all figure in the mortang year. The same than the properties of the period of the perio THOUSANDS OF BUILDING THOUSANDS OF BUILDING





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