

THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

CHAPTER I.

Kilferan Abbey is situated in a wild and romantic part of the south-west of Ireland. The coast thereabouts is grand and craggy, broken into strange shapes, majestic sweeps and great precipices; but with lovely inland glimpses of greenery and trees; and beyond it, the thunder of the great ocean waves, the long, sweeping "rollers" of the Atlantic.

They who would see Kilferan Abbey must not shun rough roads and lonely paths, must not shrink from the sense of solitude, or expect to find anything like a "place of any great English proprietor. No smooth shrub-bordered carriage road at Kilferan; no delfty-adjusted plantation, bringing out the "point of view" in the rain; no wide grassy esplanade and well-kept grass; no flaunting flag; no trained ivy or luxuriant Virginian creeper hiding the ghastliness of decay.

The inland approach to Kilferan, from the county town Ballycassell, is monotonous and uninteresting, as almost all the plateau of the south-west, even in the south, bearing few evidences of prosperity, and having little diversity or sylvan charm. The abbey turns a back place of a hill with steep scarp sides; a deep roadway cut in the rock, on which the iron-shod hoofs of horses ring as on an old Roman highway. Groups of cattle on the plains, goats clambering about the hills, the scream of the carlew flying far in from the frequent storm, the grey-blue sky, piled with the low-lying, fantastic clouds which veil the face of heaven from the lands near the sea; these are the surroundings of the abbey, and the place of a great, fine and much respected bygone times when it was a monastery of the Dominican Order. From Kilferan, preachers, full of the eloquence of zeal and severity, had gone abroad to preach in Ireland and in distant lands over the sea, with the sound of whose distant waters mingled the tolling of the bells of Kilferan, masterpieces of Flemish founders' art, brought to the abbey in its high and palmy days by Francois de Valmont, and which were treasured, and held a much respected member of the Dominican community as Brother Cyrran.

France in those days was a terrible long way off from Ireland, a distance which, except to the great nobles, to statesmen, to soldiers and to the Friars Preachers, implied an absolute strangeness and distance as we do not now exist between our island kingdoms and any portion of the known earth. Kilferan seems many an earnest, eager-faced monk in the Dominican robe, and cloak, and cowl, to mingle with the motley world awhile, and preach to hawking and the vanity of earth, the words of heaven, and then to return and keep the severe but peaceful rule of St. Dominic. But Brother Cyrran lived always within the abbey, though the tradition which lingered long among the peasantry of the place, who had little love, or nutriment for the ever active Irish imagination, had it that no more learned man, or "golden-mouthed," dwelt among the friars preachers.

The abbey, within whose ancient walls the Comte de Valmont found peace, and buried the story of his former life, was ancient when he found his shelter. The famous bells, his magnificent gift, were ordered from a foreign-looking craft, the fashion of whose sails was declared to be "outlandish." A rumor gained ground that the novice had brought much wealth to the community, in addition to his gift of the bells, which the people regarded with superstitious veneration. Apparently, Brother Cyrran did no more than this for the Abbey of Kilferan. If, indeed, he had brought wealth with him into the cloister, there was no external evidence of its expenditure; he was as obscure as that of any humble lay brother there, and his name was rarely heard while he lived. But for "the musical, magical bells," it might have been forgotten as utterly as any of the countless brethren of the order who mouldered away in nameless sepulchre under the shade of the thick eastern wall, of which one sturdy fragment is still standing, and where the irregularities of the earth induce ancient and forgotten graves. But the bells kept the memory of him fresh for scores of years, long after they had been carried off from the ruined and dismantled abbey, and hung in the belfry of a church of the reformed faith in the county town.

Deep and deadly, though suppressed, under the iron rule of the time, was the rage of the people who, Brother Cyrran's bells, with their beautiful dedicatory legends and their orthodox baptism, were thus transferred to the enemy of their country and their faith. Deep, deadly and vain; for the people were helpless. But there was something on their side—something they could not define, did not care to investigate, did not dare openly claim and exult in, but, nevertheless, believed in and cherished, as the Irish people always believe in and cherish anything which connects the elements of religion and revenge. The men employed to hang the bells in their new place fell from the scaffolding, and were mortally hurt; the belfry was struck by lightning and buried to the ground; the bells split in the fall, and when restored they cracked of their own accord. At last, in all the market town, a man could be found to officiate as bellringer, for it became known that he who made Brother Cyrran's bells chime in obedience to the stranger, and the heretic, should have no place in any fireside, no partner in a dance, no wife from out his household, no nurse in sickness should, in fact, be cast out from his house. The power of the strong hand

availed nothing against this. There were cruel laws enough in Ireland then; but, short of the subjection of slavery, none which could be applied to the forcing of a man to ring Cyrran's bells, and so they remained silent.

The tradition lasted; dormant indeed, for none cared to rouse it. At length, in the lapse of time, the bells disappeared, none knew exactly when or how. The explanation might have been simple, but mystery was preferable, and the mystery was established. But in course of years, when the infants of the days in which the avoided place of Cyrran's bells had been unaccountably left senseless were grown men and women, it began to be rumored that the bells were heard again on the heights of Kilferan, and from the sea, in the calm, slumbering, sparkling time of summer, and of night, when the watch-lightened from shipboard for their solemn, elevating, admonitory music. Young monks, watching their sleep, in the "faint" cradle of the bells; no more were by sick-beds, sorrow-stricken people heavily laden with sin and grief; above all, the dying. And it was held of all "in good faith" to hear the ancient music. They were not afraid; though no one knew where the bells hung, or if they were in existence, under any form, through centuries had passed since any sound, but the swish of the bats' wings, the hooting of the owls, or the twittering of nesting birds among the ivy, had come from the deserted ruins of Kilferan; they were not afraid, nor had they any doubt that the sound was that of Cyrran's bells. So that, though it was always said that it was accounted a blessed thing to have heard these bells; and many a sick heart had listened for the sound until benignant fancy produced it, and the longing was satisfied; the line of sense with the supernatural granted.

But this was of late date, and when ruin had so taken possession of Kilferan Abbey that it could no longer be a keener imagination, and a thorough knowledge of the architecture of the period at which it was built, to restore it to the mind's eye, as it had been when Brother Cyrran trod its cloisters, with his sandals feet, and mused among the graves, so numerous even then, with his refined, thin, dark, French face, very earnest, and yet weary, and differing much from the faces of his brethren. The front of the abbey was of great extent, and can be traced, in all its length, though the remains of a mere shell exists. The lofty and wide entrance is in the centre, and a portion of the stonework above the arch of the massive gateway is in good preservation. This portion consists of a long line of short, bulky columns, which once formed the external side of the principal tower, and was probably continued on three sides of the building. Of decoration, of the artistic skill and taste with which the monks of old were wont to adorn their dwellings, the visitor will be surprised to find no trace remains. The fragments of the walls are rough fragments. The time-worn rugged surface of the columns, which still stand, and their firm and massive sockets of the grey stone which is so dreary-looking, and so enduring—bear no impress of the sculptor's hand. But when the visitor stands close by the doorway, and carefully scans the line of stonework just above the columns, he observes a few feet of masonry, jutting in towards the hollow, empty centre, and makes out that there was a massive flooring of a great gallery, probably of cells or dormitories. On narrow inspection he sees that there was once a fireplace, and in the wall, a few feet of which remain, just above the tenth column, counting from the right side of the great entrance, the mutilated remains of a sculptured tablet may be discerned. The relief is almost obliterated by age and exposure; the corners are clipped, green stains mar the surface, and a deep crack traverses the tablet, so that it is strange that it has not long ago fallen from its position, and added its tiny item to the heap of rubbish around. There is no means of climbing up to the level of this and little relic of the sculptor's presence here, and it is difficult to make out the design of the bas-relief. The visitor is told that it represents the winged lion of St. Mark, and people suggest that, in old times, the distinctive signs of the Dominican Order were sculptured upon the walls of Kilferan. Whose was the artist's hand? No one knows; perhaps some wanderer coming from the distant sunny home of the arts to this remote place, where they were little known, and met scant welcome, who set the mark of the Christian revelation upon the yet unconsecrated walls, and his way, perhaps some monk, led down in other ways than with the learning of his brethren, whose peaceful dust has mingled with theirs for ages. There is no other trace of any but the mason's skill at Kilferan.

Not far down the coast, formed by the craggy boundaries of the hills about Kilferan, is a fine harbor, where many noble ships are now no uncommon sight, and where, even in those days, there was much commerce, and shipping, for commercial purposes, and especially for those generally known as the "Portuguese trade." Many a voyager landed in that harbor, took horse and guide and set forth for Kilferan, where he would be well received and hospitably entertained, and having conferred with the monks and perhaps brought them news of their foreign brethren, or more general intelligence of the world outside, would go on his way to transfer the vestiges of a troublous time, with many a wistful backward look at the peaceful place he left behind. The dwellers in that port were rude peasants, mostly fish and fowling men; the abbey, for them, with their more cultivated and crafty inhabitants, lay beyond the harbor far to the southward, and many a man could be found to officiate as bellringer, for it became known that he who made Brother Cyrran's bells chime in obedience to the stranger, and the heretic, should have no place in any fireside, no partner in a dance, no wife from out his household, no nurse in sickness should, in fact, be cast out from his house. The power of the strong hand

and ask the pleasure of the stranger.

Seven years had elapsed since the world had lost sight of Francois de Valmont, and Kilferan Abbey and the country around had come to know the learning, the piety, the austerity of Brother Cyrran; but no stranger had ever asked to speak with him, in particular, from the external world. Great events had happened since he had looked his last on his native land; some terrible scenes in the history of the world had been witnessed, and it had gone very hard, not only with the society from which he had cut himself adrift, but with great part of that in which he had taken refuge. Kilferan Abbey owed its safety to its remoteness—to its apparent insignificance. It is probable that many of the men in power, engaged in destroying the ancient monastic institutions of the land, did not know anything about the obscure Dominican house, or did not think it worth the trouble of exploration. Be that as it may, the turn of Kilferan had not yet come; the community pursued their way of life, and held their goods in peace, though even there disquieting rumors of the dealings of Elizabeth's English deputies with the Irish people, and the faith had penetrated, when the first signs of summer, the any tie still existed between Cyrran and the external world.

It was a glorious day, late in the autumn, when the sick, with their ripening for the harvest, when the sea was slumbering in the sunny haze, when all sounds had a reluctant, drowsy tone in them, when the cattle lay down in content, and the trees, motionless at intervals, suddenly rustled as though with stealthy pleasure.

In small room, with a grated window and bare white walls, sat Brother Cyrran, poring over several folios of quaint writing on vellum parchment. His dark face had its usual eager look, as with one lean brown forefinger he followed the lines of the writing, and his thin lips moved in unison with his decision. Brother Cyrran looked at every line of a monk; but yet, an observer, studying him closely, without his knowledge, would have been inclined to think that, with other surroundings, he might have looked every line a statesman or a soldier. The sound of a horse's hoofs was ringing on the stony road, but it did not reach his ears, nor did the clanging of the bell, the opening of the great door. Presently a lay brother entered and told him there was one below who demanded to see him. Brother Cyrran looked up, his finger keeping its place upon the line he had reached, a faint surprise and averted in his face, and yet, an observer, studying him closely, without his knowledge, would have been inclined to think that, with other surroundings, he might have looked every line a statesman or a soldier. The sound of a horse's hoofs was ringing on the stony road, but it did not reach his ears, nor did the clanging of the bell, the opening of the great door. Presently a lay brother entered and told him there was one below who demanded to see him. Brother Cyrran looked up, his finger keeping its place upon the line he had reached, a faint surprise and averted in his face, and yet, an observer, studying him closely, without his knowledge, would have been inclined to think that, with other surroundings, he might have looked every line a statesman or a soldier. The sound of a horse's hoofs was ringing on the stony road, but it did not reach his ears, nor did the clanging of the bell, the opening of the great door. Presently a lay brother entered and told him there was one below who demanded to see him.

CHAPTER II.
"You never sought to learn, you have never asked aught of my fate since we parted, Francois," said Louis de Valmont to his brother, when they were alone in the cloister, and he looked closely in Brother Cyrran's face, and strove with an almost womanly eagerness to discern in it some trace of the feelings, and the interests of the past. "You are quite in vain. The elder man's face was not impassive, though it did not lose the impress of separation. It said plainly, 'Your world has left me fully to me; but I can throw my mind back into it again, for a while, for my sake.' There was no lack of interest in the monk's face, and, though it wavered, the tenderness which exists only with association. 'You are wrong,' said Brother Cyrran, in the long unspoken language of his own eyes, 'I have heard of you, indirectly, and know that you still hold your place in the favor of the King and at the court of France. You have not changed in anything, and beyond this—there was nought I cared to know. If you lived to want me, I should see you, or hear of you, in the world, and I was right; for here you are!'

"And have you really no desire—no longing to know more than that? Do you never look back to the time you have left? Francois, have you utterly ceased to be the man you were? Have you forgotten?" "I have forgotten nothing," said the monk; and the gesture with which he raised his hand in emphasis was slow and deliberate; but the flush which overspread his sallow cheek was quick and involuntary. "Nothing. But between me and France—between me and Paris—between me and your life—there is nothing in common. I am not Francois de Valmont, Louis, I am Cyrran, the Dominican. He spoke with great dignity, and the tone of his voice was musical and low. 'I have made a long voyage,' said his brother, 'to see you, to confer with you; and, churchman though I know you to be, I came to you as a brother; not as a monk.'

Brother Cyrran's face changed now, and there was a soft pity in his smile, as he looked at the speaker intently, and heard his upbraiding tones. "Think that you have come to me as both Louis, this will be best. Tell me how you travelled hither, and why, and how it comes that you have left Paris. Surely it has not become a desert and lonely to you? There are dangers and difficulties, and much weariness in such a voyage; and, as I remember you, it is only to the first you would be difficult to find your way hither in a trading ship from Bordeaux," replied Louis. "The good people of this savage island have a human taste at least for a troublous time, with many a wistful backward look at the peaceful place he left behind. The dwellers in that port were rude peasants, mostly fish and fowling men; the abbey, for them, with their more cultivated and crafty inhabitants, lay beyond the harbor far to the southward, and many a man could be found to officiate as bellringer, for it became known that he who made Brother Cyrran's bells chime in obedience to the stranger, and the heretic, should have no place in any fireside, no partner in a dance, no wife from out his household, no nurse in sickness should, in fact, be cast out from his house. The power of the strong hand

"Still another voyage, my brother, and whither?" "You shall know in time. When I reached the harbor yonder, the captain, who knows the place and the people, and, I dare say, has done some

illicit business with them in his time—no knows not a little of their sentiments, and told me his concerning Don Philip, and in the way of securing a stout horse and a guide. It is a bad road up here to your fortress from the shore, and as wild as any I have travelled, but I have rougher roads than this to Kilferan before me, and no such assured goal or kind reception. I set forth, early this morning, and performed my journey in silence, for the peasant who walked all this weary way beside my horse's head is a wild creature, as it seems to me, and speaks no language ever heard by polite ears. 'The people are native Irish, and speak their own tongue.'

"Like enough; I, perforce, held mine. But, rough though the road be, the country is beautiful, with all its loneliness and its wildness, so unlike our France. But I forget—I must not say our; a monk has no country, and no ties."

"Not so, Louis; say rather all the world in which men live and suffer is the monk's country, and humanity his brother."

"Well, we won't dispute," said the younger man, from whose face the passing brightness faded, and was succeeded by an expression of stern anxiety. "The world has not been so blissful a place to me that I need fight its battles. I often think, Francois, the fate which left us fatherless and motherless, and made us what we are, that sent the brilliant, the successful, the gallant Francois de Valmont, into the cloister."

"And that one person?" asked the monk, in a tone which was anxious and eager in spite of him. Madame Marguerite, the Queen of Navarre.

The monk smiled. "The world is as wrong as I have always found it," said he, calmly. "Let it guess, and let it guess, and let it guess, and speak of you and the business which has brought you hither. Some rumors have reached us here, of the Court at Paris, of the plans for a marriage between one of the princes and the English Queen. Has Monsieur d'Alencon or d'Alencon sent you on a mission of inquiry, and have you come all this way to tell us of it?" (To be Continued.)

ACTIVE POWER IN A LITTLE COAL

One Pound Will Do the Work of 236 Horses.

Let us take a pound of what we will call average coal, containing, say, 10,000 heat units. This would be somewhat smaller in size than a man's fist. A pound of this coal if expended in mechanical work would give us 236 horse power. Imagine at the time of the Pharaohs two long lines of men, extending over half a mile, all pulling steadily, at the command of the taskmaster, at a great rope to raise some huge obelisk, and as you see them sweating, tugging and straining, think again of this small lump of coal in which nature has placed an equal amount of power. In some countries men who have been specially trained as porters to carry heavy loads on their backs, will, with a full day's work, carry a total of 850 to 600 pounds a distance of one mile. And yet each has expended but one-third of the power which is in a pound of coal. An exceptionally strong man has been known to do one-half horse power of work as his mightiest effort, but in two and one-half minutes work he has exhausted his muscular force. Let us suppose 100 such men putting forth such extreme effort at rope or crank or crowbar; as they fall back, red-faced and gasping, to catch their breaths, we might imagine this little black lump saying to them: "I can do as much as your whole company, and then stand it for fully two minutes longer before I am exhausted."

Let us now turn to another portion of the human race. From the earliest times, and for centuries, a much-prized accomplishment of the fair sex. We need look back only to our own grandmothers. We can picture them, from their own stories, told us when we were children, rosy-cheeked damsels sitting around the open fireplace and spinning from early candlelight till bedtime, let us say, possibly two hours. Let us then consider for a moment the thousands of spindles rattling and whirling in a modern cotton factory. Impelled by power locked in coal. One pound of this coal carries the potential energy to do the work of 3,000 such spinsters.

In sawing wood a man may work at the rate of 60 strokes a minute, and consider himself a "top sawyer" and his saw blade may have progressed five feet a minute, but a circular saw, driven by power, and the gearwork may be put through seventy times that distance and saw seventy times as much wood. And yet this little pound of coal contains power enough to 180 such saws—Cassier's Magazine.

Addressed the Jury.

A man who had never seen the inside of court room until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scottish courts, on being sworn took a position with his back to the jury and began telling the story to the judge.

The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said: "Address yourself to the jury, sir."

"The man made a mistake," the notwithstanding what had been said to him, continued his narrative. "The judge was then more explicit," said the man sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned around, and making an awkward bow, said, with perfect gravity:

"Good morning, gentlemen,—But I am a courier."

In the Sanctum.

Coppyrider—Here's a four-column story on germs in drinking water. What shall I do with it?

Editor—Kill the germs. Coppyrider—Kill the germs? Editor—Yes; but I don't like to see them, my mind being set on the business I came here to do, and the more distant voyage that is before me."

"Still another voyage, my brother, and whither?" "You shall know in time. When I reached the harbor yonder, the captain, who knows the place and the people, and, I dare say, has done some

Some Good Pickle Recipes.

Only the best elder vinegar should be used for making pickles, and only granite or porcelain lined kettles should be employed in making them. It is not too early for the small cucumbers, and they can always be obtained from the market or grocery for the asking, as the farmer is often very glad to pick a peck or more from his heavily laden vines. In fact, if a housewife wishes the very small cucumbers this is the best way to secure them. Have the cucumbers of even size; rub them smooth with a cloth and place them in brine strong enough to float an egg. They will keep in the brine until wanted to pickle, if desired. Soak the cucumbers in water for two days after taking them from the brine, changing the water once, and then scald in vinegar, or pour the boiling vinegar over them, and let them stand in it two days before using. Put into each two quarts of vinegar, an ounce of peppercorns, a half ounce each of mustard seed and mace, a piece of horseradish, a piece of alum the size of a pea, and a half cupful of sugar; boil them together for ten minutes before straining it over the cucumbers. One pound of sugar may be added to the vinegar if sweet pickles are desired.

Peccallin—One peck of green tomatoes, one cup of salt, six small onions, one large head of celery, two cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, one tablespoonful of mustard, two quarts of vinegar. Chop the tomatoes, mix the salt with them thoroughly, and let them stand overnight. In the morning pour off the water, and chop the onion and celery. Mix the sugar, pepper, cinnamon and mustard. Put in a porcelain kettle a layer of tomatoes, onion, celery and spices, and so on until all is used, and cover with the vinegar. Cook slowly all day, or until the tomatoes are soft.

Field Cauliflower—Two cauliflowers, cut up one plant of small onions, three medium sized red peppers. Lissolve half a pint of salt in water enough to cover the vegetables, and let them stand overnight. In the morning drain them. Heat two quarts of vinegar with four teaspoonfuls of mustard until it boils. Add the vegetables, and simmer for about 15 minutes, or until a fork can be thrust through the cauliflower.

Mustard Pickles—Equal quantities of small cucumbers, cauliflower pickles, into flowerets, and small button onions. Keep them covered with salted water for 24 hours. In the morning scald the brine and dissolve in it a bit of alum the size of a nutmeg. Pour the boiling brine over the pickles. When cold drain thoroughly and prepare as much vinegar as there were quarts of brine. To one quart of vinegar use one cup of brown sugar, half a cup of flour and one-fourth of a pound of ground mustard. Boil the sugar and vinegar. Mix the flour and mustard, and stir the boiling vinegar into it, and when smooth pour it over the pickles.

Stuffed Peppers—Select large, bell-pepper peppers. Remove and save the tops with the stems, and take out all the seeds. Stand the peppers upright in a large bowl, put a teaspoonful of salt in each, cover with cold water and allow to stand for 24 hours. The filling consists of two quarts of finely chopped cabbage, a half cupful of grated horse-radish, a quarter-pound of white mustard seed, two teaspoonfuls of celery seed and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Put the mixture into the pepper, leaving room at the top of each for a small onion and a very small cucumber. Tie the tops on securely, put them in a jar and cover with cold vinegar.

Sweet Tomato Pickle—One peck of green tomatoes, six large onions, sliced. Sprinkle with one cupful of salt, and let them stand overnight. In the morning drain. Add to the tomatoes two quarts of water and one of vinegar. Boil 15 minutes, then drain again, and throw the vinegar and water away. Add to the pickle two pounds of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, two of cinnamon, two of cayenne, or, better still, one green pepper cut into thin pieces.

Boil 15 minutes, or until the tomatoes are tender. Choose them—Cut into pieces one-half peck of green tomatoes, two large cabbages, 15 onions and 25 cucumbers. Mix them together, and pack them in layers with salt; let them stand for 12 hours then drain off the brine and cover them with vinegar and water, and let them stand another 12 hours. Drain off the vinegar and cover them with one and one-half gallons of scalding hot vinegar which has been boiled a few minutes with one pint of grated horseradish, one-half pound of mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one half of ground pepper, one-half cupful cinnamon and four pounds of sugar. Let them stand until the vinegar is cold, then add one cupful of salad oil, and one-half pound of ground mustard. Mix them together and place in jars and seal.

Mangoes—Take small green muskmelons or cantelopes. Cut a small square from the side of each one, and with a teaspoon scrape out all the seeds. Take a brine of one pint of salt to a gallon of water. Cover the mangoes with it while it boils. Let them stand two days; then drain them, and stuff with two quarts of chopped cabbage, a cupful of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of salt, half a cupful of grated horseradish. Pour boiling vinegar over them, having added to it one pound of sugar.

Cucumbers in oil—Pare and slice three dozen medium sized cucumbers, sprinkle them with salt and allow them to remain overnight. In the morning drain and put them in a stone jar, and pour over them a dressing made of one cup of white mustard seed, half cupful of black mustard seed, one tablespoonful of celery seed and one quart of cold elder vinegar.

Pickles—Gather the walnuts when well grown, but still soft enough to be pierced through with a needle. Run a heavy needle through them several times, and place them in strong brine, using as much salt as the water will absorb. Let them remain in brine for a week or ten days; then drain the nuts and expose them to the air until they have turned black. Pack them in jars and cover them with boiling vinegar, prepared as follows: To a gallon of vinegar add one ounce each of ginger root, mace, allspice and cloves and two ounces of peppercorns; boil them together for ten minutes and strain out the nuts. Let them stand a month before using.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUCCESS.

What a Woman Needs for a Stage Career.

Miss Cayvan once gave Mr. Hubert the following little list of what she termed the qualifications for success upon the stage:

A slender physique.
An unimpaired digestion.
A slender figure.
A marked face.
A lack of self feeling.
An abundance of pretended feeling.
Fascination of manner.
A general knowledge of history.
A good general education.
A general knowledge of costuming.
A practical knowledge of economy in dress.
Considerable business faculty.
Unflinching industry.
Endeavored ambition.
An utter lack of sensitiveness.
A vast capacity for taking pains.
An absolute and undisputed devotion to the theatre.
An unwieldy life.
An ability to distinguish criticism from abuse or fulsome gush.
A readiness to profit thereby.
Some genius at advertising.
Quickness to seize opportunities.
A well defined specialty.
A good memory.
Good luck.
Talent.

Colonel Joseph H. Wood, Grand Marshal of the Grand Army parade during the recent national encampment in Chicago, died at midnight of angina pectoris.

THE PAINS OF KIDNEY DISEASE

Warn You Against the Most Dreadfully Fatal of Disorders—
You Can Be Cured by Promptly Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Pain is nature's signal whereby she warns man of approaching danger. Few diseases are so dreadfully fatal as disorders of the kidneys and few are accompanied by more severe pains and discomforts.

One of the most common symptoms of kidney disease is the smarting, scalding sensation when passing water, which is likely to come very frequently and at inconvenient times. Then there is the dull, heavy, aching in the small of the back and down the limbs.

When these pains are accompanied by deposits in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours, you may be sure that you are a victim of kidney disease, and should not lose a single day in securing the world's greatest kidney cure—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

"Take one pill as a dose, and in a surprisingly short time you will be far on the road to recovery, for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and promptly on the kidneys, and are certain to prove of great benefit to anyone suffering

from irregularities of these organs. Don't imagine that you are experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are almost as well known as your great Recipe Book, which made some of the most surprising cures of kidney disease on record and have come to be considered the only absolute cure for kidney diseases.

Mr. Jas. Simpson, Newcomb Mills, Northumberland County, Ontario, writes: "This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills—different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines; besides that, I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and after a short time have been working every day, although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.