

Winsome Winnie

Madam Vivian with the utmost pleasure could have boxed her niece's ears with her own white hands, but she restrained herself with an effort, and, clever woman as she was, recovered her smiles and easy, graceful manner in a few moments.

"I am quite sure about the bear and tiger hunting, Millie," she said, with a light laugh, "but I think you may be able to realize your Nile and Mediterranean longings before another year."

"Yes," Mildred muttered, angrily, to herself, "in that odious Lord Mountrevore's yacht! That would suit him and madam both! They would drive me mad in six weeks—the clever intriguing of the one, and the inane platitudes of the other—a painted, padded fog!"

She was alone for a few minutes, while madam supervised some military preparations in an adjoining apartment, and, wearily surveying the dingy houses, the rows of first-floor windows, the trim, flower-covered balconies, the white pavement of the dull, dusty decorativeness of the fashionable street, Mildred let her fly off as birds from a cage, and she had conjured up a poor, old, and imprisoned creature, that she would have been able to see.

"Nothing," replied Mildred, with a careless shrug; "she knew that I should keep on saying more and more astounding things, so she was silent. Poor little Winnie! I think she was cruelly used, Stephen; and I meant to let every one know that such was my thought, only that she went away, unfortunately, in that sudden manner."

"Perhaps it was better for her, poor child," suggested Stephen Tremdenick, rather gloomily; "she seemed to have a good many foes and very few friends."

And for a few minutes the last speaker's thoughts went after the exiled little maiden with regret, and vain longing for her presence.

and I am sure she was sensible and pleasant to talk with from what you say; and I have been wishing all the day that I had her to chat with me, and bathe my head, or help me to cry, or scold, or something—I wouldn't let Morton hear me. Aunt Vivian has been in terrible badness with me; and as for that disagreeable, sly, crafty woman, her maid, I should like to see her come nursing me and bathing my head, as madam proposed! I believe she poisoned madam's mind against Winnie Carey, and I told her so."

"What did madam say?" asked Stephen Tremdenick, trying to restrain a sneer. I know she was a nice gentle little creature from what madam says, and she inquired in her grandiose manner, "What interest I could possibly take in a person of whom I knew nothing whatever. And I told her that cousin Stephen liked her, and that was quite sufficient reason for me to take an interest in her."

"What did she say to that?" Captain Tremdenick questioned again.

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CHAPTER XVII.
At half-past nine o'clock Stephen Tremdenick returned from his hotel, and was ushered by a smiling, courtly Miss Trewhella at once into madam's dressing room, where he found his relative robed in black moire antique, point lace crimson velvet roses, and point laces on her silvery abundant hair, and diamonds scintillating on her white plump hands, her round wrists, her neck, and from her dainty aristocratic ears as if they were dewdrops fallen from the drooping roses in her hair. She was very magnificent, but she was in consternation—almost in tears.

"She won't go, Stephen!" madam cried breathlessly with alarm and excitement and excessive vexation. "There was never any one more tried than I have been this day! I positively declare that Miss Tremdenick shall return to her father and mother to-morrow, and let them send her to a strict school or convent, or wherever they like best—I wash my hands of her!"

"Why does she refuse?" Stephen Tremdenick asked, in surprise and trouble.

"How can I tell? Madam exclaimed, sharply, almost beside herself from vexation. "Because of one of her never-ending abominably obstinate whims, I suppose!"

"Let me see her, aunt," Captain Tremdenick said, deprecatingly, "perhaps Millie is not well."

"Perfectly well," asserted Madam, with a stamp of her foot; "whereas Miss Trewhella chuckled internally."

That worthy young woman was resolved to endure no rival in her mistress' consideration, and strove in her meek, enduring hypocrisy of affectionate devotion and her power of sly dealing, to aid in widening the breach between her mistress and her haughty niece by every means in her power, were it only by the finest point of a knife-like wedge, Miss Tremdenick, who had been an object of fear to her from the first, and of jealous envy had become latterly simply an object of spiteful hatred, since Miss Tremdenick's own maid was now the recipient of Miss Tremdenick's lavish presents.

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"Thank you," said Stephen Tremdenick, coldly, passing out before the obsequious handmaid, "don't trouble yourself. My cousin will see me, I have no doubt."

"Oh sir," objected Miss Trewhella, stopping the way with an alarmed curtsy and shake of the head; "you—you can't, sir—really, sir! Miss Tremdenick's aunt is quite disabled, sir."

She dropped indignantly down on a seat, almost regardless of her superb moire antique and point lace.

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How to Cure Horse Distemper

An Experienced Horseman Solves by Declares Nothing is So Satisfactory as Nerviline.

Says Nerviline is Fine Liniment

"After fifty years' experience in raising horses I can safely testify that no remedy gives such good results for an all-round stable liniment as Nerviline." Thus opens the very earnest letter of J. J. Evanston, who lives near Wellington. "I had a very valuable horse that took distemper a month ago, and was afraid I was going to lose him. His throat swelled and hard lumps developed. His nostrils ran and he had a terrible cough. I tried different remedies, but was unable to relieve my horse of his pain and suffering till I started to use Nerviline. I mixed a bottle of Nerviline and sweet oil and rubbed the mixture on the throat and chest three times a day, and you would scarcely believe the way that horse picked up. Nerviline cured him. I also have used Nerviline for colic in horses and cows, and earnestly recommend it to every man that is raising stock."

For strains, sprains, swellings, colic, distemper, coughs and colds, no liniment will prove so efficacious in the stable as "Nerviline"—it's good for man or beast for internal or external use. Whenever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse substitutes. Large bottles, 50c; small, 25c. At all dealers, or the Catarthozoo Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

"We are always allies, Millie—my dear cousin, what ails you?"

"Nothing, Stephen," said Mildred, sitting up, and then she burst into tears. "Nothing ails me, I am perfectly well, as Madam has just told me, in a rage; but I feel as if I would rather be put into a prison cell than go to this hateful ball! I suppose I am over-tired, or something. There is no use in Madam's forcing me to go. I can't dance, nor speak, or do anything but sit down and cry; my heart seems like lead, Stephen—something must be going to happen to me."

Stephen Tremdenick's kind broad brow darkened.

"Nothing is going to happen to you, my dear," he said, kindly; "it is just what you say yourself. You are over-tired, Millie dear; and I must say that it is a shame to force any young girl in this mill-round of staying up at night when she ought to be asleep, and sleeping when she ought to be up, as fresh as the flowers. Dress yourself, dear, for this last time, and I promise that you shall have no more ball-going this year. Hurry, Millie, dear; your aunt's quite ready."

"Oh, of course," cried Mildred, bitterly. "If I were ready to drop down dead, and Madam had said that I should go somewhere, she would just go on with her toilette as calmly and carefully as usual and come in ten minutes too soon with the last button of her glove fastened, to know if I was ready."

"If you feel ill, my dear cousin, you shall not go," said Stephen Tremdenick, decidedly.

"I am not in the least ill, I tell you, Stephen," Mildred reiterated, ringing her bell violently. "There, go away, and tell madam not to suffer any more anguish of mind on account of my obstinacy. I shall go, and she may thank herself for whatever happens."

"I am very glad to see it," Stephen said.

WASHABLE WINTER COAT FOR LITTLE MISS CURLY-LOCKS



Among the new materials particularly appropriate for children's wear is heavy cotton ratine. It is warm and "comfy" and yet can be laundered easily. The little coat illustrated is white cotton ratine with belt, collar and cuffs of white rajah silk. The collar, made with long pleated reverses in front, is edged with bands of moleskin plush and the little white bonnet has a band of the same plush on it.

The plush bands on the coat can be sewed on so that they can easily be taken off and the rest of the garment put in the tub when it looks soiled. Children's winter coats are a horrid thing this year just past, and in some climates where it is possible they are wearing the hat hose even if their coats and bonnets are winter in effect.

Her heavy eyes and pallid cheeks lit up with burning, angry determination, and Stephen Tremdenick went away unwillingly.

"I am sure Mildred is not well, aunt," he said, as they sat awaiting her coming in the drawing-room—"she seems so feverish and nervous."

"Very!" returned madam, sarcastically, adjusting the wide black velvet and splendid flashing diamond solitaire that adorned her smooth white bare neck above the point lace of her corsage. "Widow of fifty-seven as she was, she showed a handsome pair of shoulders, albeit a little less of them as she did at twenty-seven. 'Very, Stephen! That is, you mean to say, calling things by their right names, that she exhibits a great deal of spoiled-child impertinence and ill temper.'"

"I think both her temper and manner decidedly deteriorated since she came to town," said her nephew, decidedly. "Mildred was never ill-tempered or disagreeable before; and she certainly seems thoroughly unhappy and dispirited this evening."

"Unhappy and dispirited!" echoed madam, scoffingly—"I dare say. It injures Miss Tremdenick's health very considerably not to have her own will and way in everything. She informed me this morning that she wanted her liberty to go where she liked, and when she liked; and she has been sulking the livelong day because she hasn't this privilege, I suppose. Really, Marion Tremdenick is not to be congratulated on her method of training her eldest daughter."

"She looks ill at all events, and has been crying bitterly," said poor Stephen, feeling himself to be, in a measure, between two fires—for madam appeared to grow more irate.

"I have the prospect of a charming evening before me," she observed, stamping her tiny foot—"to play chaperon to an unwilling young lady, who has been sulking, and complaining of low spirits, and crying—to chaperon her in the rooms of Hollingsley House, before the best people in town!"

Perplexed and distressed, Stephen Tremdenick began to wish earnestly, for his own sake as well as for that of others, that the last ball of the season was well over, when, to his intense relief, he heard the rustling of silken robes descending the staircase, and presently Mildred entered. She was dressed in her splendid robes of shimmering blue satin, of varied shades of brightness, and clouded over with a delicate, frost-like, misty veiling of snowy lace, with clustering white roses in her rich chestnut hair, and white roses in her jewelled bouquiers. The delicate hues and fresh pure brightness of her costume, like the cerulean tints and fleecy cloud-shadows of a morning sky, marvelously became the proud brilliant beauty, those flushed cheeks and bright dark eyes, those curving red lips and flashing white teeth, the wealth of ruddy golden-brown hair, the lissom, stately, beautiful, model!

"So much for Miss Tremdenick's low spirits and ill-humour, Stephen, my dear!" said madam, too satisfied and triumphant to retain much ill-humour.

They were sitting together, or rather Stephen Tremdenick was graciously permitted to form one of his aunt's little court of admirers and supporters—half a dozen or so—was constantly loitered near vibrations, witty, clever, handsome Madam Vivian wherever she appeared during the season; and madam, with a sarcastic smile, indicated Mildred's blue dress and white roses whirling around in a raise a foot or two, as Lord Mountrevore, with a movement of her plumed white fan, enlaced with tiny sceptre and stars of jet and silver, to represent "mourning."

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Any Headache Cured, Tired Systems Re-Toned

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Headaches never come to those who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and this fact is vouched for by the Assistant Manager of the Poultry Success Magazine, of Springfield, O., Mr. J. H. Callender, who writes: "No better medicine than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. We use them constantly, and know of many who have resisted everything else. They tone the whole system, act as a tonic on the blood, enliven digestion, help the stomach and make you feel strong and well. For headaches, indigestion and stomach disorders I am confident that the best prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

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SINGLE WOMEN.

The reason they remain so.

Whole women wish to marry, and they don't it is because the men don't ask them. Men are afraid of the expenses of a household, and you cannot wonder at it, when you consider what even a small, well-managed one entails. Take an ordinary middle-class family, with a wife, three children and three servants. The man of that family is supporting eight people not to speak of the gardener and the dog. But even if we taxedachelors into matrimony, some women would still die unmarried, since more women than men reach maturity. So the American preacher with the German name (and his like) should know better than to jeer at the innocent victims of human ignorance. Where science can determine sex, many more men will be born than women, and then there will be no "old maids," except from choice, says a writer in the London Chronicle.

The people I want to build a gallows for are the fathers who know they can leave their girls no money, and yet do not have them trained to earn a living. If they happen to marry, well and good; but if they fail, they recruit the ranks of the incompetent, starve, pine and struggle, most help-less, most unhappy. In France, the system of giving every girl a dowry and arranging a marriage for her reduces the number of poor spinsters, and is more humane and intelligent than our want of system. Yet I hope our boys and girls will continue to marry for love, and not by arrangement, and that it will become a matter of course to give a girl a trade in case she should meet either for part of her life or to the end. In England at present money does not play a paramount part in most matches, and that is wholly desirable and to be praised.

Both in France and in Germany girls suffer untold mortifications from finding that they themselves count for less than the dowry, and that the marriage may be broken off if the financial negotiations go wrong. In England a girl without a penny who has a way with her will have twenty offers, while her neighbor, the heiress, has none. I have heard a girl with fifteen thousand a year who wished to marry and never had a chance. She was not deformed, but she was shy and rather cautious. Rich men were not attracted, and the poor ones she knew were not the kind to hang their hats in a wife's hall. I am sorry for the girl, but I am glad that such a thing can happen in this country.

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Then again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, sea cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.

Again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally cuts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 DeLoimier avenue, Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Company and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a sufferer from eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and he has had no trace of any return of the eczema!

All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

CONDUCTIVITY OF ALUMINUM.

The conductivity of aluminum is about 60 per cent. of that of annealed copper. Accordingly, an aluminum conductor must be considerably larger in cross sectional area than a copper conductor if the two are to carry the same amount of current. Aluminum wire is always coated with a thin oxide which serves as an insulator. This insulation is enough, according to some European manufacturers, to permit of using bare aluminum wire in the coils of magnets. As the oxide film is of inappreciable thickness, a coil of fine wire thus constructed would be no bulkier, if as bulky, as a coil wound with insulated copper wire. H. F. Stratton, writing on this subject in the Electrical World, states that he has been enabled to secure sufficient insulation when depositing on the aluminum oxide film as it naturally occurs in the commercial product. In order to increase this oxide, some European manufacturers wet the coil and then heat it. This he thinks hardly sufficient, but he has produced very successful results by passing the wire through sodium hydroxide, and then drying the coil by passing a current through it.

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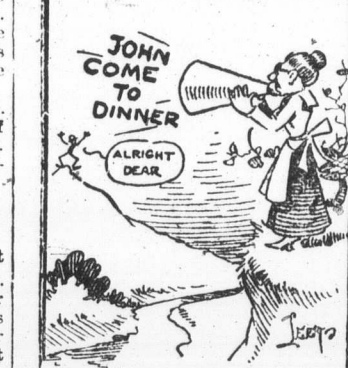
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OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



"She spoke at great length."

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax or white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

IN A FEW DAYS.

Key—This coat is green! You said it was plum color when I bought it last night, Moses—That's all right, my boy; it ain't turned ripe yet.

"Did you go to the theatre last night?" "I did." "And what did you see?" "A bow of chiffon, some tortoise shell combs, a couple of black plumes, a velvet knot, and a stuffed bird about the size of a hen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.