rous pages, which distill nom of the long dull fray the Pestle and the Pill—

## SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness. "Is it for me?" he asked slowly, for his cyclids seemed weighted with lead, and the words were difficult to uter.
"Yes; but, Guy, old fellow, dear old fellow, how can I tell you?" Oswani said in a tone of intense distress.
"Tell me what? Shirley?"
The words came brokenly, hoarsely; he had started up from his chair, but he could

e of intense distress.
Tell me what? Shirley?''
'the words came brokenly, hoarsely; he
'started up from his chair, but he could
dly stand in his weakness and giddi-

ness.
"This note is from her," Oswald said unsteadily. "Guy, try to bear it, old fellow; it was perhaps for the best."
"The note. Give it me."
He opened it with unsteady trembling hands, and looked at it with eager, sightless

hands, and looked at it with eager, sightless eyes.

"Read it to me," he said to Oswald, in a hoarse strained voice; and Oswald's own eyes were dim as he read the few words Shirley had traced before she left the friends whom she had loved and trusted and went out into the world alone.

"I am going away, Guy, because I love you, and because it is best for us both. Some day perhaps Heaven will be merciful and let us meet again; but, if you can, forget me, and forgive all the misery I have brought into your life. Do not seek me, dear; it will be useless. I could not bring shame into your life. If this pains you, my darling, remember that I did it in love. Heaven forever bless you, Guy!"

A moment's dead silence followed the perusal of the letter; then Guy put out his

A moment's dead silence followed the perusal of the letter; then Guy put out his burning, trembling hand.

"I do not understand," he said, in a strained, broken voice.

"I she went in the night—alone. Old fellow; dear old fellow, what are you going to do?"

"I—am—going".—Guy was staggering thread the door as he spoke—there was a

oing to do?"

"I—am—going "—Guy was staggering toward the door as he spoke—there was a pause between each slow word—"going—to—my darling. Oswald—do you—think she has—gone away alone? I—saw—"His voice died away, a great darkness fell upon his sight; he stretched out his hands with a blind groping movement terrible to see, and stood swaying for a moment to and fre; then, before Oswald could interpose, he fell forward senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A dingy little room on the first floor of a dingy house in a dingy part of London—a house standing in a faded street with two irregular rows of tall dark-looking houses, which even the summer sunshine, a sickly sunshine here, could not cheer or brighten. Judging from the appearance and size of the houses, a passer-by would have considered that they had been at one time tenneted by persons in a different and better position in life than that of their present compants, but that, in their failing fortunes, they had been let out in offices and floors to different lodgers, for on most of the doors were several plates and bell-handles, with names of the various tenants.

were several plates and bell-handles, with names of the various tenants.

It was not a disreputable street by any means; on the contrary, it was respectable and steady, and in the immediate neighborhood of some superior squares and terraces; but it was also in the vicinity of some far inferior ones; and it was plain that the inhabitants of these latter were more frequently in the dingy debatable ground than the inhabitants of the former, for the nepole to be met there were mostly

for the people to be met there were mostly shabby, busy people.

It is never wise to judge by appearances, it is never in London especially; dingi-It is never wise to judge by appearances, and perhaps in London especially; dinginess and dirty windows and grimy carpetless stairs are sometimes better vouchers for respectability than bran-new offices and plate glass and mirrors. At any rate, the governess agency whose office was in a dingy room of the dingy house at the corner of the street was a respectable and trustworthy place enough—more respectable perhaps than many of such establishments.

It was reached through a dirty carpet-

or the summer consists of the summer consists. Dings as the rooms were, the summer sunshine found its way even here; it streamed through the dirty panes of glass, falling in a bright streak of light on the faded and soiled covering of the floor, on the piles of letters and papers scattered or the desk-table, on the grave but not unkindly looking woman who sat before it and re

looking woman who sat before it and received the applicants and on two of the latter—one a quiet, ladylife girl neatly dressed,
the other a showy handsome damsel, who
stood on this hot July day waiting for her
audience while the former was having hers
with the grave faced woman, who, letter in
hand, was giving her the address of some
situation likely to suit her.

"I have already answered several," the
girl was saying rather wearly; "and people are always either suited or want more
accomplishments than I am possessed of."

"Yes," said the kindly voice from the
other side of the desk, "people are
unreasonable in asking for so many
accomplishments from one person; but
your great drawback, Miss Johnson, is
your not being a proficient musician."

your not being a proficient musician."
"I know," the girl replied sadly, "but I have no chance of becoming that, Miss Milton."
"Well, they do not want music here," said Miss Milton, smiling, "so I hope you will be successful. Let me know at once, if you please."
"I will containly. Thank you year."

"Well, they do not want music here," said Miss Milton, smiling, "so I hope you will be successful. Let me know at once, if you please."
"I will, certainly. Thank you very much." The girl tripped away, looking much brighter, and with a light step went down-the grimy staircase. Half way she met another applicant coming up, a slender girl in black, who leaned rather heavily on the balustrade, and who had pushed away her heavy crape veil from her white thin face, out of which her eyes seemed to shine with a feverish lustre. They passed each other in silence, and, while the one went out into the sunshine, the other went on and knocked timidly at the door on which "Governess Agency—Miss Milton" was painted in white letters on dark-brown ground.

"Come in," Miss Milton said from within; and a slight shadow fell over her face as she saw the slender drooping figure that entered the room with a deprecating look in the sweet sad eyes which went to Miss Milton's heart familiar as she was with pain and disappointment and sorrow in the poor ladies who sought her aid.

The smartly dreesed young lady was expressing her opinions and requirements was a long one, and varied, for her "pa" had given her the very best reast a little, andyou will tell me then. education to be had for money. Miss Milton thought that it was a pity she could not have also acquired some refinement, and a manner which would make her a suitable companion for girls who would be women and honest men's wives perhaps some day." said Miss Milton quietly. "If you will leave me your address, I will write to you; and meanwhile, if you are in this neighborhood, you might call again," "Oh, very well; there is no immediate hurry!" responded the young lady, sweeping away in her pink gingham dress and ace-trimmed hats and then the slender girl in black came forward and stood by the desk.

The pitying glanes deepsned in Miss

The pitying glance deepened in Miss

sing her lips in a displessed manner.

"Only my word!" the young widow echoed, looking up with startled eyes.

"Only my word!" she repeated haughtily.
"And do you doubt my word? Do you think I would tell you a lie?"

"My dear Mrs. Grant, there is no occasiog for heroics," said Miss Milton quietly.
"I am obliged to be very circumspect, and indeed I have departed from my usual caution in the matter already. I feel interested in you, and in your solitary position, and I have done what I could for you —more even than perhaps I ought. There is no necessity for you to turn against me because I have been unsuccessful."

"I did not mean to be ungrateful," was the earnest answer; the momentary anger

"I did not mean to be ungrateful," was the earnest answer; the momentary anger had died away, and she stood pallid and trembling, leaning against the desk once more. "You have been very kind to me, but—but indeed you might safely assist me further. I know that I am asking a great deal, but—"

"You are asking what I cannot grant," Miss Milto said decidedly. "I have my good repute to maintain; and I think this such a strange and extraordinary request of yours, hirs. Grant, that really a strange and extraordinary request. A person who could ask for a false recommendation would be the last person in the world suitable for a governess or any position of trust."

world suitable for a governess or any position of trust."

"Do you mean that I am not to trouble
you again," asked. Mrs. Grant, standing
erect, with a trembling dignity which had
something very pathetic in its unconscious
grace—"that I am not to come here any
more?"

"I should prefer your not doing so,"
said Miss Milton, in a rather shame faced
manner. "You see I have my position to
keep up. I am really very sorry; but I
will return you your registration fee if you
like, although I have no right to do so, as
you have had so many addresses and letters."

like, although I have no right to do so, as you have had so many addresses and letters."

"There is no need to return it," Mrs. Grant replied steadily; "and I should reget deeply that your position or your good name should suffer through me. Thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. I will not trespass on it further. Good-morning."

Bhe turned away with her usual pretty dignity and grace, which struck Miss Milton even in her annoyance and displeasure, and which brought back a thought which had struck her before, that the young widow was not in the position to which ahe had been accustomed. She answered her "Good-morning" rather sullenly and shame-facedly, for, although she was doing only what she honestly considered her duty, she felt a pang of self-reproach as she saw the slender, weary figure, in the heavy black garments which looked so sorrowful en that sunshiny summer day, move toward the door.

There the widow turned, all the pride and haughtiness melting out of the pale face as she looked toward Miss Milton.

"Thank you, he said softly, stretching out her hand with a little gesture of face-well. "You have been very good to me, and I.—I thank you."

She opened the door before Miss Milton nould reply and passed out, closing it after her; and Miss Milton resumed her book keeping with a mixed feeling of reliaf, regret, and compassion which was very unsual to her, and which she tried to dismiss in vain.

"I wish she had taken back her fee, "she mutsered, as she copied some addresses in her business-like handwriting." Of course, she has almost had the money in stamps, et actives: but she looked so solitary, and relatives the stamps, to such a such a such and relative the such as men and resumed her business-like handwriting. "Of course, she has almost had the money in stamps, et actives: but she looked so solitary, and

miles in the hot sun that morning was faint with fatigue; but the pheart and the weariness of her greater even than her wearings.

nlously.

"First-class?" said the official sharply.

"No—third."

"The other side of the booking-office."

Mrs. Grant looked at him in a rather bewildered manner; then she began dimly to
understand, and found her way to the other
side of the booking-office, where the second
and third-class tickets were issued.

There was no third-class to the next
train, the booking-clerk said, and Mrs.
Grant's heart sunk heavily.

"What is the price of second-class?" she
said tremulously.

"Nineteen and threepence."

"Will you give me a ticket?" she said
eagerly; and, having paid for it, thus reducing her stock of ready money to one
shilling, she hastened out of the office.

"Any luggage, ma'm?"

"No," she answered shrinkingly; and
she fancied as she got into the train that the
porter looked at her suspiciously; but, te
her alarmed and excited fancy, every one
appeared to watch her.

(To be continued.)

What Primitive Man Ate.

What Primitive Man Ate.

Primitive man, wherever he was first cast, whether in one centre or in more than one, must of necessity have found his food in the plant world. We cannot imagine him commencing his career learned in the latter of hunting, killing and cooking the lower animals for food. Many infer from this circumstance that the argument in favor of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and delivered by her. Not quite so fast. There is one in terposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian deed and act of conveyance of food from nature to man. Nature herself, of her own right royal will, makes for animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food; a secretion from the living animal organism, a fluid which is a standard food, meat and drink in one-the fluid known under the name of milk. Against absolute vegetarianism, then, we may fairly set up one exception derived rancher nature as the unerring guide. On observing the habits of animals we discover another nature as the unerring guide. On observing the habits of animals we discover another nature, in respect to primitive selection of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding, and of passing over, as it were, from one class to another. This change is distinct, but limited, and we must accept it with all its extension on the one side and with all its extension on the one side and with all its extension on the one side and with all its extension on the one side and with all its without the substitute of the control of the co What Primitive Man Ate.

might be recognized.

"Does it stop anywhere on the way?"

"Yes, it's a Parliamentary."

"Is that the only train leaving just on the case."

"There's one for Hereford in ten minutes."

"Thank you."

She turned from him and entered the booking-office."

"A ticket fog Hereford," she said tremnlously.

"First-class?" said the official sharply.

"No—third."

"The other side of the booking-office."

Mrs. Grant looked at him in a rather be wildered manner; then she began dimly to understand, and found her way to the other.

It is true that some premises with artificial groves will realize, and which should by no means be lost sight of, is that such groves invite the insect-destroying birds, which the farmer who surrounds his home premises with artificial groves will realize, and which should by no means be lost sight of, is that such groves invite the insect-destroying birds, which are the farmer's best friends, in protecting fruit or other crops from the ravages of destructive insects. It is true that some destructive insects. It is true that some of them claim a share of the small fruits, but not a larger portion, we think, than they are justly entitled to as remuneration for their work in destroying insects. Then, again, they are so companionable that their again, they are so companionable that their presence on the premises is worth a grea

presence on the premises is worth a great deal.

Temperance in India.

Speaking at Simla, India, recently, Sir Donald Stewart gave a very encouraging account of the progress of the temperance cause in the army. Formerly, he said, the Judge Advocate-General used to bring him every week cases of soldiers sentenced to different periods of penal servitude, but now the reports were not so numerous, being about one a month. He attributed this decrease in crims very largely to the influence of temperance. On looking over the returns he found that there were 7,300 abstainers in Bengal, 2,145 in Madras, and 1,485 in Bombay. In 1870 and 1879 the amount of beer drunk in the army in Bengal was a little more than 130,000 gallons, but now the amount was about 82,000 gallons. He would be glad to see this reduced also.

The result is all the property of the property

and Balfour.

The published accounts of Mr. Bright's The published accounts of Mr. Bright's progress continue to be favorable, and are true so far as they relate to his recovery from congestion of the langs. But his family consider his condition one of extreme weakness.

Cremating the King's Sons.

From Siam we learn that the cremation of the two sons of the king, which was a celebrated at the end of February, was a e of the two sons of the king, which was a "celebrated at the end of February, was a ceremony celipsing in magnificance even that of the king's uncle, whose body was cremated last year." On that ocasion the original content of the king's uncle, whose body was cremated last year." On that ocasion the original content of the king's uncle, whose body was cremated last year." On that ocasion the original content of the king's uncle, whose body was cremated last year. On the year of the present occasion seems to have passed unnoticed. For fifteen days Bangkok was given up to revelry. No work was done, and such amusements as fireworks, illuminations and interminable dramatic performances were provided nightly and kept in the committee of the building in which the cremation was effected had been ereoted at a cost exceeding 50,000 pounds sterling, a fact which, as it is now being demolished as having served its purpose, shows munificence, if not extravagance. Externally this "premane" presented the appearance of a palace of gold, so gorgeous was its ornamentation; and internally its othicf feature was the electric light with which it was illumined throughout. There were two separate cremation days during the fortnight, and the final procession for each was so long that it coupled over an hour in passing a fixed point. Siamese funerals may be expensive ceremonies, but at least they cannot be called lugubrious.—

Path Mall Gazette.

Personal Points.

Personal Points.
Mr. David Glass, Q.C., Speaker of the Mr. David Glass, Q.C., Speaker of the Manitoba Legislature, contemplates removing to British Columbia.

Among the last sentences which Matthew Arnold penned was a reminder to his readers that the word "Esquire"—which he held in repugnance—came out of the "great frippery shop of the Middle Ages." Mr. Grant Allen, the Canadian author, has returned to England, all the better for his wintering abroad. He is writing a story for the Graphic. which will begin to appear next January, and the scene of which is laid in Algiers.

next January, and the scene of the intelligence of its criminals. Memorial Day was celebrated in the State Prison and two convicts, one the ex-Mayor of Adrian and the other a leading member of the Michigan bar, delivered eloquent and patriotic settions.

Plausible, Anyhow. "What," oried the condemned man ashe stood on the scaffold, "what brought me here? What led me step by step to this fell machine of death? Oh, young man, oan you not guess?"
"Whiskey?"
"No, sir, the sheriff."—Lincoln Journal.

A Matrimonial Reminiscence.
Brown (of Chicago)—That follow is looking at you rather hard. Do you know him? Mrs. Brown—His face does look familiar. What's his name?
Brown—Goldplate, I believe.
Mrs. Brown—Oh, yes; I remember him now. He was my first husband.—Life.

OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

WORST CASES. uliar diseases.
As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it
imparts strongth to the
whole system, and to the
uterus, or womb and its
appendages, in particular. For overworked,
run -down." deblitated A POWERFUL KIDNEYS.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE

OLD-TIME SCIENCE.

What Alls Von ?

Not So Very Sudden After All.

Detectives Wanted,

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. Eva Kohler, of Crab Orchard, Nob., writes: "Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription has done me a great deal.gr good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Boctors Failed.—Mrs. R. Comun, of Post Creek, N. F., writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts." I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts. The second of the control of the con

ABNORMAL SLEEP.

papers do not tell the wonderful story of some "sleeping girl" who has been living unconscious for weeks; but some of the cases are not only interesting scientifically, but pathetic.

In 1745 the wife of an English colonel apparently died. The husband persistently refused to have her buried and watched over her cold and motionless body for eight days. Suddenly on the bells of a church ringing she started up, saying, "It is the last prayer bell; it is time to go."

A lady patient was requesting to have a large property of the started up, saying, "It is the last prayer bell; it is time to go."

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A lady patient was requesting to have a hot water bottle put to her feet, saying, "I feel"—when she passed into a cataloptic state and remained in it three hours. On opping her eyes she ended her sentence—

a great cold over my whole body."

Semi-Humorous Short Notes. A Pennsylvania school-boy recently defined the word "barnacle" as "a tramp who sleeps in a barn."

A French paper speaks of "Mr. Powderhorn, President of the American Knights of Labor."

A Montana man had a valuable mare stolen from his stable. In advertising his

What Alls You?

Do you have obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from head and throat, sometimes profuse, arid and watery, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; dull, heavy headache most of the time, with occasional "splitting headaches"; are your eyes weak, watery, or inflamed; is there ringing in the ears, with more or less desfiness; do you have to hack, cough and gag in your efforts to clear your throat in the morning; do you expectorate offensive matter, scabe from ulcers, perhaps tinged with blood; is your voice changed and is there a "nasal twang" to it; is your breath offensive; are your sensee of taste and smell impaired? If you have all or any considerable number of these symptoms you are suffering from that most common and dangerous of maladies—chronic nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents, will cure it. The manufacturers of this wonder ful remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 for a case of this disease they cannot oure.

A Montana man had a valuable mare stolen from his stable. In advertising his loss he says: "I will give the mare and \$50 cash for full and reliable particulars regarding the funeral of the thief."

An ingenious New York truck driver has taught his terrier to ride horseback, in order to guard the team and prevent any familiarities with the horses. A piece of carpet is thrown over the horse's back, so that the small dog may secure better footing, and the rider balances himself well and seems to enjoy his ride.—Boston Journal.

There is a burglar in St. Louis who has a decided sense of humor. He has been robbing residences in the west end, and in each case has perpetrated some joke when his work was finished. In one instance he set the table in the dining-room and ate a hearty meal; in another he made a "dummy" out of the clothes of the man of the house and left it on the kitchen floor. His fun was stopped last week, for he was captured while trying to get off another little joke, and an unappreciative jailer has him now in charge.

A Last Resort. Miss Gladys—You appeared very abruptly with your errand a while ago. You must-not come so suddenly into the room when Mr. Smithers is spending the evening with me. Bridget—Suddent I And is it suddenly ye call it, and me at the kayhole a full three-quarters of an hour!—Harper's Bazar to ferret out and discover, if they can, a single case where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been used for torpid liver, indigestion, impure bloed, or consumption in its early stages, without giving immediate and permanent relief; provided, of course, that the directions have been reasonably well followed.

A Last Resort. Landlord-Yes, madam, that house is for

Landford—Les, madam, that house is for rent. Sit down.

Desperate Applicant—Thank you. I have never been so nearly dead in my life. I believe I have wakked fifty miles to-day trying to get a house. How much is the rent? rent?

"Onliden?"

"Um-er—n—o."

"You seem to hesitate about it?"

"Well, the fact is, I have children, but
I intend to kill them to-night."

The contract of the contract of

For All Seasons,

Countryman to furniture dealer—I want
to get a bed an' a mattress.

Dealer—Yes, sir; spring bed and spring
mattress, I s'pose, sir; I spring bed and spring
mattrest, I s'pose, sir;

Countryman—No; I want that kind that
kin be used all the year around.

Working on Her Sympathies.

Tender-hearted lady—"You look worn out, poor man, are you ill?" Tamp (sighing heavily)—"I couldn't begin to tell nou, mum, how I have suffered from neurasthenis. But I think I could eat another plete o' them apple dumplin's."

Mollie Garfield becomes the wife of J., Stanley Brown, the late President Garfield's Private Secretary, the middle of next month. On the same day Mollie Garfield's brother Henry is to be married. Henry Garfield and his brether James are to practice law in Cleveland under the name of Garfield & Garfield.

have had none of these. I also had womb complaint as bas that I could not walk two blocks without the most into before I had taken your Favorite Prescription to be could walk all over the two months, I could not be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I have I could not be curred, and therefore you will please accept me the I could not be curred, and therefore you'll please accept me the two months and the two months and the two months are the two months are the two months are the two months and the two months are th

Favorite Prescription is Sold by Druggi Over! Large Bottles \$1.00, Six for \$5.00. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages, paper covers) on Diseases of Women.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Associa

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y. SLEEPING NORTH AND SOUTH.

was taken immediately after death and placed on a pivot to move as it might, After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the body then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way round, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained, until organic movement finally ceased.

Ruskin on Courtship. John Ruskin, in his recent lecture at Oxford, declared that "the whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation, and it ought not to be shorter than three years at least, seven being the more or tho-dox time."

Polson's Nervillne, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. 10 and 25 c. a bottle. Sure Pop.

The growth of London, England, is son The growth of London, England, is something marvellous. A recent article in Chambers' Journal states that within the metropolitan police district, an area of 688 square miles, exclusive of the city, proper, there is a population of 5,360,000, that the number of police is 13,800 and that during the year 1886 12,252 new houses were built, making twenty-nine miles of new streets.

DONL. 25 88.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS TRADERS We want a good MAN in your locality to pick u

CALF SKINS for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guarant, Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S. The Shoe & Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe & Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's bus need, and after a thorough just his chicagonary. papersofting to the unvestigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comments, and after a thorough examination and comments of the state of

stock is the largest held by any house in this country."

And the Review says:
"After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest out in et so concessedly at the head."

OURNY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in the line in the United States, is in on the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND