"A Lump of Coal."

degrees 34 minutes south, by 36 degrees

42 minutes west longitude, which meant

that she was coming up to that danger-

ous collection of reefs and rocks known

as the Abrolhos Shoals. The chart

have been wrought since then by that

minute mason of the deep, the coral

insect, Capt. Grimshaw was very much

on the qui vive so long as his ship was in the neighborhood. For, being a wise

master mariner, he depended but little

Light itself.

on either the chart or the Abrolhos

But if the captain did not fancy this

particular patch of the sea for reasons

relating to navigation, the third en-gineer did for purposes of his own. In short, he hoped to earn the ship's insur-

ance money and a couple of hundred

pounds for himself somewhere in the

vicinity. It was an excellent locality

for a plausible story about the Gos-

hawk running on some uncharted shoal

half watch at 6 o'clock by the chief

engineer, he went straight to the engine room mess table for his tea, carefully

forgetting his blue jacket where it hung on a rail on the forward side of

the engine room bulkhead. Having

partaken hastily and sparingly of the

bad tea and potato hash supplied, he turned into his own room, locked the

door, and arranged a pair of trousers to hang so that one of the legs might cover the keyhole. Then he knelt,

though not exactly in prayer, beside his sea chest, and proceeded to unpack it,

till at length he reached a small wood-

sight it did not appear why his hand

should tremble a little as he pulled the

lid aside and drew from its well-wad-

ded cradle a very common-place lump

of coal, about the size of a large fist-

say the mate's—and it had all the jetty sparkle and shine of the newly broken

article. The only difference between it and the other lumps in the bunkers

was that £40,000 worth and a few men's

On closer inspection, however, it revealed one tittle pecularity, a little

equare projection such as any lady or

winder may see in his watch any night of the week. Tom Tudor's own watch-

key, which he now tried upon it to see

if everything was in proper working

order, fitted it exactly as a matter of

"Another hour and it will be pretty nearly dark. That will be my time," he

thought to himself with anything but

a fiendish chuckle. As yet he was considerably removed from the villain

teres atque rotundus of a sanguinary

fiction. Of a truth he was conscious at the moment of a curious sickness, a

tickling in his stomach which not even

for. No, it was the thought of the com-

death-and the captain's daughter.

Curse the captain's daughter! When

he had entered into this nefarious con-

home, he had not counted on this dis-turbing element. That he, hard-heart-

ed and hard-headed scoundrel as he was, should feel this immense tender-

ried and pricked him, and it awaken-

ed old unwelcome chords in the atroph-

ied sense of fitness which had been his

conscience. Yes, it was love, and bless

"If she hadn't been so hard on me last night I could never have done it,"

ran his thoughts, waking a fierce ten-

derness in his sallow, handsome face.
"A touch of her hand and the Goshawk

again! Suppose the ship sank in a

couple of minutes, before they had

an old fireman or a trimmer to hotter

furnaces. But the flop of the brutes

round her sweet body! It's horrible!

He bent his forehead against the raised lid of his trunk. "But I'm talking

bethel rot! The cursed thing is calcu-

lated to give the ship half an hour.

There'll be lots of time for everybody

to get clear except the poor fellows who

get blown to atoms from the stokehole.

Then the weather's quiet, and we're

be picked up within 48 hours."

right in the track of ships-certain to

He dandled the black mass on his

Five turns of the key, and then five

By heavens, I can't do it, after all!"

There are

Alice, the captain's daughter!

time to lower the boats!

tract with certain unnamable

the recent potato stew could account

appalling moment of flame and

gentleman who does not use a stem-

lives lay in its nascent possibilities.

It was exactly like any other piece

box with a sliding top. At first

The cattle boat Goshawk's midday minutes before the explosion, every gights had shown her to be in latitude 12 turn a minute. If I push the job turn a minute. If I push the job through I'll never tackle another. God of heaven, I wish we were all safe in the boats!"

He replaced the grim handful of doom in its cradle again, replaced it in its box, and went up to the windy which covered them was from a French survey in 1861, and as any am-ount of unrecorded changes might deck. The heat below laid a flery hand

on his throat and brain.

A slice of young moon, with a few attendant stars, slowly climbed into luminance against the last ardors of the sunset, as he leaned moodily against the deckhouse.

How the miserly hour caught up

its golden coin of minutes and fled! "Time-time, time-time, time-time," sang the watch bell monstrously soon. "It's got to be done!" he muttered between his locked teeth, as he Falls, Mr. Walsh was born in Irestepped unsteadily out of the moonlight along the engine room passage, once more unpacked the fatal lump, turned the key five times, and with flying heart descended the steel ladder to the engine room, the bomb ticking in the loose breast of his shirt as he and sinking as she backed into deep water. So when he was relieved of his

"Hullo, Tudor. Forgot your jacket?" sang out the chief, as he stooped over the rails and tried the heat of his bearings.

"Aye," replied the third engineer, as

he pased. In the fierce tunnel of light from one of the open furnaces the nude stokers and a trimmer piling forward the coal to them from behind, seemed like gnomes of some Eastern legend. Poor devils! A chatter like the sound of a sewing machine form the thing in his breast seemed to chant their requiem. He slipped the black abortion below an end of one of the boilers, caught up his jacket and ran on deck. Under the shadow of one of the after lifeboats he

Two minutes gone! Three! Then a little figure in white came forward out of the darkness of the poopdeck. It was the captain's daughter. "Is that you, Mr. Tudor?" she said,

stood, sick with terrible expectancy, awaiting the end with his watch in his

sweetly.
"Yes," he replied, hoarsely. Three minutes and a half gone. "I want to tell you how sorry I am for being nasty with you last night. I-

I didn't mean it." "Alice, Alice! Quick, for God Almighty's sake. Can you love me even a little? Quick, quick."
"What's all this hurry about, Mr. Tudor? Put that watch in your poc-

ket. What a question!"
But in her face he saw something sweeter than the silver moonlight which revealed it. \* \* \* Four minutes and a half!

With a rush he was in the passage again, slipped noiselessly past the chief who did not see him, his back being turned, caught up the accursed thing under his jacket, and like a flash tore up to the deck again.

With all his strength he threw the lump of coal far into the dimpling sea, and sank on the deck, the perspiration running down from every pore.

Then with a terrific rattling thunder an immense flower of fire arose out of the deep, a great, sudden billow inatched at the like a cork, and raced whitely away into the moonlight distances. Then all was still, save for the fretting and fuming of the sea as it slowly settled ness for a pretty ailing girl, away with her father for a voyage on account of her health, was an aberration beyond all calculation. Was it love? It woragain.

The whole ship's company came peering on deck in a dazed state of alarm. The captain sprung on the bridge beside the mate and shouted orders unheeded.

But nobody except the girl in white noticed the broken man lying prone in

the shadow of the deckhouse. Like a sudden hideous revelation the explanation came upon her. His wild eyes, his sudden question, the watch in his hand, his mad, headlong race below, all was clear now. would have stemmed the Thames River

Unnoticed in the general, panic, she crossed the deck to him. He was lying face down, on the cold iron plates of the deck. She touched him on the shoulder, and he looked up with a white sharks about! I don't mind sending

"I know it all, Tom," she said, brokenly. "May God help us both."
"God help us? You help me. Alice! Help me from hell. Your love could save me yet, perhaps." "I loved you all along. But after this"

she sobbed.

Presently she spoke again. 'Now, get up and go below. This must never be suspected, even by my father. It will be safe with me. I still love you enough for that." He kissed the skirt of her dress, and pressed her hand like a benediction on his head. . When Capt. Grimshaw reported the

phenomenal seismic disturbance he had encountered in the neighborhood of the Abrolhos Reef, it created a considerable sensation in the scientific world. And from the records of the registry in a certain church, within hearing of Bow Bells, there is the best resson for supposing that Alice Grimshaw's love persisted and was allowed the best opportunities for saving the soul of the third engineer-London

## JIMMIE'S JOB

His Mother Misunderstood the Boy's Letter

"There is a young man on board the revenue cutter McCulloch, which was at the battle of Manila, whose mother has a totally erroneous idea of his present occupation," said a Chicago traveling man, who sells goods through the Southern States. "This lady is one of the nicest, most motherly old souls I met in my rounds, but she is at the same time one of the most ignorant of everything except how to get up a good meal of victuals and give a tired drummer a comfortable bed and clean sheets to sleep in. She has been run-ing a little tavern in a Maryland town for 40 years, I suppose, and hasn't been five miles from home since she was a girl. Her only son, a chap of about 28, on the contrary, has not been within five miles from home for longer than six months in the last twenty years. However, he keeps her posted as to his whereabouts, and in all his wanderings he does not forget her. When last heard from he had got some kind of a position on board the United States revenue cutter McCulloch, the vessel that was Dewey's dispatch boat at Manila, and is at present doing duty between California and the Bering Sea. About a week or ten days ago I took dinner at her place, and a fine

country dinner it was, too, and I asked her about her boy. •
"'Oh,' she responded, with a smile that would make anybody glad to have her for a mother. 'Jimmie is doing her for a mother. 'Jimmie is doing well now. He don't always get into the best places, and I am afraid that sometimes he gets into real bad ones, but he is turning over a new leaf, I be two low."

quest for he has gone to work with a The green i

nomination he was, but that don't make any difference, so long as Jimmle just works for him."
"'I'm glad to hear it,' I said. 'Who is

is the Rev. Cutter McCulloch. I'll show you Jimmie's letter.' "She did so, and there I read briefly, \*66666666

as might be expected: 'I am now with the Rev. Cutter McCulloch, and doing

# Boys and Girls.

There lately died at Lincoln, Neb., a important part in the construction of the first suspension bridge at Niagara land, in 1834, but was brought to this country when he was a baby, his parents going to live at Niagara Falls,

When he was still a boy the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge were taken. The first thing of all was to stretch a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get

town?" he asked a resident. The Walsh boy was named, and the engineer asked that he be brought. He was made to understand that he was to fly a kite across the Niagara River. He flew it across and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite, and by means of the string drew the wire across. By this, in turn, a cable was drawn across, and the bridge was well begun. Mr. Walsh afterward removed to Nebraska, and became a prominent

It was very strange what had become of Rosalie's hat. She had worn it all day yesterday, and, indeed, every day since she came to the country, and improved knowledge in the subject of now, all at once, it could not be found. The boys helped her hunt for it, and they searched in every likely and un- houses in towns, to be emptied, is dislikely place they could think of-in the hay-loft, the corn-crib, the orchard, the dairy, the clover meadow, the attic. the dog kennels and the chicken house. But they could not find it.
"Never mind," said grandma; "I'll

make Rosalie a sunbonnet like those I used to wear when I was a little girl.' Such a pretty, dainty pink sunbonnet When grandpa came in to dinner and saw Rosalie's brown eyes peeping shyly from under its shade, he took her right up in his arms and kissed her.

'Well, I declare!" he said. And then he gave her another kiss, and said it all but the tops should be closed. The

herself. The first time I ever saw her before making, and the clothes should hour, or until about as thick as honey. her father brought her to school in a be well opened and aired, and the matsunbonnet exactly like that. I wanted to pick her up then and kiss her. But I was a big, bashful boy, and she was should have the chance after all these

dimples. She knew who Rosalie Deane was, and few things pleased her so much as being told she was like dear

Come and see where we've found your Away they all scampered, Phil lead-The moment they reached Gnarly," Rosalie remembered all about

the hat. She had been up in that tree, which was the easiest tree in the world to climb, when the tea bell rang, on Tuesday. As she was hastening down a twig caught the hat from her head, and, instead of stopping to get it, she had run into the house, thinking she would come back for her hat after tea. And, of course, she had forgotten it, and so the hat had been lost.

"Go slow," said Phil, "and don't get too near; there's something in it."
"Is it snakes?" asked Rosalie, anxiously, and drawing back, at which

Rosalie thought it was worth seeing, indeed. She drew a quick breath, and her face turned as pink as her sun-

Come down when you've seen it," that you're a robber. They want to go

"Well, I declare!" said grandpa, hen they told him about it. "They're when they told him about it. have to find some other accommodations for them, or by next summer pockets. It's pretty late for planting,

looked at him in wonder. "Yes," grandpa went on, though there was a twinkle in his eyes with which they had grown familiar

during the fortnight they had been on "There's a sunny spot by the south garden fence where they ought to grow. We'll sow the seeds there."

ternoon, George and Phil and Rosalie looking on with the greatest interest. They had innumerable questions to ask about when they would come up, how long they would take to grow, and if they really bore birds' nests. But grandpa only smiled and told them to

How the children watched that bit of garden! And what rejoicing there was when the first green leaves appeared! They watered and weeded the patch themselves, and loosened the earth around the plants. The vines grew fast and climbed up over the garden fence. By-and-by some yellow blossoms came out, and when these fell off little green balls grew in their places; but there was nothing that looked the least bit like birds' nests. "Perhaps grandpa only meant the vines for the birds to build their nests in," said Rosalie; "only I think they'd

The green balls grew larger and turn-

squashes.
"They're nothing but gourds," said George one day, in disgust; "the kind Hannah uses to dip water with, you know. Won't grandpa be disappointed when he finds that he has planted the wrong kind of seeds!" For, somehow,

Interest in the south garden patch began to flag after this. It was quite late in the summer, and more than a week since any of them had visited it, when one day grandpa said suddenly:
"I guess the birds' nests must be about ripe."

reached the garden.

He just picked off one of the hand-

end, scraped out the inside, and held it up for the little folks to see.

'It would make a lovely one," said Rosalie. "But where will you put them? In the apple trees?" 'The wrens like to come as near to

their new lodgings that season. But it was too late for making any more nests, and these had, after all, been raised for next year, as grandpa re-

farm the next summer there was a row of hollow gourds fastened all along the eaves. And the children never tired of watching the housekeeping of the wrens from the time they selected their dwellings—not without a good deal of quarreling-to the day when the last of the young broods flew into the world to shift for themselves .- The

Domestic Hygiene. Although our grandfathers and

grandmothers lived tolerably well in what we should now consider unsanitary houses, yet there is little doubt that we all benefit immensely by our sanitation.

The custom of putting buckets of ashes and refuse outside the doors of tinetly objections the contents are liable to be blown about, and prove a source of great annoyance (to say nothing of unhealthiness) to ourselves and our neighbors. Inside the house, remember that all lumber (in the shape of old clothes, etc.), waste paper and dust, are receptacles of disease, and generate germs.

Ventilation of rooms is all important. Windows must be open at the top, to let out the heated air, which always ascends; equally important it is to open the lower part to admit fresh air. On damp, foggy days, a short time will suffice, and, after the beds are made. a tiny girl and a stranger. To think best and healthiest. It is very important that the register of the grate should

be always open. Have a systematic cleaning of the house at stated times, carpets properly beaten and cleansed, and whitewashing, etc., duly done. The cellar must be kept scrupulously clean, and be airy and cool. Milk should always be covered up, as nothing so readily absorbs germs and communicates disease, and if any suspicion prevails as to its purshould be always boiled, and so should the drinking water, and well filtered besides.

Many ideas for the prevention of disease will commend themselves to thinking housekeepers, but too many housewives are merely imitators. Nine houses out of ten will show a sameness in furnishing, and it is only in originality that the world is benefited.

The sanitation of a house affects people's health nerves and tempers much more than they are aware. A healthy mind is dependent on a healthy body, and this can only be maintained by thorough knowledge and strict attention to sanitation, always remembering, too, that "cleanliness is next to godliness.'

## Never Box or Pull the Ears.

The reason a blow on the ear may do irreparable inury is that the air, driven suddenly and violently against the drum of the ear, might rupture the membrane and cause incurable deafness. The ears should never be pulled nor meddled with in any way, except to wash them in the gentlest manner the orifice being cleansed with a fold of the wash-cloth rolled into a little

## A Word in Time.

When scouring the steel knives in use in every kitchen, if a little baking soda be mixed with the brick dust used, the spots will disappear with less rubbing, and the knives will stay bright much longer. Another thing of importance I have learned about scouring knives is the substitution of a cut raw potato for the cloth formerly used.

Another word for soda. Every housekeeper has experienced the annoyance of kerosene oil spilled on a clean kit-chen floor, and knows the labor expended in eradicating the spot. fore she attempts to scrub it off, she would sift over the spot baking soda. completely covering it, and allow the soda to remain for ten minutes or so, the grease will be drawn out, and when washed the spot will not be

Dip the stained part of the handkerchief in spirits of turpentine, and lef it remain for several hours then rub thoroughly between the hands, and the ink spots will disappear without changing either the color or texture of the

## A Good Marshmallow Cake

This is the recipe of a marshmallow cake that attracted considerable attention at the Woman's Exchange, where, it was said, none like it was ever made before. The cake layers are made by creaming a cupful and a half of sugar with half a cupful of butter, and then mixing two cupfuls of flour with a little less than a cupful of cold water. Mix thoroughly, and add whites of four eggs beaten stiff, and then two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When beaten smooth and light, the cake is baked in layers.

The filling of the cake is made by F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

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soaking an ounce of gum arabic in four teaspoonfuls of cold water. Then dissolve over a stove, strain and add a cupful of granulated sugar. Let it cook in a double boiler for half an tress often lifted off the bedsteads to one teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and allow the ironwork being dusted, but a quarter of a pound of marshmallows wire-woven spring mattresses are the softened together in the oven until they run without coloring. Mix together in the double boiler, and beat until they are thick and spongy. Then the mixture is spread on the layers of cake when cold, and the whole is topped off with good icing.

Please mention this paper.

## Orange Float

Heat one pine of water in a saucepan; when boiling, stir quickly into it two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch mixed to a paste with a little cold water. Stir and cook for ten minutes. Add oneeighth of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half a cupful of sugar, stir until latter is dissolved and take from the fire. Add the juice and pulp of one large lemon. Cut in half three large juicy oranges, remove the seeds, and with a spoon scoop out the pulp and juice; place in the dish in which the float is to be served, pour over the cooked mixture and set away. Serve

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# Men do not like to go to doctors. Nine times out of ten they wait until they are laid flat on their backs before they will consult a physician. There is some reason in this, for when a business man feels out

of sorts and goes to a physician, he is often given violent drugs that make him, for a time, unfit for business and really sick. There is a way of avoiding both extremes—that of neglecting the health and that of taking violent drugs that rack the entire system—it is always to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If a man will resort to this great medicine whenever he feels that he is out of sorts and threatened with illness, he may keep in good health. It is the great appetite sharpener, blood-maker and flesh-builder. It fills the arteries with the rich, red, tissue-build blood of health. It does not make flat the like cod liver oil, but the solid, muscular and nerve tissues of health. red, tissue-buil ood of health.

of health. It does not make corpulent peo-"I want to inform you of a cure effected by Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. Nelson Smith, of Mount Vernon, Jefferson Co., Ills. "About six years ago I had grip, ending with bronchitis and consumption. In the spring of 1896 my condition became very serious. I had consumption and I coughed day and night; could not lie down at all. Our family doctor said I could not get well. The neighbors came in to see me die, and a lady friend recommended Dr. Pierce's medicines so strongly that we immediately sent out and bought six bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' After using these medicines, found I was receiving benefit and continued. I weighed 120 when I commenced taking medicines, now weigh 170. I sleep well, have a splendid appetite, feei well, and believe I am entirely cured. I am thankful to God and to Dr. Pierce for those wonderful medicines. I want to add that I am a wonder my neighbors and friends." ple more corpulent.

the preacher?'
"'I don't know, except that his name

well,' and I smiled softly to myself, but I never said a word to Jimmie's mother."—Chicago Chronicle.

0000000000000

# The Boy Who Started Niagara

Suspension Bridge. man named H. J. Walsh, who had an

"What boy is the best kite-flyer in

### 040 The Bird's Nest Vine. [By M. S. Daniels.]

citizen of Lincoln.

again.

"Well, I declare! It's Rosalie Deane top should be left a little open all night.

Let the beds remain stripped some time

years!" Rosalie laughed and showed all her

She liked the pink sunbonnet so well that she had almost forgotten the straw sailor, when, one morning, George and Phil came running into the house in a state of great excitement. "Whetre's Rosalie? Rosalie! Rosalie!

ing the way to the orchard.

"Hold on!" cried George, as she began to scramble up after it.

the boys laughed good-naturedly. "No, no; go on, It won't hurt you,' said Phil, "and it's worth seeing."

bonnet with surprise.

For the crown of her sailor hat was full of grass, feathers, strings, bits of wool and leaves, with a soft hollow in the middle; and in the hollow was a little white egg speckled with red. called the boys at the foot of the tree. "The birds think it's theirs now, and

bold little rascals, those wrens. We'll they'll be taking up lodgings in our but I guess we'll have to try and raise some birds'-nest vines yet."
"Birds'-nest vines!" The children

The seeds were planted that very af-

# grandpa never seemed to go near the birds'-nest vines.

To their surprise he did not seem to be a bit dissappointed when they some gourds, cut a big slice from the

Won't that make as good a nest as a little girl's hat?" Three pairs of eyes grew very bright.

## us as they can," said grandpa; "so how would it do to put them under the eaves of the barn?" It did seem too bad that they could not see the birds take possession of

# minded them. But when they came back to the

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