W. Jan March

her lap, and sat in an attitude of expectation. As D.n Ippolito came near her again he paused a second time.

"It is in this house that I forget my priesthood," he began, "and it is the first of your kindness that you suffer me to do so, your good mother there, and you. How shall I repay you? It cut me to the heart that you should ask forgiveness of me when you did, though I was hurt by your rebuke. Oh, had you not the right to rebuke me, if I abused the delicate unreserve with which you had always treated me? But believe me I ment no wrong then."

His voice shook, and Florida broke in, "You did nothing wrong. It was I who was crue! for no cause."

"No, no, You shall not say that," he returned. "And why should I have cared for a few words when all." a few words, when all your acts had expressed a trust of your acts had expressed a trust of me that is like heaven to my soul?" She turned now and looked at him, and he went on. "Ah, I see you do not understand! How could you know what it is to be a priest in this most unhappy city? To be hunted by the strict esplonage of all your own class, to be shunned as a spy by all who are not of it! But you two have not not up that haryou two have not put up that barrier which everywhere shuts me ont from my kind. m my kind. You have been wil-to see the man in me, and to me forget the priest."

do not know what to say to

you, Don Ippointo. I am only a foreigner, a girl, and I am very ignorant of these things," said Florida, with a slight alarm. "I am afraid that you may be saying what you will be sorry for."

"Oh, never! Do not fear for me

"On, never! Do not lear for me if I am frank with you. It is my refuge from despair."
The passionate vibration of his voice increased, as if it must break in tears. She glanced towards the other room with a little movement

"Ah, you needn't be afraid of list-ening to me!" cried the priest bit-

will not wake her," said Florida, calmiy, after an instant.
"See how you speak the thing you mean, always, always, always! You could not deny that you not deny that you meant to wake her, for you have the life-long habit of the truth. Do you know what it is to seem, to say, to do, thing you are not, think not, will not? To leave what you believe unspoken, what you will undone, what you are unknown? It is to be a

Ippolito spoke in Italian, and bon Ippolito spoke in Italian, and he uttered these words in a voice carefully guarded from every listener but the one before his face. "Do you know what it is when such a moment as this comes, and you would fling away the whole fabric of falsehood that has clothed your life—do you know what it is to keep still so much of it as will help you to unmask silently and secretly? It is to be a priest!"

a priest!"
voice had lost its vehemence, and his manner was strangely sub-dued and cold. The sort of gentle apathy it expressed, together with a certain sad, impersonal surprise at the difference between his own and the happier fortune with which he contrasted it, was more touching than any tragic demonstration. As if she felt the fascination of the pathos which she could not fully an-

lyze, the young girl sat silent. After a time, in which she seemed to be trying to think it all out, she asked become a priest, then?" Why did

you become a priest, then?"
"It is a long story," said Don Ippolito. "I will not trouble you with it "No; now," answered Florida, in English. "If you hate so to be a priest I don't understand why you should have allowed yourself to become

one. We should be very unhappy if we could not respect you—not trust you as we have done; and how could we, if we knew you were not true to yourself in being what you are?"

"Madamigelia," said the priest, "I never dared believe that I was in the smallest thing necessary to your happiness. Is it true, then, that you care for my being rather this than that? That you are in the least grieved by

any wrong of mine?"
"I scarcely know what you mean. How could we help being grieved by what you have sa d to me?"
"Thanks; but why do you care

what you have said to me?"
"Thanks; but why do you care whether a priest of my church loves his calling or not—you, a Protestant? It is that you are sorry for me as an unhappy man, is it not?"
"Yes; it is that and more. I am no Catholic, but we are both Christians."

Don Ipposito gave the faintest move-

your doing the things you must do as a priest, and yet hating to be a priest. It is terrible."

"Oh. God forbid that I should say that. I have known read saints among them. That friend of mine in Padua, of whom I once told you, became such, and ded an anger fit for Paradise. And I suppose that my poor uncle is a

never ment oned him to us."

"No," sa'd Don Ippolito. After a certain pause he began abruptly, "We are of the people, my family, and in each generation we have sought to hoaor our blood by devoting one of the race to the Church. When I was a child, I used to divert myself by making little figures out of wood and pasteboard, and I drew rude copies of the pictures I saw at church. We I'ved in the house where We lived in the house where I live now, and where I was born, and my nother let me play in the small chamber where I now have my forge; it was anciently the oratory of the noble family that occupied the chamber where i now have my forge; it was anciently the oratory of the noble family that occupied the whole palice I contrived an altar at one end of it; I stuck my pictures obey the walk and I strength the walk and I stre one end of it; I stuck my pictures | —I have given you the slight about the walls, and I ranged the ward events, not the process puppets in the order of worshippers my mind-and that is all that I can de pise

mars, and preached to them all day long.

My mother was a widow. She used to watch me with tears in her eyes. At last, one day, she brought my uncle to see me; I remember it all far better than yesterday. 'Is it not the will of God?' she asked. My uncle called me to him, and asked my whether I should like to be a priest in good carnest when I grew up? "Shall I then be able to make as many little figures as I like, and to paint pictures, and carve an altar like that in your church?' I demanded. My uncle answered that I should have real men and women to preach to, as uncie answered that I should have real men and women to preach to, as he had, and would not that be much finer? In my heart I did not think so, for I ad not care for that part of it; I only liked to preach to my puppets because I had made them. But I zaid, 'Oh, yes,' as children do. I kept on contriving the toys that I played with, and I grew used to hearing it told among my mates and about the neighborhood that I was to be a p.iest; I cannot remember any other talk with my mother, and any other talk with my mother, and I do not know how or when it was any other tank with my mother, and identified whenever I thought of the matter, I thought, 'That will be very well. The priests have very little to do, and they gain a great deal of money with their masses; and I hall be able to make whatever I had like.' I cally considered the office disc. I only considered the office then as a means to gratify the passion that has always filled my soul for inventions and works of mechanical skill and ingenuity. My inclination was purely secular, but I was as nevitably becoming a priest as mad been born to be one."

"But you were not forced? There "No, there was merely an absence, so far as they were concerned, of any other idea. I think they meant justy, and assuredly they meant kindly by me. I grew in years, and time came when I was by me. I grew in years, and the time came when I was to begin my studies. It was my uncle's influence that placed me in the Seminary of the Salute, and there I repaid his care by the utmost differee. But it was not the theological studies that I loved, it theolog can studies that I loved, it was the mathematics and their practical application, and among the classics I loved best the poets and the historians. Yes, I can see that I was always a murdane spirit, and some of those in charge of me at once divined I, I think. They used to take us to walk—you have seen the little creatures in their priests gowns, which they put on when they enter the school, with a couple of young priests at the head of the file—and once, for an uncommon pleasure, they took us an uncommon pleasure, they took us to the arsenal, and let us see the ship-yards and the museum. You know the wooderful things that are there: The flags and the gues captured from the Turks; the strange weapons of all devices; the famous suits of armor. I came back half-erazed; I wept that I must leave the player But I set to work the best I could to carve out in wood an invention which the model of one of the autique galleys had suggested on the autique galleys had suggested to me. They found it—nothing can be concealed outside of your own breast in such a school—and they carried me with my contrivance before the super-lor. He looked kindly but gravely at me: 'My son,' said he, 'do you wish to be a priest?' Surely, reverend father,' I answered in alarm, 'why not?' Beause these things are not for rifest. l answered in alarm, 'why not?' Because these things are not for priests. Their thoughts must be upon other things. Consider well of it, my son, while there is yet time,' he said, and he addressed me a long and serious discourse upon the life on which I was to enter. He was a just and conscientions and affection to make the transmission.

word fell I'ke burning fire in my heart. At the end he took my poor plaything, and thrust it down among the coals of his scald no. It made the scalino smoke, and he bade me carry it out with me, and so turned again to his book.

"My mother was by this time deadbut I could hardly have gone to her, if she had still been living. These things are not for prests,' kept repeating 'tself night and day in my brain. I was in despair, I was in a fury to see my uncle. I poured out my heart to him, and tried to make him understand the illusions and vain hopes in which I had lived. He received co'dly my sorrow and the reproaches

tious and affectionate man, but every

understand the illusions and vain horses in the issues. It is that you care or my being rather this than that? Plat you are in the least grieved by any wrong of mine?"

"I scarcely know what you mean. How could we help being grieved by viat you have sad to me?"

"Thanks; but why do you care whether a prest of my church loves is calling or not—you, a Protestant? the sthat you are sorry for me as an inhappy man, is it not?"

"Yes; it is that and more. I am to Catholic, but we are both Chriskins—"

Don Ippofito gave the faintest movement of his shoulders.

—"And I cannot chdure to think of our doing the things you must do as priest, and yet hat lie priests of your faith evotess?"

"They cannot be. But are none of ours so?"

"Oh, God forb'd that I should say hat. I have known real saints among film. That friend of mine in Padaus, and I suppose that my poor uncle is a mil suppose that my poor uncle is a life with the greatest clearness, was and I suppose that my poor uncle is a severe; I do not know how I passed by the cores of the severe; I do not know how I passed severe in the price that my poor uncle is a line. The price that you care on the process and the reproaches which I had dived the reproaches which I did not spare him; he bade me consider my hichitations as so or which I did not spare him; he bade me consider my hichitations as so or the glory of Gcd. He warned me against the scandal of attempting to withdraw now from the passed which I did not spare him; he bade me consider my hichitations as so or the glory of Gcd. He warned me against the scandal of attem of whom I once told you, became such, and ded an anger lit for Paradise. And I suppose that my poor uncle is a saint, too, in his way."

"Your uncle? A prest? You have never mentioned him to us."

"The mentioned him to us."

"The mentioned him to us."

"I was a priest, but no more a priest at heart than those Venetian conscripts, whom you saw carried away last week, are Austrian soldiers. I was bound, as they are yound, by an inexorable and inevitable law.

do. If the guilt was mine, I have suffered for it. Some han seems to have rested upon whatever I have attempted. My work—oh, i know it well enough!—luas all been cursed with fatility; my labors are miserable failures or contemptible successes. I have had my unselfish dreams of blessing mankind by some great discovery or invention; but my life has been barren, barren, barren; and save for the kindness that I have known in this house, and that would would not let me despair, it would now be without hope."

He ceased, and the girl, who had listened with her proud looks transfigured to an aspect of grieving pity, fetched a long sigh. "Oh, I am sorry for you!" she said, "more sorry than I know how to tell. But you must not lose the courage, you must not give up!"

Don Ippolito resumed with a melangoldy guild. "There are deutless."

not give up!"

Don Ippo!to resumed with a melancholy smile. "There are doubtless temptations enough! to be false under the best of conditions in this world. But something—I do not know what or whom; perhaps no more my uncle or my mother than I, for they were only as the past had made them—caused me to begin by living a lie, do you not see?" you not see? "Yes, yes," rejuctantly assented the

girl.

"Perhaps—who knows?—that is why no good has come of me, nor can come. My uncle's plety and repute have always been my efficient help. He is the principal priest of the church to which I am attached, and he has had infighte patience with me. My ambition and my attempted inventions are a scandal to him, for he is a priest of those like the Holy Father who believe that all the wickedness of the modern world has come from the devices of science; my indifference to the things of religion is a zerror and a sorrow to him which terror and a sorrow to him which he combats with prayers and pen-ances. He starves himself and goes cold and faint that God may have nercy and turn my heart things on which his own is fixed. He oves my soul, but not me, and we are scarcely friends."

Florida continued to look at him with steadlast, compussionate eyes "It seems very strange, almost like some come of the manufactured."

some dream, she murmured, you should be saying all this to me Don Ippolito, gad I do not know Don Ippolito, and I do not know why I should have asked you anything." The pity of this virginal heart must have been very sweet to the man or whom she looked it. His eyes wor-shipped her, as he answered her de-vontly, "It was due to the truth in you that I should seem to you what

I am."
"Indeed, you make me 'ashamed' she cried with a fish of me to ask you to speak. And now, after what you have told me, I am so helpless and I know so very little that I don't understand how to comfort or to encourage you. But surely you can somehow help your-self. Are men, that seem so strong and able, just as powerless as wo-pen, after all, when it comes to real

trouble? Is a man"-"I cannot answer, I am on'y priest," said Don Inpolito coldly, let-ting his eyes drop to the gown that fell about him like a woman's skirt. "Yes, but a priest should be a man, and so much more; a priest"—
Don Ippolito shrugged his shoul-

ders.
"No, no!" cried the girl. "Your own
"No, no!" cried the girl why do you think of becoming a priest why do you think of becoming a priest in reality, and getting the good there must be in such a calling? It is singular that I should venture to say such a thing to you, and it must seem presumptuous and rideutous for me, a Protestant—but our ways are so different? She paused. coloring deepy, an controlled herself, and added wit grave composure, "If you were to pt "—

"To what madamigella" asked the priest, sadly.

"To what!" she echoed, opening her eyes fu.1 upon him. "To God!"
Don Ippo: Ito mude no answer. He let his head fall so low upon his breast that she could see the sacerdotal ton-

"You must excuse me," she said, blushing again. I did not mean to wound your feelings as a Catholic. I have been very bold and intrusive. I ought to have remembered that people of your Church have different idea—that the saints"— Don Ippo'ito looked up with pen sive irony.

"Oh, the poor saints!"

"I don't understand you," said

F.orida, very gravely.

"I mean that I believe in the saints as little as you."

"But you believe in your church?"

"I have no church."

There was a silence in which Don Ippolito again dropped his head upon his breast. Florida leaned forward in her eagerness, and murmured, "You believe in God?" The priest "Ifted his eyes and look-ed at her beseeching.y. "I do not

know," he whispered.

She met his gize with one of dumb bewilderment. At last she sald, "Sometimes you bastize little children and receive them into the church in the name of God?"

"Poor creatures come to you and confess their sins, and you absolve them, or order them to do penances?" "Yes."

"And sometimes when people are dying you must stand by their deathbeds and give them the last consolations of religion?"

"It is true."

"Oh!" moaned the gir, and fixed

"Oh!" moaned the gir!, and fixed on Don Ippolito a long look of wonder and reproach, which he met with eyes of si.ent anguish.

"It is terrible, madamigella," he said, rising. "I know it. I would fain have lived single-heartedly, for I think I was made so; but now you see how black and deadly a lie my life is. It is worse than you could have imagined, is it not? It is worse than the life of the cruellest bigot, for he at least believe; in himself."

"Worce, far worse!"

Here, in himself."

"Worce, far worse!"

"But at least, dear young lady,"
he went on piteously, "believe me that
I have the grace to abhor myself. It
is not much, it is very, very little,
but it is something. Do not wholly
condemn me!"

"Condemn? Oh, I am sorry for you
with my whole heart. Only, why must
you tell me all this? No, no; you are
not to blame. I made you speak; I
made you put yourself to shame."

"Not that, dearest madam'gella. I
would unsay nothing now, if I could,
unless to take away the pain that I
have given you. It has been more a have given you. It has been more a relief than a shame to have all this of known to you; and even if you should can de pise me"—

"I don't despice you; that isn't for me; but oh, I with that I could help

me; but oh, I with that I could help you!"

Don Ippolito shook his head. "You cannot help me; but I thank you for your compassion; I shall never forget it." He lingered irresolutely with his hat in his hand. "Shall we go on with the reading, madamigella?"

"No, we will not read any more today." she answered.

"No, we will not read any more today," she answered.

"Then I relieve you of the disturbance, madamigella," he said, and after a moment's hesitation he bowed
sadly and went.

She mechanically followed him to
the door, with some little gestures and
movements of a desire to keep him
from going, yet let him go, and so
turned back and eat down with her
hands resting noiseless on the keys
of the plano.

XI. The next morning Don Ippolito did not come, but in the afternoon the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Vervain, couched in the priest's English, begging her indulgence until after the day of corpus Christ, up to which time, he said, he should be too occupied for his visits of ordinary.

This letter reminded Mrs. Vervain that they had not seen Mr. Ferris for three days, and she sen't to ask him to

that they ind not seen Mr. Ferris for three days, and she sent to ask him to dimer. But he returned an excuse, and he was not to be had to breakfast the next morning for the asking. He was in open rebellion. Mrs. Vervain had herself rowed to the consular funding, and sent up her gondoller with another invitation to dinner. The painter appeared on the balcony in the fanen blouse which he word at his work, and looked down with a frown on the smiling face of Mrs. Vervain for a moment without speaking.

ain for a moment without speaking. Then, "I'll come," he said, glcom ly.
"Come with me, then," returned Mrs.

"I shall have to keep you waiting."
"I don't mind that. You'll be ready n five minutes.

Florida met the painter with such gentleness that he felt his resentment to have been a stupid caprice for which there was no ground in the world. He tried to recall his fading sense of outrage, but he found nothing in his mind but penitence. The sort of distraught humility with which he behaved gave her a novel fascination.

The dimer was good, as Mrs. Vervain's dimers always were, and there was a compliment to the printer in the presence of a favorite dish. When was a complement to the printer in the presence of a favorite dish. When he saw this, "Well, Mrs. Verraim, what it it?" he asked. "You needn't that you're treating me so retend that you're treating vell for nothing. You want some-

want nothing but that you want nothing but that you have been uttarly deserted for three or four-days. Dou Impolito has not been have been uttarly deserted for three or four-days. Dou Impolito has not been here other; but he has some excuse; he has to get ready for Corpus Christi. He's going to be in the pro-

Christ. He's going to be in the procession."

"Is he to appear with his flying-machine, or his portable diningtable, or his automatic camera?"

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Vervain, beaming reproach. Florida's face clouded, and Ferris made haste to say that he did not know these inventions were sacred, and that he had no wish to blaspheme them.

"You know well enough what I "You know well enough what I meant," answered Mrs. Vervain. "And now we want you to get us a window to look out on the procession." "Oh, that's what you want, is t? I thought you merely wanted me not to prefer my fained."

"Well, do you call that neglecting

them?"
"Mrs. Vervain, Mrs. Vervain!
What a mind you have! Is there
anything else you want? Me to go
with you, for example?"
"We don't insist. You can take us
to the window, and leave us, if you

"We don't insist. You can take us to the window, and leave us, if you like "This clemency is indeed unexpected," replied Ferris. "I'm really quite unworthy of it."

He was going on with the badinage customary between Mrs. Vervain and himself, when Florida protested. Mother, I think we abuse Mr.

Ferris' kindness. "I know it, my dear—I know it," eerfully assented Mrs. Vervain 'It's perfectly shocking. But what are we to do? We must abuse some-

ody's kindness,"

"We had better stay at home.
I'd much rather not go," said the girl, tremulously.

"Why, Miss Vervain," said Ferris. "Why, Miss vervain," said Ferris, gravely, "I'm very sorry if you've misunderstood my joking. I've never yet seen the procession to advantage, and I'd like very much to look on with you."

look on with you."

He could not tell whether she was grateful for his words or annoyed. She resolutely said no more, but her mother took up the strain and discoursed long upon it, arranging all the particulars of their meeting and going together. Ferris was a and going together. all the particulars of their meeting and going together. Ferris was a little piqued, and began to wonder why Miss Vervain did not stay at home if she did not want to go. To be sure, she went everywhere with her mother, but it was strange, with her half-tal violent submissiveness her habitual violent submissiveness, that she should have said anything in opposition to her mother's wish

or purpose.

After dinner, Mrs. Vervain frankly withdrew for her nap. and Florida seemed to make a little haste to take some sewing in her hand, and sat down with the air of a woman willing to detail her in the service. sat down with the air of a woman willing to detain her visitor. Ferris was not such a stole as not to be dimly flattered by this, but he was too much of a man to be fully aware how great an advance it might seem.

"I suppose we shall see most of the priests of Venice, and what they are "kes in the procession to-morrow," she sa'd. "Do you remember speaking to me about priests the other day, Mr. Ferris?"

me abou Ferris?'

"Yes, I remember it very well. I think I overdid it: and I couldn't perceive afterwards that I had shown any motive but a desire to make trouble for Don Ippolito."

"I never thought that," answered the provide seriously." What was were identified a seriously." Florida, seriously. Flor'da, seriously. "What you said was true, wasn't it?" (To be Continued.)

Why He Didn't Go. At a Scottish fair a farmer was try hat a scotten hair a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the
farm, but would not finish the bargala until he brought a character
from the last place; so he said:
"Run and get it and meet me at
the cross-roads at four o'clock."
The would was there in good dim-

The youth was there in good time and the farmer said:

"Well, have you got your character with you?"
"Na," replied the youth, "but I've got yours, an' I'm no comin'."

WHEN USED BY BRITISH TROOPS

It was the officers who made the surrender of Plevna a decent modern affair; the Turkish rank and file could, and would without doubt, have gone on at their work of point and butt until none were left to surrender to the surviving victorious Russians but the staff.

The history of infantry fighting sums up something like this: First, the Macedonian phalanx, with long lances; then the Roman legion, with short, stout spear; then an interval of, say, 12 centuries, during most of which the mounted man had things. all his own way; then the 200 years beginning about 1550, when the Spanish "infanteria" was considered irresistible by reason of its

skiered irresistible by reason of its pikes, which were, practically, the introduction of the matchlock, and with it a threat of an end to all—"close quarters," as early as the beginning of the 16th century. But some French or Spanish soldier, whose name has been forgotten, hit upon the brilliant idea that these new-fangled machines might ten, hit upon the brilliant idea that these new-fangled machines might be converted into honest pikes occasionally by simply sticking the butt of a dagger into the muzzle of a matchlock. The scheme seemed to work well for half a century, until it was generally felt that if the firing of the matchlock was to become other than a long and deliberate cremonial, as seemed to be probable with the improvements that were coming from Nuremberg, the corking and uncorking of the

that were coming from Nuremberg, the corking and uncorking of the barrels would have to be obviated in some way or other.

In 1689 Gen. Mackay introduced among his infantry a ring bayonet. The name of the weapon has been connected with Bayonne, the French seaport. As a matter of fact, "bayona" and "bayoneta" are Spanish words, and mean neither more nor less than "sticker" and "little sticker." But the etymology of the word did not trouble and mean neither more nor less than sticker" and "little sticker." But the etymology of the word did not trouble the British infantry whom it helped to raise to the topmost place among the troops of Europe in the period from 1703—the date when Wauban introduced the socketed bayonet in the armies of the Great Monarch—tes to the middle of the present century. The transition from ring to socket was a perfectly natural one. The two rings in the earlier weapon were merged into a sort of tube fitting on the end of the musket barrel. The blade was connected with this tube by a stout neck, so as to leave it clear of the bullet's path when the gun was discharged. In order to give the blade greater strength it was made triangular in section. Finally this triangular in section. Finally

the earliest part of this cen-the authorities of the United States army were fully alive to the importance of skill with the bayonet. Gen. George B. McClellan wrote the returned the second time the subsiderizations of skill with the bayonet. Gen. George B. McClellan wrote the manual of bayonet exercize, which was the authorized text book for the army at the beginning of the Civil War, it is interesting now to the lay reader chiefly on account of the elaborately minute instructions on position. In those days much stress was laid on the effectiveness as a military spectacle of a large body of men going through the bayonet exercise, McClellan's took is now obsolete, and bayonet drill in the United States army has taken the form of an athletic exercise, like toxing, carried the second time the subscriptions had been largely increased. — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telesches.

The Jury's Verdict.

"Gentlemen of the jury," asked the clerk of the court, 'have you agreed the account of the court of the jury is that the lawyers have mixed this case up so that we don't know anything at all about it."

The hearing of the arguments in the election appeals from North Waterloo and West Huron will not come up at the present sitting of the Court of Appeals as these cases will not be reached in time.

the idea of bayonet exercise as an affair of parade ground display has prevailed until recently, though many commanding offi ers have work dhard and, it seems, with some success, to substitute for the formal parade drille of companies and battalions man to man contests with blunted weapons, small prizes being given to the victors. Gen. McClellan, it must be said, contemplated the same practice. In his Manual there are plates, curious enough to look at after the lapse of half a century, showing the infantrymen of that period wearing the padded "plastron" to protect the body, and going through with what look to the eyes of this generation like very stagey movements, with made whalebone bladed The whalebone bladed are made detachable from the hit of the bayonets, so that a blade broken by a "palbable hit" can be replaced. enough to look at after the

able hit" can be replaced.

In the article in the United Service Review already men found the writer evidently takes the view that the day of the bayonet is by no means, past. The "trowel bayonet" designed by Col. Rice in the expentice with the The "trowel bayonet" designed by Col. Rice in the seventies, with the idea of furnishing the infantry soldier with a convenient and ever-ready entrenching tool, was never a success, in a practical sense. The idea of it, however, serves to show how little importance was attached to the beyone portance was attached to the bayonet as a weapon twenty-five years ago. But since that time the bayonet has but since that time the bayonet has been gradually improved up to the present form of a broad-bladed knife, attached by a spring below the barrel of the rifle, to which it adds less than one pound in weight, and about twelve inches in length.

HER GOOD NAME.

Mistake of a Woman That Helped a

Church Out of Difficulty. The mistake a lady recently ma caused her husband to pay \$450 more than he had expected, but remove than he had expected, but remove in the more than he had expected, but resulted in a large increase in the fund being raised to pay off a debt on the local church. The lady is the wife of one of the best known coatmen in this vicinity and at the time she made the mistake she and her lusband were at a meeting of the church, of which they are members, in a near-by town

church, of which they are members, in a near-by town.

The meeting had been called to raise funds to pay off a pressing debt against the church. The minister made an appeal to the congregation for money and appointed a committee to take around a paper for subscriptions. As the member of the committee came near the coal man he said in a whisper to his wife:

"Put your name down for fifty."

The wife wrote her name and placed the figures opposite, and when the paper reached the minister he looked over the congregation and, with a smile, said: "I am delighted to see that Sister Smith has so

He did not and paid the \$500, and when the subscription paper returned the second time the subscriptions had been largely increased. — Pittsburg Chronicie-Teje-

FEW WORDS ABOUT CATARRH

How it Begins-How it Becomes Chronic-How it is Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Persons who take cold easily are effectual method of sending the pre-almost sure to become victims of paration to the very seat of discatarrh, which in its acute form is nothing more or less than "cold in the head."

Running at the nose, stuffed up nostrils, difficult breathing, and headache are well-known symptoms of acute catarrh. acute catarrh.

If allowed to run on acute catarrh becomes chronic, and then there are small ulcers formed in the nose, droppings into the throat, which cause hawking and spitting, and when the alceration reaches the bone.

foul breath.

As a result of the thickening of the membrane of the nose and eustachean tube deafness and loss of the ense of smell are also symptoms of oul breath

when allowed to work its way along the air passages catarrh ultimately reaches the lungs and becomes consumption. comes consumption.
To clear the air passages and heal
the ulcers in the nose is the object
of treatment, and no means have
ever been so wonderfully successful as
Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.
The improved blower which is given
tree with every box of Dr. Chase's
Catarrh Cure is a simple yet most

ease.

Relief comes almost instantly, "cold

Relief comes almost instantly, "cold in the head" and acute catarrh are cured in a few hours, and chronic catarrh is absolutely eradicated from the system in a few weeks.

As catarrh almost invariably leaves its victims in a weakened, run-down condition, the patient should use br. Chase's Nerve Food along with the Catarrh Cure to build up the system, and form new red corpuscles in the blood.

This combined treatment is unapproachable as an effective method of permanently curing catarrh and ridding the system of every symptom or trace of this distressing, debilitating, and dangerous disease.

and dangerous disease.

There is no aliment so frequently neglected as catarrh, and none that so certainly leads to consumpt on and death. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box; blower free. Dr. Chase's Nerves Food, 50 cents a box. At all dealers, or by mail, from Edmannia.

Nerve Food, 50 cents a box. At all dealers, or by mail, from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is mothers' favorist remedy for croup, bronchitis, course and colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size, 60 cents.