

scious that fate was dealing hardly by him.

As he turned a corner, he ran against a tall, handsome young lady, who put out her hand and caught his arm to steady herself, laughing gaily: "Take care, Nesbit!" she exclaimed. "You nearly knocked me down. Since when have you taken to emulating Mrs. Wilfer's father, and 'felling' your relatives to the earth?" "Why, Norma! is it really you?" he questioned, refusing to admit the evidence of sight and touch unfortified by hearing.

She cheered Thorne wonderfully, for she seemed to bring Virginia and the life of the last few months nearer to him—the peaceful life in which new hopes had budded, in which he had met, and known, and loved Pocahontas. Norma did him good, raised his spirits, and made the future look bright and cheerful; but not in the way she hoped and intended. She had come North with the hope of furthering her own plans, of making herself necessary and agreeable, of keeping herself fresh in his memory. And she was necessary to him, as a trusted comrade who had never failed him; a clever adviser in whose judgment he had confidence; a charming friend who was fond of him, and who had, but now, come from the enchanted land where his love dwelt.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Spring opened very late that year in Virginia—slowly and regretfully, as though forced into doing the world a favor against its will, and determined to be as grudging and disagreeable over it as possible. The weather was cold, wet and unwholesome—sulking and storming alternately, and there was much sickness in the Lanarth and Shirley neighborhood. The Christmas had been a green one—only one small spurt of snow on Christmas Eve, which vanished with the morning. The negroes were full of gloomy prognostications in consequence, and shook their heads, and cast abroad, with unctious, all sorts of grewsome prophecies about the fattening of the church-yard.

All through the winter, Mrs. Mason had been ailing, and about the beginning of March she succumbed to climatic influences, backed by hereditary tendency, and took to her bed with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Pocahontas had her hands full with household care and nursing, and perhaps it was as well, for it drove self into the background of her mind, for a part of the time at least, and filled with anxiety the empty days. Grace, living five miles away and loaded down with family cares and duties of her own, could be of little practical assistance.

When at length the news of Thorne's divorce reached them, she warded off with tender consideration all remark or comment likely to hurt the girl, and gave straight-forward, hot-tempered Berkeley a hint which effectually silenced him. In sooth, the honest fellow had small liking for the subject. He bitterly resented what he considered Thorne's culpable concealment of the fact of his marriage. He remembered the night of the ball at Shirley, and the memory rankled. It did not occur to him that the matter having remained a secret might have been the natural result of an unfortunate combination of circumstances, and in no sort the consequence of calculation or dishonesty on Thorne's part. Neither did it occur to him, large-minded man though he was, to try to put himself in Thorne's place, or to gain a larger insight into the affair, or the possibility of arriving at a fairer judgment. Berkeley's interest in the matter was too personal to admit of dispassionate analysis, or any impulse toward mercy, or even justice. His anger burned hotly against Thorne, and when the thought of him rose in his mind it was accompanied by other thoughts which it is best not to put into words.

During Mrs. Mason's illness, little Blanche was unremitting in her attentions, coming over daily with delicacies of her own concoction, and striving to help her friends with a sweet, unobtrusive kindness which won hearty response from both ladies, and caused them to visit Berkeley's increasing attentions to the little maid with pleasure. They even aided the small idyl by every lawful means, having the girl with them as often as they could and praising her judiciously.

With her winsome, childish ways and impulsiveness, Blanche formed a marked contrast to grave, reserved Berkeley Mason, and was perhaps better suited to him on that account. When their engagement was announced, there was no lack of congratulation and satisfaction in both families. The general, as he gave his hearty approbation to her choice, pinched her ears and asked what had become of her objections to Virginia; and Percival, who had been wailing and twitting her with her former wails of lamentation. Blanche did not care. She took their teasing in good part, and retorted with merry words and smiles and blushes. She had made her journey to the unknown, and returned with treasure.

Mrs. Smith, in her chamber, smiled softly, and thought on muslin and lace and wedding favors.

(To be continued.)

#### An Example for William.

Buffalo News: The Queen Regent of the Netherlands and her daughter declined the offer of a public reception during their recent visit to Amsterdam. They requested the city officials to use the money collected for the reception in feeding the poor. Consequently more than 30,000 poverty-stricken creatures received presents of food and money and 35,000 school children were provided with a breakfast.

No flowering plant has been discovered within the Arctic Circle; within the Arctic Circle 762 different species have been classified.

Mayor Holmes, of Kansas City, has been formally censured by resolutions of the barbers for having been shaved in a shop on Sunday.

#### KISSING AND SMILING PREACHERS.

##### How Able and Experienced Men Are Humiliated.

Toronto World: The Methodist Church is forever being confronted with the proof that its system of supplying ministers is faulty. However that system may on the whole compare with the various other plans in use, it is certainly far from perfect.

The latest instance of this occurs in the Davenport Church on the western skirts of Toronto. This church has been long established and once flourished, but of recent years the congregations have fallen away, and the collections and other sources of revenue dwindled to insufficiency. New churches have arisen near by and prospered, and the more the leading members of the Davenport flock looked about the more regularly did their eyes revert to their pulpit and their hearts declare that a young minister must be secured. Their special need was a young man, one who could smile as well as pray; who could entertain and retain the living as well as shrive the dying; who would be as handy at a picnic as a prayer-meeting, and in his vigorous humanity prefer a marriage to a funeral. This opinion was arrived at last year, and a memorial was forwarded to Dr. Pirrite, President of the conference (and formerly a resident of Hamilton), asking that the request be impressed upon the Stationing Committee.

In the original draft of stations, Rev. Mr. Well-woods was allotted to Davenport, and this suited the congregation to a nicety. Presumably he is a good hand at a wedding and a cordial smile. At any rate this is what they demanded in their new person, and they were suited with him. Rev. Dr. Pirrite, retiring president of the conference, was billeted for Orillia in the first draft of stations, but the Orillia people presumably wanted a person who could put up swings at a picnic if need be and go with zest into his sacred function of stealing first kiss from the bride at marriages, so they sent word that Dr. Pirrite would not do. Thereupon the Stationing Committee transposed Messrs. Wellwoods and Pirrite. The Davenport people held an indignation meeting and refuse to accept Rev. Dr. Pirrite as their minister.

Rev. Dr. Pirrite is placed in a most humiliating position. After years of valuable services to the church he is sent to one station after another and told that he is not wanted. Last year he was exalted by his fellow-clergymen to the presidency, and that should, if it does not, attest his attainments as well as his virtues of head and heart. A humiliation is a poor system and has lived too long.

The introduction of fiddles and operatic solos and bun-struggles and collections to get into church and collections to get out again—this style of thing is bearing fruit everywhere. The preacher nowadays requires to be a Napoleon of finance and play the arts of a confidence man in filling his pews: In hiring him the congregation bargains for a broad smile and a wife who will meekly be bullied by every woman on the circuit. The Stationing Committee should secure a list of those churches that demand circus attractions in the pulpit, and those other churches that insist upon having a minister who can turn handsprings, and has a hereditary disposition to shake hands. In this way it might save ministers grown old in the service, but none the less sensitive, from humiliation they can never quite forget in this life.

#### Fresh and Vigorous.

On a fine morning and a fine road, what is more invigorating than a spin on a cycle? When it comes to a race, the suggestion of Mr. George Phillips, Sec'y, Leinster Cycling Club, Dublin, Ireland, has force: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil an invaluable remedy for strains and bruises, and so have several members of our club." This ought to be borne in mind.

#### A Few Sensible Remarks.

But what's a diploma? It shows what you have been. It is no passport to success. It won't gain admission for you to a first-class college, and if you wanted a situation and showed it to a business man as a recommendation he would put you down as a guy; and you'd be one. A diploma doesn't show that your education has left you anxious to learn more. And unless you are, you're not worth much. What you really are and are worth to others is the test of capacity. Goethe, the German poet, says: "You are, after all, what you are. Deck yourself in a wig with a thousand locks; ensconce your legs in buskins an ell high; you still remain just what you are." It is not enough that you have gone through the school curriculum and are supposed to have absorbed the learning in the books you were required to study. Henry Ward Beecher remarked once that the first great lesson a young man should learn is, that he knows nothing. And your college professor or your employer will estimate you all the more highly for approaching the world of learning or business in the humble frame of mind induced by such a lesson.—*Drake's Magazine.*

#### The Proof of the Pudding.

Have you humors, causing blotches? Does your blood run thick and sluggish? Are you drowsy, dull and languid? Is a bad taste in your mouth, and is your tongue all furred and coated? Do you sleep with bad dreams broken? Do you feel downhearted, dismal? Dreading something, what you know not? Then be very sure you're bilious—That you have a torpid liver.

And what you need is something to rouse it and make it active enough to throw off the impurities that clog it; something to invigorate the debilitated system, and help all the organs to perform the duties expected of them, promptly and energetically. That "something" is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the Great Blood Purifier, which its proprietors have such faith in that they guarantee it to cure. If it does not, your money will be refunded. But it will. Buy it, try it, and be convinced of its wonderful power. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the proof of this remedy is in the taking.

Lucy Tincker, colored, of Trigg county, Ky., aged 105 years, has cut a full set of new teeth, the old ones having decayed and disappeared about forty years ago.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that if nine-tenths of the medicines in the world were thrown into the ocean mankind would be greatly benefited.

#### THE GENTLE WAY.

##### How Expert Shoplifting Is Carried on and Detected.

She was a middle-aged, well-dressed lady, and she had the next stool on my right alongside a dry goods counter in Fourteenth street. I wasn't watching her at all, but happened to see her place her shopping-bag on the counter and deftly pick up and conceal a pair of kid gloves within its capacious maw. One hates to meddle in such cases, but such things are wrong, and as the store detective was only 20 feet away I went over and told him what I had seen. I saw him look at the girl clerk and she gave him a nod to signify that she had also caught on. It was shoplifting, pure and simple, and I waited with considerable anxiety to see the outcome.

"Being waited on, ma'am?" asked the detective with a bland smile, as he sat down beside her.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she replied.

"Pleasant day?"

"Very pleasant."

"These gloves," he continued, as he picked up a pair, "are a wonderful bargain at the price. You were wise to make an investment. I don't believe they will sell again at the price this summer. See that the lady is promptly waited on, Julia."

"Julia" sold her two or three bits of lace, included ninety cents for the gloves on her slip, and the bill was paid without a word, although the stolen goods were not even mentioned, and could not, of course, be wrapped up with the other things. It was only when the lady rose to go, after receiving her change, that she betrayed any emotion. Then she flushed up, grew pale about the mouth, and as she passed me she gave me a flash of her teeth which seemed to promise vengeance in the future.

"Do you always work it as slick as that?" I asked of the detective, as she swept out.

"Not always. She was an old hand at the business and a sharp woman. They always make the best of it when caught. One with less wit would have bluffed and stormed, and I should have had to take her back to the office and prove her a thief."—*New York Herald.*

#### A Little Fatherly Advice.

"If ever you marry," said an old gentleman to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash her face, and sense enough to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, whenever she needs it." The experience of the aged has shown the "Favorite Prescription" to be the best for the cure of all female weaknesses and derangements. Good sense is shown by getting the remedy from your druggist, and using it whenever you feel weak and debilitated. It will invigorate and cannot possibly do harm.

#### French Table Talk.

Children being nearly always at table in France, and conversation often being animated amongst their elders, they hear a great deal that was never intended for them, and they get a sort of education in talkativeness by mere example. They may make little use of this in the presence of strangers during boyhood or girlhood, but it bursts out afterwards when they get to a talking age. It is recognized by custom that when a family is in private every one has a right to talk or not as he pleases, and silence being permitted, the taciturn will take advantage of it; still, nothing is more national in French life than talkativeness at meal times, even when the family alone is present. This does at least keep up the national power of talking, though the very little grain to grind. Talk of this kind for lighter facilities, which in other countries are often left unexercised. The merits of it are its facility of expression and its ample choice of language; the defects of it, in France, may be included under the one head of insufficient or inaccurate information.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in the July Forum.*

#### A Dainty Match-Scratcher.

Take a pasteboard ribbon block and cut two round pieces of sandpaper the exact size of the two ends of the block, and paste them on securely. Round the centre of the block put a strip of satin ribbon, and fasten it with invisible stitches. Then take velvet ribbon of the same color and paste round the block so that it will meet the sandpaper at one edge, and overlap the ribbon with the other, blind-stitching together at the joining. Fasten gilt or silver tinsel from the inside edge of one strip of velvet to the other; this should be in imitation of the snares of a drum. The drum is very effectively suspended from a gas jet by a half-inch wide ribbon fastened to the drum by a pretty bow.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### Lady Macdonald as an Author.

Just before her bereavement Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Sir John Macdonald, completed her first ambitious literary effort in a series of articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the first one of which will appear in the August number of that periodical. Last summer Lady Macdonald, with a party of friends, travelled in her private car through the most picturesque parts of Canada, and in a delightfully fresh manner she describes her experiences on this trip in these articles, to which she has given the title of "An Unconventional Holiday." A series of beautiful illustrations, furnished by Lady Macdonald, will accompany the articles.

#### Arsenic in Wall Paper.

Put a small piece of the paper into strong ammonia water. If arsenic be present a bluish color will be developed. Since copper gives a similar reaction, as a further test moisten a crystal of nitrate of silver with a drop of the fluid. If the color be due to arsenic, a yellowish deposit will be formed on the crystal.—*National Druggist.*

Princess May, of Teck, is the prettiest marriageable royal girl in Europe. She is the present object of devotion of Prince Edward of Wales, but the match is prevented by the strong objection of the Queen.

She—Whom do you care more for, Jack? He—Is it possible you do not know whom I love best in all this world? She—Yes, I know; but next to him?

# "German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

#### SPENT HER QUARTER.

##### The Poor Kitty Needed the Money Real Bad.

A few days ago, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, a little girl—a tiny thing only four years old—went with her mamma to pay a visit up town. When she came down she had a twenty-five cent piece clasped tight in her fat hand. As they walked up the street, suddenly the little one espied a most disreputable-looking cat lying on the lower step of a stoop. It looked sick and forlorn and lay as if dead. The child rushed up to the creature and stroked its back with soft little touches until the poor thing opened its eyes slowly in recognition. Then the mother called the child away and reproved her sharply for making friends with such a wretched street cat. The child said nothing.

When they got home the mother said: "Gracie, where is the quarter Uncle John gave you?"

"I spent it, mamma."

"You spent it! How in the world could you spend it without my seeing you?"

"I spent it to the cat, mamma; the poor cat. I put it right down on the stoop by the kitty. I thought she needed it worse than I did."

#### Little, But Lively.

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the pleasant land.

And dropping into prose, we would say, that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are mild, but prompt in relieving constipation, sick headache, bilious attacks, pain in the region of kidneys, torpid liver, and in restoring a healthy, natural action to the stomach and bowels. 25 cents a vial. One pellet a dose, Little, but lively. The use of the old style, drastic pills is an outrage on the human system.

#### A Steam Phaeton.

Among the latest engineering feats is the manufacture of a steam phaeton, which has just been introduced into Paris by Mons. Serpelle. This steam phaeton is said to resemble an ordinary phaeton and has under the body of the carriage a steam boiler, with an inextinguishable boiler and a funnel bent down to discharge the smoke under the hind seat at the rear of the vehicle. It is guided by a single front wheel, after the manner of a tricycle. The tank is capable of holding enough water to perform a journey of 18 or 20 miles; the bunker can furnish fuel (probably coke in cities, as it is smokeless) for running 30 miles. The weight of this vehicle, with water and coke, is 2,500 pounds. On a good country road a speed of 50 miles an hour can be kept up, with seven persons in the carriage. It can be started in 20 minutes and the feeding of the engine with water and fuel goes on automatically.

#### Death of the Queen's Piper.

William Ross, the Queen's Piper, who was buried at Windsor two or three days ago, was, in his early days, in the Black Watch; but he had mastered the bagpipe before he entered the army, having been instructed by an old Highland piper whose daughter he subsequently married. He distinguished himself as piper while with his regiment, and in May, 1854, he was appointed piper to the Queen, and held the position until the time of his death. As a player of a "Pibroch" or of a "Lament" Ross was unapproachable. But the work by which he will be chiefly remembered is the great "Collection of Pipe Music," the preparation and production of which cost thirty years of patient labor.

The coroner of Yuba County, Cal., fined a corpse \$50 for carrying concealed weapons, confiscated the pistol from deceased's pocket, and took for fees the remaining \$25 of the \$75 found on the remains.

# CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I am glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, W. A. BROWN, 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

# IT CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not merely stop them for a time, as in Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I have made the disease of my patients. Because others have failed I warrant my remedy to cure. Send for a bottle and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Express Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—W. A. BROWN, 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

#### TOOK DOWN THE CROSS.

##### Ferocious Ascent of a Lightning Rod on a Brooklyn Church.

Three hundred and twenty feet up in the air went Charles J. Kent yesterday afternoon, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Over two hundred feet of the distance was inside of the steeple of St. Stephen's church, at the corner of Summit and Hicks streets; the rest of the dizzy height he climbed up by the lightning rod from a window of the tower, with a rope around his body, which was tightly held by his two assistants, Lewis B. Woest and Stuart Cooper. When he got out of the window many people saw him, both men and women watched him with nerves unstrung. In a few minutes he was at the top and had a hold of the great cross that has stood on that steeple for the past eighteen years. It is six feet in height and four inches in width at the cross and made of galvanized iron. It had about six hundred glass bulbs' eyes in it—worth about \$1.50 each when new—and the cross was imported from the Netherlands by the late Father O'Reilly, the former pastor of the church, and placed there when the steeple was completed. The cross was formerly lit up by electricity and could be seen seventy miles at sea. Complaints, however, were made by the pilots of New York harbor that the light of the cross seriously interfered with navigation, so the light was taken out. The present pastor of the church deemed it necessary that the cross should be taken down, as it was getting rusty, and its galvanized iron took the cross down. In six hours from the time Kent began his perilous ascent from the topmost window of the tower the cross, weighing in the neighborhood of eight hundred pounds, was lying in the yard of the church.

#### Holidays.

The Chicago News, in the course of a thoughtful article on the subject of holidays, points out that it is not merely kindness of heart, nor patriotism, which prompts men in business or trade to assume willingly the financial burdens connected with holiday observances. It is simply a keen perception of the working of economic laws—a realization that the whole community is benefited by well-observed holidays, and that the expenses which they themselves incur are just as much legitimate investments as the money expended for advertising or for the proper ventilation of store, workshop or counting house. As the News observes in summing up the question: "Holidays are not philanthropic concessions on the part of the employers. Holidays and half-holidays are not merely vested rights of employees. They are also, and above all things, an economic necessity; and whoever fails to observe them by a suspension of all not absolutely necessary labor, whoever desecrates them by enslaving himself and others in the service of Mammon, fails also in one of the highest duties he owes the community."

Sardou, the great French playwright, writes a hand so fine that it almost requires a magnifying glass to read it.

Every influence that France can command has been brought to bear on the Emperor of Russia to induce him to honor Paris with an Imperial visit in the autumn.

D. C. N. L. 30. 31.

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