Her Answer.

"Dear Nell, 'tis good-bye, your train's nearly due,
And here are your tickets, your wraps and the keys,
With your check, and these roses—I gathered a few
For your belt, little queen—and I hope they will please.

"Ah! there is the whistle, dear! Send to me, please,
The answer I pleaded so hard for last night.
Say, Nell, for an answer, send back one of these;
For *yes*, a red rose, for refusal, the white."

A deep, heavy rumbling, a whistle's wild shriek,
A clashing and clanging, a red glaring light.
Blue eyes flash an answer that lips will not speak;
A sweet summer dream has its ending to-night.

"I love her," he murmured, as standing alone,
He peered thro' the darkness that snatched her from light.
"I love him, of course." Her roguish eyes, shone.
"I'll dip it in carmine, and send him the white."

A watchman asleep, a switch that was turned
A hundred poor souls to eternity swept!
Across magic wires the fatal news burned,
The heart of a village in agony wept.

A hundred brave hearts by sympathy sped,
Passed in night's silence through valley and glen,
And fought in the smoke of the wreck for the dead,
With the fierceness of demons, the pity of men.

Another, a woman! "My God! this is Nell!"
A white blossom crushed on the breast torn and bruised,
The white rose—his answer—on which the blood fell,
And painted the message her lips had refused
—*Florence Huntley.*

A Country Idyl.

"Oh, let me leave the city's heat,
Its fripperies and formalities,
And place once more my tired feet
On nature's actualities.
I'll turn from fashion's mimic train,
Its spring arts, its high disdain,
And bathe my tired heart and brain
In primitive realities."

He turned from "fashion's mimic train,"
And sought the calm rusticity
Of field and forest, lake and plain,
Disburdened of publicity.
But horse flies marked him for their prey,
And down his backbone day by day
The caterpillar wound his way
In sinuous eccentricity.

And when beneath some arbor snug
He'd lie in thoughtful revelry,
The bumble-bee and tumble-bug
Would come with fiendish devilry,
With daddy longlegs run a race,
And march in military pace
Across his bleared and blistered face,
In wild, tumultuous revelry.

And while the still breeze from the south
Lapped him in dreams elysian,
The gay green frog leaped in his mouth
With acrobat precision;
The woodchuck nimbled at his nose,
The weasel chewed up both his hose,
The snake crawled thro' his underclo'es
In wandering indecision.

He lay there in the valley green,
The city's strain to calm off,
And the farmer with his mowing machine
Then mowed his outstretched arm off.
And then he rose with murderous will
And roamed the earth and vowed to kill
All poets who with fiendish skill
Such pastoral lies could palm off.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Then you must forgive her," she said, averting her eyes from his face, with a little pang at her heart when she saw the pain there. "I have forgiven her; but"—he paused, and his strong fingers pulled nervously at his mustache; then he went on rapidly—"I care for her far too much to keep up a show of resentment against her; still I am not at all sure that it would not be wiser to go away and never see her again."

"Why?" Shirley asked.

"Because—because I can hardly think she cares for me when she doubted me on such slight grounds, Lady Glynn."

Shirley glanced at him: there was no mistaking the pain on his face; and she felt sorry that a girl who had been fortunate enough to win such a love as his should have been weak enough to doubt it, and so raise doubt in his own mind.

"You must not say the grounds were slight," she said earnestly. "Most women, I think, would have been vexed and pained; and you must not think that, because she had not perfect faith, she has not perfect love. Girls are different from men, you know; they want constant assurance of the love they inspire, and you must try to forget her jealousy in love."

"That is love's curse," he answered, smiling, but his face was brighter for the earnest words she had spoken; and the pain he had felt at the want of faith in him which pretty Rosie Venn had shown was almost removed.

Presently the sound of wheels rapidly approaching the house made Madge start up with a quick joyful exclamation. Shirley too rose to her feet; but her knees trembled, and she was forced to sit down again while she tried to appear composed and to quell the nervous agitation which seized her. Madge flew out into the hall, and Mr. Litton followed, for he feared that he might be needed in his professional capacity if Sir Hugh had returned with his friends.

Soon the room door opened and Sir Frederic Oliphant entered, going over to Shirley with outstretched hands and very troubled eyes; and, as she looked up at him, her own were very dim.

"My poor child," he said, gently, "they would not accept bail! We did our best."

"I am sure of that," she said gently, and turned away from him for a moment in silence. "How did he bear it?" she asked steadily then, looking at him with brave steadfast eyes.

"Well and bravely," he answered warmly. "There was a sad dignity about him which disarmed even those who were inclined to be bitter against him."

"I am glad to know that," she said. "Will they let me see him?"

"Yes; if your are well enough and equal to it, you may see him to-morrow."

"Thank you, I shall be well enough. And Guy!"

"Guy remained at Adinbrooke; he wished to be near Sir Hugh."

"That is like Guy," she said softly; and during the rest of the day she was very quiet.

CHAPTER LI.

Punctually at 12 o'clock on the ollowing day Lady Oliphant's brougham drove through the quaint old town of Adinbrooke, and turned up the hill where the old castle stood which was now used as the county jail, and drew up at its gate. The morning was fine and clear, and, as Shirley Glynn and Lady Oliphant passed into the building, a ray of wintry sunshine fell on the younger woman's lovely face, touching it with a momentary brightness which faded as they entered the comparative darkness within. The governor, a stately, military-looking man, with a stern yet not unkindly face and a heavy iron-gray mustache, came down to meet them. He had met Lady Oliphant before, and shook hands with her in a frank friendly fashion, bowing low to Shirley as he did so, and looking at her with interested eyes as they went on together. He had heard much of her beauty and grace, and her name had been familiar to him when she had been a queen in society and *feted* and sought after and followed.

His face was touched with a deep compassion as he preceded the two ladies to his own private room, where Guy was waiting, looking haggard and worn and pale, as if the night had been a long and restless one.

Shirley gave him her hand in silence, and a gleam of tenderness stole into his weary eyes as they met hers, while his heart ached for her with an agony which had never ceased even for a moment. If he could have spared her any further suffering, he would gladly have done so at the cost of his own life; but this trouble nothing could lessen—pains, influence, wealth, all were alike powerless.

"I must ask you to wait a few minutes," Captain Graham said courteously. "It will not be longer, I think."

He placed chairs for them, then left them alone in his pleasant sitting-room. It was a cheerful room handsomely furnished, and windows looked over a garden which in the summer was bright and fragrant with the beauty and the smell of flowers. Lady Oliphant and Guy exchanged a few sentences as they waited; Shirley sat by the window, looking out with wistful eyes and pale parted lips. Something in the place seemed to stifle her; even in the cheerful airy room she could scarcely breathe; and Guy, without speaking, opened the window near which she sat. Her eyes glanced up at him gratefully, and then she looked out again at the dreary garden.

Presently the door opened, and a pretty golden-haired little girl came bounding in, but stopped shyly, seeing the strange ladies. Guy bent down to her and took her little hand in his. She was a daughter of Captain Graham's, whose acquaintance he had made the night before.

"Don't go away, Amy," he said, smiling. "Come, and speak to these ladies. Did you want your father?"

"Yes," she whispered shyly, shaking her curls over her face as she left her hand in his; and Shirley turned from the window at the sound of the sweet childish voice, and the stifled sensation at her heart left her as she saw the shy bright blue eyes looking at her wistfully from beneath the veil of falling yellow hair.

"Whose little girl are you?" she said softly: and the child crossed the room and put her chubby little fingers on Shirley's soft sealskin.

"Father's," she answered brightly.

"And mother's?"

"Yes; but mother has gone away, you know; the angels came and fetched her."

"Did they, darling?" Shirley's fingers were parting the wavy golden hair from the pure white brow, and her eyes, very intent and tender, were studying the child's face.

"I was sorry," the child went on, "because no one ever kissed the place and made it better, when I fell down, as she did; but father was very sorry;" and the bright face shadowed a little at the remembrance.

"And you were his little comfort?"

"Yes, who told you so—did father? He always calls me that."

Shirley lifted her on to her knee, and pressed her quivering lips to the pretty hair; and the little girl with all a child's quick instinct and pity for any one suffering, put up her arm and clasped Shirley's neck and nestled her golden head against the soft sealskin of Shirley's coat; and there was inexpressible comfort in the tight clasp and the clinging little hand.

It seemed to Shirley, as she sat there with Amy Graham nestling in her arms, that much of the darkness which had fallen upon her spirit as she entered the castle had been lifted since the child had entered the room. That anything so good, so bright, so innocent should have lived in that gloomy place was sufficient to remove half its gloom: and Amy never guessed what a little comforter in truth she had been to the beautiful lady who had clasped her so tenderly and so closely.

"You live here always, Amy?"

"Yes, always; but sometimes we go away together to the sea-side, father and me and the nurse."

"Do you like the sea-side, my dear?"

"Yes; but I like the castle best."

"You have no little brother or sister?" Shirley asked softly.

"No"—the child shook her head as it rested against Shirley, and the blue eyes grew very wistful—"I had a little brother once, but he went with mother to heaven."

"Captain Graham has seen great trouble." Lady Oliphant said, in a low voice. "He lost his young wife and little son within a few days of each other."

Shirley looked up wistfully; she was thinking, perhaps that "grief is more for the living lost than ever it is for the dead;" but she remained silent; and in a few moments Captain Graham came back, his stern face softening into a beautiful tenderness as he caught sight of the child in Lady Glynn's arms and saw the more peaceful look in the beautiful hazel eyes which met his with sudden swift inquiry.

"Sir Hugh can see you now," he said quietly. "Have you been making friends with my daughter, Lady Glynn? She is generally a little addicted to shyness."

"She was not afraid of me," Shirley said as she put the child down—and Captain Graham noticed how long and close and fond the kiss was which she pressed upon the rosy cheek—and then she followed the governor out of the room.

He led her himself down the long passages and the stone steps, thinking meanwhile that it was rare for the gloomy prison to receive such a beautiful visitant, and himself too opened the door of the cell where Sir Hugh was confined.

"I will take care that you are not disturbed," he said very gently. "And, Lady Glynn, I need hardly tell you that he is very weak, and that—"

"I will not forget," she said steadily. "I will not be less calm than I am now. Thank you, Captain Graham."

She went in softly; he closed the door after her, and Shirley was in the prison-cell with which her dreams had been haunted more than once.

It was a bare whitewashed room, scrupulously clean, and through the high barred windows a ray of wintery sunshine had struggled in and lay softly on the floor, while in the little grate a fire was burning cheerily. Sir Hugh was fully dressed, lying upon the bed with closed eyes, and he looked so haggard and attenuated and death-like that Shirley's heart almost ceased to beat with a sudden fear. Her noiseless movements, the soft unrustling velvet dress that she wore, did not attract his attention, and she was fully a minute in the room, watching him, before he saw her.

Her thoughts went back almost involuntarily to the days when she had known him first, and she saw him again as he had been then, so handsome and distinguished, so full of life and health and gayety; she remembered the New Year's-eve ball at Fairholme Court and their interview in the school-room, which had been the beginning of such misery, and it almost seemed as if she could hear again the patter of the rain against the window-panes as she had heard it then, and the moan of the wind in the leafless trees. And it was his love for her which had brought him to this grievous strait, the impulse of an undisciplined heart, which, having always received "good," could not bear to resist "evil."

The heavy lids were slowly lifted, and his eyes opened and he saw her, and over his face came a sudden brightness which gave it for a moment some of the beauty of other days. The next minute she was kneeling beside him, and his weak arms were round her, his face hidden where Amy's golden head had rested a few minutes before, and there was silence.

It was Shirley who, remembering Captain Graham's injunctions, moved first. She disengaged herself gently from his weak clasp, and put him back upon the pillows, and his eyes dwelt upon her with all the old passionate tenderness as she bent over him.

"So you have come to me, Shirley?" he said at last, while his eyes drank in the beauty of her face and his hands clasped hers closely.

"You expected me, Hugh? You knew I would come?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what, dear?"

"But I was almost sorry afterward that I had asked you. This is no place for you love."

"It is my fittest place, Hugh; and as often and as long as I can I will be with you here."

He smiled feebly.

"How pleasant it is to hear you speak in that little tone of decision," he said. "It is very pleasant to see you in that dress, Shirley."

He touched her velvet and fur with his slender fingers for a moment; and she smiled bravely into his altered face.

"I am glad," she said brightly. "But tell me of yourself, Hugh."

"Of myself, dear?" he echoed. "There is not much to tell, save that I am happier, much more at rest, than I have been during all these long months."

She stooped toward him and put her lips to his forehead.

"And you are not suffering much, Hugh?"

"No—hardly at all. And I am much stronger. Captain Graham sent me that arm-chair, Shirley: and it is only sheer laziness which makes me lie here."

He rose as he spoke, and staggering to his feet, managed with Shirley's aid, to reach the arm-chair, where he lay back exhausted even by that effort.

"I can see you better here," he said presently, smiling at her, with his pale lips quivering a little and his eyes very dim. "And I want to see as much of you as I can, my brave, generous darling. I seem to have so much to say to you, Shirley, and—and not very much time to say it in."

As she was kneeling by his side, he took her hand, and, folding it in both his, pressed it near his heart. The touch seemed to lessen the pain there, he thought, as he met the wistful eyes.

"They told you about yesterday, dear?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Yes. Was it very painful, Hugh?"

"No, my darling. I think I am dead to pain now. I remember thinking once that, if you knew of my crime, the sight of the horror and repugnance in your eyes would kill me; but, when you knew it, and Guy, it seemed as if I did not care who else saw my shame. And they were all very good and patient, Shirley, although poor Guy was terribly cut up because they would not take bail."

"We were grieved at that, Hugh."

"Were you, my darling?" he said wistfully. "I think it is almost better so. I have been such a burden to you these last weeks that—"

She raised her hand to his mouth and silenced him, and he caught it and pressed it fondly to his lips.

"It is better so, Shirley," he said again. "I cannot help feeling what misery I should have saved you and Guy if I had been honest and brave enough to do what was right at first. But regrets are unavailing and useless—besides, it is too late for any atonement now."

They were silent for a space then, the eyes of both resting on the red glow of the fire, and Hugh's faint, struggling breathing alone breaking the stillness.

"Guy has been so good to me," he went on softly. "I have no words to speak of his goodness. I think the very sight of him puts life into me, Shirley. My darling, it takes so much of the pain away to think that I leave you in his care."

Weeping now, she leaned her head against his arm, and asked him tremulously and brokenly through her tears not to speak to her; there might be happiness for them yet.

"For you, yes, my best and dearest, happiness enough, I pray Heaven, to atone in some measure for the misery of the past; but Shirley, if you look forward a little, only a few short weeks, you can not but see that it will be better for me. Darling, forgive me! I did not mean to pain you. I am not worthy of one of those precious tears, and yet they make me so happy."

They were falling now thick and fast upon his fevered hand, and it seemed to Hugh Glynn that they fell upon his heart like the blessed rain from heaven upon the parched earth, bringing healing and softening and fertility where all had been dry and barren before.

"Last night, dearest child," he went on quietly—and Shirley noticed that he never called her his "wife all through these bitter days—" when I awoke all the past came before me—all my past life so selfish and worthless and useless, and all the wretchedness I made by my fatal love for you—all those years of our married life, when—"

"Ah, do not talk of them!" she entreated sadly. "I cannot think of them now without deep pain. If I had been less proud and unforgiving, if I had not cherished my anger against you, all this might never have been. Oh, Hugh, I am as guilty in the sight of heaven as you can be—ay, and more guilty, since my sin lasted for years, and yours was immediately repented of."

"Love, you had every right to hate me," he said sadly; "I had injured you past all forgiveness. But let us not talk of the past, since it so pains you. Let us talk of your future, Shirley."

She started and looked up at him.

"You know, dear child, that by the will I made soon after—after"—he hesitated a little, then went on hurriedly—"I stole you from Guy, I left what was all yours by right away from you, and now—"

But her gentle hand upon his stopped him.

"Hugh!" she said entreatingly.

"What would you say, my dearest?" he asked as he saw how her lips quivered and how the pained color rose in her face.

"Hugh—that will—do not change it—I could not—"

There was no need to finish the sentence; he understood her, and a flush of shame rose to his hollow cheek.

"I see, my dear," he said, after a long silence. "I will not urge you then. Tell me about your brother," he went on presently. "Will he ever forgive me all the misery I brought on his sister?"

"He thinks that he was more the cause of that misery than you, Hugh," she answered gently. "But you are very weary, dear. Will you let me read to you now?"

"Yes, presently. Do you ever sing now, Shirley? I have so often thought of that song you sung one day in the oak parlor at Fairholme Court. It was the day Guy proposed to you, I think, and I shall never forget your face as you sung it. Oh, my darling, soon, when you are free, you can place your hand in your king's with perfect confidence, for

"Titled by gift of God is he,
And rich in a rarer thing than wealth!"

Does it pain you for me to talk thus, Shirley?" he continued, wistfully. "Dear, it is my only comfort now to think how your future will atone for the past."

"Let me read to you, Hugh," she pleaded earnestly.

"Presently, dear. It is so pleasant to look at the happier things in store for you. You have had bitter things long enough, poor little woman; but, if it pains you, I will think of them when I am alone. Yes, I am ready, dear, if you will read."

The Book, a worn and shabby little volume, which had taught them both many a lesson during those terrible days at Erindale, was lying on the table. Shirley drew it toward her, and turned over the leaves hesitatingly.

"Always the same chapter, Shirley," he said, with a little smile. "You know—that which tells of the son who was dead, and alive again, who was lost and found."

Steady and sweet and grave and reverent was her voice as she read those grand words which tell of a Father's infinite love and never-failing pardon—words which have brought comfort and healing to many a sinner; and, as he listened, the look of peace deepened on the haggard attentive face of Hugh Glynn, and his thin burning fingers closed over her hand.

When the reading was over, they sat for awhile silent in the dim firelit cell, their hands clasped and Sir Hugh's head resting on his wife's shoulder. The same strange sense of unreality which had been upon Shirley before was upon her now; it was all part of the same dream. Was it possible that it was Hugh Glynn, the man she had hated and despised, who was lying thus peacefully against her now, and that it was her heart which was so full of pity and compassion and tenderness? Was it his hand which clasped hers, his voice which said softly—

"Love, I am too happy! It is not right that such a wretch as I have been should know such blessedness as this! Shirley, it seems to me more than ever now that your forgiveness and Guy's are an earnest of that other forgiveness for which I hardly dare to hope."

And then again he pressed her hand passionately to his lips; in his humiliation he never sought to touch her mouth and call her by tender names, which almost broke her heart, remembering how he loved her and how he had suffered for that love.

After a time, seeing that he was very much exhausted, she induced him to rest upon the little pallet-bed again. It was approaching the time when she must leave him, she knew; and he guessed so also by the sorrowful yearning which came into her eyes.

"If I were brave enough and unselfish enough," he said huskily, "I would tell you not to come here any more, my darling; but I cannot give up entirely the comfort of seeing you. But do not come often, Shirley; this is no place for you, and—"

"Hugh," she answered steadily, "I will come, as I said, as often and for as long as they will let me."

He smiled gratefully and sadly.

"It will not be for long, dear, even at the longest," he said feebly. "Thank Heaven, oh, thank Heaven for that! Oh, Shirley, if you could know how the thought of the trial haunted me at first, how often—oh, how often—I saw the crowded court, the judge, the accusing faces, the contempt of my crime and cowardice and baseness in every eye! How I used to wake at night struggling with the terror of it, and dared not go to sleep for fear of it recurring! Oh, Shirley, even now, if I dared, I would pray that the end might come before that, that I might not be judged at any earthly tribunal, but by that Judge who is more merciful than any earthly judge!"

And Shirley, as she bent over him trying to soothe the agony of terror which had seized him, in her heart echoed his prayer.

CHAPTER LII.

Three weeks went by. Sir Hugh Glynn was very ill, sick unto death; and with every hour the certainty increased that he would not live to be tried for the deed he had done under the summer sky on the rocks at Easton. His illness was a complicated one, brought on partly by exposure and want, partly by remorse and misery. The exposure to the weather on that Christmas night when he had been found senseless in the snow by the woman he had wronged so deeply had aggravated the chest-complaint from which he had suffered for months; one lung was entirely gone, the other was going fast, and the end might come at any time.

Daily, almost hourly, he wasted and became weaker, and each day, when the prison door closed after Shirley, she wondered whether, when she came on the following day, he would be living to give her that fond bright smile which always came into his eyes when they rested upon her, no matter how great his suffering had been the minute before.

To the last day of her life Shirley remembered Captain Graham's kindness and consideration for her then. The circumstances of the case were strange and unusual certainly, and perhaps admitted of unusual privileges; but every care and kindness which were possible were extended to Sir Hugh in his prison-cell; and he was grateful and contrite exceedingly.

He did not suffer much, except when the terrible paroxysms of coughing recurred and the subsequent hemorrhage, and a word of complaint never passed his lips. It was often difficult to Guy Stuart, remembering the Hugh Glynn he had known in the by-gone years, to recognize him in this patient, uncomplaining, penitent sufferer. That Hugh Glynn had been so proud, so selfish, so impatient of any contradiction, so unbending, so heedless while the prisoner in Adinbrooke Jail was so unselfish, so tender over others, so repentant and gentle, that he won sympathy from all with whom he was brought in contact.

Shirley saw him daily for a short time. Sometimes he was well enough to talk to her, at others he was able only to lie with her hands in his, and his eyes resting with undying love and tenderness on her face. Sometimes he would ask her to read to him—always those same blessed merciful, divinely beautiful lines which comforted him as nothing else could. Sometimes his mind wandered a little from very weakness, and he would murmur disconnected and broken words which told them much of what he had suffered and borne in the past; but often, when he was in this condition, the touch of Shirley's lips upon his brow and her voice speaking his name would bring him back to the present, and he would make a pathetic struggle against the unconsciousness for a few moments; when he would wander again, or sink half into a stupor, half into a sleep.

(To be continued.)

NEARLY BURIED THE WRONG BOY.

An Extraordinary Case of Mistaken Identity in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn came to the front yesterday with an extraordinary case of mistaken identity. On Thursday last the nude body of a boy was picked up in Buttermilk Channel by Captain Lewis, of the tug W. H. Howie, and taken to the foot of Conover street, whence it was removed to the morgue.

Philip Ulrich, a Glen Island policeman, of No. 567 Baltic street, missed his son John, aged 11 years, who had gone to visit his grandmother on July 30th and had not returned on the day when the body was found. He gave a description of the missing child to the police on August 7th, and on Thursday evening was informed by them of the finding of the body and its removal to the morgue. He at once visited that institution and made a careful examination of the body. It had been so long in the water that decomposition had set in, but Mr. Ulrich was convinced by certain marks on the face and breast that it was that of his son.

From the morgue Mr. Ulrich went home, stopping on his way at an undertaker's and instructing him to prepare for the burial of the remains. When he reached his house he told his wife that he had identified their son in the morgue, and they mourned their loss together.

Early yesterday morning Mr. Ulrich called upon Mrs. John Bulkley, his mother-in-law, at No. 59 Amity street, with whom he is not on friendly terms, as she was bitterly opposed to his marriage with her daughter, and told her also the news.

"Your boy is not dead," said Mrs. Bulkley, emphatically, when he had finished his sad story.

"He is!" exclaimed Mr. Ulrich, "Haven't I seen his dead body?"

But the old lady was not to be convinced, and though she was reluctant for a time to tell all she knew still persisted that the child was alive. Finally she asserted that he was at St. John's Orphan Asylum, St. Mark's and Albany avenues, Brooklyn.

Now it was Mr. Ulrich's turn to be incredulous, and he insisted upon Mrs. Bulkley's coming with him to the morgue and seeing for herself whether the story he had told was true. She was so persistent in her refusal to go to the morgue and so emphatic in her assertion that the boy was in the asylum that Mr. Ulrich at length decided to postpone his visit to the morgue and go to that institution.

When he reached the asylum and asked for his son the little fellow was brought to him. He was in the best of health and spirits, and Mr. Ulrich's relief at seeing him alive and well was beyond expression. "Johnnie" said his grandmother had induced him to go to the asylum with her and had left him there.

With a lightened heart Mr. Ulrich returned to his home, taking the boy with him. Last night, when questioned as to the motive of his mother-in-law in placing his son in the asylum, he said:

"The Mother Superior told me that the woman who brought the child there said that his mother was dead and his father away. The reason why Mrs. Bulkley put my boy into the asylum was that she thought my second wife did not like him. Now, the fact is the child has never been whipped or maltreated by either his stepmother or myself. There's one thing certain, and that is that I'll make it hot for Mrs. Bulkley on a charge of abduction."

The body of the drowned boy is still unidentified at the morgue, and Mr. Ulrich yesterday countermanded the order for the living boy's funeral.—*N.Y. Herald.*

The Canada Thistle—How to Get Rid of Them.

Almost every one knows something about this very troublesome seed. I can remember the time when I had never seen one of them. Tho' I am not engaged in farming at present I will try to tell those who are so engaged and are troubled with this great pest how to get rid of them. Several years ago I sent an article to the *Globe* on this subject, which I have good reason to know did some good. I shall now, as nearly as I can remember, repeat what I then said. I simply related my method and how well it succeeded. I gave two examples. I had one small field in which spring wheat entirely failed and the thistles grew up very thick and rank. I allowed them to get full size and when they were fast beginning to blossom I took a skimmer plough and turned them nearly under and let them lie till they completely rotted. Then I ploughed the field and sowed it with fall wheat, which yielded a magnificent crop, and we were able to ind it all without gloves. In another field there was one large patch of thistles which had troubled me for years and seemed to gain every year. I summer fallowed that field thoroughly, using both gang and skimmer freely; the result was that we had a good crop and could harvest nearly all without gloves on that place where the thistles had been. About five years ago the thistles had accumulated in one corner of the wooded pasture where the timber had been taken off. I went down one day when rain was falling very gently, and with a scythe cut them all off. Three years ago I sold the farm. About two weeks ago, being in the neighborhood, I felt a little curiosity to go and see if the thistles had reappeared on that land to any extent, and found that very few had made their appearance after the lapse of five years. Now, I think it is quite possible and easy to write prohibition and annihilation in regard to the thistle and get rid of them. When they get to the full size and are then ploughed under, I think the crop is equal to a good coat of manure, and as I told the readers of the *Globe*, in this way they can be made to pay their way. Let it be this motto of every farmer, "Keep the thistles down and cut." United action is all important; give them no quarter and triumph is sure.
E. TOPPING.

A Dog on Long Sermons.

A correspondent, "A. H. A.," of the London *Spectator*, of August 4th, writes: "During a recent journey in Canada I met with a striking instance of reason in a dog. I was staying at the Mohawk Indian Institution, Brantford, Ont. Rev. R. Ashton, Superintendent of the school, is also incumbent of the neighboring Mohawk church (the oldest Protestant church in Canada). Mr. Ashton is very fond of animals and has many pets. One of these, a black-and-tan terrier, always accompanies the ninety Indian children to church on Sunday morning. He goes to the altar rails and lies down, facing the congregation. When they rise to sing, he rises; and when they sit, he lies down. One day, shortly before my visit, a stranger-clergyman was preaching, and the sermon was longer than usual. The dog grew tired and restless, and at last a thought occurred to him, upon which he at once acted. He had observed that one of the elder Indian boys was accustomed to hand round a plate for alms, after which the service at once concluded. He evidently thought that if he could persuade this boy to take up the collection the sermon must naturally end. He ran down to the back seat occupied by the boy, seated himself in the aisle and gazed steadfastly in the boy's face. Finding that no notice was taken, he sat up and 'begged' persistently for some time, to Mr. Ashton's great amusement. Finally, as this also failed, the dog put his nose under the lad's knee and tried with all his strength to force him out of his place, continuing this at intervals till the sermon was concluded. Did not this prove a distinct power of consecutive reasoning?"

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will be the guest this summer of the founder of Sage College at Illinois.

FAMOUS HORSES KILLED.

Some of the Notable Animals Lost in the Corning Smash-Up.

Quite a stir was caused in sporting circles by the news of the fatal accident to the valuable horses owned by the firm of Langtry & Gebhard. Ten horses, of the aggregate value of $100,000, were killed in the collision at Corning. The horses were shipped on Sunday afternoon by the Wells-Fargo express, at the owner's risk, the company being released from all liability. The car was expressly fitted up for their occupancy and was to go directly to Englewood, Ill., where the horses were to be given a three days' rest. The horses owned by Mrs. Langtry were St. Saviour, Pauline and two black tandem horses. Pauline was a French thoroughbred and had been the property of Mrs. Langtry for several years. An oil painting of the intelligent-looking animal is hung conspicuously in the drawing-room of her Twenty-third street home. Orphan Boy, one of those killed, was a trained polo horse and had been seen often at the Newport meets. Mrs. Langtry's five-hundred-dollar white English bulldog, together with several young terriers, were also sent with the horses. The bulldog, curiously enough, refused accommodations in the car and insisted on accompanying the fireman in the cab. The dog could not be induced to leave his new friend's side and was crushed beneath the engine, while the fireman was frightfully scalded. The trainmen who came into the Erie depot from the west yesterday told interesting stories of the peculiar actions of the knowing dog and the attention he attracted along the line. When the train was in motion he occupied the fireman's bench and lay with his head on his paws, gazing ahead through the open cab window. Neither the tooting whistle nor the clanging bell disturbed his repose. At the several stopping stations he jumped down and ran about, but when whistled to before the train started he would leap into the engine and resume his watchful position. The dog was a great pet of Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Gebhard and a party of friends were to leave to-morrow in the "Lily's" special drawing-room car for her farm in St Helena, Cal., but at a late hour yesterday a telegram from Long Branch was received at the Twenty-third street home directing that the arrangements be delayed. It is thought by friends of Mr. Gebhard that he took the precaution of insuring his horses. The loss of the horses named does not by any means exhaust his stock of racing material. He has several fast ones left, all of which have been entered in Monmouth Park races this season. Among these may be mentioned the bay filly Sweetheart, by Spendthrift; the black 3-year-old filly Her Lilyship; bay gelding Volunteer, by Mortimer, and a chestnut gelding by Owas.

Mr. Buck, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, received a despatch from Mr. Gebhard yesterday morning informing him that he was going to the scene of the accident at once, and asked him to have everything in readiness for the care and comfort of Mr. Aby if it was found possible to remove him to this city.

Of the horses in Mr. Gebhard's lot the four best known were Eole, Eolist, St. Savior and Palanca.—*N. Y. World.*

THE LILY AT THE WRECK.

Discourteously Treated by Port Jervis Hoodlums—Mrs. Langtry Washing an Injured Woman's Hair—An Errand of Mercy.

Fred. Gebhard, his cousin, Frederick Blanc, Mrs. Lily Langtry, her *femme chambre*, Mr. Gebhard's valet, and the *chef de cuisine* of the party, have come and gone, says Wednesday's Port Jervis *Gazette*. They arrived in the handsome palace coach La Lee, owned by Mrs. Langtry, on Tuesday morning, and although they originally intended to return the same night, they concluded to wait until noon to-day. This was done in order that they might take with them Mr. C. W. Aby, the superintendent of Mr. Gebhard's California stock farm, who was so badly injured in the wreck at Shohola last Sunday night. Mr. Aby is suffering from a compound fracture of the arm, a severe cut in his wrist, and several bad bruises on his back. He was able to walk to the car, which was switched in front of the Delaware House, and will, no doubt, have a pleasant journey to Jersey City in one of the finest palace cars in the country.

To the discredit of Port Jervis hoodlums, and also some older but equally ignorant people, we must confess that the Langtry party were used most discourteously. Coming here on a mission of mercy—to care for their injured employees they were intruded upon in a most outrageous manner. Their car was switched near the Germantown crossing for the night, and the occupants hoped to obtain a much-needed night's rest. Instead of that the car was surrounded by a gang of women, men and boys, who insisted on climbing on the platforms, and even went so far as to throw stones and lighted matches through the open, but lace curtained windows. In addition the most vile language was indulged in, until finally the party were compelled to walk down town and take quarters in the Delaware House until their car could be brought down to the centre of the yard where police protection could be obtained.

The goodness of Mrs. Langtry's heart was exhibited by her travelling so far, unsolicited, and by her subsequent conduct in visiting nearly all the injured. This morning, hearing that Mrs. Sarah Slater, one of the injured, was liable to lose a portion of her beautiful head of hair, by reason of the scalp wound she received, and which was filled with matted blood, glass, etc., she spent upwards of an hour in washing and combing it out. This was another act of kindness, and one rarely exhibited by women worth $250,000 in their own right. All who came in contact with Mrs. Langtry acknowledge that she is a most accomplished and courteous lady.

Dogs with Good Sense.

"Talking of dogs, I should tell you that London is celebrated for curious dogs. Here are a couple of stories I can vouch for: In St. Martin's Lane there sits every day an old blind man, who knits nets. Between his feet sits a bright little Scotch terrier. If you toss him a penny he catches it deftly in his mouth and puts his nose in his owner's hand. The blind man utters his thanks, and drops the money in a bag he wears around his neck. In the evening the dog leads his master home, and through some of the most crowded thoroughfares, too.

"Nelson is the celebrated dog of Seven Dials. He is always pointed out to visitors. He got his name from having lost a foot at some disturbance at Trafalgar Square. He always buys his own food. When any one gives Nelson a penny and he is hungry he goes to a butcher's or a baker's shop, as his appetite dictates, and placing the coin on the counter receives a piece of meat or a roll. If he has received more pennies than he needs for the day he buries the surplus and sits on his treasure all night. I knew you would laugh at that, for I did so until I saw him do it."—*London Correspondence*

Sandstorm in the Red Sea.

The steamer Glenshiel, which arrived yesterday from Yokohama and other eastern ports with a cargo of 73,000 packages, or 5,200 tons of tea, reports a curious experience which she encountered in the Red Sea, but which is by no means unknown to voyagers in those waters. Her log says that on leaving the Perin Islands, July 10th, the atmosphere was so crowded with sand dust that it was necessary to run at a low rate of speed. When halfway up the sea a sandstorm of such violence was experienced that the greatest difficulty was found in making any headway at all. The sand sifted like fine snow through every crevice, filled every dish of food and covered everything with a gritty coating. At the same time its clouds were so thick and impenetrable that one could not see two ships' lengths ahead of the vessel. This state of things lasted for eight hours, but Suez was reached at length, July 25th, and the vessel arrived at Port Said next morning.—*N. Y. Times.*

Snakes Among the Nutmegs.

Connecticut snake hunters are astonished at the great number of rattlesnakes abroad this season. Until a few years ago a rattler was a curiosity in Connecticut, but since the hill towns began to grow up to brush they have come in. In the beautiful town of Farmington rattlers are especially plentiful. Ten have been killed in that town since the season opened. The other day Jason Peters, of Farmington, killed the tenth rattler just as it was approaching his doorstep on an errand of investigation, apparently, respecting the interior of the house.

A pretty design for a lace corsage has a yoke which is laid in fine lengthwise folds or tucks, the fulness below being laid in gathers, or large or small or side box plaits. The full sleeves are finished just below the elbows with frills of lace.

FARM, FIELD AND FRUIT.

Items of Interest in the Arena of Agriculture.

When the grape vines refuse to grow, cut them back late in the season and allow a new shoot to come up from the ground.

Weak fruit trees should now be staked and propped up. A tour of inspection should be made through the orchards occasionally.

The farmer who thinks that to make money he must go where land is cheaper should consider well if he would not make more money by making the land he has deeper and richer.

Don't let your manure heap fire-fang during warm weather. When the interior has heated and the contents decomposed, turn the heap over, throwing the coarser materials in the centre.

You can cultivate your grass only by preparing the soil well before sowing the seed. As the condition of the crop depends upon the condition of the soil, the matter of preparing the seed bed is of the utmost importance.

To secure good seed corn for next year the farmer should begin while the corn is growing to make observations. He should note and mark all the prominent stalks, as the early maturity, vigor and proficiency are as important as the germination of the seed.

The great secret in making underdraining a permanent improvement is in securing uniform fall when laying the tile, and maintaining a good outlet. When this outlet has been closed a year or two, if there be a good fall, re-opening it will cause it to wash out obstructing sediment.

The Bordeaux mixture in the department of agriculture's experiments made last year in Virginia, New Jersey and other States, was found effective in destroying the downy mildew of the grape. It had little effect upon rot. The mixture consists of eight pounds of copper sulphate to fifteen gallons of water. This is mixed in a wooden vessel, and ten pounds of lime in five gallons of water in another vessel, the two being slowly mixed when cooled.

William Falconer, who always writes good, sound teachings from his own experience, advises, in *Garden and Forest*, that we sow snap beans at least once a week till the middle or end of August. They are, according to the weather, a seven or nine weeks' crop—from sowing till gathering. The golden wax varieties are considered the tenderest, but no yellow-fleshed snap beans look as well upon the table as green-fleshed ones. Valentine and Mohawk, both green-fleshed sorts, are of first quality.

Keep up a regular supply of lettuce by frequent sowings and plantings. There is no lettuce that will not run to seed very quickly at this time of year. Grow in rich soil and water abundantly in dry weather. But as this is a quick crop, use a catch-crop between rows of other vegetables rather than as a main crop of themselves. In the same way make a small sowing of spinach and radishes every week. It is useless at this time of year to make large sowings or plantings of such short-lived crops as are spinach, lettuce or radishes.

A writer in the *Mark Lane Express* urges his readers to cut off the flowers of potato vines as they appear. "The potato," he says, "is but an enlargement of the rootstem of the plant, and the propagation of this useful tuber is irrespective of the seed proper. Therefore, the flowers, and subsequent potato balls (or true seeds), are so much unnecessary and prejudicial strain on the plant. I say, advisedly, cut off the blossoms as they appear. I have tried it again and again on a large scale—three rows left and three cut—and the results have more than satisfied me." Such advice sounds odd to potato growers in this part of the world, where the vines nowadays rarely produce seed balls.

It is fortunate for the forestry of this country, says Robert Douglas in *Garden and Forest*, that seeds of forest coniferous trees can be kept for years, otherwise a succession of plants could not well be kept up, for forest trees do not produce seeds every year, even when the seasons are favorable. Even if the seasons are all favorable, one can hardly expect a crop of white pine seeds oftener than once in three years. One year is needed for the blooming of the male and female flowers and the fertilizing of the embryo cones, the next year for the growth of the cones and the perfecting of the seeds, which draws so heavily on the vitality of the trees that they require the third year to recuperate and form blossom-buds to continue the blossoming the year following.

Setting New Orchards.

As the time is approaching for selecting and ordering trees for orchards, a few practical hints on the subject may be in season for some of our readers, in connection with the management of trees, whether set in autumn or not till next spring. We give these suggestions, says the *Country Gentleman*, in the shape of condensed and numbered rules.

1. The main portion of the new orchard should be planted with well-tested and approved varieties. If practicable, select such as have done well in your particular locality, and plant very few, by way of experiment, of new, lauded, and untried sorts, most of which will eventually prove of little value.

2. Choose young and thrifty trees, instead of large ones, the young trees, being dug with better roots, costing less on the railroad, being more easy to set out and starting sooner into vigorous growth than large trees with mutilated roots.

3. Make it a condition with the nurseryman that he shall give ample and uninjured roots, which will hold the tree when transplanted without bracing or staking.

4. Autumn transplanting should be performed only on quite hardy kinds, and to places where the trees are not exposed in sharp wintry winds. The heads of the trees should be shortened in and made lighter by cutting back the season's growth, or by cutting off the longer shoots at a fork. But no limbs of more than one season's growth should be taken off, as large wounds make the trees tenderer and more liable to injury by winter.

5. Trees not entirely hardy, like the peach, should not be set out in autumn (unless under exceptionally favorable conditions), but it is well to procure them in autumn, heel them in, and set them out in spring. The same treatment will answer well for all kinds, and they will be on hand for early setting. But special care will be required to heel them in properly. Pack the fine earth solid between the roots—mice delight to occupy such caves with roots at hand for food. A smooth ridge of earth surrounding the trees will prevent the mice from approaching them.

6. After being set out, the earth about the trees must be kept clean and mellow through the season, and the crust which forms after autumn transplanting thoroughly broken and pulverized.

When to Feed Cows.

The *Holstein Friesian Register* says it may seem a small matter to discuss whether a dairy herd should be fed twice or three times a day, yet if twice is enough, as many believe, it is not so very small a matter. No doubt that instances could be cited on either side which, when taken alone, would seem to settle the question. If a cow is underfed in two meals, or if her two meals are devoid of proper nourishment, even if full in quantity, the addition of a third feeding may increase the flow of milk or add to her weight of flesh. There is no doubt that cows may be fed so they will do about all they are capable of doing by either two or three meals a day. Both systems have been practiced, and it can hardly be said that there is much difference so far as the cow is concerned. She can take her feed in two meals, or in three, according to the convenience of the feeder, and will do well either way if the food is of sufficient quantity and quality. It is a great convenience to have our stock accustomed to the two-meal system. It is especially convenient in the winter season, when the days are short and the cattle are taking but little exercise. The cow has a stomach made to hold a large quantity of coarse, partially masticated food, that can be remasticated at pleasure. When kept up the writer is fully satisfied that two meals for average dairy stock are fully as profitable to the owners as three meals. He has been surprised to see how quickly the cows would adopt the two-meal system, and would lie and chew the cud at noon without appearing to think of food. They not only learn not to expect feeding, but soon learn not to care for it. The morning or night meal is not necessarily given at once, but is better given in small feedings continuously till enough is given.

Cabbage Worms.

These, says the *American Agriculturist*, come from eggs that are deposited on the underside of the cabbage leaves by a medium-sized and rather pretty butterfly, which is white with a few black spots. The cabbage butterflies come early in the season, and are some times so abundant as to appear like a white cloud over the cabbage field. When such is the case it is evident that something must be done to destroy them, or their greedy young, soon following them, will ruin the crop. Every female butterfly killed means the prevention of a multitude of worms, and therefore a strike at the butterflies is the one that is most destructive. The butterflies may be caught by the use of an ordinary insect net, made by attaching a bag of mosquito netting to a hoop fastened to a round stick, such as an old broom handle. Even when the butterflies are so numerous as to seem threatening, catching should be persevered in. If the butterflies are neglected and allowed to deposit their eggs, the next thing is to make war upon the caterpillars, and the earlier this is done the better. The remedies effectively used in the case of the potato beetle—namely, Paris green or London purple—cannot be employed here, as it would be applying a deadly poison to the edible portion of the plant. The most successful remedy is hot water at about 160 degrees—hot enough to kill the worm, and not sufficient to injure the plants.

The Consumption of Plant Food.

Prof. H. E. Alvord, in a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, gives an estimate of the amount of fertilizing substances or plant food consumed in the United States yearly in the production of the cultivated crops, including the three chief fertilizing materials. He gives the amount as 4,000,000 tons of nitrogen, worth $360 a ton, and amounting in the admitted market value to $1,440,000,000; 3,000,000 tons of potash, worth $100 a ton, $300,000,000; 2,000,000 tons of phosphoric acid, $120 a ton, $240,000,000; total value, $1,980,000,000. He regards as a matter of great importance the disposition which cultivators make of these substances, whether for home consumption or for exportation to foreign markets. Returning them to the soil on which they grew will retain the fertility of the land; exporting them will gradually impoverish it. He estimates the results as divided into three portions, one of which remains on the land in the form of wastes and residues; another in returning to the land, and a third in entire loss in being wholly removed from it. The figures, approximately given, point to the importance of agricultural science and to the great principles of national economy as connected with the condition of the soil.

The Time to Transplant Trees.

A large proportion of trees are lost from transplanting in the spring, for the reason that the tops are not reduced, or not reduced sufficiently. The tree, as it is received from the nursery, may have a well-formed head, and one does not want to see it deformed, not knowing that it is a necessity, perhaps, to its life, certainly to its well doing, and also that the surest way to preserve the head in good form is to cut back severely all the young branches. In the same way shrubs, and especially rose-bushes, are transplanted with the desire to see them bloom at once, and with the result of a feeble growth the first year. The danger of such newly transplanted subjects in a dry time and under a scorching sun is very great, according to *Vick's Magazine*. On the other hand, if the branches are closely pruned, growth usually proceeds promptly, and at the close of autumn the plants are amply provided with new, well-ripened wood able to bear the coming cold season. The dangers that attend tree-planting in spring time are greatly lessened by very early planting, but usually early planting is impracticable, and therefore, the most careful attention afterward is demanded. In our own experience the best success has resulted in transplanting trees and shrubs in the fall in properly prepared soil, and giving winter protection by mulching with litter or leaves. Such subjects usually start to grow promptly in spring, and have already made a fine growth before spring-planted trees have started. We do not hesitate to advise fall planting in climates not more severe than our own.

Hardy Flowers in Masses.

Small, puny pieces of, for instance, such free growing things as the dwarf phloxes, the aubrietias, windflowers and many other flowers that could be mentioned, give no more idea of real beauty than a sprig of honeysuckle does of the plant when seen clambering over hedges by the wayside, says a writer in *Vick's Magazine*. Many of the most beautiful features in the garden are the masses of hardy flowers, especially those of mossy growth, that hang down over the ledges and give brilliant patches of color. It is when seen in this way that we become enraptured with the simple beauty of alpines, and wish that more would repeat such effects and not kill the plants with kindness, as is too often the case, under the impression that they are tender and fastidious. Aubrietias and many of the rock pinks need no special conditions beyond a sunny nook and plenty of space to spread at will. It is when they are constantly tampered with by dividing that the plants are hindered from making that progress that they would do if left alone, as in nature. It is, of course, impossible when the garden is small to grow many things and have large patches of each; but it is infinitely better to restrict the number, and do these well, than have a lot of weakly things that give but little pleasure.

Kept His Coffin Fifteen Years.

Samuel Henderson, aged 73 years, a resident of this city 50 years, a well-known lower-bay pilot, and formerly a pilot on the Morgan line of steamers plying between Mobile and New Orleans, died yesterday morning. Mr. Henderson was a man of singular habits. Fifteen years ago he purchased a red cedar log which he had taken to a saw mill and sawed into plank; then he went to the shop of Peter Brown, the cabinetmaker, had his measure taken, and gave directions for the manufacture of a coffin of the red cedar planks. The casket when finished was regarded as a fine piece of workmanship. Mr. Henderson had it taken to an undertaker's place, where Mr. Philip Whittman, sen., trimmed it according to Mr. Henderson's taste. The coffin was then taken to Mr. Henderson's bedroom and has ever since occupied a place against the wall at the head of his bed. After his death yesterday morning it was taken down, and on being examined was found to contain a complete suit of clothing and underwear, to be used in laying out his body.—*Mobile Register.*

"Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break," says Tennyson; and the part that ill health often plays in heart-wreck is too great for computation. Uterine disorders especially becloud the spirits and sap the springs of vitality and nervous force. For these distressing diseases, functional irregularities, unnatural discharges constant pains, weak back, lassitude, dull ness, sinking sensations, ill temper, and all weakness and derangements peculiar to females, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a perfect specific. Sold by all druggists.

Pointed.

A confirmed tippler remarked in the presence of his little son that at one period he didn't touch a drop for two years. "Pa," said the little fellow, "was that your first two years?"

When dread disease, with iron band,
Hangs its dark mantle over thee,
Escape its all-enslaving band,
With Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, colds, and consumption if taken in time. Of druggists.

Sentiment and Business.

Young man—I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise; you remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her, and would disgrace the family.

Old man—Young man, that was sentiment; this is business.

Let The World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, etc. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain-subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cts. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cts. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

Sir Charles Synge Christopher Bowen is acknowledged as one of if not the best lawyer among the English Lords Justices. He is a grave, pale and almost melancholy looking man, and his manner is gentle and apparently timid, and has a peculiarly gentle voice. All his utterances have an academic ring about them, which peculiarity he has possessed since he made his first forensic speech. Off the bench he is a rather shy man. Strangers on meeting him would scarcely credit that he is a great equity judge; indeed, he is generally accredited with being rather "slow" for public man.

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

Albert E. Krahe, Arrested in Montreal for Forgery, Pleads Guilty and is Sentenced.

Albert E. Krahe, who forged a cheque for $2,900 on his employers, Messrs. Kilsch & Co., of New York, and who, it will be remembered, was captured in this city recently with his pretty young wife, and went back voluntarily to New York with the detectives, pleaded guilty on Wednesday before Judge Martine, of New York, and asked for mercy. Judge Martine said that for the sake of the young man's wife and mother, who were in court, he would give him a chance to reform, and sentenced him to the Elmira Reformatory. It will be remembered that Krahe confessed his crime while in Montreal and also stated that his infatuation for his young wife, whom he wished to load with handsome presents, had led him to make out a cheque on the firm of which he was cashier, of $2,900 instead of $900 with which to pay the employees.—*Montreal Gazette.*

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

True to Life.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say: 'See, baby, papa!'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now, I want to look through the paper!'"

A Wonderful Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cts. It has fairly attained a wide world-reputation. If you have a dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectorations of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

A Little Boy's Philosophy.

A little boy running struck his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow; you won't feel the pain to-morrow," said a bystander. "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Ironclads versus Locomotives.

War comes high, and next to it preparations for war. The English Admiralty estimates that a first-class ironclad costs £750,000, or in our money about $3,750,000. First-class locomotives cost about $10,000 apiece, so that 375 locomotives, that serve the uses of peace, could be built for the money put out on one vessel which is good for nothing if not a destroyer of the productions of peace.—*Boston Transcript.*

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1 has been before the public now about ten years, and in that time has **proved itself to be all that it has been represented.**

2 **It is purely vegetable,** contains nothing harmful, and **DOES purify the blood and CURE disease,** as it puts the kidneys, **the only blood purifying organs,** in complete health.

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It is a Scientific Specific, was not put upon the market until thoroughly tested, and has the endorsement of Prof. S. A. Lattimore, M. A., Ph. LL.D., Official Analyst of foods and medicines, N. Y. State Board of Health, and scores of eminent chemists, physicians and professional experts. 4

H. H Warner & Co., **do not cure everything from one bottle,** they having a specific for each important disease. **Fight shy** of any preparation which claims infallibility. 5

The testimonials printed by H. H. Warner & Co. are, so far as they know, **positively genuine.** For the past five years they have had a standing offer of $5,000 for proof to the contrary. If you are sick **and want to get well,** use 6

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Wholly unlike artificial systems. Cure of mind wandering. Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, DR. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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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 business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement: "*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present 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 dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not 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

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION