repeated. "Yes, you must have known.
Love like mine could not be concealed; it
must burn its way through all obstacles
from my heart to yours, melting and
fusing them into one. Pool'try to speak
yet, love, there is no need to answer
unless you wish. I can wait—for I am

unless you wish. I can wait—for I am near you."

Pocahontas rallied her forces resolutely, called up her pride, her womanhood, her sense of the wrong he had done her. If she should give way an instant—if she should yield a hair's breadth, she would be lost. The look in his eyes, the tenderness of his voice, appeared to sap the foundations of her resolution and to turn her heart to wax within her.

within her.
"Why have you come?" she wailed, her tone one of passionate reproach. "Had you not done harm enough? Why have you

not done harm enough? Why have you come?

Thorne started slightly, but commanded himself. It was the former marriage; the divorce; she felt it keenly—every woman must; some cursed meddler had told her.

"My darling," he answered, with patient tenderness, "you know why I have come—why it was impossible for me to keep away. I love you, Princess, as a man loves but once in his life. Will you come to me? Will you be my wife?

The girl shook her head, and moved her hand with a gesture of denial; words she had none.

hand with a gesture of denial; words she had none.

"I know of what you are thinking, Princess. I know the idea that has taken possession of your mind. You have heard of my former marriage, and you know that the woman who was my wife still lives. Is it not so?" She bent her head in mute assent. Thorne gazed at her pale, resolute face with his brows knit heavily, and then continued:

from mine as though we had never met—to the life of another man. Isn't that enough? Can't you see how completely every tie between us is severed?"

Pocahontas shook her head. "I can not understand you, and you will not understand me," she said mournfully; "her sin will not lessen our sin; nor her unholy marriage make ours pure and righteous."

Thorne stamped his foot. "Do you wish to madden me?" he exclaimed; "there is no sin, I tell you; nor would our marriage be unholy. You are torturing us both for nothing on God's earth but a scruple.

CMBERLAND-THORNE—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, September 21st, 18—, by the Rev John Sylvestus, Ceoil Cumberland to

marriage be unholy. You are torturing us both for nothing on God's earth but a fearuple.

For a moment Pocahontas lay quietly in his arms, lulled into quiescence. Then she wrenched herself free, and moved away from him. It had been said of the that she could be hard upon occasion; the occasion had arisen, and she was hard.

"Ge !" she said, her face wan as ashes, but her voice firm; "It is you, who are cruel; you who are bind and obstinate. You will neither see nor understand why this thing may not be. I have showed you my thought, and you will not bend; implored you to have pity, and you are mercileas. And yet you talk of love! You love me, and would sacrifice me to your love; love me, and would sacrifice me to your love; love me, and would break down; the bulwarks I have been taught to consider righteous, to gratify your love. I do not undegstand; love seemied to me so different, so noble and unselfish. Leave me; I am tired; I want to think it out alone."

Pocahontas took the paper to her mother's room, the letter she put quietly away. She would answer it, but not yet; at night—when the house should be quiet she would answer it. The lines containing the brief announcement were at the head of the list:

ment were at the head of the list:

MARRIED.

CUMBERIAND-TROINE—At the Church of the Holy Trimity Suplember 21st, 18—, by the Holy John Sylvestus, Ceed Cumberland to Ethel Ross Thorne, both of this city.

Mrs. Mason laid the paper on the little stand beside her chair. "My daughter," she said, looking up at the girl seriously, "this can make no difference."

"No, mother," very quietly, "no difference; but I thought you ought to know."

If only she could think that this made a difference. She was very weary of the struggle. The arguments which formerly sustained her had, with ceaseless iteration, lost their force; her battle-worn mind longed to throw down its arms in unconditional surrender. Her up-bringing had been so different; this thing was not regarded by the world in the same light as it appeared to her; was she over-strained, opinionated, censorious? Nesbit had called her so—was he right? Who was she, to set up her feeble judgment against the world's verdict—to condemn and criticise society's decision? Divorce must be—even Scripture allowed that; a limb must be sacrificed sometimes that a life night be saved.

Winter again; the city dull, listless and sodden of aspect in the gloom of a January

| True | Market | Mar

Sailor collars ending in revers to the waist me are edged with embroidery. Leggins are of cloth or ooze calf in tan black. Black shoes and hose are always

worn.

Figured ginghams of the plainest description have a gathered shirt and round waist. Pique dresses having a round waist are trimmed with collars, cuffs and bretelles edged with embroidery.

Little boys of two and three years wear their front hair banged and the rest in loose curls or waved ends.

urels or waved ends.

Jacket suits of pique or gingham have a
Jaited or gathered skirt, short coat sleeves
and a square three-piece jacket.

Cotton dresses are cut with a round,
oroad waist in three pieces, corded and
sewed to the full gathered or plaited and
hermond skirt. sewed to the Iuil gauncier of the Memmed skirt.

Flannel and cotton dresses for slittle chaps just donning boyish gowns have one piece dresses in three box-plaits, back and front, caught to just below the waist line.—

Emma M. Hooper, in the Economist.

The out-door household work in sur The out-door household work in summer such as that of the summer-kitchen, washing and ironing, is a sort of makeshift with many mishaps like burns and scads. But Mr. Jne. Heinemann, Middle Amana, Iowa. U. S. A., has found the true remedy. He says: "I scalded my leg with boiling water, and had a sprained ankle at the same time. One bottle of St. Jacobs oil promptly cured both." That doubles its value easily, and shows its great usefulness.

They Like Fat Girls in Tunis.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriago unless she tips the scales at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when she is 15 years old. The takes aperients and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the process. Up to 15 she is very handsome, but at 20 what an immense, unwieldly mass of fat she becomes. She waddles, or undulates, along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silk of resplendent hues of bright yellow or green, and wear a sort of conical-shaped head dress, from which depends a loose, white drapery. Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heels of which barely reach the middle of the foot, complete costume. Pittshurg Dispatch.

Never Mind the Administration. They Like Fat Girls in Tunis

Never Mind the Administration. Rochester Heraid: The American named Duncan, who beat his protty wife over the head with a rock at Bettar y Coed, a famous resort in Wales, has bee, placed in an insane asylum there to remain for life; or during the pleasure of the puene, unless a change of administration, shall sooner release him. Long life to Victoria!

One of the Mysteries.

"How of what you are allowing. Princess. I how the feed tables taken paying fromes are arrivage, also part the worth at the control of the co

The Summer Girl.

Now that the reign of the summer girl is at hand, these are a few of the things to count on the beads of her rosary of her remembrance: The girl the boys like best to take rowing doesn't trail her hands in the water, even if they are pretty and her rings handsome, for it gets the boat out of trim. She doesn't act frisky or kittenish in the boat or playfully spring out of it at the shore, only to fall back very unplayfully into the stream and dip the skiff half full of water. She doesn't pretend to steer if she doesn't know how, just because the bright cords of the rudder are effective against her dress. She doesn't put up her sunshade when the wind is dead against you, even if its lining is becoming to her complexion. She doesn't get a headache and have to go home just when the fish are beginning to bite; and she doesn't squeal if you happen, inadvertently, to land a gamy eatch in her lap.—The Eye.

stranger to him.

3. When he salutes a gentleman who is in the company of ladies.

4. When he is in the company of another gentleman who bows to a lady.

5. When he is with a lady and meets a gentleman whom he knows.

6. When he offers any civility to a lady who is a stranger to him.

7. When he parts with a lady, after speaking to her, or after walking or driving with her, etc.—Young Ladies Fashion Bazar.

The Summer Girl.

Now that the reign of the summer girl is at hand, these are a few of the things to count on the beads of her rosary of her count on the beads of her rosary of the summer leisting cables and measuring insulation of covered wires.

An Eye to Business.

Epoch Melancholy Stranger—You are sure this poison will kill a man?
Druggist—Yes, sir, I can guarantee it. By the way, if you are going to commit suicide, I wish you'd put one of our circulars in your pocket. It'll be a big advertisement for us when your body is found. Preparing for the Seashore.

Jewelers' Circular: Cholly Cholmonderly—Now we're all pwepared for our twip. But seem to forget something.

Valet—Have you ordered the engagement rings?
Cholly C.—Aw, that's it. Go to Tinpany's and awder a dozen.

A Vital Question.

Puck: The bosom friend—They tell me,
Nell, that you are engaged.
The victim—Dear me! Is it to anyone
I know?

All the women of the Vanberbilt family are notable for their good looks. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a calm, lovely face which is suggestive of the Madonna. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt has a fine figure which she carries with much stateliness; her eyes are dark blue and her hair is a rudy bronze brown. Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, however, is the beauty of the house of Vanderbilt. Her figure is extremely graceful, her complexion lovely and her hair has the glint and glimmer of golden sunbeams in them.

The son of General Isidro Urtecho, Commander-in-Chief of the Nicaraguan army, is the only foreign cadet at West Point. He is a young man of 20, tall and active, with swarthy skin and flashing black eyes.

The house which Lord Revelstoke was building previous to the Baring failure is now Baron Hirsch's.

Baron de Gondoriz, the Brazilian india-

now Baron Hirsch's.

Baron de Gondoriz, the Brazilian indiarubber merchant who is trying to corner
the entire rubber output of the Amazon
region, is an energetic man of Portuguese
birth, 41 years old. He is of short and very i
portly figure, with light complexion and red
hair.

NOTICE AUTOGRAPH CALBERT OF THE GENUINE

CONSUMPTION SURELY

TO THE EDITOR:—Flease inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for a med disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently of all be gight a send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have stion if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, 7: A. SACOL. 1458 West Addetable 6tt. TORONYO, ONTARIO. THOUSANDS OF BOTT When ? any Cure I do a merely to group them for a time, a save them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL OURE. I have made the disease Epitepsy or Failing Stokness a life-long study. I warraist my remedy to Great cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a many failed in the results and a first market the results and the results and



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