A Glass of Iced

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Will be found Most Beneficial this warm weather.

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# Won at Last

"By the bye, Geraldine is engaged," she went on—"engaged to a charming man, only he has no money, so they are obliged to wait till he gets an appointment. My father is rather cross about it, I but I dare say it will all come right."

Here they reached Hyde Park Gardens, and Lady Finistoun sent a peremptory message to nurse. She soon appeared with the Hon. Hector Aubrey Douglas Montgomerie in her arms—a very active young gentleman, who did his best to precipitate himself head-foremost on the floor—jumping, crowing, clutching at his nurse's cap, and slobbering after the fashion of babies from St. James' to St. Giles'. He held out his plump, mottled arms to his delighted mother, who proudly took him, and then, as the highest mark of affection and confidence, gave him to Mona. She received him with no small apprehension, though pronouncing him, with genuine admiration, to be a splendid fellow, and "so like Lord Finistoun."

"Do you see the likeness too? Yes, I think he is. But do you know, Mona, he has the Newburgh gray eyes? They are like yours, Mona! Don't you think baby's eyes are very like Miss Joscelyn's—I mean Miss Craig's? (Your name always puzzles me, Mona.)"

"Perhaps so, my lady. They are very fine eyes, anyway."

A little more showing off, and nurse judged that her lady had had as much of baby's society as was good for them all. She suggested that the young gentleman's own apartment was cooler and fresher for him than the drawing-room. After a little more kissing and cuddling he was taken away, and Lady Finstoun and her kinswoman sat down to tea.

"I am so glad you are pleased with the boy! I could see by your eyes you were ready to love him. There are lots of people ready to exclaim, 'He is a fine child!' but few look at him as you did, dear Mona!" cried the young mother. "Take off your hat, and we shall have a nice chat over our tea. I am not at home to any one, Tomkins"—to the butler. "I want you to come and stay with me at Strathairlie. As soon as our cruise is over we are going for a week to the Chase, and will be in the Highlands the second week of September. Will you come, Mona?"

"I do not think I can. I shall want to be in town by the first of October, and—"

"Oh, but you really must come! And then, didn't Bertie tell me that the millionaire uncle has a place quite near! Then you can make friends with him. We will ask him to dinner. Those sort of people are always so pleased when they are asked to dinner."

"I do not think Uncle Sandy would dine with any one."

to have a pleasant party. I am sorry my father and mother cannot come. They talk of going to Vienna till after Christmas. I should like you to be good friends again."

"Have they not forgiven me yet?" asked Mona, with a smile.

"Well—a—no, I am afraid not. But dear mother is not an irreconcilable. When you meet you will be all right. Lord and Lady Waterton are coming, and Colonel Markham, the green shot; then, later, Sir Arthur Fitzgerald and Mr. Mercer, the man who has such a lovely barytone; Mrs. Barrington and the two girls, a brother of Finistoun's, and, oh, I cannot remember all! We can put up a great many, but I have never seen the place yet. I believe the scenery about it is lovely. If you do not come to me or go to your uncle, where can you go this autumn?"

"I shall not go anywhere. I shall stay very thankfully with my good friend, Madame Debrisay, who never changes toward me."

"Ah, yes, she is a dear old thing! But fancy staying in London all the year. You will make yourself ill, Mona."

"Just think, Evelyn, of the hundreds of people who never quit it, and live on."

"Then you are quite different."

"I can not see," began Mona, when Lady Finistoun, interrupting her, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mona! do you remember Captain Lisle?"

"I do."

"He has come into a large property and a baronetcy."

"Oh, indeed! How did that happen?"

"I think he always expected it. Old Sir Howard Lisle was a relation of his father's, and as they were a non-marrying set of men, our acquaintance, though not a near cousin, was the next heir."

So, after all, he was not a poor man. He had wealth and position almost in his grasp when he shrunk from sharing his life with her, thought Mona, while Lady Finistoun rattled on. "But I suppose there are many like him," was her conclusion.

"I rather think my mother would have liked him for Geraldine, but I am not so sure he would have made a good husband," Lady Finistoun was saying when Mona listened again. "These fascinating, all-accomplished men seldom do. They tell queer stories about him. The Countess of Northallerton went out of her mind about him, so it is said, only the earl died so suddenly there would have been a fearful row."

"He was very agreeable," said Mona, quietly.

"Yes. He has been very popular in India, but he is coming home now on 'urgent private affairs,' I suppose, and will probably leave the army. You are not going yet, Mona?"

"I must. Madame Debrisay will be looking for me."

"Oh! she will not mind, when she knows I kept you; and I do not know when I shall see you again, for I have more engagements than I can manage every day before we go down to Cowes."

"Still, dear, I must go. I am so glad I saw the baby. Madame Debrisay will be charmed to hear all about him."

"Then leave me your address. I am determined to make you come to me at Straithairlie. Perhaps I shall have a peep at you when I pass through town in September."

"Oh, yes. I will write it in your address book."

Lady Finistoun embraced her affectionately, and straightway forgot all about her till they met again.

Mona walked leisurely home through Kensington Gardens in a very thoughtful mood. She was truly delighted to see Evelyn so bright—so happy. She had keenly noticed the beauty and richness of her surroundings—every minutia of her dress, of the china and silver in which their tea aws served, the noiseless perfection of the service, all indicated the luxurious ease of her life, and of the life which she represented. Yet on sounding her own heart, Mona was glad to find that it had roused no regretful longing, no repining or dissatisfaction with her own lot. The whole routine of splendid ease would not have been so sweet to Mona as the simple evening meal which awaited her, seasoned as it was by true affection and complete sympathy.

Of course Evelyn had these also. But the general effect of her visit was to increase her thankfulness that she had resolutely refused to marry Mr. Waring. She felt, as her self-knowledge increased, that she dared not risk her future with anyone she did not deeply and truly love. Hers was a heart that could not long remain empty, swept and garnished.

* * * * *

The encounter with Lady Finistoun afforded much matter for talk to Madame Debrisay. She did not press Mona to accept her invitation.

"I am not sure it would do you any good, dear. It is better to keep with those of your own trade. It went to my heart to see you leave your beautiful home, and the society you were used to, but it had to be done, and there is no use in looking back. Life has many sides, and there's none without its own spark of light."

So the friends enjoyed the quiet holiday together. Prudence forbade their leaving town. But Mona, fresh from her wanderings, was glad to rest; and Mme. Debrisay was quite content while she had Mona.

Kenneth wrote occasionally. Uncle Sandy was greatly annoyed at the mismanagement of all things appertaining to the farm during his absence. He had dismissed the man he had left in charge, and was determined, with Kenneth's help, to direct everything himself; but he was very unwell and fractious. He never mentioned Mona's name, but Kenneth was of opinion that he thought of her a good deal. Meantime there was no chance of his getting away, and he began to fear that it would be many a month before he could see his Highland Mary.

The days and weeks flew by rapidly, and Mme. Debrisay was beginning to think of work again, when one morning in the first week of September, the post brought Mona a letter addressed in exceedingly shaky, spider-like caligraphy. It bore the postmark of "Kirktoun," and having looked at it earnestly for a moment, she exclaimed:

"Why, here is a letter from Uncle Sandy!"

"You don't say so! Read it to me, if you will."

"I'll try. What an awful hand!"

"My Dear Niece,—As you have had time to think over your unkind and ungrateful conduct to your natural protector and nearest of kin, I make no doubt you are sorry and ashamed of yourself. But, as youth is always wilful and self-opinionated, I dare say false shame holds you back from saying you are sorry. Therefore, for the sake of your father, and, indeed, for your own, I will believe that you say them in your heart, and are willing to atone to me, by trying to be a comfort to my poor, troubled old age, which you have been, all the time we journeyed together.

"Kenneth is a good lad ,and decently sensible out of doors, but within it is awful desolate without a woman to order things. I therefore propose that, if you are penitent, as I hope you are, you come and stay with me as my daughter, to look after me, and rule my house, and I promise you that you shall not be asked to wed with anyone you do not like, but that if you do wed, and leave me, you will find some wise-like woman to bide with me, and care for me in your place.

"Now, you must write at once to me, yes or no, and then come as soon as you can start. Kenneth shall meet you in Glasgow. And as you are young and strong, you might take the night train and come on here when you have taken a bite of breakfast in Glasgow. Feeling sure you will come to your old uncle, I enclose you a post office order for three pounds five shillings and sixpence to pay your fare (second class), and a cab and such like. And I'll give you a trifle for clothes every quarter regular, as we may agree upon. If your heart is good toward me, you might lose no time and be with me by Thursday first. For I am just wearying for you, my dearie. And give my respects to madame. Maybe she'll come up in holiday time and pay us a visit. It is always a treat to look on the Highlands, and you'll be bonnier than ever when you live in the sweet mountain air. Now just answer straight, and as you answer, so I'll be your loving uncle or no.

"Alexander Craig."

"Well," said Mme. Debrisay, her countenance falling. "I always expected it. What'll you do, dear?"

"Do?" repeated Mona, slowly. "I scarcely think I have any choice. You see, he voluntarily removes all cause of complaint; but it is hard to leave you, Deb."

"It is cruelly hard to let you go, but I must. Now, Mona, my dear, be careful in answering that letter. You must show him that you are sacrificing independence to nurse him. And do not commit yourself to stay with him always."

"How can I bargain with a poor man that loves me?"

"He loves his 'siller' better! You must not sacrifice yourself, Mona. Let me write what I want you to say, and you can modify it if you like; but you must let him see that you are giving up independence for his sake. Now is the time to make a clientele, and you resign the chance."

"Very well, Deb. In such matters two heads are better than one. There is a point I will stipulate for—a yearly holiday to come and see you! That will revive me, and you, too; will it not?"

"Ah, my darlin' child, it will indeed!"

The tears sprung to Mme. Debrisay's bright, expressive eyes, and leaning toward her beloved pupil, she kissed her affectionately.

"Now, dear," she continued, "let us get rid of the breakfast things, and concoct our famous letter."

It was a piece of work not to be quickly done. The collaborators had wide differences of opinion as to what was and was not to be insisted upon. Mona had mostly her own way, but, nevertheless, was a good deal influenced by her friend's shrewd advice.

Finally, the letter was despatched. As soon as the post could bring a reply came another epistle agreeing to everything, and expressing Uncle Sandy's extreme satisfaction. He gave his niece a few commissions to execute respecting books, papers, etc., and promised to subscribe to an Edinburgh circulating library, that they might have entertainment and instruction in the long winter nights.

The ensuing week was a busy one. London dressmakers were not to be thoughtlessly left behind. Preparations for a prolonged sojourn in comparative wilds were to be made. And Mona dearly loved becoming dress and pretty things. Still madame preached economy, and the necessity of considering Mona's tiny capital as too sacred to be touched.

"You never know, dear, when the rainyday may come. So if you take a trifle now, be sure you pay it back when you get your first quarter. And now and again send me what you can to put away for you."

"Yes! I promise Deb."

"And if your uncle gives you a present of money, save it up. It is an awful thing to feel you haven't a penny, as I did when I had buried poor Debrisay. How I ever got through, God onlp knows."

"He helped you, dear Deb, because you helped yourself."

Madame was lost in thought, and did not reply.

"I'd have a dinner dress, though!" she exclaimed, suddenly; "a dinner dress of black satin and jet lace. You'd look as fair as a lily in it; and some blush roses on your shoulder, to show you were not in mourning."

"I have two dinner dresses, you know, that only need a little doing up. And probably I shall never need such a thing."

"You don't know! When Lady Finistoun is your neighbor, you can't refuse to dine with her. I should not be surprised if all the lairds in the countrysidewere to lay themselves at your feet. They don't often see anything like you!"

Mona laughed heartily at her imaginative friend, and then the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a letter from Kenneth—very hastily but joyously written. He was full of the anticipated pleasure of meeting Mona, and told her that Mary Black was to be in Glasgow staving with some relations, and he would get leave to stay a day, and would also introduce his lady-love to his cousin. Uncle Sandy, he said, had quite "perked" up since he knew Mona was coming, and, in short, life looked like a sunny, unruffled lake, pro tem., to the sanguine young Highlander.

Then the hour of parting came soon—too soon.

What sandwiches Mme. Debrisay cut, what biscuits and grapes she bought, how neatly she did them all up in a picturesque little basket with loving care, may be imagined.

She loaded her "dear child" with all kinds of little, useful presents, and she sent a warm waistcoat of her own knitting to Uncle Sandy, in preparation for the winter.

"I want to stand well with him, dear, for your sake; and he never quite took to me."

Finallv she parted with Mona with nearly dry eyes.

"Why should I make her heart ache," thought the kindly woman.

But she was deeply gratified by the profound regret with which Mona bid her good-bye.

"My only idea of home is with you, dear Deb. You shall have a letter every week, and you must write regularly too."

So madame stood standing to the last, till the last glimmer of the red light at the end of the train had vanished, and then went home, to have it out unrestrainedly with her sorrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Craigdaroch was a beautiful secluded spot on the side of a hill—the advanced post of a mountain range, which upheaved its lofty crests further inland. It looked west upon the loch (an inlet of the sea), which lay directly beneath it, and south toward the mountains, which trended to the east. The wild stretch of rocky heather-grown upland, called Strachairlie deer forest, lay to the north, and immediately at the other side of the hill, barely three miles distant, was the shooting lodge of Lord Finistoun.

The house was old, gray, and rambling, having been much added to; and, thanks to the shelter of the hill, boasted the ornament of surrounding woods, not only of fir-trees, but beech and numerous oaks. It had been the residence of the old lairds of Strathairlie. They had passed away long ago, and their lands had been divided among different purchasers. The Lord Finistoun of that day had bought the deer forest, and built a lodge. A Glasgow manufacturer bought the house, the home, and two or three other farms, which formed the estate of Craigdarroch, for a summer residence. He failed, and it was again brought to the hammer, when Sandy Craig became the possessor, for a sum decidedly below its real value. He also bought a good deal of furniture, establishing himself with much glee. But it was somewhat late in life to change his habits. Farming proved a costly amusement. The want of steady, regular employment made him irritable, and a cheeseparing spirit as regarded the consumption of coal, coupled with the dampness of midwinter on the western coast, induced rheumatism. So Sandy Craig thought himself in a very bad way, and betook himself to London for superior medical advice, with the results we have seen.

The fortune, which hard work, coupled with the whim of a wealthy testator, had brought him, did not bestow much happiness. He was proud to be Craig of Craigdarroch; it sounded territorial; the name signifying "Rock of the Oaks," was a happy accident; but he grew nervous in the lonely mansion, yet was never quite content away from it.

The shooting attached—a piece of moorland, not very extensive—was alive with birds, let well in the season, and although decrying sport as "just a play for fules," he never disdained to take the rent.

(To be continued.)

SHATTERED NERVES

Made Strong and Steady by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When your nerves are out of order your whole health is on the verge of a break-down. Sudden sounds startle you; your muscles twitch and your hands tremble; your self control is shattered; your will power gone. Your head aches; your feet are often cold and your face flushed. Your heart jumps and thumps at the least excitement; you are restless at night and tired when you wake. Your temper is irritable and you feel utterly downhearted. And the whole trouble is because your blood is too thin and watery to keep the nerves strong. There is only one way to have strong, healthy nerves—feed them with the rich, red blood that only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make—and do make. Mr. Fred Forth, 17 Sullivan street, Toronto, says: "I was a complete wreck with nervous prostration, but Dr. William's Pink Pills have made a new man of me. I had been nervous for years; the least noise would startle me, and the least exertion would leave me utterly prostrated. I lost in weight, and physically I was almost a wreck, I had not taken the pills long when I found they were helping me; my appetite improved, my nerves began to grow steady, and day by day I gained until I was again a well man. My weight increased twenty-five pounds while I was using the pills. To any wno suffer as I did, I can say that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial, a cure will be sure to follow."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mr. Forth, simply because they made the rich, pure blood which properly nourishes the nerves and keeps them strong. They will cure all the diseases due to bad blood and shattered nerves, such as anaemia, indigestion, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, lumbago, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, general weakness and the secret ailments of growing girls and women. But you must always insist on getting the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicone Co., Brockville, Ont.

### A Cold Water Wit.

The late Mr. George Cavendish-Bentict had been supporting the right of every man to drink as much as he pleased, and his oratorical menner had been rather more incoherent than usual. Sir Wilfrid Lawson followed and began: "The right honorable gentleman who had just spoken was evidently full of his subject." Sir George Campbell, a furious bore, was quarreling with the Chancellor of the Exchequer about stamping the device of St. George and the Dragoon on Scottish coins, which he contended ought to be stamped with St. Andrew. Sir Wilfrid Lawson suggested, as a compromise, that Scotch coins might be stamped with the device of St. George and the Dragon. When Mr. Harry Lawson (Lord Burnham's son) first came to Parliament, Sir Wilfrid Lawson thus referred to him: "I do not know much of my honorable friend, except that he bears an honored name," a hit that was hugely relished by the house. Sir Wilfrid was very good at devising electioneering cries, and is the author of the saying that Tory principle menat Beer and Bible. At one of the elections the Unionists kept on repeating "The flowing tide is with us," which Sir Wilfrid Lawson parred with "The flowing bowl is with them."

### Stopping a Proposal.

(Cleveland Leader.)

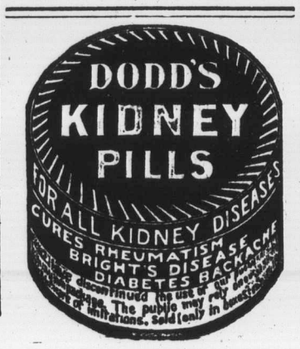
"Do you think your father would like me as a son in law?"

"Yes, I believe he would."

"Oh, joy! I—"

"Papa and I never agree about anything, you know."

### Those Two Per Cent. Bonds.




## OLD TIME REMEDIES.

The most highly esteemed prescriptions of the old-time apothecary were those which cost the most and which must needs, therefore, include powdered precious stones. "Gascon's powder" was one of the most costly of these medicaments, being prescribed by the great physicians for their more important patients. It cost forty shillings ($9.00) an ounce, and was made in equal parts of crabs' eyes, pearls, white amber, Oriental bezoar and the black tips of crabs' claws.

Precious stones, too, were thought to have much efficacy when worn as amulets. The ruby protected its wearer from plague and pestilence ;the amethyst kept a man steady and sober; bloodstones stopped bleeding; the onyx prevented epilepsy; the topaz cured inflammation; the opal strengthened weak eyes; and the emerald prevented foolishness and aided the memory. Concerning the emerald, an old writer further testifies: "It takes away vain and foolish fears, as of devils and hobgoblins, folly and anger, and causeth good conditions; if it do so worn about one, reason will tell him that being beaten into powder and taken inwardly, it will do much more."

The use of herbs and plants as medicines, of course, agrees with modern practice; but the old physicians made the mistake of considering the mas possessing semi-magical properties. It was believed that they were the dwelling places of good and evil spirits which worked their good and evil wills upon those who touched them. The old rhyme says:

Trefoll, vervain, Johns wort, dill
Hinders witches of their will.

and these four plants had extraordinary reputations in the Moddle Abes for bota natural and supernatural powers. The trefoil is common in the United States to-day ,especially to the South, and has certain legitimate medical properties. The vervain is allied to our native verbena, and was anciently believed to be efective against all poisons and the venom of serpents, as well as against bewitched drinks and the like. It was also efficacous for witchcraft. Anna Bodenham, the celebrated witch of Salisbury, used to send her pupils into the fields to gather vervam and dill. The sun worshippers of Persia always carried vervain when they approached their altars. They gathered it when there was neither sun nor moon ,and poured a libation of honey upon the earth in reparation for their robbery. St. John's wort was called "Fuga demonium" in the old days because it routed evil spirits: It was a common ingredient of magical concoctions, and is still gathered with much ceremony by the peasantry of France and Germany when St. John's Day (June 24) comes around.

Solomon's seal was another of the wonder-working plants, said to be the herb which Solomon used to cure epilepsy by placing it in a ring applied to the nostrils of the patient, from which circumstance arose the popularity of the magical ring or seal that figures in so many Eastern tales.

Curious stories are told of the mandrake, a scion of the potato family ,the fruit of which used to be called the "love apple" (a name later applied to the tomato), no doubt because to eat of it generously produced temporary insanity. It was much used in love philters to awaken the tender passion, and the most efficacious specimens were obtained from the vicinity of gibbets where evildoers swung by the neck. There was of but one way to gather the mandrake, under pain of death for mistake, since the belief was that it groaned aloud when pulled from the ground, and that whoever heard the sound fell dead on the spot. The custom was to fasten a dog by the tail to the plant and beat him until in his struggles he tore up the mandrake by the roots. The person superintending the operation had his ears stopped with pitch, and so escaped, but the dog, for which the same precaution was not taken, heard the groan and died.

Extraordinary cures were accomplished by some familiar flowers in the olden times. The anemone was thought by the ancients to be an emblem of disease; and Pliny says that physicians recommended that the first anemone seen in the spring should be picked and concealed in a scarlet cloth until sickness came, requiring that it should be hung around the neck. The juice of the forget-me-not was credited with the power of hardening steel until no metal could resist it. The peony was used by Paeon ,the famous physician of ancient Greece, from whom it takes its name, to cure wounds. Demons were supposed always to flee from the spot where it grew.

The elder tree also had some remarkable properties. An old writer declares that "if one travel with two little sticks of elder in his pocket, he shall not fret nor pant, let the horse go never so hard." A piece of an elder branch cut out between two knots used to be worn around the neck to cure erysipelas; and in the Tyrol to-day elder bushes are planted on new graves in the form of a cross, it being believed that they will blossom in due time if the soul formerly inhabiting the body lying underneath has been received into Paradise.—N. Y. Tribune.

Nell—Maud and Jack say they are always going to be the best of friends. Belle—Gracious! Is that so? I thought they were going to be married.

Wilson's FLY PADS

THE ONLY THING THAT KILLS THEM ALL

AVOID POOR IMITATIONS.

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PERPACKET FROM

ARCHDALE WILSON

HAMILTON, ONT.

### STORIES OF THE "F. OF K."

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum Generally Has His Own Way.

A few months ago "K. of K."—as the British have nicknamed Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—found himself engaged in a prolonged discussion with the commandant of a native corps in India who had applied for funds to fit his men out with brand-new uniforms.

The application was refused, only to be put forward again more urgently than ever. After this had happened several times, says the Grand Magazine, "K's." patience became exhausted and he sent word to say that he would come and inspect the corps himself.

The colonel rubbed his hands with delight, and on the appointed day carefully instructed his dusky warriors to don their oldest and most ragged garments, in order to furnish a practical demonstration of their sartorial dequirements. The commandant was reckoning without his host, however, for Lord Kitchener had no sooner run his critical eye down the ranks than he saw through the other's little device. A grim smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"Ah, Colonel Jones," he exclaimed heartily, "I congratulate you on the appearance of your men. They're in the pink of condition—positively bursting through their unforms!"

When Lord Ktchener once makes up his mind about anything it requires a very determined will, indeed, to turn him from his purpose. On one occasion a difference of opinion has arisen as to the amount of money he might expend on the conveyance of stores to the front, He wanted a couple of thousand pounds for the purpose, but a niggardly pay department at home protected that the estimate was much too high.

"Can't do it for less was the laconic response telegraphed to Pall Mall.

This, however, only evoked a reply that he would not be allowed more than a quarter of the sum asked for. To To everybody's intense surprise, "K." wired back, "All right!" and proceeded to carry out the work he was engaged on.

When the expedition was over, however, the Treasury officials were electrified to receive from its organizer a bill reading as follows:

"1. To conveyance of military stores, as per estimate, £500.

"2. To supplementary expenses, £1,500."

## ENORMOUS TEA IMPORTATION.

The total imports of tea into Canada and the United States is about one hundred and ten million pounds per annum. One out of every fourteen pounds, both in Canada and the United States is "Salada' 'and this trade is growing very rapidly, and "Salada" is as easily obtained now in such cities as New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Pittsburg, Buffalo, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Cleveland, Rochester, etc., etc., etc., as it is in Toronto, Montreal, and throughout the Dominion.

### THE ARABIAN HORSE,

The Arabian horse is, say his enemies, a horse of a single trait—the gallop. In a sense this is true, and naturally. His masters, the Bedouins, abhor the trot; moreover, the smooth, sandy reaches of the desert invite to the gallop. But Arabs can be taught to trot, though not to be high steppers. Either walking or galloping, they are models of grace.

A word now as to breeds. There is but one "noble" strain, the Ku-hai-lan, almost innumerably sub-divided. There are, besides, the Allerbi and Kadishi, ignoble drudges and hackneys, but they are never classed as Arabs. Though size varies individually, there are neither pony nor big breeds. Palgrave, Upton, and Sir Wilfrid Blunt agree that the average height very nearly approaches fourteen hands and two inches, falling under it oftener than over it. Persian horses, nearly allied to the Arabs, are taller—witness Lylee, who cost his last owner, Runjeet Singh, in the three wars waged to obtain him, about 12,000 lives and sixty lacs of rupees—that is, about $3,000,000. Lylee stood all of fifteen hands,, wore gold bangles below his knees, and had housings of gold fringed cashmere shawls. But for all that he was not a Ku-hai-lan, so could not have held his head high in the desert.

A legend lurks in the name. It is the corruption of Kohlani and like that means "the blackened." Unromantic persons derive it from the skin color, a dark, slaty, grayish blue, whatever the coat; but there is another derivation and one more befitting "the Daughters of the Stars." Mahomet, says the legend, with 10,000 mounted men, had fought unceasingly through three days and nights, the men never leaving saddle, the mares under them neither eating nor drinking. Victorious at last, the army came to a river bank, halted there, unsaddled and loosed the mares, which rushed madly to the water. Before they could drink the trumpets sounded the recall. In the 10,000, five were found faithful—five who came back to the standards, heedless of thirst. Mahomet himself welcomed them, blessed them, and had them anointed with kohl—whence Kohlani—as though they had been princesses of the blood. Ever after they were ridden by the Prophet and his companions, Ali, Omar, Abubekr and Hassan, and from them descends all Arabia's noble blood . Since there were five of them, the breed grand divisions are known as "Al Khamisa," or "the five."

But the romance of Arab pedigrees goes beyond the time of the Prophet's mares. They themselves were descended from the mares of Solomon the great—mares given him by the Queen of Sheba along with gold, ivory, slaves and spices. Naturally such strains are carefully guarded. Few of the Bedouins can read or write, yet they make a point of hanging inscribed pedigrees in little bags around the necks of their most famous mares. They ride only mares, and have a proverb: "Three things are from God: a good wife, a good mare, a good sword." A true son of the desert will almost as readily think of parting with his wife as with his mare. Thus there is a powerful reinforcement to the Sultan's firman forbidding their exportation.—Country Life in America.

### Poe's Fame Assured Long Ago.

(Somerville, Mass., Journal.)

It is true that Edgar Allen Poe failed to get admission to the Hall of Fame, but then he doesn't need it so much as some others who have gained the honor.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION