en acting the par

rpos:?

pier's door she held out

coming with me. Good-

d. and raised it to his

aished with me yet. Go

ress, and I will get you

out a train for you?'

l'il not follow you, or to find out who you are.

o the dimly-lit passage,

search of a cab, which .e-appeared in the door-in a navy liue coat and

moment when he had

and thank you so much.

shall not be good bye,

keep my word. But I again some day. Don't

eed.'
to hers, but she shrank

or this, and for all! By

meet again! It is tor-you. I love you; and, y love will find you.

in her ears and echoed e covered her face with d, even in the darkness,

low she had tallen that

he thought despairingly.
ow as though he underer see him again? Oh,
shall!

rt of shock, she remem-nd blamed herself afresh

eartless enough to for-ment that she was ill.

a sharp attack of pneu-hich her niece attended

than skill.

Elspeth find herself in ursing, that she made up the dressmaking, and spital for the necessary

any rate, she had learn-ble to put to rights any

ght, in future, employ— he desired. or new resolve to herself her aunt should be well

the with her services.

h, tast happy day arned to close the reverse at the vicarage.

ing with Mrs. Leek, after ly darning socks for her, and only awaiting the ter from a batch of chrishand, to moot the subject awards with the control of the services.

ew departure.
ot get home until five
he brought with him a

rious and perturbed that at once what had hap-eard of her behaviour at

hoped to get away first, y from the look of pain at which she telt would

two faces she loved in way.

been conducting a fun-and that your own, Eis-

her feet, and stared a

really harsh speech he her; the scoldings she

time to time had all

nt, and I was wrong.

g fad has proved her

nt you were taken ill,

ading at a fancy ball—
ed affsir—at which
conspicuous by her en-

man she could not have

man she could not have about, for he was a neighborhood. Notwith-lett the assembly rooms shortly before receiving

ing your illness, and took waith she had chosen to

Elspeth again, with the

the contrary ?' inquired

e evening, could contra-

I was referred to Mr. boration of the report, to believe until I had this

n of i'.'
said El peth deliberately,
choose her words. 'He
se himself at the Assembly

esence of the gentlema been sitting out a dance

ou had sat out three dances de Windt, during which dden from view behind a

h your gentleman triend anged for the purpose.' It truth and talsehood in

had reached the vicar's

tor Etspeth to sitt

ber eye. I don't kn this, but it is not true.

e with her services.

PIER III.

than skill.

Sunday Reading.

How Casev's Hair Turned White.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of the Medler mines, was one of a party of oldtime New Mexicans who happened to congregate at Clifton a short time ago, and naturally fiell to telling stories of their early life. At last it came Casey's turn, and the Clifton Era reports his version of thrilling experience with the Indians The reminiscence was called forth by a comment upon Casev's snow white hair.

Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened, boys. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wite were killed by the Indians in the Burro Mountains, -'83 or '84, I've forgotten which. It was some time after the affair, however, when things had quieted down a bit.

I had been in the hills, and was returning to Silver City through Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest. I pulled off the saddle tied him to the tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by someone prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve of fitteen Indians. They all carried weapons and had them in their hands.

Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move-1 was paralyzed. I sat there and looked at the Indians, and they looked at me. I felt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that it was

standing straight up. I thought of every mean thing I had done in my life. Pray P No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me, and I looked at them.

Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd to day, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one or two other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was too sick to try and get away from

Precently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader. After the others had all cone he addressed me in good English and said : 'Good day, Dan Casey!' How he knew my name has always been a mystery to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or pos sibly my name may have been on some part of my outfit and he could read, as

After he had gone I still sat there so badly scared that I was unable to move for I don't know how long. Then like a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and cords to Silver City.

I have been up in a mine, and bad my body crushed with dynamite caps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and in side of a year it was as white as it is now.

A Quartet of Young Heroines.

Four girls, each under sixteen years of age, who have received medals from the government for bravery in saving, or aiding in saving, human life, deserve some thing more than ordinary attention.

The first of these, according to St. Nicholas, is Edith Morgan, of Hamlin, Michigan, who endeavored with her tather and brothers to row in a northerly gale and heavy sea to a vessel capsized three miles offshore. When the boat was forced back Edith aided in clearing the track through logs and driftwood for the surfboat, which meanwhile had been summon ed, and also helped to launch the boat.

On a previous occasion she had stood in snow for six hours, helping the life-savers work the whip-line of the beach apparatus.

When Edith Clarke was nearly sixteen years old, and a pupil in a convent at Oakland, California, she plunged into Lake Chabot to rescue a companion who had disappeared in sixty feet of water. Edith seized the unconscious girl, and holding her head above water with one arm paddled with the other and trod water until a boat came to her assistance.

Marie Parsons of Fire Place, Long Island, was only ten year of age when she saw a man and a child swept off a pleasure boat by the boom. Observing that the

| child clung to the man so that he could make no headway, she sprang into a small boat and reached the spot just in time to save their lives.

When thirteen years old, Maud King saved three lives off Castle Pickney, the lighthouse depot in Charles on harbor.

In a furious equall, which added impetus to the gale, a yawl containly three men and a boy was capsized. The boy managed to swim to the shore, but two of the men succeeded in getting only as far as the piles of the whari. There they hung, too exhausted to climb up, while the third man, unable to swim, clung to the vawl.

In spite of her mother's protests Maud prepared, unaided, to launch a small boat in the boisterous sea. But she was joined by her aunt, and together they rescued the imperiled men.

A Singer and His Story.

Thirty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys who bare ooted and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois 'Are you in Sumday school?' she asked.

'No! Aint got no clothes,' replied one. 'Would you come if you had clothes?' she asked.

'Von het !' was one have emphatic renty 'What are your names?' she asked.

'Peter Bilborn,' replied the first boy and the others in turn gave their names Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name 'Jesus' above it, and said, 'Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help.'

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded and little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels and the boards from lumber vard near by were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was earried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge and the last, he swept, and the roar cf water was in his

'In that moment,' he says, 'the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble came to me. I put my bands together and prayed.

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted bands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he chanced to have his bands up as they were, and pressed together.

'I was ashamed to say that I was pray ing,' he says, 'and I asked, boastfully 'Didn't you know I could swim ?' But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testsment, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did.'

The awaking of a tender conscience wa the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sunday school grew with his growth. He became a Sun day school singer, studied music and composed tunes of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sunday school songs, and he is known as a gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told this story of his early life.

The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Chicago merchant. Many have rejoiced in the tormer street boy's life of usefulness, but hers is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.

The Prayer Before Getty-burg Gen. Daniel Sickles tells a story illus trating the tenderness of President Lincoln's heart as well as his faith in Providence and his beautiful optimism.

After Sickles had been wounded at

and the President called on him at the once more to ber embroidery. bospital. When the general described the battle and the awful slaughter, 'Lincoln went like a child.

'While the two armies were converging. said Lincoln, 'I went into my room and prayed as I never prayed before. I told God that it we were to win the battle He must do it, for I had done all that I could. I went from my room with a great load litted from my shoulders, and from that noment I never had a doubt as to the result. We shall hear good news from Grant, who has been pounding away at Vicksburg for so many months. I am in a prophetic mood today, Sickles, and I say that you will get well.'

'The doctors do not say so.' 'I don't care, Sickles, you will get well,'

persisted the President. And that afternoon, General Sickles goes on to say, a telegram was received from General Grant, announcing the fall of Vicksburg. His own recovery soon follow-

According to St. Mark.

'I really think you are a little hard upon our namesake.' Mrs. McLane's tone was slightly aggrieved, and there was not as pleasant an expression as usual upon her comely face.

'I am sure I do not mean to be' This voice was as quiet as the other had been perturbed. 'It seems to me had . praised her more, it would have been too much for even a mother to swallow.'

'Oh, I know you said she was well-grown and well-mannered and good-looking, far beyond what you had expected in two years, and yet underneath all there was a but'and that 'but' does away with all your commendation.

'What keen ears you mothers have! I was hardly conscious of that 'but.'

'It was there all the same, in italics if not in capitals. Now do tell me what you meant.

'My dear girl,' said Miss Egerton, 'renember I have only been at home a week. and after leaving Dorothy a child, I feel the necessity of renewing my acquaintance with a young woman of fifteen, who almost looks over my head.'

'But you are not answering my question, persisted Mrs. McLane. 'I hope you did not learn evasion in Germany. 'I hope not, indeed,' and with a slightly

quizzical smile, Miss Egerton bent lower ver her embroidery.
'You think her disobedient?' Mrs. McLane walked to the window and laid

one hand upon her sister's shoulder. Miss Egerton did not reply, but ber

own hand clasped her sister's. 'That is perhaps where my 'but' came in,' Miss Egerton said, slowly. 'She needs to learn obedience according to Sain

'What do you mean ? You are so mysterious!' 'I will explain the mystery to Dorothy some day,' 'She is quite as good in that respect as

the rest of the girls.' Mrs. McLane had assumed the detensive.

'But when one loves a child as we do Dorothy, the quiet voice replied, 'we want her to be better than the rest of the girls.

Down below in the street, a tall girl and waved a greeting to the two in the window. In a short time her swift step was heard on the stairs, and Dorothy came quickly into the room. Pretty Dorothy with roses in her cheeks, brown eves danc ing with health and merriment, and sunny hair tossed this way and that by the boist. erous wind! She gave each an impetuous, breathless hug, talking rapidly in spite of

'O Aunt Dolly, it is good to know you are here! I was thinking about it all day. And it eases my conscience, too, with a laugh. 'If I knew mother was alone I would not like to leave her, as I am going to now and run off to spend the afternoon with Anna Clare.'

'Is not that rather a poor way to show

your pleasure at my being here ?" 'As if you two would miss me when you have those years to talk over and catch up with! So I'll say good by, and leave you to discuss German housekeeping.'

'But, Dorothy, do not forget your hour or music,' said her mother, a little anx iously. 'You should be at the piano now. and your father told you to prepare some manuscript for him.

'So he did,' Dorothy answered, lightly and I will do it when I come home,' and away she went without giving her mother time for exposulation.

'I am afraid her father will be seriously offended if Dorothy neglects this paper. The last time he came as near giving her a scolding as John ever can. She does the typewriting so acurately, she is the greatest service to him when she is prompt. Mrs. McLean gave a little sigh, and her sister felt tempted to echo it, but wisely

The next atternoon, as Miss Egerton sat in the twil ght by the open fire, the door opened, and Dorothy came bouncing into the room with her usual impetuosity. 'Aunt Dolly,' she said, 'how nice to find von slone! Mamma has a flock of visitors down stairs, and I was afraid you would be helping to receive them.'

'I had a bit of a headache my dear, so your mother excused me to the visitors, and I have had my cup of tea up here in a very lazy fashion.

'Oh,' disappointment in the long-drawn out exclamation. 'then you ought to be quiet, and I am just aching to talk ! Miss Egerton laughed.

'Sit down, dear; there is another low chair for you. I am quite ready to talk.' 'Are you sure, Aunt Dolly? I don't want to be selfish about it.'

'I am quite sure, so let me relieve you of that aching as soon as possible.' 'Aunt Dolly,' the girl commenced, im

petuously, 'mother says you don't approve 'Did she put it exactly in that way P' Well, perhaps, not. She told me

great many nice things you said about me out-she said there was a 'but,' and I want to know what it stands for.' 'Have you not the least idea. Dorothy ?

The honest eyes met her aunt's squarely. 'Perhaps I have, deep down in my heart.' said Dorothy, slowly, with reddening cheeks.

'Well ?' 'You think me procrastinating.' Miss Egerton was silent. 'And sometimes disobedient ?'

No answer. 'But. Aunt Dolly,' said the girl, pleadngly, 'I always mean to do as I am told, and I do, too, after a while.'

Miss Egerton smiled. 'Aunt Dolly, don't be dumb any longer Mother says you want me to learn some sort of obedier ce. What sort do I need? 'I said you should learn obedience ac-

cording to Saint Mark.' Dorothy stared. 'What do you mean don't remember that he was any more obedient than the others.'

'Suppose you light the lamp and get my Bible from the stand. There is half an hour still before dinner, and in that time I think I can make you understand what sort of obedience this is."

When Dorothy returned to her place, Bible in hand, Miss Egerton said: 'Open to the first chapter of Mark and the eighteenth verse.'

'And straightway they forsook their nets,' Dorothy read, wonderingly.

· Now the second chapter and tweifth 'And immediately he arose.' 'The same word as straightway, Dor-

othy,' said her aunt. 'Now the fith chapter and forty-second verse.' 'And straight way the damsel arose.'

'The sixth chapter and torty-fitth verse. 'And straightway,' the girl began. 'Aunt Dolly, are there many more?'

'A great many more. But, my dear girl. are not these enough to help you understand what I mean by obedience according to Saint Mark?'

Dorothy was silent for some minutes. and her answer, ween it came, was very 'When You Ain't Got No Money You ently spoken:

'Aunt Dolly, 'straightway' obedience. That was better than twenty scoldings. Think of my delayed obedience and all the trouble it causes! In two days I have worried father about his paper, and neglected mother's errands, and mailed your letter when I was ready, too late to reach your friend before she started for Europe. I wish I could be straightway obedient' but how am I to remember?

For answer, Miss Egerton put into her hand a copy of the Gospel of Saint Mark. 'I would read it carefully, it I were you, and you must not be discouraged.'

The Parson as a Peacemaker.

Rev. Eijah Kellogg did not confine his good works to the composition of 'Sparta cus' and the preparation of capital books for boys. He was foremost in practical benevolence, and never so happy as when helping out his neighbors. One Sunday morning, just before the sermon, he made this announcement :

'The widow Jones's grass is getting pretty long. I shall be there with my scythe, rake and pitchfork at four o'clock tomorrow morning, and I hope every male member of my congregation will be there

In answer to this broad hint the widow Jones's field was well filled the next morning. Among the volunteers was a Captain Griggs, who stood six feet two in his stockings, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.

'Parson,' said he, look out for me. I'm goin' to cut your corners this morning., Mr. Kelogg was a small man, weighing barely one hundred and thirty pounds, but sioner.

Gettsburg he was removed to Washington repressed the inclination, and gave herself he was an old hand with the scythe, and before long the captain lay under a tree. knocked out by his pacemaker. And the 'parson' used to tell the story with great glee, always concluding with :

'He didn't cut my corners that morning. IMPURE BREATH.

What Causes This Disagre able Affliction-Erom Different Reasons.

The sources of impurities of the breath may be found in three regions, namely: the lungs, the stomach and the upper airpassages, including the mouth, the throat

and the nose. In the greatest number of cases impure breath is the result of conditions in the mouth, throat or nose, conditions which render possible a lodgment and growth of microscopic vegetable parasites. These parasites—the lo igment of which in many instances is so secure that the acts of chewing and swallowing do not materially disturb them-give rise, in the course of their growth and decay, to the unpleasant odors.

Prevention and remedy, therefore, depend upon the successful search for these vegetable parasites, and their removal from the harbors where they accumulate.

Dacaved teeth offer ideal conditions for the growth of certain germs and fungi. At times no cavities occur, and vet an accumulation of fungoid material renders the breath offensive. In such cases brushing must be supplemented by the use of an antiseptic mouth wash.

Other states of the mouth and throat giving rise to odors, although less well known are nevertheless common. The depressions known as 'crypts,,' commonly found in enlarged tonsils, furnish harbors for vegetable parasites. Large accumulations may here take place, partly of food, partly of fungoid growth, giving rive to perhaps no other symptom than unpleasant breath.

Deep accumulations of furring on the tongue give rise to similar unpleasant symptoms. An observer of his own tongue, judging by its appearance, might suppose his stomach to be in an alarming condition. Removal of the deep furring by gentle scraping and the use of antiseptic nouth washes usually prove entirely remedial. Doctor Holmes was accustomed to prescribe a little silver hoe for the purpose of removing this accumulation.

Certain disorders of the nose give rise to some of the most pervasive and unpleasant odors of the breath. Even these. however, are smenable to remedies, although the home use of antiseptic sprays and douches must sometimes be supplemented by treatment at the hands of a physician.

The conditions of the lungs and stomach giving rise to foulness of the breath likewise require more aid than can usually be given by home treatment, although these states are commonly to be prevented by the observance of hygicaic rules.

Very rarely do cases of impure breath arise from causes so obscure as to be incapable of relief or improvement.

A Crnel Blow.

The crowd gathered at the corner of Sixteenth and Lawrence streets, watching man who was working a phonograph for living. He played 'On the Banks of the Wabash,' and in several other localities. and toyed with such masterpieces as Needn't Come Aroun',' 'Ah Don' Care it Yo' Nevah Comes Back,' etc., an infinitum. and then reached under his table for a box full of new records. He took them out, one after the other, and fitted them to the phonograph, and when a dozen more had been reeled off one of the bystanders remarked.

'That man's struck on himself. I don't ee what he's got to be proud of.'

And the crowd said: 'P P P P 'Why screamed the man, 'look at the irs he's putting on.' Somebody started after a rope, but he

scaped .- Denver Times. Economic Value of Birds

Artificial wool made from turt fibers is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for nanufacturing cloth, bandages, hats, rugs, and so forth. Ten years has elapsed since

the first attempts to make turt wool, and it is averred that recent improvements in the processes have resulted in the production ot a soft fibrous material, which can be spun as resaily as sheep's wool, and which. besides possessing excellent absorbent pro-perties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in various textile industries.

Sure Cure for Sea Sickness, Nausea.

Maladies of this type yield instantly to Polson's Nerviline, and il you suffer periodically from these complaits, just keep Nerviline at hand. A tew drops in sweetened water gives instant relief, and in the course of half an horn the cure is complete. A large 25c. bottle of Nerviline in the house will save doctor bills, and a vast amount of suffering every year.

Gruggs works as if he owned the whole blame town.

Yes And he ain't even a police comis

od forgotten the circum-very of the note, or had ad on page fitteen.

11/