

OUR SHORT STORY

"Johnston's Adventure."

I know this story is true, for Johnston told it to me himself, and he has not imagination enough to invent an untruth.

He told me that if you should attempt to enter into a conversation with a fellow-passenger in a Chicago train he probably would present you with the card in question as a delicate hint that he wanted to be left in peace.

"I am going down to the Chicago tomorrow," said Johnston, "to spend a few days with Scoble, and I'll take this card with me. If some one insists on talking to me when I'm reading my paper, I'll try what handing him the card will do."

"I took the train at Euston, travelling second class.

"My fellow-passenger was a fine looking woman about 30. The heat of the day and the excitement of catching the train had given her a florid color, and I could see that the desire of condemning the weather and exposing the wickedness of a cabman was strong with her.

"Presently the woman caught my eye and said: 'I beg your pardon, but will you tell me the exact time? My cabman—'

"But here I handed the woman the Chicago card I had received the day before.

"She read it and then said, 'O, indeed! So sorry. Please excuse me, and then lapsed into silence, while I resumed my newspaper and congratulated myself on my efficiency as an American plan of dealing with railroad bores.

"It is true my conscience did give me an occasional twinge, for the distinction between telling a lie and handing a person a ready-made lie printed on a card was not very perceptible. I asked myself whether in giving the woman a card with the words, 'I am deaf and dumb' I had not been guilty of lying as certainly as if I should have been if I had told her the same thing in so many words.

"At Willesden Junction another passenger got on. This time it was a young lady who was evidently expected by the elder lady.

"By and by my attention was aroused in spite of myself by hearing the elder lady mention my name. 'You see,' she said, 'I had to come down today because John has asked that the woman Johnston should speak with us, and of course it wouldn't do for me to be away.'

"But, auntie," said the other, 'how do you know that he is threesome if you have never seen him?'

"I know it for one thing, because John's friends are always tiresome. It does seem as if he deliberately selected the most stupid men he could find and asked them down to Greenroft, just to make life a burden to me. And then, my dear, for another thing, I tried to read this detestable Johnston's books. Anything more stupid and silly you can't possibly imagine.

"So I was actually traveling in the same carriage with Scoble's wife and niece, and the former was dreading my arrival at her house and looking upon me as a tiresome nuisance.

"The two ladies talked on, but happily seemed to forget the existence of the unfortunate Johnston. Once Mrs. Scoble came to the window where I was sitting to point out something to her niece, and the swaying of the carriage nearly threw her on my lap.

"Just then the elder lady began one of those nervous and hurried searches for her purse which women when traveling are so prone to make.

"It is gone!" she exclaimed, 'and I am sure that fellow in the next carriage picked my pocket when I was looking out of his window.'

"My dear child! Do you suppose you are quick enough to watch the motions of a professional pickpocket? That man has my purse. I am sure of it, and I shall give him in charge the moment we get to Rugby."

"It was clear that I must bolt from the carriage the instant the train reached the Rugby platform, and before a policeman could be called. I hastily gathered up my rug and umbrella and prepared to move toward the door.

"No, you don't, my man!" said Mrs. Scoble, rising and taking possession of the door by the simple process of thrusting half of her ample person through the window.

"I saw at once that the game was up.

"That man has picked my pocket," said Mrs. Scoble, as soon as the policeman opened the door. 'Search him and you'll find my purse in his possession. It is marked "A. D. S." and has four

There are times when a horse knows more than a man; when instinct is superior to reason. The horse fights against being forced over the brink of a precipice which he can see in the dark but which is veiled from the man's eyes.

It is often the same with a man's body; it fights against carrying the weight of the precipice, disease. When the heart beats irregularly, when there are pains in the head, ringing in the ears, cough, indigestion, loss of appetite, and every one of these symptoms—the body is on the brink of danger and is crying "halt!"

No man need be carried over the fatal brink of disease if he will heed Nature's warning and accept her help. This help is contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This great alterative extract completely modifies every abnormal condition of the disordered digestive or alimentary functions. It makes the stomach strong, the blood rich and healthy, builds up the nerve centers and so regulates the functions of all the vital organs, that they cooperate perfectly for the health of the entire system.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

Mr. Geo. Minter, of 2237 Thompson Street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Some time ago I was terribly run down. Numerous ailments had been coming upon me one by one. I decided to try 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' The benefit derived was beyond my fondest hopes. I took five bottles of the 'Discovery' and used the 'Pellets' when necessary. During the time of taking the five bottles as directed, I gained in weight 25 pounds, weighing more than ever in my life. My health and strength, and removing these ailments, viz: Palpitation of the heart, sleepless nights, pressing and splitting pains in the head, ringing in the ears, with partial deafness and throbbing, a nagging cough, indigestion, depression of spirits, loss of energy, constipation, a third feeling upon rising and through the day, appetite poor, sight defective, very nervous, etc. These golden bottles of your 'Discovery' and the 'Pellets' removed all these troubles, and more, and made me as well as fifty as I have ever been in my life."

So, once when his rheumatic foot

confining him to the house for several days, he spent some of his leisure hours in whittling and planning and sawing and nailing, and the result was a model boat in ever particular, which he presented to the astonished Tommy, who was most overcome with respect and gratitude for he never had expected to be the owner of such a beautiful boat.

Tommy's mother made the sails and the flag and the pennant, and when the Trix was ready, she called her, was all rigged, wasn't she a beauty? But how would she sail? That was the question from all. Would she beat the city boat?

The trial trips and shown both boats to be good, stiff, staunch sea-craft. But this was to be the first trial together. Every one in town knew of the two rival boats, and all were greatly interested.

The two boats were launched into the water amidst intense excitement, which was increased by a mischievous urchin, needless to say, who suddenly sent a large rock splashing down into the water, which threatened for a moment to swamp the entire fleet; but soon, the water quieting down, and the spectators as well, Jack Norton fired his toy cannon as a signal to start, while the lookers-on watched in breathless suspense.

Ned's boat, the Water-Nymph, started on the wind, and sailed away in great style, with the Trix a close second. The Water-Nymph was ahead a little at first, but the Trix soon came up even with her, and then both boats kept along just about the same; sometimes would range ahead a little, but the other would come up again with her.

Suddenly, however, as they were nearing the stake, or stake-boy, I should have said, as little Louis Gray was stationed at the turning point, the Trix gained a little; a gain scarcely perceptible at first, but gradually growing more and more, till she forged a half-a-boat's length ahead, and the Water-Nymph did not gain up with her.

Farther and farther ahead went the Trix; the spectators cheered and applauded; the boys danced up and down in wild joy. She has reached the stake! She has rounded it—alas! alas! the stake-boy, Louis, in his excitement, was waving his cap in the air, and shouting at the top of his voice, instead of looking out for the boats, as he should have been doing. And there was the Trix, instead of rounding the stake, she was running down the river as fast as wind and tide could take her. A shout of dismay, a hasty scramble, but already she was too far away, in too deep water, for the boys to venture out.

There was no large boat near for any one to go after her, and nothing could be done but just to stand and watch the beautiful boat as she gaily floated away, and was soon out of sight.

Every one's joy was turned to sorrow; but poor Tommy, he was wretched, indeed. There was no comfort for him in being disappointed, for he had elected commodore of the club by a unanimous vote. Silently and sadly he took his way homeward, surrounded by a crowd of sympathizers.

And so it was that when Tommy, that night, was sorrowfully relating to a sympathizing audience, for about the hundredth time, how it had happened, there came a knock at the door, and Captain John walked in, and the beautiful Trix became once more the possession of happy Tommy Brown, commodore of the O. J. Y. C.—Youth's Companion.

The Emir's Game of Chess

Mohammed, Emir of Granada, kept his brother Yusuf captive in the hold of Salabrina.

When Mohammed lay sick unto death, and knew that he must die,

He wrote with his own hand, and sealed the scroll, and sent to Khaled, "Slay Thy prisoner, Yusuf."

At the chess-board sat, Playing the game of kings, as friend with friend, The captive and his jailer, whom he loved.

Backward and forward swayed the mimic war; Hither and thither glanced the knights across.

The field—the crown swept castles down, and passed Trampling through the ranks, when in her path A castle rose, threatened a knight in flank.

"Beware, my lord—or else I take the queen!" Swift was his word, a knocking at the gate.

"Nay, but my castle holds the king in check!" And in the doorway stood a messenger: "Behold!—a message from my lord the king!"

And Khaled stood upon his feet, and reached His hand to take the scroll, and bowed O'er the king's seal.

"Friend, thou hast ridden fast?" The man spake panting, and the sweat ran down His brows and fell like raindrops on the flags—

"I left Granada at the dawn—the king Had need of haste."

And Khaled broke the seal And read with livid lips, and spake no word, But then the scroll into his breast

And bade the man go rest, and eat, and drink. But Yusuf smiled, and said: "O friend But Yusuf smelt my head of thee?"

Then he Whose wrung heart choked the answer gave the scroll To Yusuf's hand, but spake not Yusuf

Unto the end, and laid the parchment down. "Yet there is time—shall we not end the game?"

Thy castle menaces my king—behold! A knight—behold! But Khaled's knees Were loosed with dread, and white his lips; he fell

Back on the couch, and gazed on Yusuf's face Like one astonished. Yusuf's fearless eyes Smiled back at his, unconquered.

"Brother, what So troubles thee? What can I do to save thee?" Save me forth to find—only, may-be, A little sooner than I else had gone—

Boys and Girls.

The Yacht Race.

By daylight on the morning of Aug. 3 every boy in the town of Oldport knew that the wind was blowing west, and that there was every prospect of a bright, clear day; and every boy aforesaid was consequently filled with joy, for it was the day appointed for the great yacht race.

They had been disappointed so many times—twice it had rained on the appointed day, once the commodore of the fleet had such a severe cold that his mother would not let him get out, and once one of the largest yacht owners had been suddenly called to his town—but now every one was at home and well, and everything was ready, so when the day promised to be all that could be desired, of course, all were very glad.

The truth of those things whereof thou and I Have questioned oft? Tomorrow at this hour, Play we the game to end."

Then Khaled moved A pawn with trembling fingers, "See—King Yusuf! Is left unguarded. Nay!—thy thoughts had strayed—I will not take her."

Khaled cast himself Down on this face, and cried, like one in pain, "Be thou or more or less—I am but man!"

For me to see thee go unto thy death Is not a morning's pastime."

"Nay—and yet Were it not well to keep this thought of me In this last hour together, as if our Mohammed could not conquer—I perchance May yet look back . . . But hark! Who comes?"

Aloud The thundering hoofs upon the draw-bridge rang Of Andalusian stallions; and a voice Cried "Halt! King Yusuf!"—drowned In answering shouts

And hammering lance-shafts thick upon the gate. Then Khaled, trembling, stood, with ashen lips, as in a dream. And unto him Came Yusuf—caught him in his arms.

"Heart's friend! Fear not, all's well. The king shall not forget Who loved him, even to the brink of death! Look up, beloved!— See, thou hast swept the men From off the board. 'Twas writ in heaven, we two Should never play that game unto the end!"

THE GARDEN OF CANADA

"It Pays."

That "it pays to be civil" is an axiom that has perhaps been so often repeated that it has lost its force. If one's gentle instinct does not prompt her to be polite to everybody, her principles of policy should teach her to be so. It is never safe to be discourteous to the most genial person, for the time may come when his good will may be worth much to us.

In traveling, the value of a gentle considerate manner of speech is particularly remarkable. Railroad officials are quick to note and act upon the request made by her who speaks kindly, and acknowledges all attentions with a cordial "thank you," and with one's fellow-travelers she who would receive kindly consideration must give it.

This is a low basis upon which to found politeness, but the humiliating fact remains that some persons are moved by principles of self-interest who are not affected by the idea of noblesse oblige.

A Bran Bag.

The latest bathing fad in Paris is cheap enough to recommend it to any woman's notice. It is merely a bran bag thrown into the water to make it soft and smooth. A few exquisite cloth to the starch bath, which is said to make the body soft and beautifully smooth. Then the face is bathed in bran, and the hair is washed with the same. The water we are forced to use is too hard for real comfort, and needs some softening influence like bran or starch or oatmeal, to make it bearable.

Correct History.

Not so very long ago with every pair of tan shoes went a pair of tan stockings. I don't mean that they were given away with the shoes as chronos are with tea and silver spoons with baking powder, but the two were worn together. Not to top tan shoes with tan hose was to offend good taste, and such a shopping expedition as often ensued in the attempt to match impossible shades reminded one of the chase after the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow.

That the style does not obtain this year is evidenced whenever one catches a glimpse of the hosiery of some fair pedestrian, which one sometimes does in the times of long skirts and low shoes, says the Baltimore News. Blue stockings, with white polka-dots, seem to be first favorites with brown shoes. Black and white are also worn, and a few gossamer Persian patterns are seen—the ladies of Persia certainly must be shirts if they dress altogether in Persian color combinations—but not a single tan pair has yet been noticed.

Plain black hosiery holds its own year in and year out. There are always rumors that it is going "out," that mysterious place to which so many wondrous fashions are relegated, but it comes in just as usual, and as if no such thing had happened.

And all of the conservative girls who have a regard for the slim appearance of their ankles buy it and wear it in preference to the most gorgeous kind ever known.

Little Lunches.

A pretty note in white dresses is given by wearing on the waist knots of velvet to match the hat; pinned somewhere on the bust two velvet choux in pale blue, pale green, pale pink, attached by a loose chain of silk in the same color, makes the simplest dress smart.

Griddle Cakes.

Into one pint of sifted flour mix one-half teaspoon salt, three level teaspoons baking powder and one level teaspoon sugar. Beat two eggs till very light, then into one cup of milk, but do not stir much as that destroys the lightness of the eggs. Stir the egg and milk mixture in to the flour, add two level tablespoons melted butter, beat well and then add enough milk to make a batter about like thick cream. Beat the batter vigorously, and especially before each frying. It does no harm for the batter to stand awhile, if you like the crisp edges and texture of a regular fritter you may use considerable fat and fry the cakes in an ordinary spider, dropping the batter from a spoon in small portions into the hot fat; but if you prefer the smooth, delicate, brown surface similar to that of an oven-baked cake, you will use a large griddle, which must be made uniformly hot, and then rub the surface all over with a bit of ham or pork rind held on a fork, leaving just the merest film of grease. This coating of grease being free from moisture that always accompanies butter, will form no steam bubbles, which, as they rise, leave a bare spot on the griddle and an unbrowned spot on the cake. Drop the batter from the end of the

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland. Please mention this paper.

German Toast.

This is a simple dish, capable of many variations, suitable for dessert, breakfast and supper, and appears in cookery literature and under many different names. But the distinguishing feature is milk and eggs and then browning or sauteing it in hot fat. It is a convenient dish to prepare in the blazer of a chafing dish, or over a gas jet, or where one cannot use the stove, by toasting at the fire. While any kind of white bread or griddle bread may be used in this way, there is nothing so good for it as the baker's cream bread.

One egg to one sup of milk, seasoned slightly with salt, will soften and soak into six inches of bread, by changing those below to the top of the pile, and turning them frequently. Two and even three eggs are used in some recipes, but one has always been sufficient for my taste. Lay the drained slices in hot butter or beef dripping, on a griddle, brown them quickly and turn as you do griddle cakes.

Serve plain or with poached eggs or minced fish or meat, for a breakfast dish—with a sweet sauce for dessert, and spread with jam or orange marmalade if for supper. This delicious dish often gives just the relief or warmth needed, and is more acceptable generally than cold bread.

BROKE HER CONTRACT.

Mrs. Slimdick (the landlady)—Mr. Upton, you must either pay up or leave. I have kept my contract with you and you must keep your contract with me!

Hardy Upton—But you haven't kept your contract with me! You guaranteed to make me comfortable!

Mrs. Slimdick—Well, haven't I made you comfortable?

Hardy Upton—No! Your constant nagging me to settle my board bills for the last three months has made my life in this house exceedingly uncomfortable.—Harlem Life.

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