

outburst of laughter which his tricks had produced he suddenly disappeared. They looked for him to return, which, however, he failed to do; but as he frequently made his exit in just such a manner no notice was taken of his departure. About an hour after from the top of the stairs came Norbert's voice calling to the butler. The man rose hastily to obey, a little surprised at the unusual summons, for the hour was very late. On reaching the first landing he was still more surprised at not finding his master awaiting him, and was about to ascend the second stairs when there rang through the house a wild shriek, terrifying in its intense expression of mortal anguish. As much in terror as to learn the cause of that awful cry, the man bounded up the stairs, and stood breathless in the wide hall on the second landing.

On one side of the hall was the studio and the private apartments of Norbert and Eva, on the other were the apartments occupied by Mrs. Fielding who now rushed out in dishabille as she had been preparing to retire for the night. The studio door stood open, to it she hastened, followed by the butler and other of the servants who had been roused by the terrible cry. On entering the room they found Norbert hastening towards them, a long gleaming stiletto in his right hand, from which blood was freely dripping. "Did you see any one?" he asked, frantically, "look quick, they will escape! Oh! Eva my darling what have I done? I should have warned you; now it is too late."

"Have you gone mad Norbert? What has happened? Where is Eva?" asked Mrs. Fielding, her limbs trembling so she could scarcely stand. "Where is Eva?" she repeated, as Norbert did not reply, but stood with a dazed look of unutterable horror in his eyes. "Where, Oh! God, where!" he cried out wildly then. "It is all my doing. Oh! Eva," Mrs. Fielding and two or three of the servants passed him and hastened to the alcove in front of which stood Norbert's easel; fearing they knew not what. The alcove was a little silk and lace draped nook. A heavy velvet portier alone dividing it from the young peoples' private apartments beyond.

Eva was wont to occupy this "nest," as Norbert termed it—while he worked; chatting pleasantly between times. That night she had been posing for Norbert; the subject to be a life sized portrait of herself; and from an incident which occurred shortly after their marriage to be called.

"Even in dreams" Mrs. Fielding as was usual with her spent some time with them before retiring for the night. Shortly before she left the studio Eva declaring that she was very tired with so much "posing" threw herself on a couch in the alcove, and the spot where she last saw her Mrs. Fielding hurried. On reaching the entrance she stood still as if stricken dead. There with an inarticulate exclamation of horror, staggered back and would

have fallen had not one of the servants caught her. Eva still lay on the couch in the same careless attitude of abandonment in which she had thrown herself down. She wore a loose flowing robe of snow white India mull; a fleecy wrap of palest blue partially enveloped her; her hands were clasped above her head and rested on the cushion over which fell in shining waves and silky rings her golden hair, the wide loose sleeves of her white robe fell away from her arms leaving them bare almost to the shoulder; her small feet were encased in a pair of blue satin slippers with rosettes and diamond buckles; her whole position exactly the same as when she threw herself down to rest.

But never again throughout all time would she complain of weariness, the little satin shod feet had taken their last steps; the snowy arms would never again be tossed above the fair young head; the slumber which sealed her eyelids now would know no awakening; it was eternal.

Her white robe, the blue velvet couch, the carpet were all stained with her life blood which could be seen to flow from a wound in the region of her heart. Stunned and speechless the servants looked on in terror; a few moments since they were indulging in jest, in laughter and in song little thinking that their kind young mistress was being done to death by a fiendish assassin.

Before they could recover themselves sufficiently to make a comment or ask a question voices at the door of the studio attracted their attention.

Turning from the appalling sight they saw an officer of the law confronting Norbert, who like a man in a state of somnambulation stood looking vacantly ahead the stiletto still clenched in his hand.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to make him reply to his questions the man took him by the shoulder and accompanied his questions with a rude shake. "What have you been doing with that dangerous looking weapon?" he asked, "how come the blood on it? has any one been hurt?" Norbert was roused from his comatose state to the fearful realization of what had happened; and dropping the stiletto he uttered these fatal words: "It was I who did it, it was all my fault. Oh! Eva, Eva my darling! my loved one. I should have warned you; I should have taken you to the uttermost parts of the earth; how was it I did not?"

Then he fell unconscious at the officers feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mr. Joab Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

#### Tact in Conversation.

As we mingle with the prominent women of our day, we are often conscious of their lack of true womanly graciousness. Some are businesslike in their address; some are patronizing; but few possess the perfectly satisfactory manner. Some return a greeting with such an air of being forced to speak that the recipient vows never to make advances in that direction again. Many times the heart of her of the stiff manner is not unkind; she only has not mastered the art of being gracious, or natural diffidence needs to be overcome.

"Oh, how I envy you your ability to chat so freely with every one you meet," sometimes says to me a woman whom I have never suspected of the least desire to be pleasing. "Do tell me how you do it!" "Do it? Why I just exert myself to do it. I know people enjoy being spoken to, they like to have me interested when they tell me something that has annoyed them or given them pleasure, and so, for the time being, I am theirs. I feel, too, as if one should not be found in a social company unless one is willing to contribute to the general sociability."

"Well, I wish I could succeed as you do, but"—with a sigh—"I never can express myself."

"But try," I urge. "Perhaps you will not need to say so very much. A few words pleasantly directed to your neighbor will often start her upon a line of conversation in which you will only require to listen and reply occasionally. Be interested in her methods and learn from her how to do it yourself when you have need."

A few women have a certain pride in failing to please these they address. They like to tell plain facts, to contradict the statements of others, and to say in excuse, if some one's feelings are obviously hurt, "Oh, it is my way. You must not mind me. I never mince matters." To such obscurers of the social sunshine I would recommend a severe course of training in the art of saying pleasant things, with a heavy forfeit to pay for every slip of the tongue into its old evil ways. We have no right in this life of ours to wilfully say what will wound another, and it is difficult for even the most philosophical among us to escape the smart that follows the speech of the woman who "always tells the truth" as she sees it.

#### A Camphor Bottle.

One who is in delicate health or is subject to fainting spells, should never travel without a camphor bottle. A convenient one for the pocket is one of the small flat bottles in which soda mints are put up. These have a top that screws on, and one of the larger sizes will hold sufficient for any emergency.

Cover it with chamois cut in two pieces, following the outline of the bottle, but making it about a quarter of an inch larger every way.

Then punch small eyelet holes around each piece of chamois ex-



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cept across the neck, and lace them together over the bottle with baby ribbon. Cut a narrow strip of chamois and wind it around the neck of the bottle, fastening it with a double knot, and leaving two short ends, which may be pointed or rounded to look like a small bow.

This little bottle can be easily carried in the hand or slipped into the pocket, and the chamois will prove a great protection against its being broken.

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