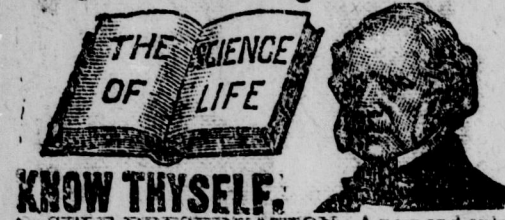


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### The Way of the World.

Oh, he was poor, and I was poor; So, though I was fair, I had scarce a wooer. But he said the sheen of my golden hair Was brighter than gold, he would come here. And no jewels, I thought, could ever shine The light of his eyes when they looked into mine. But the world had taught us its cold, stern rules. We knew it would mock us and call us fools.

So he chose for himself another bride To return in his home, to walk at his side. Of gold and silver brought him a goodly store. Of gold and silver, but ah, what more? I go clad in velvet, and he in rags. And my rich old lord roasts his eyes on me. And the world applauds; we have followed its rules. But our own hearts mock us and whisper "Fools!"

—David N. Brooks.

### A DUAL LIFE.

Florence had been a little puzzled and a good deal distressed by the sudden indisposition and sudden departure of the guest whom she had been so glad to welcome and so delighted to recognize as the lovely woman who had made such an impression upon her long ago at the Plymouth photographer's. The change from the undisguised liking with which Mrs. Phillips-Twysden had regarded her at first, to the barely concealed aversion which marked Mrs. Phillips-Twysden's manner after her recovery from her brief faintness, struck Florence as being capricious and almost insolently ill-bred.

"I never want to see Mrs. Phillips-Twysden in my house again, Jack," she exclaimed when her husband came home rather late for dinner that evening. "I have so much to tell you, I hardly know where to begin. In the first place an awful thing has happened; some one has stolen your photographs, every one of them." She paused in anger, for he had thrown himself back into his chair, and was laughing loudly, "artificially," she thought.

"Poor little woman, have I given you a fright?" he said presently. Then he told her that "for a joke" he had hidden his photographs, and affected to be very much amused at the anxiety she had undergone. "I fail to see the joke," she said, coldly, when he affected to recover himself; you have caused me to be unjust to the servants, for I accused them of carelessness, if not worse, and declared they must have left the doors open and have allowed thieves to get into the house. I am not a child, Jack—the joke was unworthy of you."

"Don't be cross, my darling," he said, becoming gravely patient in a moment. "I won't make a fool of myself in that way again. Forgive me, and let me enjoy my dinner. We have not much time to spend over it, for I've got stalls for the Bernard Beere to-night."

"Oh, I have wanted to see her in that place so much," she said, eagerly, forgetting her indignation at having been fooled, at the prospect of seeing a play that was the talk of the town in those days. But just listen, Jack, I want to tell you. Mrs. Raymont brought her friend Mrs. Phillips-Twysden and a dear little boy—such a duck of a chap, I wish you had seen him. And at first Mrs. Phillips-Twysden was as nice as possible, but the heat made her faint or ill or something, and then she got almost rudely impatient to be off. She walked off in such a hurry that she forgot to say good-bye to me."

"Indeed! what upset her?" he forced himself to ask. "I don't know, unless it was the scent of the flowers. I have a lot of tuberoses and gardenias on the mantel-piece and all about the room. By the way, there's the bill; the flowers came to more than I thought they would. I meant to have made a floral shrine for your big porcelain portraits, you know. I wanted to show you to my visitors. As it was, the only likeness I could find of you was the one I have in my locker."

His lips felt curiously dry; he could hardly compel them to ask: "And did you exhibit that to your guests?" "Indeed I did—" "Good God!" he ejaculated. "Then her look of amazed consternation recalling him to himself, he added: "The amount of your flower bill staggered me, my darling. Five pounds for a few flowers for your drawing-room is rather a large order."

"Oh, is that all?" she frightened me so, she said, sighing with relief. I won't be so extravagant again. "No wonder your visitor fainted, or whatever she did," he went on, agitatedly. The atmosphere must have been sickening. We mustn't loiter about now, darling. I'll smoke my cigarette while you are putting on your cloak, and we will start at once. I do not want to miss the first scene."

### CHAPTER XXX.

"SHE IS BLAMELESS."

When Mr. Phillips-Twysden found that his wife had spared him, even though she must have recognized his likeness in the locket which poor Florence had so proudly exhibited, his first emotion was one of profound admiration for the self-control displayed by the woman whom he had deserted.

This phase of feeling quickly passed, however, and was succeeded by one of nervous apprehension and doubt of the integrity of Violet's motive. Perhaps she was only making a feint of resignation and forbearance. Probably she only acted in this way to lure him on, and to inveigle Florence into further intimacy in order the more effectually to overthrow and confound the latter, and irrevocably disgrace himself. It would be only a fair and just reprisal if she did this, he admitted to himself. But yet it would not be like Violet to act basely, even for the sake of justly punishing a gross offender. "Somebody comforted by this remembrance of her character, he went on to per-

suade himself that her beastly pride would be his surest safeguard. She will never let the world know that I preferred another woman to her, so she will wink at the wickedness rather than let it be known that I got weary of her. Still, though he argued himself into the belief that Violet would endure her wrongs in silence and never expose him, he dreaded nothing so much as the possibility of meeting her face to face. He pictured her face with its expression of sadness and scorn. He framed a hundred speeches for her—strong, burning words of reproach and wrath, and fancied he heard her uttering them. He almost saw the action with which she would withdraw his little son from his contaminating influence.

And as the picture grew on the canvas of imagination he talked fast and rather incoherently to Florence in a vain attempt to blot it out. He longed for the play that night. He longed for the distraction to his somber, sorrowful, remorseful, thoughts, which would be mercifully given him by the powerful acting of Mrs. Bernard Beere. Above all, he longed for the period of easy silence which would be his portion while all Florence's attention was being given to the stage. To be able to sit and brood over his sins and the complications in which these had involved him, seemed a restful prospect now to the unhappy, short-sighted fool, who had wrecked three lives that had been launched under the false auspices.

"I will forget, and be happy for to-night at least," was the substance of his thoughts as he jumped out of the hansom at the door of the theatre and helped Florence down.

To be continued.

### ON THE BIAS.

WAIL OF A WOMAN.

Oh, when that servant first with me Her situation said, She really didn't know enough To go in when it rained. I taught her how to sweep the floor. And over her fallows with the food I wept and fumed and raved, For months with unremitting toil I hoped to be advised. Until with triumph I could say I had her civilized. And now that she has learned it all, And I to hope begin, She'll "soon be after layin' me." She tells me with a grin. My cheerfulness has disappeared. My heart is full of pain. I can't and won't go over that Curriculum again. Oh, teach the orphan boy to read. The orphan girl to sew! But train another servant girl? I answer faintly "No." For if I do then peace and I Will daily be at odds. So to the mammoth storage place I'll send my household goods. To keep a school for serving maids; I really can't afford. Farewell to all the joys of home, For we shall go and board! —New York Recorder.

### NATURALLY.

Querious—What is Miss Autuma's opinion of valentines?  
 Calicus—She doesn't think they make as nice ones as they used to years ago.

### HOW NICE IT WILL BE.

Lavinia—Yes, James and I are to become partners for life.  
 Mable—And you will be the senior partner. How sweet!

### GETTING SQUARE.

I mailed her such a valentine  
 I'm sure she will resent it.  
 But still this consolation's mine,  
 She doesn't know I sent it.

### DAMAGED.

Artist—I suppose you're joking to offer a nippence for a picture like this. Why the canvas cost a shilling.

### AN OPEN SECRET.

She—If so much was to be gained by it why didn't he make a secret of his marriage?

### HE DECIDED IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.

You see the girl was bound to be in it.

### GOT THERE LATE.

He took her to the matinee.  
 And they were two hours late  
 because she went back fourteen times  
 To put her hat on straight.

### WHY SHE CRIED.

"What was Helen crying about, Polly?" asked Polly's mamma, as the little one came in from the playground.

"She dug a great hole in the garden, and her mamma would not let her take it in the house with her."

### TOO THIRSTY TO TALK.

"I notice that your husband has never much to say in the morning when he has been out late at night," said the wife's mother.

"No," was the reply of the wife, "he's num then, extra dry."

### A BASE ADVANTAGE.

An angular maiden named Ann  
 Fell in love with an architect man,  
 But they had a big row.  
 And she's suing him now.  
 For he used her for making a plan.

### A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

Mrs. Strongmind—Why don't you go to work?  
 Tramp—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow twenty years ago that I'd never do another stroke of work until women was paid the same wages as men.

### INTRODUCTION.

Over the ice reverberating.  
 We were indolently skating.  
 Past each other off we glided;  
 She felt shy, and I think I did.

And I fondly wished I knew her.  
 When I got a knockdown to her.

Suddenly—no words were spoken  
 But I'm sure the ice was broken.

### THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD!

A Greater one in Our Own Land—Thousands Have Found It and are Full of Admiration!

The seven wonders of the world, which are the Egyptian Pyramids, the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, and the Pharos or watchtower of Alexandria never created the wonder, surprise and admiration which Paine's Celery Compound has occasioned.

Many of the old time wonders are crumbling away owing to age and decay. Paine's Celery Compound will ever stand while suffering exists in the world. The old-time wonders never benefited diseased men and women; Paine's Celery Compound ever with us to heal and renew life.

Reader, this remedy is a truly wonderful blessing; it will bless your life if you are a sufferer from disease; it can make you whole and sound. Have you tried its mighty curative powers? If not, decide at once; do not delay its use if you value your life.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred complaints who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

## MEDICAL NOTES.

A sanitary inspector learned that a man had been taken ill in a lodging house, and upon going to the place found that the man was so stupid that he could give no account of himself and seemed to be drunk. It turned out, when a doctor was brought in, that the man was stricken with typhus fever. Every physician is familiar with the fact that, in most cases of typhus, there is marked stupor throughout its course. The sufferer often lies in apparent somnolency, and when aroused has a stupid, besotted expression of countenance, with a low, muttering delirium. An inexperienced person may endanger his own life by handling the sufferer as if he were drunk.

The greatest trouble encountered by dispensary physicians and surgeons is to keep charging patients from disobeying orders and dosing themselves with quack medicines. "It is astonishing how these people act," says the head of a hospital staff. "They come here and get expert treatment for nothing and medicine thrown in. Then they go home and somebody advises them to take Bolus's Balm for unguished liver, or McWindle's Celebrated Ointment for the cure of all diseases, and they will do it. There is nothing that a physician dreads so much as to treat a case in a house where there is an old woman, for he is hardly out of the door before she goes at the patient with blisters and plasters, and nearly drowns him with 'yarb' tea. The patient perhaps dies and we get the blame."

There are several diseases by which people may be suddenly prostrated, the symptoms of which may lead even policemen to suppose that the sufferers from them are in a state of drunkenness. A very short time ago an officer made a serious mistake in a case of the kind. He caught sight of a man who was acting queerly in the street. The man staggered, reeled up against a lamp post, and then tumbled into the gutter. The officer rushed up to arrest the prostrate toper, who looked like a respectable citizen. He ordered him to get up, tapped him with his billy, and nudged him to his feet, saw that he could not stand, and after much trouble had him in the station house. In a few moments the man spoke, looked around, stood straight, and came to a realizing sense of his situation just in time to save himself from a night in a cell. The unfortunate man is an epileptic, or rather subject to occasional attacks of an epileptoid kind, and it was one of these attacks that the officer had mistaken for drunkenness. There are yet other diseases with symptoms resembling those of intoxication. Every policeman ought to know something of them.

Experiments made with cholera germs since last year's Hamburg epidemic have brought out some facts that should be remembered. In Munich, Dr. Kettner has been experimenting on himself by swallowing a portion of a fresh culture of the comma bacillus, which caused nothing worse than moderate choleraic symptoms lasting about a week. No doubt the bacteria swallowed were the real comma bacilli. But their failure in this case to kill merely proves that some persons are relatively cholera-proof. Had a hundred other persons taken half as much of the cholera poison as the Munich professor did it is pretty certain that more than fifty per cent of the number would have died of the Asiatic plague. This experiment may, nevertheless, be useful in disarming people of a superstitious and inordinate dread of cholera. Still more encouraging are the results of Dr. Sternberg's experiments with cholera cultures from cases occurring at New York Quarantine last autumn. He found that bacilli cultures put in the sunlight without moisture survived only four hours, and in the dark only forty-eight hours; that moist air, and especially cholera sprillum rendered its vitality eight days, but on the tenth it became dry and could not be propagated. The tests showed that the disinfection of merchandise and mails is unnecessary, provided they were dry when shipped. In ordinary milk the spirilla lived only twenty-four hours, but in sterilized milk—from which the antagonistic bacteria that kill the cholera germ have been removed—they lived nine days. These and other results indicate that the liability and actual spread of the cholera infection have been generally much exaggerated, and hence that the problem of coping with an epidemic by disinfection at quarantine stations is not as formidable as nervous people imagine.

### The Tea Table.

A pretty bouquet of summer flowers, a nice china set with the fragrant aroma of the finest Ceylon tea coming from every cup, some good bread and creamery butter, and a plate covered with nice light tea biscuits baked with Pure Gold Baking Powder is sufficient to make the rich as well as the poor rejoice and be thankful.

There are cats and cats. Some of them are more useless than the average dog about a poor man's yard. It does not pay to keep cats in the house by a warm stove all the winter, any more than it pays for the farmer to keep himself there. If cats are left to earn their living they will thrive just as well, and do work that the farmer cannot otherwise get done in clearing the place of mice and other small vermin.

Now is the time. In this the season of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and other throat and lung complaints, it is well to be provided with a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which effectually cures all such diseases, and that very promptly and pleasantly. Price 25c and 50c. Sold by all druggists.

The habit of sheep in always following their leader makes the jumping habit easy to acquire and hard to cure. Even a parrot will not teach them caution, perhaps because their wool rather than their skin is caught and torn by the barbs. The safest way is not to lead sheep into temptation by poor fences. Better no fence at all and a shepherd dog than a poor fence for sheep.

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give a sample and return the bottle. The medicine is sold in large bottles, 50c and \$1.

The waste of manure piles are better understood and more regarded than they used to be. We have often in boyhood days seen piles of manure under the eaves or at the corners of the barn where all the water from the roof would fall on them. All that was soluble in such manure is lost before it is thrown on the land, and often it is not worth throwing far.

If you are despondent, low-spirited, irritable and peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt in your stomach, with a morbid taste in the mouth, and a general feeling of depression, try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia, Mr. R. H. Dawson, St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of Vegetable Discovery entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases. I now feel like a new man."

## Women of Irritable Temper.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal.

It is like living in a den of snarling animals to live with a person who has this sort of temper. Many an Eden is destroyed by it, while the possessor prides himself upon being a good Christian and doing his whole duty by his family. Yet, if the soup lacks a little salt, or contains a little too much pepper, if a meal is a moment delayed, if a child is noisy in its mirth, if a drawer sticks or a door slams, or a chair creaks, each trifling calls forth an exhibition of disagreeable temper, which ruins the comfort and peace of the household for an hour. Many a woman is addicted to this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most devoted wife and mother in the world. Yet if she is obliged to delay her dinner for any member of the family, if she is called from one task to perform another, if the children scatter their playthings or leave their schoolbooks in the parlor, she indulges in such petulant scolding that a gloom settles over the whole household. She would consider it no difficult thing to die for that household, if it were demanded of her. But to control her irritable temper is a task too great to demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed, and the children grow up eager to get out of the home where everything is uncomfortable, and the parents wonder why all their sacrifices are so poorly appreciated, why their children, for whom they have toiled and saved, seem to care so little about their home, and why they seem so anxious to seek pleasures elsewhere.

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