

SIXES AND SEVENS.

'My last day at Oxford,' sighed Mrs. Romer as she lay back in the punt and put up her parasol. 'Isn't it a shame, Mr. Elsworth, that I have to go away on the first day of the 'eights'?' Elsworth of Exeter, having moored the punt carefully, turned and sat down opposite Mrs. Romer, nursing his knees. 'Beastly shame,' he said, with gloom in his voice. 'But must you go?' 'Positively must,' replied Mrs. Romer, shifting her parasol and looking at her companion round the edges. 'We've got to go to a dinner party to-morrow night in town, and a theatre and dance the next night, and—O—something or other every night till the end of the season. But you're coming to see us in town, aren't you?' 'You promised, you know,' Elsworth dug his heel into the floor of the punt. 'You won't have any time to spare for me in town—like up here, you know,' he said, gloomily. Then, more cheerfully: 'We've seen a lot of each other the last week, haven't we? Seems as though we'd known each other for—any amount of time.' Mrs. Romer shifted her parasol again in order to watch an eight paddling down to the starting point at Millers. 'They look such nice, clean, wholesome boys,' she said. 'That's what I like so about Oxford. All the boys look as though—well—as though they had a bath every morning. What boat is that?' 'O, that's the House—Christ Church, I mean. But let's—' 'And who is that at the end of the boat?' 'That's Barclay; he's stroke, you know; awful outsider.' 'He looks nice,' said Mrs. Romer, following the boat with her eyes. 'But, I say,' said Elsworth, 'can't you cut the dinner party and stay on? We could have such a awfully good time.' Mrs. Romer turned her eyes to Elsworth and shook her head. 'I'm to be carried off by main force tonight,' she said. 'You see, my husband is coming on from Birmingham this afternoon to pick me up, and we positively must go to town by the last train.' Mrs. Romer leaned back on her cushions and sighed. 'But you're not smoking, Mr. Elsworth?' she said. 'I don't mind your smoking you know.' 'I don't want to smoke,' said Elsworth. 'I say,' he continued, after a pause, 'we've had a ripping good time this last week, haven't we?' 'I've enjoyed myself immensely,' said Mrs. Romer. 'Everybody has been so kind. The Pettwhicks are charming people, and let me do just as one likes, and—' 'Yes,' said Elsworth. 'I shall always be grateful to the Pettwhicks.' 'And you have simply devoted yourself to me—an old married woman like me, too?' 'What?' said Elsworth. 'Who, I don't believe you're more than—than a year or two older than I am.' 'Ah, but I am,' Mrs. Romer sighed, shifting her parasol again, and turned towards the river. 'Wasn't that the gun?' she asked. 'Doesn't that mean that the race is starting?' 'No; that's only the first gun,' said Elsworth. 'But never mind the race; let's talk about—I mean—I want to tell you—' 'Don't be silly,' said Mrs. Romer, sitting up and looking with great interest down the course. 'Of course, I mind about the race. That's just what I've come to see.' 'I believe you are offended with me,' said Elsworth, gloomily. 'I suppose I deserve it. I'd have begged your pardon last night only I thought you didn't seem to mind, you know.' 'Mind?' said Mrs. Romer, turning towards Elsworth; 'mind what? I thought you were particularly nice last night.' 'Then, you weren't offended—really?' 'Why should I be offended?' 'At what—what I did?' 'Why, Mr. Elsworth, what did you do?' Elsworth turned a puzzled face to Mrs. Romer for a moment. Then, picking a bit of fluff carefully from the knee of his flannels, 'I mean,' he said, 'I mean when I kissed you.' 'O!' said Mrs. Romer. 'I'm awfully sorry if it annoyed you, but I did.' Elsworth looked up boldly at Mrs. Romer, whose eyes wandered vaguely round the horizon. Her eyebrows lifted. 'I don't remember,' she said. 'Don't you remember,' pursued Elsworth, 'when we were standing last night—after supper at Brandon's—looking into the gardens? I was just behind you—quite close—and—' 'Yes?' said Mrs. Romer, quite gently, as her eyes came to rest upon Elsworth's face, which was still bent on the knee of his flannels. 'Well, I couldn't help it, you know. But you know, didn't you?' 'I did not,' said Mrs. Romer. 'I hadn't the least idea. And I can't understand—' 'I'm awfully sorry—really,' said Elsworth. 'Mrs. Romer watched him in silence for a few moments as he plucked at the knee of his flannels. Then her brow wrinkled a little. 'Why are you so sorry?' she asked. 'Because I'm sure you are angry; now aren't you?' Mrs. Romer reflected, rubbing the handle of her parasol gently against her cheek. 'Well, you see,' she said, after a pause, 'after all, I didn't know.' 'But supposing you had known said Elsworth, looking suddenly up at her. 'It would never have happened,' said Mrs. Romer, firmly. 'There was silence for a few moments, Elsworth looking moodily across the river to the towing path, where the town-folk stood to view the races, and undergraduates were hurrying down to run with the boats. Mrs. Romer looked reflectively at Elsworth. 'I don't think it was very nice of you, Mr. Elsworth,' she said, 'to do—to do that sort of thing without my knowing it. Why did you do it?' 'There didn't seem to be any—any other

way,' replied Elsworth. Then meeting Mrs. Romer's eyes, he said: 'But you needn't laugh at a man. It's rough.' 'I'm not laughing,' said Mrs. Romer. 'I'm very much annoyed.' 'But you said you weren't angry,' said Elsworth. 'You haven't told me why you did it,' said Mrs. Romer. 'And there's another gun. That's the start, isn't it?' 'I couldn't help it,' said Elsworth. 'Don't you see, when a man sees you every day—talks to you—and—and all that, doesn't it stand to reason, Vi—I may call you Violet?' 'Certainly not,' said Mrs. Romer. 'Why, I'm old enough to be your mother—very nearly.' 'O, rot!' said Elsworth. 'You look awfully young and—jolly.' Mrs. Romer shook her head. 'I put my complexion on every morning,' she said. 'I don't believe it,' said Elsworth. 'And I dye my hair,' continued Mrs. Romer. 'I don't care,' said Elsworth. 'And I—I'm married,' said Mrs. Romer. Elsworth returned to the obdurate bit of fluff on his knee. 'I suppose,' he said, slowly, 'that does matter.' Elsworth looked up straight into Mrs. Romer's eyes. 'You are laughing,' he protested. 'It's beastly rough on a chap.' The shouts of the spectators on the banks, on the barges, and in the boats grew in volume; a bell clanged—the signal from the bank that a boat was within bumping distance of another. Excited men tore along the towing-path with rattles, and shouted the names of their colleges in encouragement as the eights came up the course. But Elsworth heard none of these things. He heard only the laughter that bubbled from the lips of Mrs. Romer. 'Oh, you absurd boy!' she said. 'There! Exeter has made a bump, and you haven't even cheered!' 'I wasn't thinking of the races,' said Elsworth. 'A man doesn't think of things like that when he's—' 'We ought to be getting back,' said Mrs. Romer, as she watched the eights paddling back from the winning-post to their respective barges. Elsworth unmoored the punt and began punting up stream. After a stroke or two he stopped, and trailing the pole in the water behind him, said, 'I suppose I mustn't come and see you—now.' 'Why not?' said Mrs. Romer. 'I was hoping to see a lot of you when you came up to town—or down,' you call it don't you?' 'You mean it?' said Elsworth. 'Because of course, of course, I should be—only the thought perhaps—after what has happened—' 'What has happened?' 'I mean—after last night, and—and what I've said to-day—but I couldn't help it, you know, but I thought you might find a little awkward my meeting—' 'O! there's Dick on the barge,' said Mrs. Romer. She waved a welcoming parasol, and a lifted straw hat on the Exeter barge identified (Mr. Romer. Elsworth punted alongside, and was forthwith introduced to Mr. Romer. Mrs. Romer held Elsworth's hand a moment at parting. 'You mustn't,' she said, 'take it too seriously—what I said.' 'You mean—about—about minding?' 'No,' laughed Mrs. Romer, 'about my hair, and so on. Good-by. We shall see you in town.' 'Good-looking boy,' said Mr. Romer, as he walked up through Christ church meadows with his wife. 'Isn't he?' said Mrs. Romer. Then, looking sideways up at her husband, she proceeded, 'And O! Dick, what do you think? He's in love with me—awfully in love, poor boy.' 'What, another. Really Vi, the Public Prosecutor ought to take you up.' 'And—Dick—he kissed me?' 'O, Vi, come—' began Mr. Romer. 'It was such an absurd little kiss—on my back hair. I could scarcely feel it. And I couldn't laugh at it, because—because, of course, he thought I didn't know.' 'And now he's so miserable,' began Mr. Romer; 'it he—' 'O, don't be logical, Dick. You don't mind, Dick, do you?' 'Mind,' said Mr. Romer, selecting a cigar from his case. 'Of course not—if he doesn't.' They walked on for a little in silence, Mr. Romer puffing at his cigar. 'Well,' he said at length, 'you're very serious, Vi. What are you thinking of?' The silly boy? 'Stupid old Dick,' said Mrs. Romer, glancing at her husband. 'I was thinking of you. You are so sensible, Dick—so horrible sensibly.'—The Ludgate.

KEEP CLOSE WATCH!

Look to it that you are well guarded against that stealthy Enemy, Kidney Disease—South American Kidney Cure is the only remedy which will relieve at once and cure.

Michael McMullin of Chesley, writes: 'I had been troubled with gravel and kidney disease for eight years. At times the pain became severe I could not lie in one position for any length of time. I took South American Kidney Cure according to directions. I got immediate relief. The soreness and weakness all left. I can testify to the remedy being a wonderful cure.' This stealthy enemy will not quit you by using pills. It must be a kidney specific—a liquid that will dissolve all the hard substances and carry them off through nature's channel. South American does this. It is a liquid and never fails to cure.

Fond Alive with Goldfish.

Ferdinand Marker, a prosperous farmer at Malvern, near Canal Dover, Ohio, has a novel feature on his land in a pond of large area which is literally alive with goldfish. Several years ago he placed two in the pond and these have multiplied until there seems to be millions of them.

NEAL DOW'S CLOSE CALL.

Story Told by the Rebel who Captured him in the war.

Col. Allen D. Chandler, Georgia's Secretary of State, was a mountain school-master at the breaking out of the civil war, but he comes of fine old Irish ancestry, and the opportunity to lay aside the rod of correction and take the shillelah of war was too much for the doughty pedagogue, and he raised a company and offered his services to the Confederate Government and soon rose to the rank of Colonel of the regiment. His command was stationed in north Georgia in 1863 to assist in stopping the advance of the Federals, but he was detailed to take command of the post at Jackson, Miss., and was there during the summer of that memorable year, when hard fighting was going on around Vicksburg, and the Confederate and Union forces were struggling for supremacy in Mississippi.

'One morning bright and early,' said he, while indulging in some reminiscences the other day, 'a planter from down near Hazlehurst, Miss., called at headquarters and asked to see me privately. Taking him into my private office, he disclosed the fact that there was a Union General who had been severely wounded around Vicksburg stopping in his neighborhood [at the house of a Union sympathizer, and he offered to pilot me to the house if I wished to effect his capture.]

'It was too good an opportunity to be missed, and, taking a posse of six men, I proceeded to the little town of Hazlehurst, which was the last Confederate outpost on the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad that remained in possession of the Confederate forces.

'We arrived at Hazlehurst late at night, and with the planter to guide us started on the march over roads so abominable that we could hardly pick our way in the darkness. There was no conveyance of any kind to be procured, and we had to foot it through the fields and woods for seven miles before we reached our destination.

'The planter pointed out the house to us, and remained in the background himself, so that he might not incur the enmity of his Unionist neighbors, and we quietly surrounded the house and I knocked for admittance. It was not until after he was convinced escape was impossible that the Unionist agreed to surrender his guest, and the latter came out into the struggling light of the early dawn, with his arm in a sling.

'I asked him his name and rank and he informed me that he was Neal Dow, holding the rank of Brigadier-General in the Union army. I told him that he must consider himself a prisoner of war, and we started on the return journey to Hazlehurst. My prisoner proved to be an elderly man of commanding presence and possessed of more than the average intelligence, and our acquaintance progressed rapidly.

'When we arrived at Jackson I consigned him to the most comfortable room in the building which I had appropriated as a military prison. It had been the former office of the Flag of the Union, a red-hot Unionist newspaper, whose publisher had decamped when the Confederates took possession of the town, and the name of the newspaper still appeared on the front of the two-story wooden building in flaming letters.

'The only entrance to the second story was by an outside stairway, so that one sentinel could easily prevent the escape of prisoners confined above, and in that part I placed my distinguished prisoner. I visited him every day and carried him such newspapers as fell into my hands, and we discussed the merits of the two sides of the question quite freely.

'We soon became the best of friends, and it was with genuine regret that I started with him to Richmond, where he was to be consigned to Castle Thunder as a prisoner of war. I was accompanied by 'Coon' Mitchell, a little music teacher, who had wandered into the ranks of the Confederate army along with all the rest of that strangely assorted assemblage of warriors.

'One night in August we started, and when we reached Montgomery, Ala., we went to the old National Hotel, where I secured a room. I had not been there long before I noticed that a mob was collecting in front of the hotel, and pretty soon the proprietor of the hotel appeared and with trembling lips warned me that I had better take measures to protect my prisoner, as the mob was gathering with avowed intention of taking him out and hanging him to a lamp post.

'It seemed that a number of Pensacola men, mostly Spaniards, had refuged to Montgomery, and as Gen. Dow had been in command at Pensacola during its occupation by the Union forces, they were greatly incensed against him and accused them of robbing them of their personal property, some of them even claiming that he had stolen their silver spoons. Of course, I put no credence in the charges, but the point was to defend my prisoner from the violence of that angry and irresponsible mob, so I set for Col. Bibb, who was in command of the post.

'On his arrival we went down and harangued the crowd and pleaded with them not to

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cast such a stain on the government and on the city by such an act of violence against all the rules of civilized warfare. After much pleading he succeeded in dispersing the citizens of Montgomery, who had assembled to assist in the execution. But the Spaniards from Pensacola were not so easily dissuaded from their purpose. They continued to fill up on mean whiskey, and in a short time they began gathering in front of the hotel again, and Col. Bibb and the proprietor of the hotel advised me to get my prisoner out of the city as soon as possible.

'I learned that the next train for Atlanta would leave at 4 o'clock in the morning, so that I must do something to avert the tragedy and keep my prisoner safe from harm until train time. Gen. Dow remained perfectly cool and self-possessed, although suffering from the wound made by a bullet which had passed through the fleshy portion of his right arm, and did not appear at all disconcerted by the danger that menaced him.

'Leaving the hotel by a back door, we picked our way carefully through the garden, and slipping through a gate into a unfrequented alley, we made our way to the railway yards. Locating the mixed train which was to pull out at 4 o'clock, I obtained permission to enter a box car, and, folding our blankets, we lay down on the floor of the car, having securely fastened the door, and awaited the time of leaving.

'In all my war experience I never passed such an anxious night as that, and I never felt safe until we had passed the outskirts of the city and were speeding away toward Atlanta as fast as steam could carry us. When I arrived here I turned Gen. Dow over to 'Coon' Mitchell, feeling that all danger was past, and he accompanied the prisoner to Richmond and turned him over to the authorities there.

'I passed through many thrilling experiences during the war, but I was never in such a close place as I was that night in Montgomery, while in charge of the great temperance leader, who was afterwards to make such a world-wide reputation as the undaunted leader of the crusade against the liquor evil.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

IT DOESN'T PAY

TO PARLEY WITH RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatic joints, and aching limbs mean inability to work, and inability to work, for most people, means inability to gain a livelihood. So from that point of view it doesn't pay to parley with Rheumatism. Then there's another side of the question—the days of agony and suffering.

How many people are there whom Rheumatism compels to give up their occupation, and threw up a splendid position that it took them perhaps years to attain?

Mr. Thomas Warren, of 134 Strachan St., Hamilton, states under oath that he had to give up his situation in the shops of the 'Big Four R. R.' on account of Rheumatism. He tried mineral springs in Indiana and mud baths, but these did him so little good that he returned Home to Hamilton a cripple.

Then he started taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and four bottles have completely cured him. He feels fit to start to work now.

If he'd only known of Kootenay at the outset, how much time and money he would have saved, and how much suffering he would have escaped.

Mr. James Watson, living at 64 Florence Street, in the City of Hamilton, makes a sworn statement, he is employed as moulder in the Grand Trunk shops. He had Rheumatism so bad in his feet and knees that he could not work steadily. He says since taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure he has not felt a twinge of Rheumatism.

Now he can work every day, without the slightest suffering. Kootenay has put the Rheumatism to rout.

It will pay you if you are a victim of Rheumatism or Sciatica to investigate the merits of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. To parley with these diseases means loss of time, loss of money, loss of health.

Sworn statements of cures sent free on application to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

One bottle lasts over a month.

HE WAS NO GLASS-EATER.

He Swallowed the capsules and Complained of Their Heat.

It is not always easy to introduce modern improvements without a preliminary course of instruction for the people who are to benefit by them. Dr. James Hutcheson, a physician of much local renown in Lynbrook, Long Island, illustrates this fact by telling a story of one of his patients, who is a fisherman of great shrewdness, but small education.

One of the doctor's favorite prescriptions is compounded of one half capsicum and one half something else. Like many other country physicians, he dispenses most of his own medicines, and usually keeps a stock on hand of this particular compound, made into pills.

One day he wished to give some of it to the fisherman, but finding that his pills were all gone, he took the equivalent powders and packed them into two-grain capsules. These he handed to the patient,

with instructions to take two of them once in so often.

A few days later the man hailed him as he drove by his house. After a little chat, the doctor, seeing that he was better, asked if he had taken all the medicine.

'Oh yes, I took it just as you told me. But my, what hot stuff it is! I never tasted anything quite so hot as that was.'

'Yes, it is rather hot,' admitted the doctor, not caring to ask any questions, but wondering a little how the man found it out, and how he managed to swallow it if he really did get a good taste of the capsicum.

He was about to drive on when the fisherman said: 'Hold on a minute and I'll get them little bottles for you. They're no good to me,' and stepping into the house, he brought out the capsules, uninjured, but empty.

'Oh!' exclaimed the doctor, as a great light broke in on him. 'But why didn't you take the bottles and all, just as they were? That's what I meant you to do.'

'Not much!' said the fisherman. 'I don't know much about medicine, but you don't get no glass into my nards!'

THE TONE OF THE BELL.

Not Improved by the Use of Gold or Silver in the Bell Metal.

There is a general belief that the introduction of silver or gold in the casting of a bell assures for it a superior tone, but an expert in founding bells says in the Church Economist that such a belief is erroneous. He says that the best tone effect in bell metal is confined within very narrow limits for any so-called bell metal having more than 80 parts copper to 20 parts tin is too soft to produce the best quality of tone, while that having more tin than 23 parts in the 100 is much too brittle. There are bells in Europe whose clear tones were for many years credited to gold and silver that were supposed to have been added to the bell metal. An analysis was made not long ago of the metal in one of these bells, and it failed to show any trace of gold or silver. The old German bell founders used to make their bells of 80 parts copper to 20 parts tin. In the opinion of this expert the strongest and best toned bell is obtained from 79 parts copper and 21 parts tin.

'After the bell is drawn,' says the expert, 'two sweeps are made and adjusted to an upright spindle in the centre of an iron case or flask, the flask having perforations all over it. Over the surface of the flask is coated—wet—a layer of loam of equal and suitable thickness and baked. Then another layer is coated on and baked, and so on, layer after layer, until the proper shape, &c., is secured. There are two such iron moulding cases, one fitting over the other. The under one has the loam coating on its outer side, which has the inner shape of the proposed bell. The upper iron moulding case or flask has the outside shape of bell; this is let down over the under mould and carefully adjusted equally all around, leaving a space inside between the two moulds. The under flask is called 'core'. The upper or outer one is called 'case'. The space is filled up by the molten bell metal, which, when cooled is the bell. When the bell is taken out of the moulds it is polished, and then the hangers, tongue (or clapper) &c. fitted to the bell, and it receives a severe ringing test, partly to ascertain its tone and resonant quality, and to observe its mechanical excellence and adjustment. Then, if it appears to be good in all points, it is shipped to the purchaser. The making and shipping of a bell usually requires from ten to fifteen days in the smaller sizes. The larger sizes, i.e., from 1,500 pounds and heavier, requires more time. A peal of three or more bells requires from forty to ninety days time, while a chime of nine or more bells requires from three to six months.

'Any foundry can, of course, readily make any select nine ten bells in tune for a chime, but tune is one thing, tone is another.'

SCIATIC, OUCH!!!

Excruciating Pains—Have You Suffered Rheumatic or Sciatic Pains?—South American Rheumatic Cure will Relieve in 6 Hours and Cure.

'I suffered intensely with rheumatism and sciatica in my left hip. I tried a great many remedies and a number of physicians but they could do very little for me, only giving me at times a little temporary relief. I saw South American Rheumatic Cure advertised and decided to give it a trial. The first few doses benefited me wonderfully, and after taking only two bottles the pains disappeared, and there has been no return. I consider my cure a marvel, as I had been so bad for two years that had I been given the whole universe I could not lie on my left side.' E. Errett, Merrickville, Ont.