All teas look alike in a newspaper advertisement, but put them in your teapot and the superiority of Blue Ribbon is at once apparent.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I can act no other way. It will be at least honest," George says, thinking deeply, and not noticing her in the least. "I will write to your father at once, and then I shall have time to receive his letter before the expedition starts. It leaves London about the first of September, in three weeks' time."

"In three weeks' time!"

"Then, in that case, as you are leaving the country at once and we shall not meet again for two years or so," Gillian says, in a cold, decided tone, "of what use is it to inform my father of our acquaintance until your return?"

"Well—no, indeed, that is quite true," George admits, wavering. "It is of no use, as you say, Gillian, only it is scarcely honest or honorable to have either a tacit understanding between us."

"Let there be none," the girl interposes, with suppressed passion in her trembling voice. "There is no understanding. Let there be an end of it all."

"Certainly, if you say so, Miss Deane," George says, amazed and bitterly mortified and indignant as he rises to his feet. "You are but acting with worldly wisdom and prudence as you would act in a year or two hence, I dare say, and I——"

And then his diatribe ends suddenly, at the sight of the little, fair, white-robed figure, in the firelight by his hearth, with her head turned away, striving to conceal her tears with one trembling hand, whilst she is shaking with pitiful sobs.

"No, no, I won't say that, Gillian, my darling," he says, throwing himself on his knees beside her. "You said you loved me, my little wife. I can never leave you or forsake you now for all the fathers on earth."

"You won't go away from me?" she asks, eagerly, in tremulous hope and fear— "you won't go away from me for long, dreary years? I have nobody in the world but you."

"Then you shall have me, my sweetest," George says, fervently and recklessly, "and I will stay and devote my life to you, and even if we cannot marry for a couple of years we can meet each other sometimes and write to each other sometimes, unless your father is quite unrelenting, and so we shall be happier than if we were parted by thousands of miles, shall we not?"

"I sha'l" Gillian says, sorrowfully; "and when I am twenty-one, will you let me give you all my own money?"

"On condition you give me yourself with it," George replies, smiling brightly.

And, indeed, a man may be excused smiling pleasantly at the near prospect of twenty thousand pounds in excellent investments, and a fair, devoted young wife into the bargain.

"I will," Gillian whispers, hanging her head down.

And then George throws prudence and wisdom and restrictions to the winds for the time.

"Say, 'I will, dear George,' and stoop down and put your arm about my neck and give me a kiss. You have never kissed me yet, Gillian," he says, kneeling still, with his arms around her waist.

And the girl obeys him literally, trembling very much, and her pure, soft mouth burns like a fire as it touches his beneath the knightly growth that fringed his lips."

"I wil, dear George," she says.

They do not hear or do not heed a sound or the echo of a footstep, but suddenly a voice out of the gloom of the dark hall startles them excessively.

"If yeh plase, miss, Miss O'Naile's come from Mount Ossory a bit ago," Nelly says, keeping well out of sight, and talking around the edge of the half-open door in tones of suspiciously unconscious formality.

And then Mrs. Hagarty hears a low exclamation and a scramble, and her master's quick, loud step crossing the floor, and smothers herself with her apron.

"The crathurs! I've frightened the lives out ov 'em," she says, remorsefully, but shaking her fat shoulders in silent laughter.

"Pother her for an old nuisance," George mutters with savage ingratitude. "I believe she has been listening and spying on us all the time."

CHAPTER XX.

As has been stated before, Anne O'Neil's duties and occupations are of an extremely various and onerous nature.

The post of nurse and duenna to Miss Deane, at Darragh Castle, has been added to them of late, and pleasant a sinecure as it is possible she may find this post, with the gentle girl who welcomes her cold companionship with loving cordiality, that it is a trying one to her health and spirits no one who saw Anne O'Neil, as she returns to Mount Ossory on the following afternoon, would be likely to deny.

She toils wearily up the stairs, pallid, hollow-eyed, tired-looking, with the agreeable consciousness of having to set to work immediately on a dinner-dress of Lady Damer's, which she is to wear that evening, and which requires alteration. It is there ready for her on the table in her work-room—a small room adjoining her ladyship's dressing-room—a pile of black silk and black lace, and "old gold" and crimson ribbons, and the sewing-machine and the work-basket all waiting ostentatiously ready for her; hot and fatigued from her walk in the August afternoon, wearied by her own perplexed and miserable thoughts worse than all.

She flings off her bonnet and cape on the nearest chair, and sees them tumble on the floor with a reckless indifference which she seldom permits to herself.

There are a few moments of solitary peace before her ere she must begin her work, and burying her face in her hands amongst Lady Damer's silk and lace, she groans aloud in sick despair of herself, her life, and everything belonging to it.

"I wish I could die!" she says slowly, with a tearless sob, and then suddenly starts up with frightened eyes and a white scared face, at the sound of some one in the room with her.

A deep easy chair in the window with its back turned towards her has hidden him from sight—Lady Damer's nephew, Captain Lacy, who with a set pale face and startled eyes for his own part, is standing close beside, looking at her.

"What is it, Anne? What is the matter?" he says in a hurried undertone.

"I did not imagine you came into the needlewoman's room for your afternoon's lounge, Captain Lacy!" Anne replies with frigid rebuke and assumed indifference, a little belied by her quick breathing and the crimson spot that starts on her pale cheek, as she just glances at him, and rapidly begins to unfold the silk dress, and to put the sewing machine into working gear.

"No nonsense! Anne! what is it?" he urges in a low tone still, drawing nearer. "Is anything the matter with you? She is downstairs with old Mrs. Blake, who called and is sure to stay an hour," he adds in a whisper. "I came up here on purpose to see you and to ask you what you know or have discovered——"

His sentence remains unfinished, as Anne looks up at him suddenly, a flame of scorn lighting up her face and transforming it into a handsome fury.

"Nothing," she says, with a fierce sneering laugh that shows all her white, even teeth. "Do you hear me? Nothing! I have played dupe, and fool, and Judas for the last time for you, or for any one!"

He retreats a step or two involuntarily, in angry alarm.

"What are you talking about? You were never dupe, or fool, or Judas for me!" he says, thickly. "I've never tried to make you so, at all events! You chose to mark out a certain line of conduct for yourself when you resented my behavior to you. I do not blame you—I never did. I know I was a brute and a scoundrel to you!"

"What unflattering names you bestow on an elegant person!" Anne sneers, carefully measuring lengths of ribbon. "One would really consider your manner

"'Had not that repose
Which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere.'"

Why, you are speaking 'certain truths' and 'bitter words' like the vulgar woman in the poem!"

"Anne, don't begin sneering and scoffing at me!" Lacy says, hoarsely. "You have a merciless tongue, and a merciless temper, and I am all in the wrong, and humbled forever in your sight, and you take a cruel advantage of it!"

"Poor, injured gentleman!" she laughs, tauntingly. "Because I refuse, absolutely refuse, to play liar and traitress for you any longer, I am taking a cruel advantage of you! Very well! I am. Reproach me, if you please. It will amuse me whilst I run the lace on these flounces."

Bingham Lacy drags his carefully curled moustache savagely through his fingers, as if he would pull it out by the roots and his cold, gray eyes glitter with suppressed rage.

"I never thought you would turn on me and fail me, whoever did," he says, trying to emulate her composure and indifference of tone. "I thought we had said all that could be said to each other long ago, and you agreed in the most cold-blooded prudence that you would help me in a strait of this kind, because we had agreed you could help me in no other way. I want money desperately, and you knew it then, and you know it now, as you know more of my affairs than any one in the world—even myself. I believe you know I am in debt and keeping away from my creditors and Jews, and—deuce knows what—"

"The deuce—as you call him—may: I don't," Anne interposes with an icy smile, and her deft fingers, knitting lip ribbon bows as if she had no other care, in life. "The tradesmen that are tired of your debts and the money-lending Jews I do know about, as well as your aunt, Lady Jeannette does. I know of nothing else."

"Isn't that bad enough?" Lacy demands, angrily. "You're like all the women! Turn on a man as soon as he is down, and say, 'I told you so!'"

Anne makes no reply, and seems absorbed in tacking lace on the edge of the flounces.

"You know well enough how desperate my circumstances are," he continues, resentfully, looking at her quiet employment, "and nothing remained to me but the desperate and unpleasant remedy of marrying for money."

Anne's dark brows elevate themselves slowly.

"An honorable man seldom hesitates in seizing even a 'desperate and unpleasant remedy' in order to ameliorate his position," she says, sententiously, with the air of one quoting some trite copy-book morality.

Lacy's pale, delicate face colors darkly, and the veins rise up in his temples.

"That's right, Miss O'Neil. Sharpen the points of a few more barbed taunts," he says, laughing, bitterly. "I am not deserving of your consideration, I know well; but until to-day you have not been quite so hard on me. I didn't call my intended course of conduct 'honorable'; I never thought it was anything better than, as I say, a desperate man's desperate remedy. If the remedy has failed—as I suspect, as indeed I am almost sure since last night—that is no reason why you should add to my sense of defeat by heaping scorn on me."

Anne puts her work down for a minute and rises to her feet, moving a little way from him.

"I am very sorry for your 'defeat,' as you call it, Captain Lacy," she says, gravely. "That is, if you accept it as a defeat. I suppose a brave soldier knows when he is beaten. If it be any consolation to you to know it, I think the odds were overwhelmingly against you from the first. Women are proverbially perverse and wanting in correct judgment and sound taste, you know, and when they love deeply and passionately they nearly always love blindly and madly."

"As Miss Gillian Deane loves Mr. George Archer?" Captain Lacy adds, with a slight, scornful smile. "But I can't agree with you that she shows lack of taste, or perversity. George has five feet eleven of physical comeliness. That is an overwhelming argument with a romantic schoolgirl."

But as he speaks he meets Anne's eyes, and the passionate light of their smile and the transient flush that warms all her face into tenderness.

Lacy is a vain man, as men of his type are apt to be. Refined, selfish, and self-indulgent, but through all his coldest and surest calculations presenting the fatally weak, assailable point in his nature—flattery.

And the delicate personal flattery of a woman whom he knows to be mentally his superior in all things, who comprehends him and understands him and his follies and weaknesses better than he does himself, is like a draught of choicest wine to him, discouraged and mortified, and well-nigh despairing.

"In the present instance," she says, in a lower tone, "I cannot see how the argument should have been the prevailing one. I believe it is, as I said before, due more to the perversity of her sex than any other reason that Gillian Deane has chosen George Archer for a lover. She is a romantic school-girl, and she has the perversity of a woman, and so she just elected to do the thing one would not have expected her to do, and elected to pass over what one would naturally expect her to regard."

Lacy looks at her steadily with a slight smile; his cold gray eyes growing darker and softer.

"Just what you did, Anne," he says, laying his hand on hers. "The time you refused old Moore, and Dunlavin House with a handsome income, for me and my most unworthy sake!"

She crimsons and her eyes flame as she snatches her hand away.

"Your illustration is quite correct, sir, I wish I could say the same of the taste that prompted it!" she says, turning her back on him.

But Lacy follows her, with a new light in his face—eagerness, hope, almost passion in his eyes.

"Anne! Anne, my dearest!" he says, hurriedly, and almost before she is aware he clasps her in his arms and lays his head on her breast. "My dearest! The only woman I ever loved or can love! You know that, Anne, in spite of everything!" he urges, passionately. "You know I have your heart and you have mine. The only woman who can ever control me, or guide me, or counsel me! I'll never succeed in anything, Anne, unless you are with me; I'll never prosper in this world unless you are by my side! I can't lose you, I can't give you up, and what can I offer you?"

"Nothing!" she says, curtly and concisely, drawing away from him. "Please let me go. I thought this nonsense was over and done with a year ago at the very latest. With the kind and wise assistance of your aunt, Lady Jeannette, I thought this absurd fancy of yours for her waiting-woman—her own words, remember—was effectually extinguished by her ridicule and reproof. I had worse than ridicule and reproof to endure, also, please to remember——"

"I know it, I know it!" he interrupts, trying to hold her. "Anne, my darling, what have you not endured for my most unworthy self?"

For one moment the weakness of the woman's nature overcomes her, and she suffers his embrace, and his head resting on her breast, the faithful breast which he has tortured for miserable years; and then her pride and self-respect and the memory of unatoned-for wrongs comes to her rescue.

"At least, of my own free will, I will not endure this deliberate insult from you," she says sternly, pushing him away. "Though it be usual enough for men of your class—Lady Damer's words, remember—to amuse themselves at the expense of a woman of my class—"

"What nonsense you do talk, clever as you are, when your temper is up!" Lacy says, angrily. "If Aunt Jeannette talks infernal bosh, and tries to ride rough-shod over every one, is that a reason you should imitate her? You are her own relative, her step-sister's granddaughter, my equal in birth, my superior in everything else, and if I could afford you a coronet, you would grace it better than any woman I know! If I could offer you a position worthy of you, you should be my wife to-morrow if you would."

Again, for a few minutes, he prevails.

"But as there does not happen to be any coronet waiting to be fitted on," she says, with a slight, bitter smile, and yet with a suppressed wistfulness in her eyes and voice, which he might perceive, if he would "and as your position can't be maintained without the 'desperate and unpleasant remedy' of marrying some pretty girl with plenty of money—I don't quite see the purport of all this waste of emotion. You'll want it all to supplant George Archer, I assure you."

"So I should imagine," Lacy says, twisting his moustache, "judging judging from a scene I caught a glimpse of in the firelight yesterday evening."

"So you told me when I met you in the village," Anne says, calmly scornful, her brilliant eyes looking him through and through. "Well, you can judge of the difficulties in your path, can't you? I was not favored by any glimpses, or overheard conversations or confessions of any kind, but I am quite sure you have decided obstacles in the way of winning Miss Deane's heart."

"I don't want her heart," Lacy says, almost brutally; he can feel Anne's unspoken contempt stinging him like a scorpion. "If she marries me with her heart in somebody else's keeping, we'll be all the better matched."

"I'll make you a wedding present of your property if their is any of it in my keeping," Anne says with a cold laugh, sitting down to her work again.

"You can't, Anne—you never can," he says, in a low tone, coming back to her side and stooping down. "You can't, Anne—any more than you can give me back all the kisses I have given you, and that you have given me. Give me one more Anne—my 'gentle Annie'—my darling Anne!"

"Don't touch me!—don't dare to touch me, Patrick Lacy!" she says fiercely, between her close-shut teeth: and as he persists, knowing his power over her, and the tender love of which he is all unworthy, and comes closer to her until his blonde moustaches touch her brow, she wrenches herself away, and holds one hand up menacingly.

"As sure as the Heaven is above me, if you do I will strike you across your face!" she says, panting and white with rage.

He draws back then, flushed and smiling angrily.

"You're half an angel, half a tigress, Anne!" he says, stroking his chin with the delicate white hand of which he is not unreasonably vain, so perfect is its size, shape, and color, and which represents at this moment a very heavy 'debt in Pond street gloves and the splendid three-stone diamond ring which flashes on one finger. "And you are in bad temper, I know, or you would not call me 'Patrick,'" he adds, "when you know that I detest my first baptismal name—that I have forsworn it altogether."

"And forsworn your country and your birthright as an Irishman, along with a few other trifles," Anne amends, setting the machine to work.

Lacy makes some reply to this, but the flying treadles and the whirr of the machine drown his voice.

"Anne," he says softly, "I am going now. Forgive me if I have annoyed you."

But Anne makes no response to this either, and gives undivided attention of feet, eyes and hands to the rapid machine which is devouring the work she supplies.

He leaves the room with a backward glance, but she neither pauses in her work nor turns her head; and even from so slight a cause Captain Lacy's sense of defeat and mortification is added to the greater cause, and both sting him into an unusual recklessness and determination.

He bitterly tells himself, as he goes down-stairs, that whatever he does now is partly Anne's doing.

If Anne had listened tenderly to his avowal of undying love for her, and bewailed with him the impossibility of their ever being more to each other than unhappy lovers, and pitied him for his debts, and sorrowed over the hard-heartedness of his creditors, and flattered with her sweet, appreciative flattery, and let him steep his selfish, sensuous nature in an atmosphere of sentimental woe and selfpity, and soothed him by her bitter tears and her agony of grief at the prospect of surrendering him, as she had done many times before—poor Anne!—he would have gone away comparatively happy, bland, self-possessed and averse to decisive action as usual.

As it is he is angered, revengeful, determined, jealous.

His pride is eager to avenge itself for George Archer's triumph. His love is eager to wound the woman who loves him only too well, and yet dares to be cold and scornful to him; to wound her to the heart, so that she cannot hide her pain under a mask of contempt, as she has done.

And when he goes down-stairs he finds Mrs. Blake has just gone, and Lady Jeanette in the worst of humors.

CHAPTER XXI.

For Mrs. Blake, one of the county gossips, has just retailed to Lady Jeanette, with "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," what some one has said, and what some one else has thought, and what some one else has been told "on good authority," about Miss Deane's accident and Miss Deane's residence in Darragh Castle as Mr. Archer's guest.

"Of course, I know he isn't at the Castle; I know that wouldn't have been permitted for a moment and I said so, though I was told he sat up with her on the night of the accident, and helped Dr. Coghlan set her arm," the old lady says, giggling with malicious amusement. "But you may be sure, if they want to meet, they manage to meet, my dear Lady Damer! It's frightful trouble to have to manage a pair of those headstrong young fools when they fall in love, and I'm sure you have your hands full! Yes, of course, I know—she is a sweet, pliant young creature, and most charmingly brought up. She looks all that; but, my dear Lady Damer, all that innocence and pliancy does so soon take flight before a bold wooer! And I suppose George Archer isn't to be very much blamed if he is a very bold wooer in this case, with so much depending on his wooing and winning."

Thus Mrs. Blake. And as she is too important a person to either ignore or offend, Lady Damer has to endure her conversation as best she may. And when the lady is going she delivers her parting shot.

"There is such a thing, Lady Damer, my dear, as 'shutting the stable door when the steed is stolen.' Take my advice—I'm older than you—keep that innocent, charming little cousin of yours under your eyes, or, my word for it, you'll find that good-looking young Archer will keep her under his eye, and that for good and all. She has plenty of money if he hasn't, and some of these fine mornings you'll find he has persuaded the innocent little creature into marriage by special licence, and an early morning train to Killarney for the honeymoon and the hundred thousand pounds!"

Lady Damer fairly grinds her teeth as she recalls this warning, and she is too disturbed and wrathful to be able to quite refrain from angrily repeating Mrs. Blake's prophecies to her nephew.

"I pay not the slightest attention to that old gossiping woman's insolence," her ladyship says, fanning herself; "but you see how I am annoyed. It is all on your account, Bingham. I should never have troubled to bring the girl here, if it were not on your account; and, I must say, you have disappointed me bitterly; you have had opportunities, I am sure."

"Plenty, but not a chance on the board. The game was up long ago as far as the young lady is concerned," retorts Lacy, laughing, feeling rather gratified by Lady Jeannette's vexation.

"I wish you would drop your detestable slang and speak plainly," her ladyship says, with a flash like sword-blades in her cold, clear eyes. "Be good enough to remember you owe me some consideration, no matter how indolent and self-indulgent you may be."

(To be continued.)

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

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YEARS OF SUFFERING.

How Relief Came to Thomas Findlay, of Petrolea.

He Had Suffered for Forty Years From Dyspepsia—Food Became Detestable and Stomach Cramps Made Life a Burden.

(From the Topic, Petrolea, Ont.)

Few men in Petrolea are better known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who has resided here nearly forty years. In 1862 Mr. Findlay came here, and before the railroad connected with Petrolea he drove a stage coach bringing the early oil men. When the railroad came here Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil business, but later he suffered from a gun accident that disabled his hands permanently. After recovering from this Mr. Findlay was appointed constable and nightwatchman for the town, which office he has held during thirty years past. This accident was by no means Mr. Findlay's worst misfortune. From early youth he had been a martyr to dyspepsia, which finally became so bad that he looked forward to death as a merciful release. Happening to hear that Mr. Findlay had found complete relief from his lifelong foe, a Topic reporter waited on him to find if this was true. Mr. Findlay was only too glad to tell his story, hoping its publication might help some other sufferer. "I am a pretty old man now," said Mr. Findlay, "but I cannot remember the time when I was not in pain from pernicious dyspepsia and stomach trouble until lately. As a young man on the farm I suffered all sorts of pains with it; food would sour on my stomach and violent vomiting spells would follow. As I grew older my sufferings increased. I could not eat anything but the simplest kind of food, and little of that. My system became badly run down and I grew so weak that I really looked forward to death as a release from my misery. One after another I tried doctors and medicines, but could get no relief; then in despair I concluded to quit all and await the end. Meantime my condition became worse. Violent cramps attacked my legs, prostrating me for a time. They became worse and more frequent until they one day attacked my stomach, and I thought my end had come. Unable to move and in agony I was driven home, as I thought to die, but after an injection of morphine I gradually recovered. From that time on the cramps increased in frequency and violence. Nothing gave me relief except the temporary immunity from pain afforded by morphine. I became so weak from pure starvation that death stared me in the face. Finally a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' 'What's the use?' I said, 'I've tried everything and just got worse all the time.' 'Well,' she said, 'you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured me, and I believe they will do you good.' Well, I purchased a box and started taking them. After a little I thought they helped me, so I kept on taking them for a couple of months when I felt I was really cured after so many years of suffering. My strength came back, my stomach recovered its power, and I was able to eat anything I fancied, and once more could enjoy life. This is nearly two years ago, but I was cured to stay cured. I have never had a sick day since or known the slightest stomach trouble. I am confident I would be a dead man now if it were not for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—nothing else ever helped me."

The old adage, "experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Fair

Mr. Oldbear[illegible] say you will be a[illegible]

Miss Vera [illegible] to remark t[illegible] ing a widow[illegible]

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Not Bad for Good Teeth

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Large Liquid and Powder 75c **25c.**

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

Homely Philosophy.

By Simon Frost.

Don't slow up, even ef things does look as if ye was a-goin' to win easy.

There ain't nobody thet's all bad, an' there ain't nobody thet's all good, neither.

Sometimes a min'it o' fergetfulness 'll cause a lifetime of sorrow.

A mind thet ain't got nothin' in it kin easy be filled with badness.

Some folks 're like an echo; they kin only holler back somethin' thet somebody else told 'em, an' they of'en git even thet much twisted.

Ef ye don't pull out the root the weed 'll soon grow up ag'in.

It's a blame sight easier to be rich an' git poor than it is to change t'other way.

A feller thet borrows money don't never hev to worry 'bout how slow the time goes by.

A feller thet loses opportunities won't never hev nothin 'else to lose.

Trust a woman thet's liked by other wimen, an' a man thet's pop'lar with other men.

Lots o' golden opportunities 're only gilded.

It don't make no diff'rence how much ye tell a boy, he's got to hev the belly-ache hisself afore he'll quit eatin' green apples.

I've knowed some folks to git well becuz they didn't like the taste o' the medicine thet they hed to take.

Some folks never git over the childish ways; ye kin always depend on in thet they're in mischief when they're quiet.

Them thet wait till they git to the crossroads before they begin to think which way they're a-goin' to turn, gen'rally turn the wrong way.—Philadelphia Record.

THE RENT RAG.

Queer Way the Poor Tenants Have of Helping One Another.

It was about 10 o'clock at night and on Wells street not far from Fourth that a man saw a Chinese lantern swinging outside a third-story window of a building across the way. The building was a boxlike structure prematurely run to old age and he knew it to be a tenement house occupied almost exclusively by poor colored people.

In the daytime the sidewalk swarmed with little black children, and there were dark faces peering over every sill all the way up to the roof. He knew the corner pretty well, but he couldn't understand why a Chinese lantern should be hung out of a window. It had little decorative value, swinging against the lonesome front, and the man who saw it couldn't remember that the day was an anniversary calling for the illumination.

A policeman happened along and the man asked him about it.

"What's the meaning of that lantern up there?"

"Don't you know?"

"Why, no. The windows up there are lighted, and there seems to be something going on."

"That's a rent rag."

"Yes, but what's a rent rag?"

"Well, when some man gets down on his luck and can't pay rent, he has a kind of benefit dance. The other tenants come to it and chip in 10 or 15 cents apiece. They get lots of fun out of it and he raises $3 or $4 to pay his rent. That's a rent rag."

"What's the lantern got to do with it?"

"That's the way a rent rag is advertised. When that lantern is out the colored people know that some one is giving a dance to raise rent money. When some one else gives a 'rag' he is supposed to come around and put in his bit. It's a good scheme only they say some of them try to work it too often."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

COW SPORTED FALSE TAIL.

That Novel Appendage Was the Cause of a Prolonged Law Suit.

A cow with a false tail figured the other day in a suit for damages before Alderman William A. Means, and because the tail was bogus the suit was withdrawn and the costs were paid by the prosecutor.

Charles Campbell, of Mohler street, entered suit against Henry Meller, of Wheeler street, for damages alleged to have been caused by the ravages in Campbell's garden by a cow, which was said by neighbors to belong to Meller. It was Campbell's own cow, but he did not recognize it without the tail. The case was to have come to a hearing one morning, but at the appointed hour because the tail was bogus the suit and paid the costs. He then explained the reason to Alderman Means.

Early in the week Campbell bought a cow from John McGuire, who, he said, lives in Frankstown road. He brought the cow home and turned her loose in his garden, but was astonished Thursday morning to find what appeared to be a strange cow in his patch. The animal had no tail. He was told by some neighbors that the animal belonged to Meller, and the same morning he entered suit before Alderman Means. He also chased the cow out. When he returned to figure up the extent of damage done in his garden he discovered a cow's tail with bits of rawhide sticking to it. This and other information convinced Campbell that the cow was the one he had bought and had switched off her tail. For this reason he withdrew the suit.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION