hese twain both courted the village be But short was the race they run; t the giant's feet the maiden fell, not the little man, though he pleaded v Naught more than her pity won.

ched away to the wars one day, for the battle's van, scople cheered when the giant gay putly past for the distant fray, sy smiled at the little man.

Then the little man swore, though his was dim, vas dim, he bounded ahead of them all, te whole great army followed him leapt like a devil lithe and slim man o'er the battery wall.

And he planted the flag of his country the While the routed enemy ran, And the legions roared as it floated fair On the dusky waves of sulphurous air, "Three cheers for the little man!"

Oh. I do not know, and I cannot say What the giant might have done, But I'm sure the maden will weep alway For her lover shot in the first of the fray, And dead ere his fame was won. For war is a field of chance, you know, Let him dodge the bullets who can. But love is a garden where fancies flow, And the form of a giant makes larger sho Than the soul of a little man!

MISS HELEN'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER I.

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."
As You Like R.

Upon the uncarpeted floor of a shabbilyfurnished bedroom stood a small open trunk,
before which knelt a girl who was engaged
in packing her few possessions within its
narrow dimensions. This task she performed
with ostentations indifference, as though
she realized their worthlessness and what
sheer waste of time it would be were she to
wrap cotton gowns and shady hats in tissue
paper, or to expend thought or ingenuity on
the arrangement of so scanty a wardrobe.
Though the room in which she knelt was
uncarpeted and not ornamental, it was
large, siry and cheerful. The broad window,
through which the summer sunshine
streamed, was wide open, and round its
casement a Gloire de Dijon rose, in full
bloom, trailed its notched leaves and sweet
blossoms. Outside in the garden a linnet
was singing, and the air smelled of mignonette and heliotrope.
All the time the girl was packing she

was singing, and the stream of the angle to herself in a light-hearted, and to herself in a light-hearted, ann chalant way, which spoke well for the unshadowed gayety of her mind.

These were the words she sang: These were the words she sang:
"A man who would woo a fair maid,
Should 'prentice himself to the trade,
And study all day, in methodical way,
How to flatter, cajole, and persuade,
It is purely a matter of skill,
Which all may attain if they will,
But every Jack he should study the gnack
If he wants to make oure of his Jill!"

Very soon the trunk was filled and her work don. Then she rose slowly to her feet, and going over to the window she leaned out, still singing—

"Then a glance may be timid or free, It may vary in mighty degree, It may vary in mighty degree,
From an impudent stare
To a look of despair,
Wisten no maid without pity can see.
And a giance of despair is no guide,
It may have its ridiculous side,
It may draw you a tear,
Or a box on the ear,
You can never be sure till you've tried."

She was a tall girl, and she made the most of her height, for she held her head high and moved with much stately dignity when she was in the humor to be grand. There was a distinguished air about her which was more remarkable than her beauty, though that, too, was by no means inconsiderable.

inconsiderable. Her father was rector of Meriton, a village in the Midlands. The living was poor one, and the

sing to him, to play golf and tennis with him, to make up his mind for him on all subjects, recklessly disregarding consequences.

"Oh, it is only faucy, mother," she had said, when Mrs. Mitford remonstrated.
"If I don't take any notice of it, it will

er head. "I hope it may, but these thing ometimes blow into flame instead of blow

ing over."

Mrs. Mitford was right. Driven to desparation by the girl's behavior, her lover had refused to be silenced, and for once so far asserted himself as to demand, an interview with her father, and an explanation with herself. For many days, by a thousand ruses, she had managed to postpone it, but it came at last. t came at last.

The interview had been solemn, and the

Ine interview had been solemn, and the explanation so passionate and prolonged that Helen had been frightened and agitated into angry resentment. She had been most disagreeable and repellant, and he, stung by her coldness, had reproached her with vehemence. It had been very dreadful, and she had felt extremely ashamed of herself.

herself.

Upon the following morning, by what

Helon welcomed as a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, she had received an invitation
to pay Mr. Mitford's maiden sister a visit,
at a village on the North Devonshire coast.

Such an invitation had been proffered
yearly, hitherto Helen had expressed no
wish to accept it, but now she had changed
her mind.

wish to accept it, but now she had changed her mind.

As soon as she had finished reading her aunt's letter, she tossed it across the breakfast-table to her mother, saying:

"Here is Aunt Elizabeth's annual invitation, mother; will you read it? She is such a dear old thing, and she really wants me. The new people—those dreadful Jones'—are going to give a ball this month; she says Mrs. Majoribanks would take me. I think, no, I am sure, I should like to go."

Mrs. Mitford, who had never arranged a plan in her life, but who had, with peaceful success, allowed herself to be guided by any who cared to exert themselves to think for her, obediently perused the letter.

Helen and her mother possessed disposi-tions directly antithetical each to the other, but in common they owned one trait—each adored the other with that open, perfect, self-sacrificing, blind love which seems out of fashion nowadays between mother and daughter, but which creates an otherwise unattainable happiness in home life.

daughter, but which creates an otherwise unattainable happiness in home life.
When she had finished reading her sister-in-law's letter, she laid it down by the side of her coffee cup and looked up, rather wistfully, at Helen.
"Did you say that you would like to go to Devonshire, dear?"

"Yes, mother. You see, Aunt Elizabeth says she will pay my journey, so there is really no reason why I should not go." Certainly not, dear. You shall do as you wish. Henry"—addressing the rector—"Henry, Helen is going down to Noelcombe to stay with Elizabeth."

The rector was reading the Morning Post. He lowered it, and looked rather absently at his wife.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said.
"The sea is delightful at this time of vanbloom." The sea is delightful at this time of year Elizabeth's carnations will be in ful om. I shall be curious to hear whether

the primrose variety has deteriorated; don' forget to let me know, Helen."
"I shall start the day after to-morrow

and it is so horrid."
"My dear, my dear, you must not be heartless. Poor Mr. Flight!"
"That's just what he is, mother—he is poor. I don't mean penniless, you know, because he is pretty wall of off. I mean poor-spirited; he has no pride. Pahaw! Think of wishing to marry a nerson who.

Mrs. Mitford never excited herself to argue—seldom to give an opinien—but now she spoke with decision.

"Mr. Flight is a nice young man, Helen—quite nice. You should have believed me; I warned you. I have such experience and foresight as you will some day acquire, no doubt, though you are long about it. In this quiet place, where there is little to distract a gentleman, I do not see how he could well have avoided falling in love with you." The diadain of Helen's face perplexed her mother. "It is no offence on his part; it is the greatest compliment he could pay you, dear. You have no right to despise him for it."

"But mother, he is so ridiculous or so tiresome. I laugh or I get angry—I can't help it."

Mrs. Mitford sighed.
"My dear," she said, "you will be an old maid, and when it is too late you will be sorry."

No girl likes that dismal epithet, "an old maid, applied to her, even in joke. Mrs. Mitford was in earnest, and Helen grew grave.
"I shall marry," she said, "some day—not too soon. I love pretty clothes and pretty things about me, and therefore I love the money that buys them, and therefore I love"—with distinct disrelish of the prospect—"I shall take care to fix on a rich man—a Cresus—so as to combine prudence with passion, mother, and make a good match."

Mrs. Mitford nodded.

man—a Crœuss—so as to combine prudence with passion, mother, and make a good match."

Mrs. Mitford nodded.

"Well, my dear, if you do it will be very wise of you. When I was young, girls were not so prudent as they afreat present. When your father suggested our marriage, I agreed without casting a thought to his income. I was never a practical woman, I—"

"No," broke in the rector, startling his wife and daughter, in whose conversation he never joined until his paper had been read from end to end: "thank my stars, you were not a practical woman, Honora. You were a tender-hearted, sweet girl, such as I should like to see that silly girl there, who thinks her airs and graces very smart at present, but who will find them poor and cold company before long, let me tell you. Don't pride yourself on your obduracy, Nell. A yielding disposition is a charming and womanly attribute."

"Father, that's a dull paper," said his daughter, smiling rather deprecatingly, "or you would not put it down to scold me; if I am made of brick instead of gutsa-percha, it isn't my fault. It is all Mr Flight's fault for finding it out. I owe him ten thousand grudges. I shall have to say 'yes,' that is the only effectual way I know of paying him out."

"Do not worry yourself about ner, Henry," said his wife with a calm and superior smile, "when the right man comes she will be, like the rest of her sisterhood, only too ready to leave her home and her people."

people."
"Then I hope the right man will be rich," said the girl, making a grimace, "excessively and abnormally rich, for I shall want a very big bribe to console me for leaving home."
Helen looked down upon her trunk and

Helen looked down upon her trunk and in her heart of hearts she thought, "Some day I will have a box such as porters tremble to see; its size shall be gigantic, and it shall be full to overflowing, for I will marry a rich man who will fill it for me from his offers: "

ooffers!"
But 'the mercenary intentions of this
y-oung woman did not interfere with the sweet
lilting of her song, she was still singing—

litting of her song, she was still singing—
"It is purely a matter of skill,
Which all may attain if they will,
But every Jack he should study the knack.
If he wants to make sure of his Jill,"
when the door opened, and with slow stately step and mild face, lined with an unusual anxiety, her mother entered the room. She looked at Helen with some trepidation; she was conscious of being the bearer of an unwelcome message, She was not in the least bit afraid of her impetuous daughter's anger, but she was afraid of causing any living soul one pang, nay, one prick even, of unnecessary pain. Helen could read her mother's face perfectly; she saw at once Her father was rector of Meriton, a village in the Midlands. The living was a poor one, and the rector's private income was very small; the girl Helen, his only child, had been reared in poverty from her cradle. The beautiful things of life which she loved had been denied her; but with admiring parents, pleasant friends, plenty of genial society, a home which she considered perfection, and in which she reigned as absolute monarch, she had found nothing to desire. Her temper was imperious and quick, but where everything was arranged with a view to her pleasure she found little to try it, and had danced through her twenty-one years of life, rejoicing on her way, as happy as a kitten and as light of heart as a child.

Her first trial had come, "not with womanhood," but with her father's first bachelor curate, who had fallen promptly and desperately in love with her. Her gray eyes were beautiful but cold; laughter, not love, was to be found in them; she really had no patience with the young man's folly. He was a quiet, unassuming person, and Mrs. Mitford had vainly tried to persuade her impervious daughter to recognize and appreciate his commendable qualities.

For some time Helen had refused to treat this secious matter seriously. She had continued to walk with the gentleman, to sing to him, to make up his mind for him on all which her im the mind of the mind of the mind the promptive and continued to walk with the gentleman, to sing to him, to make up his mind for him on all with the mind of the mind the promptive him, to make up his mind for him on all with the girl Hernack in the worth of the product of the produc

"That is just where I wish you to run, my dear. The poor man is in the kitchen garden, and I have promised him that you shall go to him just to bid him good-bye."

An angry color, red as the rose at her bosom, suffused the girl's fair cheeks; up went her little head in the air, her lips curved superciliously.

went her little head in the air, her lips curved superciliously.

"Helen, dear, don't be disagreeable," her mother went on, soothingly, "you don't know what suffering such feelings entail, and the ignorance does not redound in any way to your credit. Remember what your father told you at breakfast the other morning. Don't be hard and don't pride yourself on your obduracy."

"Mother"—solemnly—"if ever I am so unfortunate as to fall in love, I hope and pray, no, more, I swear, that no one shall know it. I shall have sufficient self-respect to keep my feelings to myself and not trail them through dust and mire, so that any one who cares to glance my way can see them."

one who cares to giance my way can see them."

"When you feel as other women feel you will do as women do, Nellie. Now, dear, don't keep poor Mr. Flight waiting. It isn't probable that you will ever see him again after to-day. He only asked leave to speak to you for one moment, and I could not refuse him such a small request. You have caused him a great deal of pain hitherto. Why not wish him good-by kindly? Soothe his wounded vanity by a few gracious words, they can do you no harm."

"Oh, mother, you are as soft as the dove, but not so wise as the serpent," said the girl, shaking her head and laughing. "It will be just as unpleasant for him, no matter how nicely I put it. It's a masty, dangerous order of, yours; if I am different he won't understand, and I shall have the whole business to cothrough again. Then

he won't understand, and I shall have the whole business to go through again. Then I shall miss my train—to say nothing of losing my temper."
"You are heartless and unfeeling, Helen," said Mrs. Mitford, severely. "I am sure you don't inherit those faults from either your father or myself. Henry was a susceptible young man, and he was, by no means, my first lover."
"Then why do you want me to marry my first lover, mother? You didn't, and it's such a poor-spirited, mean sort of thing to do."

"On't dawdle in this way, Helen; the delay tries poor Mr. Flight and does you no good. Go down, go down now, you will find him between the raspberries and the Jerusalem artichokes."

CHAPTER II.

"Experience does take dreadfully high school wages, But he teaches like no other.

But he teaches like no other.

Carlyle.

The rectory kitchen garden was untidy—
not hopelessly untidy, but somewhat
neglected. Poor people's gardens are seldom in apple-pie order. Perhaps that is the
reason why poor people's flowers flourish
more luxuriantly than their better-tended
brethren which are reared under the care of
pruning, raking, professional gardeners.
Let-alone flowers, like let-alone children are
so much more true to nature—to the divine

Let-alone flowers, like let-alone children are so much more true to nature—to the divine hand whence they came than are the trained and cultivated specimens.

Up and down a moss-grown gravel path, which intersected a row of ragged raspberry bushes on the one hand and a waving sea of artichoke sticks upon the other, a young man paced hurriedly. His handsome features were glum, and gloomy of expression; his mouth was weak and womanly. He hung his head and gazed upon the ground.

This was 2007 Mr. Flight, toward whom ground.
This was poor Mr. Flight, toward whom

forget your change at Exeter. Your purse is in your bag. Write to-night. Good-by—good by. With mighty puffs and hissing pants the train moved slowly out of the hot station, and Miss Mitford's penance began. How bitter that penance would prove, she was fortunately unconscious, but even the start was sufficiently distasteful.

Nine different persons lolling in nine different attitudes overfilled the narrow carriage upon which a July sun streamed from a cloudless sky; the atmosphere therein was hot with a heavy, fiery heat, which was insufferable. Through the open window a stifling wind wafted showers of dust, sand and blacks, that powdered the faces and clothes of the travelers.

It was too hot for Helen o read or doze, or watch the dazzling landscape reeling past; her companions were hot of prepossessing appearance, but from beneath the shadow of her broad brimmed hackshe investigated them. Beside her sat alean man, whose garb proclaimed him a dissenting minister, and whose fixed and benignant smile declared him to be impervious alike to the discomforts of the weather and to the inferiority of his fellows. A smart young woman in a green beige gown, and wearing a large cotton-velvet hat, from which long feathers, dank and curlless from the heat, trailed spiritlessly, sat in the corner, opposite Helen. She held Modern Society, that paper dear to the servants' hall, in her soiled, gloveless hands; but she was not reading, she was half-asleep; now and again she opened her eyes and glanced with a switk, keen glance at Miss Mitford, Beyond this girl a spruce man, very neat and trim, leaned languidly against the unyielding cushions at his back in an attitude which was probably an exact imitation of his master's. He was a servant, Helen decided—agentleman's gentleman—a valet. The remainder of the company belonged to that unattractive portion of humanity, the third-class racing man, whose personal appearance, let us charitably conclude, is the worst part of him, for the task of finding a step balks the integrity of the p

of him, for the task of finding a step balks the imagination.

The intense heat was so enervating, the glare was so intolerable, that Helen soon lay back in her corner of the carriage and, covering her aching eyes with her hand, abandoned herself to a don't-care lassitude, which took interest in no one or nothing. The train by which she was travelling was express; it would stop only at —, where the races were to be held, and at Excter, at which place she had to change both train and platform. Helen was usually an anxious traveller, but that day she was conscious only of the melting atmosphere and her own smarting eyelids and many discomforts.

conscious only of the melting atmosphere and her own smarting eyelids and many discomforts.

Once or twice Helen uncovered her eyes to draw out her watch, but, after glancing at it, with an impatient sigh she replaced it in her belt, depressed at finding how slowly the lagging time crept past. This watch of hers was a cherished possession; on her 20th birthday it had been given her by a rich and favorite uncle, and it was the only piece of valuable jewelry she owned. It was an enameled hunter, small, and of exquisite workmanship; her initials, H. M., were traced in diamonds upon the case. The eyes, both of the spruce man and the twadry young woman, were caught by the glitter of the brilliants, and each looked with some renewed curiosity at its owner.

The dust, the glare, the intolerable heat, became each moment more unendurable; it was a vast relief to leave the dazzling sunshine and rush, though only for three minutes, into a dark and comparatively cool tannel. Helen's eyes were still shielded by her hand, and she was leaning back in her loorner.

"Allow me to pull up the window, Miss,"

orner.
"Allow me to pull up the window, Miss,"

stevely wending her way. Her heart heat unmanally quickly as also approximate in the part heart was unmanally quickly as also approximate of, her hover so chainsts and intolerant of, her hover so chainsts and intolerant of, her hover so chainsts and intolerant of, her hover so chainsts and importunites efficient, and yet als asknowled importunites efficient, and yet also also considered in the parameter remarks, and endeavor to treat this distanted in passion with the parameter remarks, and endeavor to treat this distanted in passion with the parameter remarks, and endeavor to treat the parameter of the passion of the parameter remarks, and endeavor to treat the parameter of the passion of the parameter remarks, and endeavor to treat the passion of the passion

icinity of Exeter.

Cries of "Tickets ready" were now to be eard approaching; but Helen hearothing.
"Have you lost anything, ma'am?" the

shrewd-faced man inquired, with respectful interest.

"My watch," she answered breathlessly.
"I looked at it just now—I had it in the carriage here—it has gone!"

Rising to her feet she shook her serge skirt. She stooped to look under the seats, she minutely examined the cracks of the dust-strewed, dirty floor, she peered into possible and impossible places, but she did not find her watch. Her companion assisted in the search. As they were thus engaged, the door was opened, and a porter, hot, and consequently cross, demanded "Tickets" gruffly.

Helen's little travelling-bag lay on the seat, she took it up—it was already open—and looked into it. It was empty, her purse had gone! In stunned amazement, she stared, speechless, at the ticket collector.

whe stared, speechless, at the ticket collector.

"Look sharp, Miss," he said, imperiously, to this dwadling third-class passenger, who seemed to consider his time of no more value than her own. Neither his tone nor her discovery tended to soothe Miss Mitford's feelings. The purse containing her ticket was gone, she had placeds in her bag, which she had carefully shut. The bag was wide open now and empty. Her cherished watch, all her money, and her ticket, were alike lost. Here was an overwhelming calamity!

The short familiar tones of the porter braced her courage by rousing her indignation; if she had not been annoyed, it was possible that these misfortunes, combined with the overpowering heat of the day, might have affected her to tears. As it was she held out the open and empty bag toward she held out the open and empty bag to

might have affected her to tears. As it was she held out the open and empty bag toward the porter with tragic dignity.

"My purse was in this bag when I left Meriton station," she said, with dismay in her voice, "and," touching the dangling watch-chain, "my watch was fastened firmly to this chain. Both my purse and my watch are gone; I have lost them both, but how, or where, or when, I have not the slightest idea."
"Stolen," said the porter, shortly Helen looked thunderstruck, and the shrewd-eyed man nodded like a Mandarin.

(To be Continued.)

The Thrifty Duke of Fife

The Thrifty Duke of Fife

The Duke of Fife, husband of Princess
Louise of Wales, has determined to turn all
his land into ready cash, with which it is
understood he is operating in the city,
chiefly in connection with the banking business and African lands and mines. His
estates in scotland are being sold in "blocks
to suit purchasers" at very good prices, some
of the farms having fetched twenty-six
years' purchase of the rental value, although
the average in other parts of the country is
only twenty years. As to the Duke's city
speculations, it is credibly affirmed that
everything he touches turns to gold. Some
founders' shares in a certain trustee company for which he paid \$150 each a few
years aga are said to be worth \$45,000 each
now. The Dukekis a, director in one of the
big South Africanychartered corporations,
and confidently, awaits a big boom in all
sorts of things in that part of the

Born So.

Born So.

Philadeldhia Record: "How is it you have remained a bachelor all your life, Mr Tupton?"

"Oh, I was born so," returned Tupton. Then There is the Devil to Pay.

Galveston News: The devil is always willing to aid in putting up a flue or stove pipe.

Chicago Tribune: He—Shall we try the tricycle or buggy this morning, Laura?
She—Either, George. I'm yours for wheel or for whoa. The lake which has the highest elevation of any one in the world is Green Lake, Col. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea.

It is said that 420,000 people of Frances afflicted with the disease of the thyro

afflicted with the disease of the thyroid gland known as goitre.

"I must give her up. I can never marry a girl who stammers." "Why not?"

"Why not! Do you think its pleasant to be made sheepish by being called Ba—Ba—Bob? or to feel like a college cheer when she calls me Rah—Rah—Robert?"

"German

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of

up. I can recom-mend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty.

Many others afflicted as this lad
was, will do well to make a note of
this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn. writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

"PREACH SHORT."

The Advice She Would Give to Her Minis terial Husband. "If I were a minister's wife," the lady in

"If I were a minister's wife," the lady in the car was talking too loud not to be overheard, says the New York Tribune, "you may rest assured I should take an interest—an active interest—in my husband's work. I should say to him: 'Richard, if you want to make a hit next Sunday—preach short. If you want to make your congregation grow larger and larger, preach short: If you want to draw them to this church, that church, and the other—preach short: always preach short: But, Richard, have something to say, always! Condense, condense and condense, and then have an air about you as if time were worth something, and you could not afford to lose a minute of it."

"If on a Sunday morning he seemed to be in an extra amiable mood I would venture to say: 'Richard, dear, don't be all day in giving out your notices! Don't blink over them and clear your throat and go poking along through them as if you had never seen them before and were pondering them in your mind as you call attention to them! Don't I beg of you, Richard, read them straightforward and then say them all over again backwards. There is nothing so tiresome! I am not sure but some Sunday I should say: 'Richard, if you get the least bit tedious to-day I shall fuss with my bonnet strings as a warning! And when you say: "In conclusion," don't, for pity's sake, go on until you reach a "Finally," and after chat "One word more," or "Just another thought!" I do think it is such a mistake to try to tell all one knows in one sermon." Just then the auditor was obliged to leave the car, but he could not help exclaiming to himself "What a sensible woman!" It is to be hoped that some day this sensible one will marry a minister. Multitudes of people could attend divine worship if they could be assured that the services would be of a reasonable length.

marry a minister. Multitudes of people could attend divine worship if they could be assured that the services would be of a respondble length. One of the lessons of the British census is that the surplus of women over men' is larger than ever, and that in England to-day there are, at a moderate estimate, some three-quarters of a million girls growing up to maturity for whom, unless polygamy comes into fashion, husbands of their own race and nation cannot be provided. The several European States, which keep an aggregate of three million men under arms, must present even a worse picture in this respect than England, and when the great war that has been so long predicted shall have come and gone the surplus of women will be greater than ever. In one portion of Germany, after the great Thirty Years' War, there was such a scarcity of population, and such a disproportion of the sexes on account of the men being killed off in battle, that a law was passed compelling each man to take two wives, and even the priests were ordered to marry. The strain has never been so great in America, though in some States efforts have been made to popularize marriage by such devices as a tax on bachelors. Though doubtless greatly to blame, the men are not wholly responsible for slackness in the marriage market. A Jewish organ in New York city drops this useful hint to its feminine readers:

Every Jewish young woman should resolve to dress plainly, and thus treble her chances of One of the lessons of the British cens

Every Jewish young woman should resolved dress plainly, and thus treble her chances ogetting married within the year.

There is a deal of worldly wisdom, and en, as a rule, are far more practica

in a man by the way he treats women. There is no bigger coward anywhere in the world than the man who is afraid to do right.

It is hard to find people in misfortune who will not tell you that somebody else was to blame for it.—Ram's Horn.

"please the eye, though the heart ache." Men, as a rule, are far more practical. Whatever their taste may be respecting feminine dress—and nine out of ten men do not really know the difference between foulards and chintzes—the financial consideration is, and must be, their dominant rule of conduct in the concerns of social life. The bird of gay plumage may catch their fancy for a moment; but when it comes to counting the cost of such plumage, and of providing a sufficiently handsome cage to match it, their bump of prudence asserts itself, and unless they be men of wealth the instant duty of flight.

The consideration of economy is by no means the sole attraction that lurks in plain attrice. Artistically, the raiment that is subdued in tone and simple in fabric or fashion oftener has a higher charm than the most extravagant costuming could impart; while the influence which dress itself exerts upon the wearer—upon her manners in company, and on her character in general—is apt to be largely in favor of plain dressing. All in all, the Jewish journal's suggestion is worth serious consideration; and all young women whose chances of getting married "within the year" are open to improvement should certainly avail themselves of this most promising agency for effecting that desirable consummation. Good Enough for "Punch."

New York Herald: Lord Doncheknow—
There is one thing I can't understand about
this rain-making in America, deah boy.
Lord Lackland—What is that?
Lord Doncheknow—I caunt understand
why they should make reigns when they
have no king theah.
Lord Lackland—Haw! Haw! That is
good enough for Punah, hah joye. Let us good enough for Punch, bah jove. have something.

Nothing in It.

Clothier and Furnisher: Clubblerly—Look here and Furnisher: Clubblerly—Look here is a constant of collars last week, and you sent back but 12.

Laundryman—Do you count your collars and cuffs before you send them out? Clubberly—Of course.

Laundrymen—Then I guess we don't want your trade any more.

Had Him Cold.

Harper's Bazar: "I hear you fought a uel with Parker."

'I did " 'I did. "Werent't you afraid to stand up before loaded pistol?"
"Not with Parker holding it. I'm inired in his company.

Costa Rica has about one fitth of the population of Philadelphia, and yet it will spend \$50,000 to displayitself at the Chicago

fair.

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gaslight with her hand all the evening so much as to find that after all she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

When a man gets ahead of you in life it is an easy matter to run him down if you don't catch up with him.

In twelve months (881, 292 letters, which In twelve months 681,322 letters which were misdirected or insufficiently addressed reached the post office in New York city. This was an average of 1,866 for every day not be veer. n the year.

A dealer in artificial limbs says that an

arm will last a lifetime it properly cared for, but that after five or six years a leg gives way to the weight and strain and has to be M. Got has played on the boards of the Curiosity Shop in London to the World's Fair, Chicago.

Br. MacDonald's Views Regarding the Bestin of the Designious.

Dr. J. D. Macdonald, a leading citizen of Hamilton, Ont., was asked by a London Advertiser correspondent as to his opinion for or against the political union of Canada with the United States Republic. He said: "It is a difficult matter to discuss. It may be said that, to a patriotic man, there should be no difficulty, but under the conditions which surround Canada we may be allowed to hesistate before discussing even such a question as annexation to the United States. Undonbtedly it is a question present to many minds at the present moment. The greater/number, I believe, are loath to look at political union, not from any aversion to the Republic or to republicanism, but from a desire to put from themselves, as far as possible, the confession of political failure which would be implied in their seeking for Canada incorporation with her strong neighbor. Whether as a stepping stone to amexation, or as affording an opportunity for development in a more honorable way, many would like the experiment of national independence, Canadians would have conditions much simplified for any future arrangements. The advantage or disadvantage of such arrangements the satisfaction or disappointment from them, the honor or the reproach would be all their own, no friends across the sea, would be compromised. In the meantime the colonial condition is a source of great political weakness and uncertainty. It affects the very manhood of the country unfavorably. It prevents the dwellers in Canada from seeing with singleness of eye the interests of their own country. It makes them uncertain as to whether the land in which they live is theirs at all. By his condition as a colonist the Canadian in every public question finds himself placed in a stratt betwix two. He's called upon to serve two interests—of one of which, that of Great Britain, he has not the most remote conception, and to the other of which, that of Great Britain, he has not the most remote conception, and to the

Some of Them Englishmen and Some Good Americans.

Says Harper's Weekly: Thomas Bayley Potter, M. P., the author of the Cobden Club, that bugaboo of American protectionists, is a stout, silver-haired patriarch, and lives near Midhurst, Sussex county, England. He was a life long friend of Richard Cobden, and succeeded him in Parliament at his death in 1865. At Mr. Potter's home, a quaint, dainty old house, his friend often worked, and in a little church not far away rest the remains of the political economist. Matthew, Daniel and William Grant, of Torrington, Connecticut, triplets, and cousins of the late General U. S. Grant, have just celebrated their 70th birthday. Bret Harte was a clerk in the San Francisco Mint in 1865, when M. H. DeYoung started the Ohronicle, and did his first writing for that paper.

The late William Henry Smith, of England, was nick-named "Old Morality." M. Renan, the French historian, is 68 years old, but mentally and physically vigorous, and as full of work as ever.

Mr. Gladstone is an appreciative novel reader, and often works himself up to a great state of excitement over the unraveling of a plot. ome of Them Englishmen and Some Good

Is Mr. Carnegie, the protectionist mil lionaire, an enemy of President Harrison? If not, the President will probably pray to be delivered from his friends. Mr. Carnegie, whether as a friend or an enemy, sunt the President an eighteen gallon cask of whiskey, from Scotland. This is not only in defiance of temperance principles, but even of the feelings of a good many people who are not abstainers, but who do not like to think of a President of the United States receiving as a gift from a supporter a keg of whiskey for his own consumption. Moreover, as protectionists, both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Carnegie hold that Americans, and that to consume foreign articles is a disgrace to an enterprising people. If Mr. Carnegie intended to help the boom of Mr. Blaine he, perhaps, could not have chosen a more effective method than that of sending lots of whiskey for home consumption to Mr. Blaine's rival. Mr. Carnegie will have to put himself over home consumption to Mr. Blaine's rival.
Mr. Carnegie will have to put himself over
the fire and fry out a "bar'l" of "fat,"
such as politiciaus use at election times, if
he wants to offset the effects of this most
untimely gift upon Mr. Harrison's election
chances.—Montreal Witness,

The devil's husks never makes anybody Self-conceit is the rope that the devil Self-conceit is the rope that the devil never lets go of.

Don't try to kill a fly on your neighbor's nead with a hammer.

Preaching that is aimed at the head bardly sver strikes the heart.

Seeking happiness simply to have it is a rery bad kind of selfishness. If it were not for hunger some men would

You can tell what kind of spirit there is

Rochester Herald: "I never made a dollar by speculation," said General Alger, of Michigan, in a recent interview. A good many men, especially young men, who are in a hurry to get rich, can safely accept that rule for their guidance. Money has been made in speculation, but where one man has accumulated a fortune by that means a thousand have been ruined—losing their hard-earned savings, often losing their health in the excitement and worry, often finding that with defeat their courage is broken, their ambition deadened. Almost every community has its sorrowful cases of men who have been drawn into bucket shop, betting, into the buying of stocks on the slender margins, into buying land on credit for speculative advance. Men who rushed in without exercising their own judgment, without the capacity to analyse it, but merely because some shrewd and capable person who was acquainted with all the bearings had made a profit. Success in Honest Endeavor.

Lengths of Rivers. In Europe—The Danube, 1,800 miles; Dnieper, 4,260; Don, 1,120; Rhine, 691; Elbe, 800; Rhone, 650; Volga, 2,800. In Asia—Ganges, 1,970; Irawaldy, 2,600; Iudes, 2,300; Euphrates, 1,750; Amoor, 2,800; Yang-tee-Kiang, 3,300; Hoang-Ho, 7,700; Zambesi, 800; Yenesci, 3,250; Obi, 2,700.

2,700.
In Africa—Nile, 2,500: Niger, 2,600; Sengal, 1,900; Gampia, 1,700.
In America—Missouri to the Mississippi, 3,100; Missouri to the Gulf, 4,550; Mississippi, 3,160: Amazon, 3,600; River de la Plata, 2,240; St. Lawrence, 2,100; Orinocco, 1,600; Fio Grande, 1,800. This is a season when colds in the head are alarmingly prevalent. They lead to catarth, perhaps consumption and death Nasal Balm gives immediate relief and cer-ain cure. Sold by all dealers.

Adelina Patti will sail for New York by the City of New York on December 23rd. Her husband, Nicolini, will accompany her. She will first tour in concert and then appear in opera, not, however, with Abbey and Grau's Italian and French Opera Com-

There are said to be over 23,000 Indians in the United States who can read English, and over 10,000 who can read Indian languages.

The capital surplus of the banks of Caliornia is nearly \$85,000,000. General Booth is arranging his affairs so that at his death his daughter, Mrs. Booth Clibborn, called "the Marechal" in France, will become the controlling force in the Salvation army.

A railroad depot at Birmingham England, containing 11 acres, is said to be the largest in the world. A St. Louis doctor has made the startling discovery that a poisonous beetle makes its home in 'he little cigarette and attributes much of the bronchial affections to its

WITHOUT AN EQUAL H:(00:50) NEURALCIA. LUMBAGO. REMEDY OR PAIN SCIATICA, Spraine, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.
THE CHARLES A. VOCELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

About 4 o'clock, Valentine Dolson, a shot' tick-set young fellow, accompanied by Leputy-Warden Logan and a negre prisoner; passed down the main corridor to the southern wing. A few moments afterwards Warden Massey and the jail surgeon, Dr. Aikins, followed. When they reached the extreme end Dolson took off his coat and shirt and was strapped to the triangle. He is 23 years of age; his orime was indecent assault on Ettle Cooper in the town of Elora on the 6th of last August. He was pale, but wore a determined expression, and for the purpose of assisting him to endure the trying ordeal had his teeth firmly set in a piece of lead.

The deputy-warden when all was ready called out, "One "I" The cat was whirled around the guard's head two or three times, whizzed in the air and fell across the prisoner's shoulders, making a sickening sound. The victim winced slightly, "Two!" and another blow was dealt. At the third blow blue streaks crept across Dolson's back and he sank down until his weight was supported by his arms. As each additional stroke field the marks became more pronounced until the back for a width of six inches was a mass of bluish-purple flesh, bruised but not bleeding. When the twenty-fifth stroke was dealt Dolson gave a slight sigh of relief, the first sound he uttered. He bore his punishment bravely, and when being unstrapped from the triangl said: "I'm awfully glad this is over, b I didn't deserve it. All I hope is that the punishment will come back on her."

The Austrian Prime Minister; Count Taske, and his entire family have been thrown into mourning by the death, not of a dog. Moppi was for many years the south man heing, but of a dog. Moppi was for many years the constant and his period the constant and intelligent factors the purpose of assisting him to endure the trying ordeal had his teeth firmly set in a corner of the Prime Minister's room at the palace, with a look of truly statesmanlike sagacity on the viring sound. The victim winced slightly. "Two!" and another blow was dealt Dolson gave a

her."
The description given of Dolson was Sentenced September 4th, 1891; residence, Hespeler; place of birth, Canada; occupation, laborer; habits, temperate; religion, Baptist; single; can read and write; ne previous conviction.

The Steady Refuser.

The Steady Refuser.

Owen Sound-Advertiser: Newspapers at this season overflow with advice to the ratepayers as to the kind of men they ought to elect to the conduct of civic affairs, and aspirants as a class are occasionally treated to a word of warning or encouragement regarding the Herculean burden they seek to assume; but there is a class who it seems to us need talking to very much the worst, and yet get off scot free every year. We refer to the non-aspirants who ought, to be at our Town Councils. Every town has scores of men, already and the season of the season o

Tall Girls.

It is the fashion for girls to be tall. This is much more than saying that tall girls are the fashion. It means not only that the tall girl has come in, but that girls are tall, and are becoming tall, because it is the fashion, and because there is a demand for that sort of girl. There is no hint of stoutness, indeed the willowy pattern is preferred, but neither is leanness suggested; the women of the period have got hold of the poet's idea, "tall and most divinely fair," and are living up to it. Perhaps this change of fashion; more noticeable in England and on the Continent than in America, but that may be because there is less room for change in America, our girls being always of an aspiring turn. Very marked the phenomenon is in Europe this year; on the street, at any concert or reception, the number of tall girls is so large as to occasion remark, especially among the young girls just tall girls is so large as to occasion remark, especially among the young girls just coming into the conspicuousness of woman-hood. The tendency of the new generation is toward unusual height and gracious slimness. The situation would be embarassing to thousands of men who have been too busy to think about growing upward, were it not for the fact that the tall girl, who must be looked up to, is almost invariably benignant and bears her height with a sweet timidity that disarms fear. Besides, the tall girl has now come on in such force that confidence is infused into the growing army, and there is now come on in such force that confidence infused into the growing army, and there a sense of support in this survival of the tallest that is very encouraging to the young.—Charles Dudley Warner, in the Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Mayazine for the support of t

A Chief of Police. A Chief of Police.

There is no body of men more liable to suffer from exposure than the police. But as an example of how they get rid of their maiadies, the following is cited: "Green Island, N. Y., U. S. A., Feb. 11th, 1889: "I suffered with neuralgia in the head, but found instant relief from the application of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me." E. P. Bellinger, Chief of Police.

Brooklyn *Life*: Cubbage—Well, the court wards Miss Flypp \$25,000 as a balm for her blighted affections.

Rubbage—It isn't a balm. It's a plaste

a court plaster. Would you like to exchange your sallow checks for those glowing with health's roses? Then try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the system and make life as bright as childhood's dream.

On the eastern frontier of the "Dark Continent" coal is so plentiful that by lifting a shovelful of clay off any particular spot i may be reached. But there is no means o transporting it to market. DR.WILLIAMS

EVERY WOMAN should take them ressions and irregularities, which inevitable YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS.
They will cure the re-

YOUNG WOMEN should take them.
These Prize will make them regular.

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THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO.

THEOR. WILLIAMS TRED. CO.

From His Point of View.

Buffalo News: "See the effect of drink," and the temperance orator. "An empty pocket."

"And worst of all," added an inebriate n the back row, "an empty h

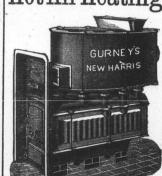
Michigan raises twice as many peaches s Delaware, and Illnois produces much nore whiskey than Kentucky. In boring artesian wells on the Pacific Coast great depths are reached before striking water. At Jaral and Monelars the wells are 1,536 and 1,280 feet in depth. The supply is inexhaustible, but the water has to be pumped.

D. C. N. L. 46, 91



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