

am going—no need to worry her. But the train is due in an hour, and if no one finds out about the bridge it'll go into the creek, and he'll go with it." She spoke the last words in a whisper.

I looked at the girl in wonder. Her face seemed transfigured, and the expression of resolve gave a new beauty to the handsome outlines.

"Some one else will think of that—other people must have heard the bridge go," I ventured.

"The bridge is half a mile nearer us than any other place," Mollie answered. "You know we are between the creek and the village. If anybody is before me, all right; if not, I must be there to warn the train. Don't tell mother—she thinks I am in bed—good-by, Mrs. Dillingham—you know what makes me go—I couldn't rest in my grave and *him* dyin' such a death, when I might have hindered."

She was off, and I pressed my face against the blurred window-pane to watch for the glimmer of her lantern through the darkness. But I could see nothing. All thought of retiring was now out of the question. I could only sit and count the minutes until she should return.

It was nearly two hours before they brought her in, pallid, bruised, dying.

The engineer told the story.

"No. 9 was half an hour late," he said; "I had just rounded the curve by the bluff, and was making pretty good time, because I knew the down train was waiting for me on the switch two miles farther on. All of a sudden I saw a lantern swinging in front of me, right over Sulphur Creek. Quick as lightning I knew the truth—the bridge had been swept away by the rains. I slackened the train, and went out with two of the brakemen and the conductor to explore. Sure enough the bridge was half gone; and out there, clinging to the ties over the trestle-work of the remaining portion with one hand, and swinging the lantern with the other, was a woman. Her hood had blown off, and her long hair streamed in the wind; her face was white as marble, and my heart stood stock-still for full two seconds. I thought it was a spirit, sure."

"Quick as she saw us coming toward her, she seemed to lose her grip, and we saw her drop the lantern. 'Hold on, we'll be there in a minute,' I shouted; but just then she let go the tie from which she had been hanging ever since she must have lost her foothold—and down she went. She was wedged in the trestle-work when we found her; and the conductor staggered back when he flashed his lantern on her white face."

"My God! it's that little beauty of Sawyer's," he said. "Who'd have thought she had the grit to do this thing—I've seen her flirting with the train-boys many a time on a summer day at the station yonder, and now we all owe our lives to her bravery. Pray God she's not lost hers."

But the prayer was vain.

She opened her eyes just once, in the gray of early dawn, and they turned from face to face until they rested upon mine. I saw her lips move, and her mother beckoned to me.

"I think she wants to speak to you, Mrs. Dillingham," she said, and stood aside while I leaned over the dying girl.

"Never tell mother or father," she whispered, "it would only fret 'em if they knew—and do no good. Nobody knows but you and him—it's better kept. I saved him, and it's better that I go like this. It might have been harder for 'em all if I'd lived. Comfort father and mother all you can."

As I turned to leave the room, through my blinding tears, just outside the doorway, I met Hugh Archer. The story of the tragedy had been carried to the occupants of the train, and a party of them had been delegated to come to the hotel and learn particulars.

I felt all the blood in my old veins fairly seething as I faced this man, there at

the threshold of that room, where the girl lay dying, whom he had twice—murdered.

"Don't dare go one step nearer," I cried, going close to him and looking him squarely in the face, "I know the whole story—and I will blazon it to the world if you do not leave the house this instant, you cowardly dog—seducer—murderer."

He turned away without one word, his head sunk upon his breast. Just then some one came out of the room where she lay, and I heard a voice saying—

"She is dead."

The Railroad Princes made her parents independent for life; and the lonely old couple mourn her as a sainted heroine.

It is better for them that she passed away. If in her brief, unglorious life she erred, she died well.

"Very sad about Mollie, wasn't it?" Miss Trimmings wrote to me in a letter a few weeks later. "Who would have thought she had so much courage! Her shocking death quite unnerved Hugh—you know he has that sympathetic poet nature. He wrote a lovely sonnet about her bravery—it will be printed soon, and I will send you a copy of it along with a piece of my new Bayadere striped walking skirt, which I am just having made up. It will be a very jaunty costume."

(THE END.)

WHY WOMEN WRITE.

A witty Frenchman has observed that "when a woman writes a book there is a book the more and a woman the less in the sum total of the world." * * * George Sand proudly boasts that the fear of losing any of her womanly charm by the addition of a gray hair to her raven locks, or the plowing of a single wrinkle on her brow, never deterred her from hours of midnight study or days of unintermittent intellectual production. The opinion of the world on the part of the entrance of the weaker sex into literary pursuits has curiously fluctuated from time to time. We know the position cultured woman occupied and the influence they possessed during the age of greatest splendor in Greece and the object of detestation they subsequently became when the asceticism of early Christianity swept over the world. In the fifteenth century we have many instances of learned ladies. Vittoria Colonna is an illustrious example of erudition and virtue; Alessandra Scala and Cassandra Fedele carried on a correspondence in Latin with Politian; Dometta Trivulzia delivered long orations before thronged assemblies; while Isotta of Verona lectured at the University of Bologna on the degree of culpability of Adam and Eve, and we read that when she stood forward to defend the cause of her sex the verdict of the assembly was invariably given in favor of Eve. We wonder, were Isotta to appear at Oxford nowadays, whether the undergraduates would be equally courteous. This respect for feminine culture passed away with the splendor of the fifteenth century. The corrupt age of Louis XIV undermined all chivalrous feeling men entertained for women, and they relapsed into an inferior position from which they have not yet emerged. The views of Englishmen have however, become modified since Dr. May, a hundred years ago, expressed his horror of female authorship, and was shocked at Maria Edgeworth's having been permitted even to translate Mme. de Genlis's "Adele et Theodore," addressing a congratulatory letter to her father when the publication was prevented, or since Southey wrote to Charlotte Bronte: "Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be." "I trust I shall never more feel ambitious to see my name in print; if the wish should rise I'll look at Southey's letter and suppress it," she answers natively. Modified, also, are our views since Mary Lamb declared "writing

to be a most painful occupation," and advised women to "beguile their time with knitting, knotting, netting, carpet work, and the like ingenious pursuits.—*The National Review*."

THE NEW VELVETEENS.

Among the many kinds of velveteen which manufacturers are sending out, it is very difficult to decide which is really the best, and entitled to the position which is claimed for all; and indeed the differences are such as it is not possible in the nature of things can be appreciated by the general public, for they are matters of detail, of finish, of enterprise and liberality on the part of manufacturers, and can only be appreciated by experience and knowledge. Velveteen is a marvel as at present produced, and is bound to still more largely supersede velvet for all the purposes for which the latter is used except trimming. For complete dresses suits, jackets, basques, overdresses, children's clothing and the like, it is every way desirable and looks as well as velvet at a fifth of the cost. No lady can go wrong who buys the "Arcadia" brand, for this has been thoroughly tested, and is manufactured with every attention to detail. But we do not advise ladies in purchasing velveteen to look for the cheapest grade; it cannot be expected that the lowest grade of velveteen should look like the highest grade of velvet, yet there are those who seem to think that it ought to do so. It is only those who understand what goods are, what velvet is, who can appreciate the perfection to which velveteen has been brought.

An old sunshade stripped of its former cover may be easily re-covered to match any costume. Take one of the sections removed and cut as many of the new material as was first used when the old sunshade was new; have them stitched together by machine sewing, and fasten to the frame. A new lining, if required, is as easily made. The work is not difficult, and will pay just now, when the effect of uniformity in dress details, now so studied, requires a change of parasol for time, place, and costume. A little ingenuity and finger dexterity combined go almost as far, and sometimes farther, in giving finish and elegance to toilet etceteras.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results."

Velvet leaves veined and edged with gold will be used for bonnet trimmings and dress motifs.

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, etc., writes: "I find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind puffs and cuts, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, burns, etc., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holway's Corn Cure will remove them?

Moliere fronts of all sorts are tabooed by women of fashion on the other side.

"Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms."

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for croup, burns, cuts and burns, it has no equal."

Half long Turkish jackets of velvet broche will be the first dressy fall wraps.

Jet and chenille will play an important part in dress trimmings, decorations, and motifs next season.

MOST EXORCIZING are the twinges which rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased action of the kidneys, by which the blood is more effectually depurated, removes through the natural channels certain acid elements in the circulation which produces rheumatism and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxative antibilious medicine and general corrective.

Red never goes out of fashion.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellery, trinkets, toys, etc.

Yellow flowers are very fashionable.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

Sleeves are to be worn lower on the shoulders.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonis Syrup.

Felt will be revived for fall hats and bonnets.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can ever bedew mine eye. It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Round turbans are the novelty for early fall wear.

What is it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Iron rust browns are the rivals of gray and mushroom.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Astrakhan jersey cloths comes among the new wool stuffs.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Lace dresses are worn in the streets of Paris, but not in New York.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Velvet, satin, and lace costumes will be all the rage in the early fall.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sittler's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Fancy feathers will be more worn than ostrich tips on the first fall hats.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Motifs of embroidery and beads will be much used for dress decorations.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases it has no equal.