out too lase last hight, Captain Temple. Mrs. O'Shea complained of her 'ead before retiring."
Roger again does his best to look contrite, and again fails signally. "If Rosie really wishes us to go, Belinda? Rosie is so unselfish—never likes other people to be disappointed—perhaps we had better beguided by her. We shall be a nice little party of three, you and Miss Burke and myself—"
"And Mr. Jones," adds Belinda. What so earth should make Colonel Drewe start so oddly at the sound of the girl's voice. "Don't forget that Mr. Jones has come back from the mountains."
"Jones—sh, to be sure, Jones," says Roger in an altered tone. "On second thoughts, I don't know that I have courage enough for the expedition. If Miss Burke were to get me slone among the ruins and begin to argue about the suffrage, I might become a convert to the Women of the Fuure before I knew where I was. It will be safer for me to remain behind."

Belinda turns away shruptly. "Amuse yourself well, Captain Temple," she cries, looking back at. him across her shoulder. "Mr. Jones is not going to Spain at all; in another hour Mr. Jones will be on his road to England; but never mind, Burke and I will have an improving day by ourselves. Good-bye. I have not a moment to lose." Her slip of a figure trips away out of the ourt-yard, and before she has progressed a dozan steps Roger Temple has joined her

government before 't here where I was. It will be acted for most or remain behind."

John and for form to creamly children's compared to the control of the

their escape through a side door, left open by the drowsy-eyed priest, and which leads down five or six breakneck stairs, into the sacristy.

The sacristy is old, older by centuries than the main body of the church, and is filled with vests, stoles, canopies, dilapidated Beatsa and other ecclesiastical property of that nature. The air is redolent of stale incense, mustiness, and garlic—what place in Spain is not redolent of garlis. How if they were to open a window, afford other pagan lungs a little less of the manufactured odor of sanctity? They open one and discover a balcony, or nural terrace, about twelve feet in length, exquisitely cool, sunless, and siesta-inviting, and with the whole panorama of town, river-mouth, and harbor outstretched beneath.

"Perhaps from this height we shall be able to see Miss Burke about somewhere," cries Belinda, tardily conacience-strickan. Remark the crucity of fate, the pertinacity of that unspiritual god, Circumstance, In the streets, upon the ramparts, guarded at every step they took by an attendant mob of beggar children, they were safe, comparatively. And then the christening drives them into the sacristy, and garlic and stale incense drive them outupon the balcony, where they are as much alone as they were on that first evening when "Lagrimas" sang her student song under the stars; and then, and then—"Belinda," says Roger Temple, somewhat irrelevantly, "don't speak of Miss Burke, child, until the subject is forced upon us. There is something you have omitted to explain to me, and this is a good moment to have it out. Mr. Jones has gone—my profound gratitude go with him—but why? What sent Mr. Jones have gone—my profound gratitude go with him—but why? "I maure I don't know; that is, of course, I know," answered Belinda, lucidly. "Mr. Jones went—well, because he found there was no good in his remaining any longer."

"I see. You have behaved badly to him, Belinda, confess it! Four days ago your dearest hope in life was to possess the Jones' diamonds. Don't you remember what

turns away quickly, yet not

"Take my arm, Belinda. The way is steep."
The way is steep, the loneliness profound. Upon one side stretches forth the Atlantic, silent at this hour, and motionless as any little mountain tarn; upon the other are wild sierras and rocky defiles of the Pass. Behind them—the lights from a score of scattered villages gleaming through the dusk—lies Spain, the land of dreams, the land which even prosaic middle age cannot quit without a sigh.

"And we have not seen the Alhambra after all," says Roger, some minutes later. She took his arm, as he bade her; her hand has become clasped, who knows how? in his, and she does not seek to draw it away. "Correctness," the outwork of weakness, so prudently born of knowledge, is to telinda's Arab soul unknown. She is only honest as yet.

honest as yes.

'No, we have not seen the Alhambra,"
in rather a shaky voice comes her answer,
"and we are not likely to see it—together,
at all events."
"Six short hours in Spain, and four of

Annie S, Swan on Niagara,
The authoross of "Aldersyde," Annie S.
Swan, who has been staying in Hamilton
for some time, in a letter in the Christian
Leader, gives a description of her visit to
Niagars Falls, which concludes as follows:
"I was left to be lulled to sleep by that
wild lullaby which for ages has thundered
through the night. It d'd not disturb my
slumber, and by surrise I was up and
watching the sun gleams and the rainbows
making beauty amid the terrors of that
awful torrent. It grows upon one, the
majesty and grandeur seem to sink yet
deeper into one's being. There is no
monotony; I cannot imagine that
familiarity with the sight could ever lessen
the sense of awe. And yet perhaps it would.
I have a feeling now that the memory of
that great torrent rushing madly in its
rooky bed, and the music of its roor as it
gathered itself for the final leap, will remain with me while I live."

Where "My Lord" Caused Trouble, where "My Lord" Caused Trouble,
A worthy Canadian professor of Trinity
College, Toronto, following the custom of
his country, fell into an awkward mistake
at the Church Congress last evening by
applying the title "lordship" to Bishop
Coxe who, at the close of the professor's
remarks, by the cose of the professor's applying the title "lordsnip" to Bishop Coxe who, at the close of the professor's remarks, humorously declined the honor of a title which has no existence under our republican form of government. The bishop at the same time told a story of how an American, though in a contrary kind of way, landed himself in a little difficulty in the Dominion. "A citizen of our own fair city," said the bishop, "was summoned to a court somewhere on theother side of Niagara river, and he persisted in calling the judge, who was a distinguished jurist, "Bir," Sir," whereupon the lawyer who had employed him as a witness, cautioned him to be careful and say "my lord." In desperation the witness exclaimed: 'I can't say my lord, Mr. Judge, I can't talk like you Britishers."

His Curiosity Aroused. His Curlosity Aroused,

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant
keeper to an Irishman who was starding in
frent of a newly arrived box of turtles,
holding his finger in evident pain. "What
are you doing there anyhow?"

"I wor investigating."

"I wor trying to see which was the head
and which was the tail ov that baste over
there in the corner ov the box."

"What did you want to know for?"

"What did you want to know for?"

"I've a curiosity to know whether I've
been bit or stung."—Merchant Traveller.

Helmets Superseding Travelling Skli Caps

Helmets Superseding Travelling Skil Caps.
The old-fashioned slik travelling or skull
cap, says the New York Sun, is fast being
superseded by the English plaid doublepeaked helmet. By actual count on an
evening train for Philadelphia on the Pennsylfania Road this week there were nine
travellers wearing plaid belmets and only
two with black slik head-gear. The helmet
covers the eyes and excludes the light if
one wants to doze, while it feels and looks
more like the orthodox head covering if one
steps off the train at a station. On the
other hand the skull cap always conveyed
the idea that its wearer had pulled the
lining out of his hat for temporary use. ing out of his hat for temporary use. Cannibals Live the Same Way.

Paterfamilias (at the supper-table to Mr Thomas Catch, Susie's beau)—It is said that a Spaniard can live upon an onion and a few olives a day. It seems surprising to ma does it not? s, does it not?
Susie's Little Brother—Mr. Catch,
know what you live on.
Mr. Catch—What, Tommy
Little Brother—On your aunt
said so.

said so.

The saie of Grattan's library has just taken place in Dublin, Ireland. There were upwards of 5,000 volumes, and Grattan, like Coleridge, was in the habit of enriching his books with marginal notes, of rare value for the generation amongst whom the intellectual riches of the great orator are being distributed.

The London correspondent of the Dublin Espress yesterday says: "Mrs. Gordon-Baillie, the notorious confidence woman, has resolutely refused to obey the prison rules, and has been punished in consequence. Her wealth of hair has been materially reduced, and a visiting justice declares that he had a difficulty in recognizing her as the saucy lady he had seen at the Old Bailey."

The inventor of Volapuk, Johann Martin

the Old Bailey."

The inventor of Volapuk, Johann Martin Sohleyer, is not dead, as a recent cable despatch stated, although he has been dangerously ill and received the last sacraments. The Baden baths cured him, and he lives to edit the Volapukable Zenodik, the official organ of the society, whose head-quarters have lately been removed to Paris.

Helene Rogermere sat upon the silken divan in the palastial residence of her father, the plumber, on Fifth avenue. Beside her, this cow.link drooping gracefully over his talabaster brow, sat Roe Reginald Rose-oranft, the post and litterateur. The night was waning. Through the parlor window is shone fair Luna, about three-quarter's full, at times coquetishly dodging behind at fleecy cloud as she carried on a nocturnal firstation with Jupiter. Twas a fit hour to the communion of souls. Roe Reginald's attenuated arm encircled the tapering waist of Helene, and her fair head rested upon the shoulder of his threadbare coat. Roe was uneasy.

uneasy.
"Is thy soul restless this night, my love? Has the divine afflatus seized thee in its inexorable grasp? Gaze upon yonder effulgent orb, and methinks in her quiet beauty, thou shalt find surcease of sorrow,

love."
And still the poet was restless.
"Will no word of mine relieve thee, dearest?" said Helene.
"Hardly," was the reply, in a hoarse, cadaverous tone. "Words will not suffice."
Then Helene leaned over her poet-lover and pressed a burning kiss upon his also baster brow. Looking into the azure depths of his soulful eyes with an arch smile, she queried:
"Will kisses suffice, love?"
"Alas! no," was the heart broken reply,

"for these are evanescent."
"Shall we walk upon the balcony, dearest?" whispered Helene, in mellifluous "Alas! no, my love; I am too weak," murmured Roe Reginald, with a consump-tive sigh.

tive sigh.

Helene was perplexed.
"Tell me truly," she pleaded, "has thy love for Helene grown cold? Has another usurped my place in thy affections? Art weary of me, love? Speak, I implore von?" you?"
Driven to frenzy by these piteous appeals,
Roe Reginald leaned over the fair woman
soon to be his bride and clasped her to his
breast in a passionate embrace.
"Wouldst thou know," he hissed between his clenched teeth, "what it is that gnaweth at my vitals which no poetry, no moonlight, no affection sisses, no love, no moonlight, no affection can assuage? Then list and I will tel

thee."
Roe Reginald Rosecranft, the poet, placed his thin and trembling lips close to the shell-like ear of his inamorata and in a tremolo-pizzicato voice shrieked:
"I'm hungry. Have you got any cold ham in the hou-e?"—Evening Sun.

Christmas Weather Proverbs A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.
A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.
A green Christmas, a white Easter.
A green Christmas makes a fat grave-

yard.

A wind on Xmas day, trees will bring much fruit.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a man afterward.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the

sun.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day there will be an abundant crop the following year.

them to-day, mim.

At a Boston hotel the head waiter came out of the office and informed the learned and cultured clerk that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the Browning saturated clerk, "and propitiate him in some way—I leave it to you." Back went the waiter to the dissatisfied boarder and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get right out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

They say of Colonel Dupree, of Georgis,

pretty quick."

They say of Colonel Dupree, of Georgie, a that daring the late canvass he went up to a perspring farmer, who was plowing with a stubborn ox, and offered to take his place while the plowman went for water. The offer was more than accepted, for the farmer stayed at the house till dinner, and the candidate plowed three hours under the hottest sun of the season.

Essie Jenyngs, the Australian sotrees, who is expected to throw Mary Anderson into the shade, is going to London at last. "Coeducation is the thief of time." That's the way a Cornell man pôt it in speaking of the mingling of sexes, as students in the college class-rooms.

Rev. Dr. Dick declared at the meeting of ministers in Baltimore that in the last twenty years there have been 300,000 "broken marriages" in the States.

A friend who lately returned from a visit to Mrs. U. S. Grant in New York saysthat she is anxious to rent her house prior to a

to Mrs. U. S. Grant in New York says that she is anxious to rent her house prior to a contemplated trip abroad next spring.

The Queen of Portugal is having a very jolly time in Spain. She and the Queen of Spain have become great friends, and wadrid society is enjoying the festivities which are only possible when two crowned women meet "to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." A Rutland (Vt.) family while eating din-

ner discovered a small tin box in the centre of the butter. It was opened and found to contain a "reminder to some unmarried Christian gentleman of his duty." The note was from "a girl, 18 years of age, good-looking and an excellent housekeeper." good-looking and an excellent housekeeper."

A lady visiting Nyack, N. Y., from the City of Churches took a hot brick to bed with her on Sunday night. About midnight she was awakened by smoke, and she found the lower part of her bed on fire and her toes just touched by the flames. A loud Brooklyn scream aroused the household The impending conflagration was extinguished, and the lady's toes were anointed with sweet oil.

Well, Why Is It? Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is r to the end.
What kin is the doormat to the door? A lep farther.
What is a waist of time? The middle of Why is a doctor never seasick? He is sed to see sickness.

Why does an old maid wear mittens?

Co keep the chaps off.
Why is a door in the potential mood? it's would, or should be.
What is a board of education? The What is a board of education? The schoolmster's shingle.

What sticketh closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death? It's bound to occur.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? He has been to sea.

What is it that will give a cold, oure a cold and pay a doctor's bill? A draught.

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whiskey manufactory? It is a secret still.

whiskey manufactory? It is a secret still.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils, and the bullrush is out.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind, the other minds the train. What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you can squeeze to get cider, and the other you can get 'siter to squeeze.

A subscription paper for some religious object was passed to a zealous church member in town recently, when he remarked:

"Well, I can give \$5 and not feel it."
"Then," said the solicitor, "give \$10 and feel it." The point was seen at once and the "ten spot" was forthcoming.

A Good Reason.

Mistress—Why, Nora, how dusty the chairs are!
Maid—Yes, mim, there's nobody sat on them to-day, mim.

At a Bayton hotel the head, waiter when the preferred a married or uncarried partner: 'Well, you see, we're only here for a day or two, so it's quite immaterial to me which it is.'"

And Papa Said Never a Word. Father-Johnnie, you must go to bed Fainet Johnnie I don't want to, papa.
Johnnie I don't want to, papa.
Father—But you must, my son. Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise, you know.
Johnnie (sagaciously)—You didn't go to bed early when you was a little boy, did you, papa?

The First Bift in the Honeymoon. Anxious mother—Why; my daughter in tears! What has happened?
Married daughter:—I—g got mad at Arthur this morning and said a lot of—of mean things, and then he said lot of meaner ones and boo hoo! I couldn't think of anything mean enough to say back, boo hoo!

Will There be a Collector at the Gates Ajar?

Nothing so sure as death and taxes is true enough perhaps, but formerly people imagined that when death came along taxes stopped. It turns out that we're changing all that, witness this little item which is going round the country: "Cremation is illegal in France and bodies have to be taken to Italy to be burned. M. Morin, dying recently in Paris, left instructions that his body should be sent to Milan to be burned. This was done, and the cost of the incineration was but fifteen shillings. The Italian custom house, however, levied \$70 import duty on the body when it came into the country, and the same amount export duty when the ashes were taken back to France."

Syliabic Enthusiasm. Two well-dressed men, both far advanced papers)—Oh, papa, my pussy in liquor, happened to meet on turning the oracker!

Judge—Ten days.

mindor, inspined to meet the string size corner of Broadway into Fourteenth street, at the Morton House. One of them had a bedraggled bandanna around his hat. The other's breast was covered all over with American flags and Harrison campaign buttons. uttons.
"Hurror f'—hurror f'-f'—Cle," stam-nered the first man. Then the other broke

n w th:
"Y' mean hurror f' Har-."
"No, 'ror f' Cle-."
"No, f' Har-."
"I tell y' it's Cle-."
"Har-."
"Cle-."

"Har—"
"Cle—"
And they bumped against each other and tried to wave their arms, but couldn't get beyond the first syllable of their candidates names. When last seen they were bowling down Fourteenth street arm in arm, one shouting "'Ror f' Cle," and the other "'Ror f' Har—"—N.Y. Herald. He Loved Her Very Still.

"And do you really love me, Ned, just as much now as you did when we were first married?" asked she fond wife of her busy husband, tenderly putting her arms around his neck.
"Yes, Mary, I do," was his soul satisfying reply. "Now, hang you, keep still."
"Wine, Women and Song."

"Wine, Women and Song," but the greatest of these is, "women.'
"Wine is a mocker," and song is good to "sooth the savage," but women respond to every active power and sentiment of the human mind when in good health. But when afflicted with disease you will find them tantalizing, coquestish, cross, and hard to please. For all "female complaints," sick headache. irregularities, nervousness, prolaputs and other displacements popularly known as "female weakness" and other diseases, peculiar to the sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the great world-famed remedy.

One line of John Boyle O'Reilly's poem on Crispus Attucks, says the Boston Travel-ler, is likely to live in popular memory. For years to come the orator, in denouncing re-action and Bourbonism, will repeat the grand truth, "The Tory is always a traitor A Wise Husband.

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry to pay \$50 for a diamond ring for you wife?" wife?"
"Not at all. You seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill." Don't Read This for \$500.

For many years, through nearly every newspaper in the and the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, as any one can easily ascertain by proper enquiry have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of nassl catarrh, nr matter how had, or of how long standing which they cannot cure. which they cannot cure.

which they cannot cure.

It is said that there is a general expectation that the senior wrangler for the eneuing year will be Miss Fawcets, the only daughter of the late Postmaster-General. She has always beaten the best men of her year in the Trinity examinations. There is a legend that she applied to one of the most famous of university mathematical coaches, and saked to be taken as his pupil. She was not received, however, and the story goes that the learned but ungallant tutor declared that "he would teach no tabbies." He might hold a different and more respectful opinion now.

Maiter—What would you like for your breakfast this morning?
Young Noodle (who was out late the night before)—I guess you can bring me a cup of ooffee and, er-er, some chopped ice and a bucket of water.

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Child (to its father, a judge, deep in his

-The season of Advent will begin this ear Dec. 2nd. A woman (Mrs. Broadway) has the monopoly of all the bill-posting done in Dhicago. She covers 2 000,000 square feet of bill boards each week.

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atoon is the targes heat by any noise is the country."

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