

When you order "Salada" and receive an inferior tea, your dealer is more interested in exacting a large profit than in serving you well.

SALADA

CEYLON TEA

Is Unequaled.

JESSAMINE.

Already Mrs. Wyllis had been heard to say that, "if Mrs. Fordham were worth a mile in her own right, she could not look more haughty and indifferent to people who were richer and better bred. When, as everybody knew, she was a poor preacher's daughter with just money enough to buy her wedding clothes. Though, pity knows, they couldn't have cost much. Was there ever such awful taste, as not to lighten her mourning to suit the circumstances? Who ever heard of a bride's wearing crepe?"

These were the spots upon Roy's cheeks when he saw his visitor was—probably hector, for his demeanor was natural. With instant thought of her probable embarrassment, he put out his hand, smilingly.

"Ah, Jessie, dear, good morning. You are very good to visit a poor fellow in his affliction. For such a throat and head as I have are an affliction. I seldom strike my colors to a common cold."

"This seems to be an uncommon one," said Jessie, feeling his pulse with the practiced touch she had learned in her parish visiting. "You have fever. You ought to have medical advice. Who is your physician?"

"I have never had occasion to call in one since I came to Hamilton. Suppose we 'hide a bit,' as our worthy president says, and if I am no better in the course of an hour or two, we can send Dr. Bradley. I had a trying day yesterday. Prof. Fairchild is sick, and I had some of his classes in addition to my own. It is well this Saturday. I can sit still, and rest my throat with a clear conscience. Provided," smiling in her grave face, "provided, you do not let me trouble you."

"Trouble me! You should know better than that. But," hesitating, if you will let me say it—

"Go on; there is nothing you may not say to me," he said encouragingly. "I do think it would be better to see Dr. Bradley at once—if only as a precautionary measure."

He started—looked at her intently. "You are thinking of diphtheria? You ought not to have come in until that point was settled. There may be danger to you. If, through my carelessness—"

He turned his face away, unable or unwilling to finish the sentence. "I never thought of that," said Jessie simply. "If I had, I should have come all the same. Whatever may be the doctor's opinion, I shall stay here and take care of you. It is my place."

She rang the bell for Phoebe, and in Roy's hearing, ordered her to go for the doctor. She would not have her charge suspect that she was unduly alarmed, or believe there was occasion for a hasty summons. Then she brought a sunny face to the bedside, and put a fresh pillow, under the hot, heavy head.

"You don't know what a famous nurse I am," she said, blithely. "My father," her voice sinking with the word, "used to say that nursing was a talent, and that I was born with it."

She set to work, forthwith, without waiting for permission. Roy, regarding her silently from his bed, heartily endorsed Mr. Kirk's verdict. Not Eulalie herself could have moved more efficiently to alleviate, so far as she could, the pain and discomfort of his situation. The doctor was at home, and obeyed the call promptly. Roy glanced inquiringly at Jessie when he was announced.

"Show him up," was all she said, and when he followed Phoebe into the chamber, she met him with high-bred ease as the lady of the house; as the patient's wife discussed his symptoms; heard, with marked gratification, that her fears of diphtheria were unfounded, and received his directions gratefully and attentively.

"A fine woman, and a most devoted wife," pronounced Dr. Bradley, at his luncheon table that day. "Let me hear no more gossip about her, girls. Remember!"

"But, papa, they do say they live queerly!" ventured the irrepressible Selma. "Mrs. Wyllis—"

"Is a female that you don't be another in listening to her twaddle," was the peremptory reply.

Orrin Wyllis, hearing accidentally of his cousin's indisposition, called at noon, and was conducted by Phoebe, by warrant of the relationship, into Roy's presence. The chamber was heated usually by the furnace register, but Roy lay in bed gazing at the glowing pile of coals in the grate. There was a happy ray in his eye, spontaneity in the safety with which he welcomed his guest, that did not accord

with the latter's preconceived ideas of the quality of a sick-room.

"You look like an invalid, don't you?" was Wyllis' second remark. "This is the cheeriest place I have been in today. It is what the English call beastly weather, out of doors. I don't blame anybody for keeping his bed. I thought you showed me the room across the hall as yours when you took me through the house, that night, 'the last of your quasi widowhood.'"

"We changed the arrangement afterwards," rejoined Roy, carelessly. "But it is a luxury, isn't it, to lie on a holiday, when there are no phantoms of unsaid lectures to torment one's reveries? I am enjoying it amazingly. I hadn't the remotest conception that being sick was so delightful."

"By Jove! I should think you would luxuriate in it, unless you have less brains than I give you credit for! With an hour for head nurse, too? What get out of that! I can play the sentimental sufferer as well as you, and I have a native bias for lazy luxury, which you haven't, I dare say, you cunning dog! If all were told, there is some dainty mess preparing for you below stairs—a triumph of conjugal affection and culinary skill, that should be tasted by none but an educated appetite. A Teuton like yourself would be as gilded with pretense as I thought, washed down by a gallon of lager. I am a devout predestinarian, and here lies the case. I have a canine hunger on me. I am on my way home to luncheon. Without the day is dark and cold and dreary. I am led to this corner of cosiness and comfort and fairy fare to dispossess you. Impostor, how dare you lie there and grin at my emptiness and agony! Confess! What did you have for breakfast? What do you mean to devour for lunch? What do you hope to consume for dinner?"

Roy could never resist the infection of this merry banter, seldom indulged in by Orrin except when with him. It brought back their early days—"when you thrashed the big boys for bullying me"—he liked to remind the other when they slept, played and studied together. Orrin had his follies, and a graver fault or so, but he was his friend, as he told Dr. Baxter, and the boyish love for his gallant senior was still strong upon him. His laugh was now hearty and mischievous.

"Such a breakfast," he said, "Got ten up in strict conformity with the injunction, 'Feed a cold, starve a fever.' And you will have a fever to starve, interjected Wyllis. 'That would be poetical justice. But go on.'"

"Imprints," resumed Fordham, "a cup of Turkish coffee—fragrant and clean. Then, cream toast. Knowest thou the taste thereof? Of real cream toast—light, smooth, rich, that soothe the inflamed membrane of your throat and maketh the diaphragm to rejoice exceedingly? Item, broiled chicken—a marvel of juicy tenderness; an omelette aux fines herbes which was an inspiration."

"For heaven's sake!" Orrin feigned to tear his hair. "If you don't want to be murdered in your bed, hold your tongue."

Roy was in a paroxysm of laughter; Wyllis, scowling horribly, had snatched the poker and was making adroit passes at him, like the cunning master of fence he was, when Jessie, ignorant of the liberty, Phoebe had taken, and supposing her patient to be alone, entered. She had a waiter in one hand, containing a silver pitcher and goblet, and a plate in the other, heaped with hot-house grapes. Transfixed with astonishment at the spectacle within, she stopped at the threshold. Her amazement was not lessened when Orrin, replacing the weapon on the hearth, threw himself into a chair and covered his face with a handkerchief.

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RAILROAD RUMPLINGS

Electric Headlights on Engines With Mirror Combined.

Rapid Growth of the Pressed-Steel Car Industry—Plant for Preserving Tie Timber.

The cost of cars ordered in the first six months of the year aggregated about \$12,500,000.

The Wabash will receive a lot of new Baldwin locomotives Aug. 1. They are very large and powerful.

The Black Diamond Express on the Lehigh Valley Railroad recently made the run from Sayre to Buffalo (173 miles) in 153 minutes.

The interstate commerce commission has approved a project to hold in Chicago next month a conference of railway officials, representatives of mercantile and manufacturing interests, and members of congress, to frame a compromise pooling bill and remedy the defects in the interstate commerce law.

Experiments are being made with electric headlights on engines, fitted with a mirror which deflects a part of the rays issuing from the light. It is claimed that this beam is visible from a great distance, and gives an indication of the approach of a locomotive often before the ray sent straight ahead is seen.

One of the questions discussed by the American Society of Civil Engineers at their convention at Cape May, N. J., recently was: "What are the economic conditions under which electricity may be substituted for steam in the operation of branch lines, and what are the engineering requirements?" The result of the discussion was that in the opinion of members electricity was more expensive than steam, but that it was not long before rubber-tired locomotives will be running between New York and Philadelphia, making the distance in half an hour. It is a mere question of designing proper rails.

A plant has been established at Mount Vernon, Ill., for preserving timber for cross-ties. It began operations on Monday on 100,000 ties. The process of preservation is thus described: The ties are first placed in a large retort, where the action on the wood is several hours for the purpose of expelling the sap. They are placed next in a vacuum, and thence chloride of zinc is forced into the air cells by means of a high-pressure pump, the solution containing about 4 per cent of zinc, and being injected into the ends of the ties exclusively. After this treatment a preparation of gelatine is forced into the ends of the ties, and afterwards one of tannin, the composition forming a sort of tough substance by chemical reaction, which prevents the zinc from being washed out of the tie, as the chloride of zinc is a very deleterious agent and requires something to retain it in the wood. The gelatin then penetrates only a short distance into the tie. An ordinary tie weighs about 150 pounds, and after treatment about 170 pounds.

Three years ago the pressed steel car industry was in its infancy; two and a half years ago it was in its adolescence; today 10,000 men and boys are earning their living at it. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has bought 6,000 cars, the Pennsylvania Railroad 3,000, the Lake Shore 2,000, and nearly all the eastern roads have given orders for some of the cars. The rise of the pressed steel car has benefited the steel and bridge material manufacturers, as railroads are laying heavier rails and strengthening the country by preparing for the revolution in the freight car system that the new car has produced.

To reproduce the dead weight and yet increase the load-bearing capacity of the freight car is a problem that was not solved until the adoption of steel pressed into shape best calculated to bear the strain of heavy loads. The wooden cars of 70,000 pounds capacity weighed 35,000 pounds, the ratio of the light weight to the carrying capacity being 50 per cent. The pressed steel car of 80,000 pounds capacity weighs 25,000 pounds, a ratio of 32.27 per cent. In brief, the wooden car that carries 70,000 pounds endures 35,000 pounds of the pressure of the wheels, while the pressed steel car carries 110,000 pounds of coal weights only 500 pounds more. The wooden car carries coal equal to twice its weight; the pressed steel car carries three times its own weight, with 3,500 pounds to spare.

GRINDSTONES BURST. Brockville, Ont., July 24.—A peculiar accident occurred in the James Smart Manufacturing Co.'s plant here. The men working on two grindstones, weighing a ton each, noticed that they had attained an unusual speed, and surmising that something was wrong endeavored to stop the engine, but were unable to do so, as it being "away." They immediately fled from the building, and a moment later the stones burst and the fragments were hurled through the roof and windows, one striking a man, who was standing in a doorway, and another through a roof of a two-story building half a block away. The building is badly wrecked. Fortunately no one was hurt.

ROSE COGHAN BANKRUPT. New York, July 24.—Rose Coghlan, the actress, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy with the clerk's office of the United States district court, under the name of Rosamond Maria Sullivan. Her petition places her liabilities at \$26,536. The only assets named are jewelry, wearing apparel, also a theatrical wardrobe, consisting of a few dresses, wigs, etc., all valued at \$250, and claimed to be exempt. About \$15,000 of the indebtedness is in judgments.

THE AFRICANER TALKS. Montreal, July 24.—The champion bicyclist of South Africa, A. H. George, does not pretend to know much about the political situation and does not seem to care about the differences between Oom Paul and Sir Alfred Milner, but he knows a lot about bicycling and is willing to talk.

He has been in Montreal with the express idea that he will capture every champion he can and take them back to Natal with him. He seemed surprised a little at first sight to find out that Canada was not merely the south side of an iceberg, but that it was as most as civilized as South Africa, and that we had bicycles and bicycle stores here. But when he went to Queen's Park, saw the track and tried it, then he surrendered. It was the best he had ever ridden over, and vowed that he would lower the mark that gave him the African championship. George is peculiar in his way of working. He

does not want anybody to help him, and he is not a believer in the eternal rubbing down system. It belongs to the old methods, and things that athletes can do as well if he takes care of himself as if he has a whole stack of trainers and timers at his elbow.

PRESBYTERIAN CENTURY FUND

A Circular Sent to Every Minister and Missionary.

In Promotion of the Scheme—Response Desired by August 15.

In connection with the century fund launched by the Presbyterian Church, it was felt to be of the utmost importance that the hearty sympathy and co-operation of every minister of the church should be secured. The importance of this was felt to such an extent by the executive that, when they had held their first meeting, ten days ago, they resolved before proceeding further to issue the following circular. A copy of this was mailed last week to every missionary in the church.

"Dear Brother,—You will have already noticed with what unanimity the general assembly launched the Twentieth Century Scheme. It was deeply impressed on all who were present that God was manifesting himself in the midst of his church, and guiding and urging her to this movement, so quietly, so earnestly and so harmoniously was the scheme accepted by both ministers and elders."

"Having confidence that he has said 'Go forward' to you, and placing in the committee that appeal should be made first of all to each minister of our church, seeking hearty and continuous co-operation, and asking for such action on the part of your congregation as will be an active and untiring agent and advocate of the scheme and the leader of the movement on its behalf in the congregation; in the Sabbath school and in every other organization connected with the congregation. The appeal is made to you to take your rightful place as one of the captains of the Lord's host, and the committee confidently expect that your answer to the urgent call of your church will be in the spirit of that made by Amasai when he said for himself and for all the captains: 'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse; peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers: for God helpeth thee.'"

"Above all, the committee are assured that if the ministers become the first, and a very helpful, class of contributors to this