

# Cupid Tries Again

"Frank Bayley" repeated Carrington, looking at her with unusual attention. "Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, in the Indian service. Did you know him?"

"I have met him," a slight frown contracted his brow.

"Yes, he is a very clever fellow," said Mrs. Bayley, picking up a stitch with much dexterity and continuing the conversation in an imperative kind of whisper, as Miss Onslow began to play a dreamy nocturne.

"A very clever fellow. He is not going back to India, he is going to practice in Huddersfield. Ah, what queer experiences he has had!"

"He seems to have been communicative," said Carrington, with a tinge of contempt.

"To me, yes. You see we had a sort of professional intimacy. After I lost my poor husband, having no ties, I turned hospital nurse, and was able in that way to do a little good. I was fortunately in the same hotel with Mrs. Fane, when she had that frightful attack of Roman fever—through which I nursed her—about two years ago. We have stuck to each other ever since. Poor dear! Her life has been cruelly spoiled. That wretch of a husband of hers, I don't know what he deserves! You should hear Frank Bayley's account of him!"

"No answer. Carrington, his eyes fixed on the ground, his brows sternly knit into a frown, prompted no doubt by righteous wrath, was pulling his long moustaches.

"After waiting in vain for a reply, Mrs. Bayley recommenced.

"Do you think of making any stay here?"

"Still no answer. He seemed lost in thought, and then, as though he did not hear her, suddenly rose and crossed to where Mrs. Fane was sitting in her favorite window. The chair beside her was tenanted only by a little pet black Pomeranian dog.

"This is a little beauty," said Carrington, lifting it and taking its place, while he stroked the little creature, who seemed quite happy on his knee.

"The little beauty is mine," cried Mrs. Bayley, "and used to be a good, obedient little dog—my one possession—but Mrs. Fane has bewitched Midge, and now he is so spoiled that he cares for no one else. She quite ruins him—even gets up at unearthly hours to take him out before breakfast." Here Mrs. Fane's courier brought in some letters, and Mrs. Bayley soon became absorbed in hers.

Though Morton stole many impatient glances towards Carrington and his hostess, good breeding forbade him to break in upon their virtual tête-à-tête—and so he kept himself usefully employed, as he imagined, by getting up a flirtation with Miss Onslow, rather to that young lady's astonishment.

"I suppose it is a great pleasure to you to sing!" said Carrington, rather abruptly, and looking at Mrs. Fane in the peculiar, searching, sombre way that always impressed her so much.

"I am fond of singing, certainly, but why do you think so?"

"Because you put your heart into it, or seem to do so, and for the pleasure you bestow, seeming suffices."

"That is a polite way of saying I do not feel at all."

"I did not mean it, and I would rather believe you do feel."

"Why? To ensure my suffering?"

"God knows, no! Must you suffer because you feel?"

"I suppose to sensitive people, sorrow is more sorrowful and joy more joyful than to ordinary men and women. I do not think I am peculiarly sensitive; my life has been tranquil enough." But a quick, half-suppressed sigh belied her words.

"You are fond of dogs, Colonel Carrington?"

"Yes, I had a lot of dogs about me always in India. One was a special friend; I brought him home with me. He would have died of grief if I had left him behind."

"And you thought of that? So much consideration is surely rare in a man."

"Is it? Have women much more selfishness than men?"

"They have the credit of selfishness. I suppose it is some accident of constitution."

Carrington was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Isolation tends to foster selfishness, at least. I have been a good deal in remote, lonely stations, and—"

"You have, contrary to your nature, grown a selfish man," interrupted Mrs. Fane, playfully.

"Not contrary to my nature, I fear," he answered, smiling.

Then Mrs. Fane grew silent, but she was an admirable listener, and Carrington was unusually moved to speak. He was not smoothly fluent like Morton; but there was force and earnestness in his abrupt, unstudied sentences that had a charm of their own for the rather spoiled and somewhat blase woman of the world to whom they were addressed. At length Carrington, to Sir Frederic's infinite relief, rose to leave. Some talk ensued of a proposed expedition to a castle and some caves at a distance, and then, as Mrs. Fane appeared to think that Morton was going too, he felt obliged to retire.

and stiff as can be! So different from Sir Frederic, who really has birth and position!" cried Mrs. Bayley, as soon as she found herself alone with Mrs. Fane.

"I rather suspect he is a nobody; it is remarkably reticent about his family, which is not usual if there is anything to boast of."

Mrs. Fane smiled. "I could never imagine Colonel Carrington boasting; and pray remember I have more sympathy with nobodies than you can possibly have."

"My dear Mrs. Fane, I did not deserve that little sting. You know well that if Nature had not made you a perfect gentleman, no amount of filthy lucre, nor even the pressure of my miserable poverty, would have induced me to throw in my lot with you. I could not endure the hope of being with an ill-bred or a purse-proud person; but you know my independence."

"I do, Mrs. Bayley, and I am much gratified by your flattering opinion; but really I had no intention of stinging."

"I forgive you," said Mrs. Bayley, laughing; "but I refer to the opinion that Colonel Carrington is not thoroughbred, or he would not treat me with such scant ceremony. Oh, don't be afraid to laugh. I dare say you think me an exacting old woman; but a man's conduct to a person in the position he imagines I hold, is a very good test. He fancies, I dare say, that you pay me."

"No doubt he thinks I ought. Nor do I see why you should decline."

"No, no; I will never accept a salary. Freedom and independence is my motto, and equality is the soul of friendship. Why should you pay me for what is a pleasure to me to give?"

"Well, as you please; and so good-night. My head aches a little; I shall be glad to be in darkness."

Though Mrs. Fane soon dismissed her maid, and put out the lights, she did not go to bed. She sat long in an extremely easy chair, musing vaguely, first, with a slight smile, on Mrs. Bayley's independence, and remembering not in any niggard spirit, but with a certain sense of humor, that during the years in which she had given a salary of a hundred pounds to a lady for whom she had been considerably less than during the Bayley regime. This was merely a passing thought. The young grass widow was truly liberal; but whether from indulgence, or some reluctance of the heart to avail itself of its complete independence, she was considerably less than during the Bayley regime. This was merely a passing thought. The young grass widow was truly liberal; but whether from indulgence, or some reluctance of the heart to avail itself of its complete independence, she was considerably less than during the Bayley regime.

"What a wonderful balm there is in forgetfulness!" said Carrington, walking on beside her.

"Perhaps you do not forget or forgive readily. I fancy there is a tinge of implacability about you," she returned, looking up in his face with a sweet, arch smile and glance from her speaking brown eyes.

"Why so very gravely meeting it with a look, half sad, half resentful."

"Ah! that is puzzling," she exclaimed. "It is so hard to account for these vague, yet vivid impressions, which are none the less irresistible because they are perhaps illogical. There is something about her, in the way you carry your head, that makes me feel that you would not easily forgive. I fear I am impertrious."

Colonel Carrington smiled, keeping his eyes fixed on hers. "I don't think I am worse than other professing Christians of my sort! But you are very active for a fine lady, Mrs. Fane. Do you always get up at six or seven and walk before breakfast?"

"I fear I am not very methodical. Sometimes I am very late—sometimes I am guilty of reading in bed! I am quite sure the absence of a controlling necessity is a terrible want. The great incentive to these early walks is that I can be free and alone; at other times I hardly belong to myself. Here I am at my own disposal."

"I can understand the charm your solitary rambles must possess, and—raising his hat—"will intrude no longer."

He paused.

"If you mean any hint," she said, coloring slightly. "If you care to walk with me to the wreck, and she pointed to it, "pray do, besides," laughing, "you must guard Midge and myself past the crust monster's haunt."

"True; must be of some use," he said, gravely, resuming his seat.

"Suppose you let Master Midge run; he seems anxious to get down."

For a few minutes Mrs. Fane was occupied in observing that the little dog limped slightly and seemed stiff; but gradually these symptoms disappeared, and he ran about as inquisitively as ever.

Then his guardians fell into pleasant discursive talk on many subjects, Carrington's somewhat sombre views calling forth much bright and playful contradiction from his companion, whose keen, picturesque observations roused him to think before he replied. She was frank and thoroughly at ease, holding her own with infinite good breeding, and arbing her latent enthusiasm with graceful tact, yet through all her brightness sounded the echo of a minor chord, a subtle breath of resignation that suggested some loss, some bruised place in her full harmonious being.

Carrington listened and looked with all his soul, and thought that never again had an hour passed so swiftly.

"I shall report your gallant rescue," said Mrs. Fane, as she parted with him when they reached the road. "Pray come in to luncheon and let Mrs. Bayley thank you in person."

"I shall be most happy," returned Carrington, as he stood aside to let her pass.

"I have got a footing," he muttered to himself as he turned back to the beach, and it will go hard if I do not make it a foothold."

As the luncheon party included Sir Frederic, Miss Onslow and Dr. Methvin, besides Colonel Carrington, Mrs. Fane took the opportunity of organizing an expedition to visit an old castle, which, with the adjoining fishing village and some caves, were one of the few excursions points available for visitors at St. Cuthberts.

The preliminaries were soon settled, and ten o'clock the next day but one fixed upon as the hour of departure.

"There is a tolerable little inn at Craigtoun," said the professor, "and I will write to the landlord to have luncheon provided."

"Pray do," cried Mrs. Bayley. "I find

that the contemplation of scenery in keen sea air has an alarming effect on the appetite."

"I think I'll get old Morton to let me have his wife's ponies to drive you over, Mrs. Fane. She has been away all the summer, and the little brutes are eating their heads off."

"How many will the carriage hold?" asked Mrs. Fane.

"Four, I think."

"The you can take Mrs. Bayley, Violet, and myself," said Mrs. Fane.

"And leave Dr. Methvin and me without a lady to escort!" exclaimed Carrington. "That is a most unfair division of good things."

"It is indeed too bad," said Mrs. Bayley. "I cannot countenance such an injustice. If the gentlemen will have me, I shall be delighted to go in Colonel Carrington's carriage and you had better come too, dear, to Miss Onslow, then Sir Frederic can take a groom."

"Well, you will see about the ponies, and we can arrange details afterwards," said Mrs. Fane, and the party rose from the table, dispersing soon afterwards. Mrs. Bayley declared her intention of finishing a novel in which she was deeply interested, and Mrs. Fane said she would return the visits of some old ladies—friends of Dr. Methvin—who had thought it necessary to call upon her.

Left alone, Mrs. Bayley found her novel and settled herself in the sitting-room, but she was not absorbed by her book. She laid it down at intervals, and went to the window, which commanded the approach to the hotel on one side; she looked at the clock, she compared it with her own watch. She took a note from her pocket and read it over, tearing it carefully into little bits, and placing the scraps in the wast-paper basket. At length the door opened, and Morton came in. He walked to the window, kicking a chair out of his way as he went. After a glance through the open sash he turned, muttering something—not a blessing, but a warning.

"What is the matter? You see me to be in a tantrum," said Mrs. Bayley. Her voice sounded harder, commoner than it did when she talked genially with Mrs. Fane.

"Probably I am. I am coming to the end of everything. I had a warning from Jephson that Moseenthal, the brute who holds nearly all my paper, is determined to smash me; and at the first breath of legal proceedings, the whole fabric of my fortunes, my present chances, will crumble to dust like the skeletons at Pompeii when exposed to light and air."

He threw himself on a sofa as he spoke, his good-looking face completely changed by an angry scowl, and the sleepy blue eyes, which many a maid and matron considered irresistible, lit up with battle.

"This is bad, very bad," returned Mrs. Bayley. "What are you going to do? You have some time before you. No steps can be taken till Michaelmas."

"I must see Moseenthal. He is out of town to-day, but I can find out where he is in town. Meantime, I must make the play I can here; if I could but see my way. That woman maddens me."

(To be continued.)

Tommy's Complaint.

Father's got the fresh air craze and mother's got it, too.

And I don't know if I can stan' this bloom'n' winter throo; We haven't a furnace fire, cause father says as where

A fire is unhealthy, so we warm with his hot air.

He gets up early ev'ry morn' an' thaws out both the cats,

And then goes up in our spare room an' does some scrobates;

The winders are left up all night, an' in the mornin' gosh!

I have ter crack the ice up in the pitcher when I was a pup.

An' mother, too, she's just as bad, she walks from two till four

And then comes back an' pulls at some-thin' hangin' on the door,

And then she takes a big long breath— "I did not mean it," she tricks—

And doesn't breath till she has counted up ter ninety-six.

We live on malted shavin's and shredded door-mats, too,

An' I can't use my appetite—it's just as good as new.

An' so I'm goin' to Grandma's house, where I can sleep and stuff,

Till mother gets her lungs filled up an' p' gets air enuff.

Editorial Troubles in Kansas.

Everybody has his troubles, even the editor of a newspaper. A reporter was sent out lately to get the news of a party. The hostess would not tell the reporter about it, saying she preferred to have her friend Miss So-and-So write the piece. This was on Tuesday. The Signal went to press Wednesday night, and Miss So-and-So brought the story in Thursday morning, after the papers were all in the post-office. Later in the day the hostess called at the Signal office and abused the editor like a pickpocket for not printing an account of the party. If the hostess had allowed the reporter to handle the story her party would have been taken care of promptly and properly, for the reporter is on to her job, while Miss So-and-So can't write for sour apples. We strive to please, but trying to please everybody is a war, and you know Sherman's definition of war.—The Holton Signal.

When one woman insists upon paying another woman's car fare and the other woman lets her she never forgets it.

# LIGHTNING AN ITS DANGERS.

## The Loss of Life is Greater Than Commonly Supposed.

In this country we have no means of ascertaining precisely what is the amount of mischief done by lightning. In France and Germany statistics on the subject are systematically tabulated by the Government every year. If complete statistics were accessible there can be little doubt they would show that the annual loss of life and property is far greater than is commonly supposed. In one respect the damage is often greater than it need be, even apart from any consideration of lightning conductors.

During five or six days in the summer of 1884 it was estimated by a competent authority that besides other mischief not less than six hundred animals of one sort and another in England were killed by lightning, most of them being sheep and cattle in the field. In all such casualties it is usual to regard the carcasses as unfit for human food, says the London Chronicle, and they are ordinarily buried. Mr. Atfield, professor of chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society, has pointed out that this is often an unnecessary waste.

The carcasses are not in the slightest degree affected as regards their wholesomeness as food by the electric discharge, and if within a short time after being struck they were treated as in the ordinary process of slaughtering and the veins and arteries drained before the blood had coagulated there could be no reasonable objection to their being eaten.

This summer has been especially disastrous in various parts of the country thunderstorms have been frequent, and scarcely a week has passed of late in which the newspapers have not recorded the destruction of sheep and cattle.

But besides the killing of sheep and cattle there have been several disasters fatal to human life, to say nothing of a great deal of mischief to property of various kinds. Here, again the mischief is often quite easily avoidable. It is of course, very well known that a good lightning conductor properly fixed is an absolutely reliable safeguard against lightning; but a fact which is not so well known is that an efficient lightning conductor might often be set up at the cost of a few shillings by taking advantage of the conducting power of trees.

Everybody should be aware by this time that trees are a source of peril in times of thunderstorm, though from accidents which every now and again occur it would seem that there is still a great amount of ignorance on the subject. Only a few days ago a lightning flash struck a poplar tree near Winchester and killed a man who had taken shelter at the foot of it, no doubt in ignorance of his danger. Such fatalities are exceedingly common, and it has not infrequently occurred that cottages and other buildings have been struck by lightning in consequence of the vicinity of some tall tree.

The casualties to animals are often due to the fact that with the commencement of a thunder shower they are apt to gather for shelter beneath the branches of some isolated tree. The explanation of the mischief is very well known. A tree is a conductor of lightning, but not a very good one. In the absence of a better channel the lightning will flash through it, but there is always a chance of its glancing aside to any medium that affords a readier passage. Now the body of a man or an animal constitutes a much better conductor than a tree does and consequently the electricity whenever it has an opportunity of doing so will leave the tree and flash through the animal body. The same thing will often occur when the lightning passing downward through the tree, reaches a point at which a readier passage is presented by some adjacent building. The full volley is deflected from the tree into the building.

It has been suggested that in all such cases if a metal rod were carried from the earth for a short distance up the tree there would be no such deflection. The metal conductor would afford a readier passage than the body of a man or the materials of a house and the tree, which otherwise is a source of danger, would become an absolute protection, even to persons or animals sheltering beneath it. Of course nobody would suggest that all trees should be thus dealt with, but it often happens that from its special position a tree during a thunderstorm is not only a source of some peril but is the occasion of much uneasiness and anxiety.

According to the lightning rod conference appointed a few years ago by the Meteorological Society of London to inquire into the subject and report on the best form of the thing there is nothing much better than a solid iron rod. On the newest of our public buildings, such as the new Law Courts, where it may be assumed they would act on the best professional advice, they have adopted flat bands of copper. These are made in sizes varying from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch thick and from three-quarters of an inch to two or three inches wide. The copper is a somewhat better conductor than iron, and the flat bands adapt themselves more easily to the walls of a building than a thick rod. But the iron makes a very satisfactory lightning rod, and provided it is quite continuous and embedded well into the earth, going down, if possible, into a moist stratum of soil, it affords perfect protection.

The cost of such a rod up a house or a little beyond that of surrounding objects is really very trifling.

Many persons who are well aware of the protective power of a good lightning rod are not perhaps equally well aware that it may serve not only to direct harmlessly to earth an actual discharge of lightning, but may also prevent the occurrence of the flash by conducting the electricity in a silent stream so to speak. For this purpose electricians now recognize the fact that it is important that the conductor shall terminate in a sharp point, indeed the most approved form of lightning rod now has a corona of points, and a practical difficulty is to keep these terminals sufficiently pointed by preventing corrosion. When it is preferable to do so, they should be periodically examined, and should be repointed when they are found to have rusted away.

The notion prevalent at one time that a conductor should terminate in a ball is quite abandoned, and so also is the idea that a tube is better than a solid rod. It used to be thought that electricity passed only by the surface of the conductor, and as a tube presented more surface than a solid rod the tube was for a while the favorite form. This is now known to have been a mistake.

It is true electricity at rest distributes itself over the surface of a conductor, but when in motion it passes through the whole mass, and the efficiency of a metal rod of any given kind is to be gauged by its sectional area, only, as has been said, that sectional area must terminate in a point, the finer the better.

Without the point it will carry the most violent discharge to earth—or as, of course, it sometimes happens, from the earth to the clouds—if the rod or band be sufficiently thick, but with the point it may act as a sort of spout or pipe through which the electricity may rush without any violent explosion at all.

The Meteorological Journal for 1875 relates a very curious illustration of this action of conductors. A party of tourists in the Engadine had attained a height of about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea when they found themselves enveloped in mist and falling snow, and in silence broken only by a curious intermittent noise which they presently traced to a flagstaff on the mountain peak. The noise resembled the rattling of hailstones on a window, and close scrutiny convinced them that it was due to the passage of a current of electricity through the pointed flagstaff. At one moment the rattling was at the top of the staff, at another at the bottom and at other times it quivered seemingly all through it, but never for a moment ceased. The party ventured to hold up their iron-pointed antestocks, and they instantly experienced the familiar tingling of an electric current through their bodies.

It was evident to them that the clouds over and above them were in what electricians nowadays call a condition of high potentiality and that there was a sort of an electrical downpour through the flagstaff, which continued an outlet for a force which but for some such passage would probably have flashed out in lightning.

## MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers, because they are the most dangerous months for young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little ones may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally, because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. The wise mother should keep these Tablets always at hand and give them occasionally to her children. The Tablets can be given with equal success to the new born babe or the well grown child. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful material. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Vaccination for Blackleg and Anthrax in Cattle.

The disease known as blackleg in cattle, although entirely unknown in many extensive agricultural sections of Canada and not at all widespread in any district or province, annually causes quite extensive losses to cattle raisers. Anthrax, which is quite a different disease, although frequently confused with blackleg in the minds of many cattle raisers, is also the cause of serious loss of stock. The former disease is almost entirely confined to cattle under three years, and is generally fatal. The latter attacks other classes of farm cattle, and the human subject is not exempt from its infection, which generally results seriously.

By the aid of science cattle raisers are now enabled to protect their stock against these maladies. As the human family is vaccinated against smallpox, in the same manner cattle are rendered immune from blackleg and anthrax. The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa through the health of animals branch is now in a position to supply preventive vaccine for each of these diseases at the nominal cost of five cents per dose. Until recently, by special arrangement with extensive manufacturers in the United States, these products were secured at a reduced cost, and were placed in the hands of Canadian cattle raisers at ten cents per dose for blackleg vaccine and fourteen cents per dose for anthrax vaccine. It is due to the fact that these preparations are now being made at the biological laboratory in connection with the health of animals branch that they can be supplied at five cents per dose.

The vaccine for blackleg may be administered by any intelligent person by means of an instrument supplied by the department at fifty cents.

Anthrax vaccine, which is also supplied at five cents per dose, is more difficult to administer, requiring a qualified veterinarian to treat an animal.

Cattle raisers who have fear of an attack of either blackleg or anthrax would do well to apply to the veterinary director-general at Ottawa for the proper preventive treatment.

And Then He Ran.

"Did any man ever tell you," asked Mr. Herpeck, as he edged toward the door, "that you were the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world?"

"No," replied his wife.

"Gee! Men are honeste then I thought they were."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took **Scott's Emulsion**. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.

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