

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE



THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE

"MOST PERFECT MADE"

PLOTS THAT FAILED

"Poor little girl! I do sympathize and pity you with all my heart," she said. "Of course you cannot care for a man whom others select for you. Mon Dieu! They do that in France, where so many unhappy marriages are made. I thought in free, glorious America a girl could choose the lover her own heart prompted her to love. Oh, this is indeed dreadful, poor little Bab. You are sure to hate him. No doubt his father has told him the plans he has in store for him, and he is equally prepared to desert you. He cannot refuse to come to your party, but he can refuse to admire, let alone adore you. I must tell you the truth, dear—he is sure to be your sworn enemy. Therefore be on your guard against him, no matter how he may smile into your face as he is being introduced to you. He will be laughing at you under his sleeve, and saying to himself: 'This girl is ready to fall into my arms; I can make love to her and flirt with her to my heart's content, then go and laugh about it among my friends and tell them what a foolish, self-hearted little thing this girl, Babby, is, who is ready to marry me—quite whether I will or no!'"

"You are right, India," cried Bab, sobbing freely. "I see it all before me—just as you picture it. I hate him already as badly as you say he hates me, and I shall take pains to let him understand it. You shall be by my side, India, and see how I shall snub him."

"I glory in your spirit, Bab," murmured her false friend. "Of course I did not quite like to suggest it, but it is just what I should do were I in your unenviable position, dear."

"Thank you very much for your advice, India, dear," cried Bab, gratefully. "You have shown me what to do, and I'll never forget your kindness. I will show him that I'm not to be disposed of like a basket of peaches."

"I'll see that this foolish Bab makes herself so ridiculous and unbecomingly that my handsome hero will dislike her at once, even were he inclined to do otherwise. It is well that I am on the scene to direct Bab's actions in their first meeting; otherwise she would have fallen in love with Clarence Neville at first sight, as I did."

CHAPTER V.

After luncheon Bab took India out to inspect the grounds.

"If the weather looks the least bit forboding we are to have the affair indoors," she declared. "I don't like the idea of an indoor party in balmy weather like this. The rooms are sure to be too hot, even with all windows open, you know."

Then she chattered on, but India was not even listening; she was thinking of handsome Clarence Neville, and had even begun her plans as to how she should win him.

India had seen the noblest young lords of Europe; many of them had had at her dainty feet for a single word, a smile or a glance, but they had sued in vain; she had encouraged them while their wealth lasted; after that, she knew them not.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That is the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite flicker, sometimes headache, and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order, that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Do not use yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives grip through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this. Speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new blood which cleans the skin, strengthens the appetite and makes children bright, active and strong. Mrs. Maude Bagge Leuberg, Sask., says: "I can unhesitatingly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and tonic. I was very much run down when I began using the Pills, and a few boxes fully restored my health."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Write The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., New York, Ont.

And now she—whose heart had been cold as ice—was touched for the first time, amid all her varied experiences, with love's fire, and with such nature's bewildering passion comes like a mighty whirlwind, sweeping aside all barriers that would oppose it.

Yes, she loved Clarence Neville on sight, and she vowed to herself that one should come between them and win him from her; were to the girl who should attempt it! She had better be dead than stand in the path of this impetuous French girl.

So cleverly did India Haven play the part she had assumed—as the artless little convent maiden—that even Mrs. Mack, shrewd as she was, was completely deceived in her.

"The Lord forgive me for judging the girl before I had seen her," she mused. "She is as sweet and innocent as she is beautiful."

There was one in the household, however, who did not share the old housekeeper's golden opinion of the lovely stranger, and that was Patty, Miss Barbara's little maid.

"There is something about this French girl that reminds me of a beautiful snake," she declared confidentially to her fellow servants; "you ought to see her look at Miss Bab under those white lids of hers. I am as sure as I am of my life that she perfectly detests Miss Bab, though Miss Bab is perfectly carried away with her. I am sorry to see. She loved the brindle cow until she nearly hooked her, and the Siberian bloodhound until he made a leap at her throat, missing her by scarcely a hair's breadth. To say nothing of all the rest of the beasts and birds that have come within an ace of doing her bodily harm. She never seems viciousness in anything until something terrible comes of it. And, I add, she will yet see the devil claws beneath the French girl's velvety fingers, mark my words."

Patty companions laughed; but there came a day when they remembered that prophecy all too well.

Meanwhile the afternoon had rolled rapidly on.

India had begged to be permitted to remain in her room while the musical-taken party was in progress, declaring she had nothing fit to wear, knowing full well just what answer little Bab would make her.

"You shall not remain away from the gayety on that account, India, dear," cried Bab, impulsively. "I have an amount of lovely dresses which can be made to fit you on short notice—Mrs. Mack was speaking about that, and said so. Now, don't refuse to accept my offer, India, for if you do so you will break my heart."

India had no notion of breaking the tender, impulsive little heart in question, so, after the proper amount of coaxing, she allowed herself to be persuaded.

The next hour was spent in reviewing Bab's wardrobe. The waste of the gown was a splendid fit, but the skirts were half a mile too short, as Bab ruefully expressed it.

"There isn't a silk dress among the whole lot," was India's annoyed mental comment; "all mulks, organdies and tulle. It takes silks to set me off to advantage."

She chose the prettiest and most expensive of the whole lot—the very gown that Bab had intended to wear herself; but the brave little girl put all thoughts of self quickly aside; she would not have India see for worlds that she had hoped her choice would fall on any other dress than that.

The gown was a beautiful white Swiss, strewn with pink rosebuds and garnished with white lace and ribbons. It was so Frenchy in make and material that if caught India's fancy the moment her eyes rested on it.

Of course it was short, for there was quite half a head difference in the height of the two girls, but this defect was soon remedied by the addition of a couple of lace ruffles, which Bab luckily had to replace the two on the gown, in case she should tear them into shreds the first time she put on the dainty affair.

It had been prophesied by Mrs. Mack that Bab, the romp and tomboy, would destroy many a frock before she learned how to wear one that reached to her ankles with decorum.

Patty had nimble, tasty fingers, and the dress which she had hoped to see on Miss Bab was given to her to make over for India.

Her intense dissatisfaction over the matter can better be understood than described. "I would rather see it torn into shreds than on that French girl's back," she thought. "How impertinent she was to choose the very finest gown in the whole lot! I did not hear her say to Miss Bab: 'Which of all these were you intending to wear?' If she had any sense in her head she would have known that it was the one Miss Bab was to wear at her coming-out party. She did not care a snap of her fingers, as long as she got it."

And now poor little Miss Bab must

wear the white tulle; but never mind, she shall look like an angel and outshine that wily French beauty. If I have to work my finger ends off to accomplish it."

Even Mrs. Mack was a trifled flustered to hear from Patty that Miss Bab had given up her beautiful new party dress with the pink rosebuds in it to the handsome stranger.

She would have remonstrated with her about it, and set her foot down against such a proceeding; but, like Patty, she consoled herself with the thought that anything would look lovely on dear, tender-hearted, impulsive Bab, whose very grave fault was being altogether too liberal-hearted.

The evening was spent in the drawing-room, and Mr. Haven was delighted to learn that his niece could play and sing divinely, though he marvelled much that her selections were such bright, lively and sentimental verses, so different from what the pupils in a strict French convent were supposed to learn.

He loved music devotedly, and it was his greatest regret that his little rickety mandolin would not, or would not, master even the most simple rudiments of it.

"The notes look like black sheep jumping over a fence, papa," she had declared; "I always feel like helping them escape."

The best musical professors had been engaged for her, but it was quite useless; the merry little maiden who could warble coon songs like a veritable nightingale had no love of real melodious music in her dear little soul. They all loved little Bab—perhaps all the better for her faults—but gave up trying to instruct her in music one after the other.

"The desire to acquire it will come to the child all of a sudden," they all declared, and Bab was left to herself, great as the disappointment was to her father.

For the first time in her life Bab regretted that she could not play when she noticed how delighted her father was with India's performance, watching her white fingers as they swept over the keys, with his whole soul in his eyes.

"I'm ashamed of myself. I'll put my mind on it and learn, just to please papa," thought Bab, flushing a little.

When Mr. Haven dropped asleep in his chair, the two girls slipped out of the drawing room and up to their own apartment; India was to room with Bab for that night, for the apartments being prepared for her could not be got ready until after the party, there being quite a number of young folks coming up from Boston who had been invited to remain a fortnight.

"You will be the queen of the party, as well as every affair thereafter, India," declared Bab, throwing her arms enthusiastically about her treacherous companion, "for you are by far the most beautiful. My! won't every one envy me having so lovely a cousin, and isn't it just perfectly delightful that I am going with you with me forever! I am deeply—ay, head over heels—in love with you myself, so I am sure all my friends will be."

India made no audible reply; she only smiled sweetly, gathering the golden curls that rested on her shoulder closer to her, after the caressing fashion that these French girls alone possess. But in her heart she was saying: "I don't care a snap of my white fingers for your milk-and-water friends, Made-moiselle Babby. I shall direct all my energies to winning handsome Clarence Neville, my beau ideal, and India Haven has never failed yet in anything she made up her mind to accomplish, no matter how daring it was."

And on the heels of this thought came a memory—a dark, distorted race arose up before her mind's eye, making her almost faint for the instant and gasp for breath.

"Fool—coward that I am," she hissed below her breath; "the past lies buried in the past. I left all that behind me when I bade farewell to sunny France, with the secrets it holds. Bab! I am no longer the demure convent maid to keep you innocent as the silly little thing beside me." And she could scarcely restrain the harsh sneer that arose to the crimson lips that could laugh so sweetly and melodiously as to befoul the shrewdest student of human nature.

Bab chattered away like a magpie for over an hour after the party was over, sitting by her little white downy nest of a bed, falling to sleep at last from sheer exhaustion, the sentence on her lips but half finished. Eleven o'clock was outrageously late for Bab's blue eyes to keep open, while to the French girl the evening was just begun; she lay for long hours watching the moonlight on the white velvet car-

pet, thinking of a pair of brown hazel eyes, a deep, rich voice, a strong, white hand, and the face of the handsome stranger to whom her turbulent heart had gone out in passionate love when their eyes first met.

CHAPTER VI.

Bab's blue eyes were open with the dawn the next morning; but, finding India still asleep, she crept out of her downy nest without awakening her cousin.

"Sixteen years old today," Bab murmured, tying back her golden curls with a blue ribbon, as she stood before the mirror watching her own face curiously.

"After to-day there will be no more romps with Tige down by the old mill, no more of the old, delightful games, for my governess says it would be highly improper, for at sixteen a girl is a young lady."

"Now, isn't it strange, I don't feel a bit different from what I did yesterday—but, gracious! those words are premature, it appears, for some one has taken my gingham dress that I wear to romp in mornings out of the closet, and put in its place this long one. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I guess I'm a young lady sure enough. I suppose all of the servants are waiting to see me come down to breakfast in it. I shall fall all over it—I know I shall—for it nearly touches the instep. Patty must put a tuck in it. Gracious goodness! I'll have to get used to this sort of thing by degrees. I wonder they did not make it trail a yard long, like the tail of the old white cat, and be done with it."

Bab surveyed herself long and earnestly in the long French mirror, and she could not but own to herself that she did look a head taller than the Bab of yesterday.

She stole down to the lower corridor on tiptoe, and as she passed the library door, early as the hour was, she saw her father already there.

He heard the light step and glanced up quickly, for those dancing steps could belong to no one else but little Bab.

"Good morning, young lady," he said, quizzically, then he stopped short. "Could that seemingly tall, slim girl really be the child whom he had seen romping over the lawn, with the dogs at her heels, but yesterday?"

Every one about the house made a great furor over Bab in her new role of young lady. Mrs. Mack, the housekeeper, took the girl in her arms and cried over her.

"We'll soon be losing you now," she said, drying her eyes on the corner of her apron. "Some handsome young man will come along, there'll be a fine wedding, and then there'll be no Bab in the old house, and gloomy enough it will be without your laughter, little one."

"How ridiculous to prophesy anything like that for me!" cried the girl, shaking her golden curls with a toss of her bonny head. "I'm never, never, never going to marry, and I leave papa."

"Bless us, that's what they all say," declared Mrs. Mack; "but when a young fellow comes around that resolution is quickly forgotten. You remember the words: 'Thus it is, our children leave us; These we love and those who love us; Just when they have learned to help us.'"

When we are old and lean upon them. Comes a youth with flaunting feathers."

With his pipe of reeds, a stranger, Wanders singing through the village. Beckons to the fairest maiden. And she follows where he leads her. Leaving all things for the stranger."

"That will never be the case with me, Mrs. Mack. I'm going to be a nice old maid. I've made up my mind to that."

"Just hear the child talk!" murmured Mrs. Mack, greatly amused at this declaration, adding with a sigh: "You'll never be that, lass, you're so gay and bright and pretty. I shouldn't wonder if you met your fate in some young gentleman who will be here at your party to-night. Something seems to tell me that you will, child, for I had a strange dream last night. I thought I saw a handsome, gallant young man come to you and place a white rose in your hand, and you took his arm and walked away with him. That means a wedding in the house within the year—when ever a dream of a young man and a white rose."

"Well, if we do have a wedding, it will be India's," laughed Bab heartily.

"Where is Miss India?" asked the housekeeper, being thus reminded of the girl.

"Asleep," answered Bab. "She must be real tired after her long journey."

Beauty of Skin Beauty of Hair



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Assisted by an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment. No other emollients do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, dandruff, and dry, thin and falling hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 38-page booklet on the cure and treatment of the skin and hair, sent post-free. Address: Potter & Pott, Chem. Corp., Dept. 18D, Boston, U. S. A.

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I did not awaken her. I will go out into the grounds and wait for her to join me. I'll probably not have long to wait."

The old housekeeper watched the girl as she slipped off through the sunshine. "The Lord bless her dear little heart!" she muttered. "It would never do for me to tell her what else I dreamed—that a young girl attempted to come between Bab and her love, and as she turned her face toward me, I saw, with dismay, that it was the face of the beautiful French girl who has come to this house to live with us. It's only a dream, but, dear me, it has worried me ever since I woke up!"

Seven, eight and nine o'clock came, but still no India appeared. Bab was so thoroughly famished that she was obliged to take a cup of chocolate. When ten o'clock came, and the hands of the old clock in the hall crept slowly around to eleven, and still no India. Mrs. Mack began to wonder what could detain the girl upstairs, and at length she sent Patty to investigate.

Patty knocked and knocked, but there was no response. She opened the door softly and entered, and the sight that met her gaze held her spellbound with astonishment.

The beautiful French girl stood before the glass painting her face. Glancing into the mirror at that instant, India Haven beheld Patty. She wheeled around upon the girl like a veritable tigress.

"How dare you enter the room without knocking!" she cried, her face flushing with anger. "You are disturbing my work," she hissed, grasping Patty's arm in a steel-like grip. "If you ever tell what you have seen to any human being it will be the worse for you. You had better be dead than make an enemy of me."

Poor Patty was scared quite out of her wits.

"Now that you are here, you may as well help me with my toilet," snapped India. "But mind, not a word to the servants or to any one else."

During the next half hour she kept Patty busy enough, and then dismissed her with another admonition.

Miss India Haven always awoke in the morning in a very bad temper, feeling cross with the world and every one in it. Patty fled downstairs, white and trembling with nervousness. She had discovered to her bitter cost, that her dislike of the beautiful, haughty French girl the night before had been but too well grounded. She longed to tell her comrades of her experience, but India Haven's threat silenced her tongue, and when Mrs. Mack questioned her as to how soon it would be before the young lady would put in an appearance, she answered, with averted eyes:

"She will be down immediately, she bade me say."

India Haven soon verified her words, for she had scarcely ceased speaking ere she entered the breakfast room.

(To be Continued.)

When Sciatic Pains Burn Like Fire Rub in 'Nerviline'

It Kills the Pain, Cures the Suffering. Destroys Every Trace of Sciatica.

Read This Interesting Letter.

"I think you ought to make your claims stronger about the marvelous powers of Nerviline on Sciatica, and Lumbago." This is how Mrs. A. C. Corrigan opens her letter, written from Victoria. "So many people are suffering, and so few get proper treatment, that I am anxious that thousands should know of how Nerviline cured me. Sciatica is just about the most awful pain human beings are called upon to bear, and my case there was at times the additional misery of Lumbago. Nothing attracts attention to particular forms of suffering like personal experience, and that is why I am so enthusiastic about Nerviline. I had the luck to use the right remedy (Nerviline) almost at the beginning, and cleaned it right out of my system. But most people use the wrong remedy and get Sciatica in chronic form. Nerviline cures the pain at once, and stops the inflammation before it becomes chronic. I say that a friend of mine has power enough to kill the pain of Sciatica is a remedy everybody should know about, for it would snuff out in a wink little ailments like Neuralgia, Lumbago, Strains, tired muscles and inflammation from cold."

No home should ever be without Nerviline—get the large 50c family size; retail size, 25c, at all storeskeepers, and druggists, or The Cataract Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

A Gigantic Illinois Fish.

A mammoth blue fulton catfish was brought to the Peter J. Jost fish market Monday morning. It weighed 131 pounds and is the largest catfish that has been caught in Mississippi River waters for 25 years.

The fish was captured by William Murphy, a fish man at Elmhurst. Its measurements were not taken accurately, but in the judgment of the fishermen it was as large as an ordinary man, nearly six feet in length by about 45 inches in girth. Its head would weigh about 30 pounds, and was at least 18 inches across. Its capacious mouth looked as if it could swallow a fair-sized boy, and in the general appearance as it lay on the deck of the dock, it looked as if it might weigh 500 pounds and powerful enough to drown a man who should by chance run afoul of it in deep water.

According to the estimate of the age of the fish given by old fishermen it was over a century old. It may have spawned when Washington was serving his last term as President.

The last big fish caught here was in about 1895, when one weighing 112 pounds was brought into the Alton market. This is a Fulton cat, a species that grows to enormous size and which grows crafty and are not often captured. If sold at retail this fish will bring \$22.92.

—Alton Telegraph.

It takes a lot of sand for the grocer to make his weight in the world. The fool-killer doesn't exist. If he did there would be no lawyers.

Do You Feel Moody, Irritable, Depressed?

When That Languid, Laggy, Easily-Tired Feeling Comes, Your Liver Is Slow.

Tells How To Cure Quickly.

"Even when I was young, I was not robust and healthy like other girls. I suffered from headaches, and had sort of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirits and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married I found I could not throw worries off like other women, and those full feelings of despondency and weariness made me very unhappy. There was no cause to feel so, and my doctor said my liver was sluggish, and this accounted for my poor color, my tiredness, languor and despair. The pills the doctor gave me were too purgative, made me weaker because they were too active for my constitution. Dozens of my friends recommended Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and they were so mild and helpful. Well, I never used a pill that acted so quietly as Dr. Hamilton's. They were so comfortable to use, I was afraid they might not help. But in a week I knew they had been actively engaged in cleaning up my system. They did the work of a tonic and blood medicine combined. I improved to a marvelous degree with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I now maintain the most perfect kind of health by using them just once or twice a week."

It is Mrs. E. V. Erlanger, well known at Gloucester, who relates the above experience. She proved what you and all others, men and women, can prove—that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are best for restoring health and best for keeping the system in perfect running order. Don't be misled into using anything but Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c a box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers or mailed by the Cataract Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

SHOT-OUT STONE.

New Method Supersedes Sand and Emery.

It is popularly supposed that the sawing of stone into slabs or blocks is done by sand and water beneath some suitable tool. But sand and emery have been abandoned in favor of chilled steel shot. Steel shot is now made so hard that it cannot be bruised or crushed under the heaviest pressure, whereas sand or emery is soon reduced to a mere fine powder. A power of work can be done three or four times as fast with shot, so that the saving of time makes its use cheaper, than to use sand. The wear on the tool is far less also, and there is greater accuracy in the cut. A particle of sand is effective in sawing only when it imbeds itself in the blade, to stand there as a small, sharp tooth, which removes from the stone below it one grain at a time and no more. A shot rolls over and over between the blade and the stone, and at the point of contact is very small; the pressure there concentrated crushes the hardest stone to splinters of appreciable size. Shot of different sizes should be worked together, as the largest tend to escape from under the blade first, then the next in size, and so on, leaving some under the blade to the end of the cut.

The durability of the shot is amazing. Under a ring drill steel shot is employed in borings of all sorts in quarrying, etc. In sinking the foundations for the Hudson Terminal in New York cores six to eight inches in diameter were thus taken out more economically than was feasible by any other method. This hard shot is also taking the place of sand and emery in grinding and polishing stones, finishing a job far more rapidly than formerly. No special machinery is required and only the simplest of tools. A strip of sheet iron notched along its edge like a saw with teeth half an inch high and two inches apart will eat its way through a stone by aid of the shot at a rapid pace. Harper's Weekly.

BAD FRIENDS OF GOOD CAUSE.

(Christian Guardian)

No, we do not think that the militant suffragettes should be treated like ordinary criminals and allowed to starve to death. Rather should they be treated as ordinary lunatics, confined in institutions and scientifically treated, with the hope that they might get over it some day. Their recent actions clearly showed them mentally deranged and unsafe to be at large. Professing to be the real friends of a good cause, they have done more injury than all its enemies could in a century. Surely their insanity is clearly proven.