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Mr. William Jones.

When Bill Jones was a-runnin'
Fast f'om the law,
Was a-lookin' fur a-funnin'
As he walked an' could be
Hard hitch his old mule to the gate
An' throw his spare hat down,
An' sit up with you soon an' late—
The best old feller in town!

He wore a pair o' muddy boots,
And said he cared no fur suits;
An' also that th' old jean suits
Was good enough for him,
Then treated him up from dark to dawn—
Yes, like poor human nature;
An' they took an' sent him on
To be a legislator!

But now! His name ain't Bill no more—
It puzzles a believer—
He's "Hiram" all! Look at the store
An' see a town-civic beaver!
Do I know the muddy boots away—
So fine he said that saw him?
He's "Mr. William Jones" to-day—
The Lord have mercy on him!

LADY CARAVEN;

Or Married Above Her Station.

That it was the money-lender's daughter never for a moment entered his mind—that he saw before him his cousin's wife never occurred to him. This beautiful girl was, of course, a visitor like himself—one of Lady Caraven's friends, he thought to himself, half sadly. It was not to be wondered at, with this glorious young beauty near to distract him, that the Earl did not care for his wife.

He went forward to speak to her, and then for the first time she was conscious of his presence. She raised her dark eyes and looked at him. There are moments in life not to be forgotten—this was one. The dark eyes appeared to look right into his heart, and he seemed to recognize the soul that shone through them. She walked up to him, still looking at him, as though drawn by magic to him, his eyes half smiling into the depths of hers. He bowed at her approach.

She looked for one half-minute into the worn, scarred, noble face.

"I cannot be mistaken," she said, holding out both her hands in welcome, "You must be Sir Raoul Laureston!"

"I am," he replied, taking the delicate hands in his with chivalrous *empressement*. "And you?"

"And I?" she said, with a charming smile and a look of pretty astonishment. "I am Lady Caraven."

In the shock of his surprise he dropped her hands. This Lady Caraven, the unformed schoolgirl, the unloved wife "tall and dark," one whom he would not like—this splendid woman! What had the Earl meant by it? Sir Raoul was so startled that the shock kept him silent; and she noticing this, thought that he was disappointed in her.

"Lady Caraven," he said at last,—"my kinswoman! Do you know that I can hardly believe it?"

"Why not?" she asked simply.

"Because I expected to see some one quiet different."

"And you are disappointed?" she said slowly, half sadly.

His face lighted up eagerly.

"Nay, how can you say so? I am charmed, delighted. I cannot believe in my own good fortune in having so fair a cousin."

"Are you quiet sure?" she asked. "For I fear that I have disappointed most people."

"I am indeed sure," he replied. And, looking into his face, she could not doubt it.

"You are Sir Raoul?" she continued. "I have been longing to see you ever since I heard that you were coming. Will you let me bid you a thousand welcomes home?"

He repossessed himself of her hands and clasped them warmly.

"You are a brave soldier," she said—"a hero. Again let me bid you a welcome home!"

"That is the sweetest welcome I have ever had," declared Sir Raoul. "I shall not forget it."

The fair face was smiling at him, the lovely eyes were full of welcome, the ruby lips smiling kindly. It seemed to him that her whole heart was in the greeting she gave him. And Lord Caraven had said that he did not like this most charming and lovely girl!

"You are looking very ill, Sir Raoul," she said; "you will want nursing and taking care of. You must be well tended, and then you will grow strong."

He touched his breast lightly with his hand—that noble breast, the home of a noble soul."

"I shall never be very strong, I fear, Lady Caraven, I would give all my fortune for health; but heaven knows best."

The dark eyes were full of womanly sympathy and compassion; they rested kindly on him.

"You are going to remain here," she said—"to make your home with us."

"I hope so," he responded heartily. "I have no other home. This would indeed be one."

She had drawn near to him—so near that the delicate lace on her dress touched him.

"I am so glad," she said, in her soft, caressing tones; "and will you really let me take care of you just as though you were my own brother come home from the wars?"

"Have you a brother?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "I am an only child."

"And I have no sister. I have always wished for one. When I was a strong man who did not know what aches and pains meant, I used to wish that I had a woman's gentle mind and heart to guide me; when health and strength left me, when I became almost helpless, I longed for the gentle hands of a woman near me; but my longing was never gratified."

She looked at him with a smile.

"You should have looked for a wife, Sir Raoul."

She repented of her words when she saw the terrible change that came over his face.

"A wife? No, I shall never have a wife, I want a sister."

"You must let me take a sister's place," she said, gently. "You do not know what your coming means to me. It will give me what I need so sorely—an occupation. You will let me nurse you—tend you in all ways?"

"I am afraid that you will spoil me, Lady Caraven."

"No; but I will try to make you well and strong again. Do you really promise me that I may do this?"

His pale face flushed.

"Do you know," he said, "that you really embarrass me? I feel as though some fair young princess were offering to take charge of me. How can I thank you? It seems to me that the desire of my heart is gratified. I have a kinswoman to love at last."

She laid her hand on his arm and walked with him into the breakfast room.

"You ought not to have risen so early," she said; "and now you must atone for that by taking some of my tea. I pride myself on being a good tea-maker."

Looking at her he thought that if she prided herself on her exquisite grace and her girlish loveliness it would be only natural. He was perfectly charmed with her; she was modest and unaffected; there was a certain grace in her frank, kindly manner which made it impossible not to feel at home with her.

He was earnestly so; and he smiled to himself. They were seated at the table as though they had known each other for years.

"But surely," he said, "we are remiss. We are not waiting for Ulric."

Her expression changed slightly, as it always did at the mention of her husband's name.

"Lord Caraven never takes breakfast here," she said slowly. "Our hours are not the same."

"Then he is a bad judge," remarked Sir Raoul. "I would far rather take breakfast here than anywhere else in the world."

To this Lady Caraven made no reply.

Before that day was half ended, Sir Raoul was lost in wonder. How was it that the Earl did not love this beautiful girl? He himself was charmed with her; he thought her delightful.

He had reason to know that she was as tender of heart as she was fair of face, for that same morning the old pain in his chest, the enemy that had laid him low, returned with redoubled violence. He was ghastly white and trembled with pain. Then he learned what the gentle hands of a woman were like. She showed no fear, no agitation. She was calm, tender, self possessed. In one minute she had gathered soft downy pillows together on a couch, so as to support him.

"You will breathe more easily, Sir Raoul, if you lie there," she said.

It was a pitiful sight—the strong handsome man, the gallant soldier, the brave officer, the hero of a hundred fights, lying there gasping for breath, great drops of anguish standing on his brow—a sight to make a man shudder and a woman weep.

That day passed so quickly and so pleasantly to Sir Raoul that he could not realize his new existence.

When the pain had left him, and he was able to sit up, she brought him books and photographs; she talked to him and amused him; she made the time pass so quickly that he marvelled at her quick intelligence, her womanly wit. There was a touch even of genius in her noble, keen appreciation of art, in her passionate love of music. Then a dainty little luncheon was brought to him, after which she insisted on his driving out with her.

Sir Raoul laughed.

"I shall begin to think that I am a carpet-knight," he said.

"The hard work went before it," rejoined Hildred. "You will enjoy a drive, Sir Raoul—the sun is warm and the air is mild."

He sat by the side of the beautiful, tender-hearted, graceful girl, and they found a hundred subjects of conversation. The fragrant air, the warm sunbeams, the beautiful face, the sweet caressing voice, all greatly affected Sir Raoul. Then, when they returned, she bade him adieu until dinner time. He looked at her half anxiously.

The first dinner-bell had rung when the Earl returned, and Sir Raoul did not see him until dinner-time. Lady Caraven was the first to enter the drawing-room, where Sir Raoul awaited her. She looked very lovely in her evening-dress. It was of white—white that shone and gleamed—with picturesque patches of scarlet. She wore scarlet and white flowers, with a suite of opals. He had thought her beautiful before, but now, with her white neck and shoulders and rounded arms all shown, she looked, he thought, magnificent.

Her face brightened when she saw him. How strange it seemed that a kindly smile should greet her in those cool rooms!

"It seems so novel and so strange, Sir Raoul," she said, "to find a kind face here."

"It ought not to seem so," responded Sir Raoul warmly.

Then the Earl came in. He passed his wife with a silent bow, never once looking at her, and she drew aside the skirts of her robe and let him go by. Sir Raoul could not help noticing that she seemed to dread lest they should even touch him. There was not much hope of love or reconciliation there. Lord Caraven went over to him at once, shook hands with him warmly, and asked him how he had spent the day.

"Very happily, thanks to Lady Caraven," he replied—"She has been all kindness to me."

The Earl looked both pleased and impatient.

"You certainly seem better," he remarked. "We shall have you well yet, Raoul."

"Please heaven," said the soldier reverently. "And when I am well I shall rejoin my regiment."

Sir Raoul saw that, instead of joining in the conversation, Lady Caraven walked away to the other end of the drawing-room, never paying the least attention to her husband—her behavior was cold, indifferent, neglectful, as his had been to her.

"I will tell you one thing, Ulric," if I recover, I shall owe something to your wife; she is the kindest nurse I have ever met with."

"Is she?" asked the Earl languidly.

"If ever you fall ill yourself, you will believe it, Ulric."

"I hope I never shall," returned the Earl; "if I do, I shall not expect the Countess of Caraven to nurse me.

"Ulric," said Sir Raoul in a low voice, "what induced you to tell me that your wife was tall and dark—nothing more."

"So she is," he replied.

"Soldiers are pretty good judges—they see the women of many lands—believe me when I say that I have never met or seen a more beautiful woman than your wife."

"If she is not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?" quoted the Earl. "I am glad you think so. I do not admire her style of beauty. If any one else does, so much the better—I do not object. There is the bell. Isn't it dreadful that the sound of the dinner-bell has a greater charm for me than the discussion of a lady's beauty?"

Lady Caraven hastened forward. Her husband said something to her; she answered him with a cold haughty look, Sir Raoul spoke; it was quite another face that she turned to him—brilliant, tender, beautiful. She begged him to take her arm. He looked at her laughingly.

"It would be cruel to take so fair an arm," he said, "with a strong one like Ulric's near."

"Mine is strong with good will," she said, smiling.

And Sir Raoul could not refuse. He leaned as lightly as possible on the lovely round arm, but his heart was warmed by her kindness.

Then he set to work resolutely to watch her, to see if in any respect she was deficient. He could not discover anything. She took her place with consummate grace. She was well versed in all the etiquette of the table—she was a charming hostess. He saw, too, that with all her wealth and all her beauty, she was an excellent mistress of the household; her servants were well trained and obedient.

"I do not see myself," thought Sir Raoul, "what more Ulric can desire."

He could detect no fault in her; but he did stop to wonder what their dinners must be like when they were quite alone.

The Earl might have guessed the nature of his thoughts, for he said suddenly—

"We had some friends coming to-night, but I postponed their visit, thinking that you would be tired, Raoul. We never dine alone."

The young Countess made no remark. Sir Raoul saw that she had plenty of self-control; no matter how sarcastic her husband was, she was never provoked to reply.

"She has that virtue," he said to himself, "self-control—and it is a sure foundation for many others."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Raoul Laureston had been for three weeks at Halby House; during that time he had grown to love the young Countess as though she had been a sister of his own. In proportion as his love for her increased his affection for the Earl decreased.

One evening the Earl was more than usually disagreeable. Some friends were dining with them, and during dinner Lord Caraven began to speak of one of his acquaintances who had gone abroad for his honeymoon.

"Another added to the long list of victims," he said—"another name written on the scroll of folly. He was a man who had everything he desired, yet he got married—I want a word for such folly."

"Ulric," said Sir Raoul sharply—"pardon me—that is not the way a married man should speak."

"Pardon me," said the Earl laughingly—"it is only a married man who can speak so. You outsiders know nothing of the matter. 'Distance lends enchantment,' you know."

Sir Raoul saw a crimson flush mount to Hildred's white brow. Suddenly the young Countess spoke. Her voice sounded pitilessly sweet, and was as clear as a bell.

"I quite agree with Lord Caraven," she said; "if there be one folly greater than all others, it is that which we call by the name of marriage."

There was dead silence for a minute; even Lord Caraven thought that he had gone too far—that he had spoken in an undignified, ungentlemanly fashion; then came Sir Raoul to the rescue.

"It is an old institution," he said; "we will not abuse it. Talking of abuse, has any one read the *Saturday's* stinging review of Captain Hartlake's great military work?"

This changed the conversation, but that night, when the young Countess was about to retire, she went across the room to Sir Raoul, and her soft fingers closed over his.

"I want to say good night and to thank you," she said. "I want to say also that you have been very kind, and that I feel sure you believe in what is good; so pray for me—pray for me—for I am frightened at myself."

He repeated the words after her, wondering at them. "Frightened at herself, poor child!"

"I will help her," he thought. "In days gone by I have used my influence over my men to good purpose. I will use it now with her."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Never did the fine old mansion of Ravensmere look fairer than in the leafy month of June. It made a picture that gladdened one's heart—the quaint gray towers covered with clinging ivy, the oriel windows with ivy growing so thickly round them, the square turrets, the quaint picturesque building that seemed to defy and yet to accord with all the rules of art.

This home-coming had not been a source of great pleasure to Lady Caraven. All places were alike to her; the shadow of her unhappiness darkened them all. In London, notwithstanding the crowds, the balls, the dances, the opera the fetes, the admiration she had met with, she had been miserable. A noble and loving heart like hers!

Going back to Ravensmere gave her no particular pleasure. She knew that the Earl would take a whole troop of friends with him; besides which, she was rapidly losing all hope. In Paris she had hoped that their going to Ravensmere might bring them nearer together; at Ravensmere she had hoped that in London they might perhaps do better. Now no such delusion came to her. She knew that there was no hope—that she might as well be at any other place as at Ravensmere.

It was a lovely evening when they reached the Castle. The sun was shining full on the towers and turrets. Sir Raoul cried out in delight when he saw the place.

"This is just how I have seen it a hundred times in my dreams," he said. "There is no other spot in England one-half so fair."

"Upon my word," said the Earl, turning to him suddenly, "I wish that you had had it instead of me; you would make a thousand times better master."

And Sir Raoul could not help seeing that the young Countess turned to him with the same wish most plainly written on her face.

"You will be a better master yet than you have ever been," said Sir Raoul, touched at the unexpected humility of the words.

"No; I shall never improve," replied the Earl, with a short laugh. "We shall see the quiet of Ravensmere disturbed. Do you know that only three out of twenty declined my invitation? We shall have the prettiest woman in England here."

"Who may that be?" asked Sir Raoul.

"Do you not know Lady Belle Winstone—the lovely golden-haired young widow?"

Sir Raoul looked at the noble, beautiful face opposite to him; it could not have been colder and prouder.

"Lady Belle Winstone," he repeated. "I have never even heard the name before. I incline to the belief," he continued with a bow to the Countess, "that we have the loveliest lady in the land at Ravensmere now."

"You are a courtier, Raoul," laughed the Earl. "*Chacum a son gout*. Do not commit yourself to any decided opinion until you have seen Lady Belle."

"My opinion has long been formed," replied Sir Raoul pleasantly. Whenever he advanced the cause of the neglected, unloved wife, he did it with so much good humor that the Earl could not possibly take offence.

"Lady Belle," continued his lordship, "has had more admirers than any woman in England."

"Then I should say," replied Sir Raoul, "that she was a great coquette."

Lord Caraven laughed.

"She is indeed; but then her coquetry is so delightful that a man does not mind being made a victim just for once."

"Tastes differ," said Sir Raoul calmly, "A coquette would never please me."

Then the carriage stopped at the great entrance, and they were at home. Remembering that after all he owed this house to the wife he did not love, Lord Caraven deigned to say a few kind words to her; he said that he had never seen so many roses at Ravensmere, and never such beautiful blooms. She did not even turn to look at the flowers he indicated, but passed on, the words he had spoken about Lady Belle rankling in her heart.

It was not a very bright home-coming. Lady Caraven went to her room and sent an excuse for not appearing at the dinner-table—she was tired from the journey; but Sir Raoul, who had grown to understand every thought, every look of here, knew quite well that she had found the Earl's ardent praise of Lady Belle unendurable.

It was true. Hildred was asking herself how she could bear it. She did not love her husband, yet in some vague way she was jealous of him. She did not like him, but she was not prepared to see him offering even the light flattery of the hour to another woman.

Sir Raoul was more troubled that night than he had ever been before. He sat down to review the situation. If he was to do anything for this unhappy husband and wife, it must be done at once. It was a strange position, and to him there came no gleam of light—no inkling as to how he should avoid his difficulties—no knowledge of what would be best to be done.

"If this coquette, this lovely Lady Belle, comes to Ravensmere and the Earl flirts with her, evil will come," he thought. What could he do?

If one had loved the other, matters would have been easier. But it was not so; there was nothing to which he could appeal—no, love, no tenderness, on which he could build even the slightest foundation. It was the husband's fault that his beautiful young wife disliked him; he had been unkind, neglectful—he had hardened her heart against himself. The Earl visited on his girl-wife the wrong that he considered Arley Ransome had done him. The dislike and contempt he had for the father were vented on the daughter; although she was quite innocent, they fell on her. To him she was never his wife, Countess of Caraven, a lovely dark-haired girl. She was simply the money-lender's daughter.

Pride, coldness, indifference, neglect, dislike, contempt, all lay between them. How were these to be bridged over or vanquished? Added to all the rest was the dissipation, the want of purpose, the indolence, the self-indulgence that characterized Lord Caraven.

"I would rather be at the head of my regiment, facing some wild, savage horde, than here with this struggle before me," thought Sir Raoul almost despairingly.

Perhaps the distress which Sir Raoul Laureston could not help feeling for the sorrows of his fair young kinswoman was too much for the weak shattered frame, or it may have been that the air of Ravensmere did not suit him. He was not well for many weeks after his arrival. He did not actually keep his room; the Earl, who was tender enough and anxious enough where his cousin was concerned, had ordered two of the largest, lightest and cheerful apartments in the castle to be prepared for him, and Lady Caraven was only too anxious to arrange everything most luxuriously for him. No sitting-room in the house was so comfortable as his; the fairest and most fragant of flowers were there, the richest and the ripest of fruits. Thither all the magazines and periodicals of the day were, and there the beautiful young mistress of the castle spent hours that would otherwise have been most wearisome. She would take her drawing materials thither; and many charming pictures were sketched and painted in the Red Room, as Sir Raoul's sitting-room was called. She read all the new books to him. She loved him very dearly; a loyal friendship existed between Lady Caraven and the noble soldier whose very bravery had spoiled his life. She never wearied of asking him to tell the story of his battles over again; she never tired of listening to this great and noble man who had never been heard to boast of a brave deed—who estimated himself in so lowly a fashion.

"Hildred, do you spend the whole night in tears?"

"Sometimes," she replied; "but, Raoul, do not talk to me about it—I would rather speak on any other subject than myself."

He respected her wish.

The quiet of Ravensmere was indeed broken up—the house was filled with guests. Many of them were people whom Hildred did not like; but she was compelled to be agreeable to all. There were men of the same stamp as her husband, whose whole lives seemed to be passed at the billiard-table, who had no thought except for gambling and betting, whose lives were a round of self-indulgence, who had not a noble thought or idea.

She did not like some of the people whom the Earl had invited. If not rude, they were neglectful of her—seemed to know her position by instinct—seemed to guess that she was an unloved wife, that she had been married for her money, and had a title instead of love. She must endure it; but there were things she could not tolerate. This was one.

CHAPTER XXIV.

One morning she was quite alone in the Castle. The whole party had gone out riding and driving, some of them greatly disappointed at not having their beautiful young hostess with them; but she thought Sir Raoul looked worse that morning, so would not leave him. She was hastily engaged in reading to him, when a servant came to say that a poor woman was waiting to see her.

"I tried to send her away, your ladyship," said the man, "but she begged so hard that I had not the heart."

"Tried to send her away! Why did you do that?" asked Lady Caraven.

"I think she was one of the tenants, your ladyship; and his lordship gave orders that they should never be attended to here—they were to be sent to Mr. Blanchard's."

"If I have done wrong I am sorry for it."

"You have done right," she said; "no blessing ever comes to a house where the poor and the sorrowful are sent from the door."

Not even to a servant would she utter one word in disparagement of her husband, although she thought the order a cruel one.

The woman was waiting to see her in one of the ante-rooms. Lady Caraven's generous heart was touched as she looked at her; she was so thin, so worn, with a face so white and so sad, and great despairing eyes; her clothes were thin, shabby dress and a still thinner and shabbier shawl. As the young Countess stood before her in all the pride of her youth and beauty, amid all the luxury of her surroundings, she felt, in some vague way, ashamed of the contrast.

"Did you want me?" she said in a low, gentle voice. "I am Lady Caraven. Did you wish to see me?"

The thin, worn hands were clasped tightly. The woman hardly seemed to have the power of speech.

"Do not be afraid," said the young Countess; "tell me what you want."

"Oh, my lady, my lady," was the cry that seemed to come from a breaking heart, "will you take pity on me?"

"I will, indeed, if I can. If I can help you, I promise that I will. What is the matter? You must not fear to tell me. I can understand the sorrows of others, and feel for them."

The woman looked up into the kind, beautiful face.

"I hardly know how to tell you, my lady. It is not the Earl's fault. None of us blame him; he does not know. It is Mr. Blantyre's doing."

"But what is it?" she asked, gently.

"You forget that I do not know."

"My lady, it is this. My husband—a fine, strong, handsome young man—was killed here in the woods two years ago; he was a keeper, and there was a fight with the poachers—my husband, John Woodruff, was killed. He was a fine, handsome young man, my lady, and we had three little children. I was fetched to him after he was hurt. He had been struck with the butt end of a gun, and the doctor said that the moment he was moved he would die. So his companions fetched me to him, my lady—me with my three children; and we saw him, in the early dawn of the morning, lying in the clover dying—dying, my lady—the dear had who had never given me an angry word. We knelt down beside him, and he tried to raise his head to look at the children for the last time but he could not see them—his eyes were dim, he groped with his hand, as though he was in darkness. He neither saw them nor me, but he knew that I was there.

"Ellen," he said—and even in dying his words sounded quite clear—"Ellen, you have been a good wife to me. I am losing my life for a few birds of my lord's; but he will see to you. The Earl will see to you—he will never let you want." And all the men standing round him said:

"Go on," said the young Countess gently. "I am deeply interested."

"So, my lady, the little cottage has, after a fashion, kept me and my children. But now a paper has come to say that henceforth we must pay rent—four and sixpence each week—for the place; and, my lady, if I pay it, I shall not be able to buy bread for my children to eat."

"But you shall not pay it," said the young Countess.

"Oh, my lady, heaven bless you! If you would but speak to the Earl for me! He is young, and he does not think—he does not know. If you would but speak to him for me!"

"I promise to help you," said Lady Caraven. "I will speak to the Earl, my husband; he will let you stay without paying rent."

"I know he will—if he understands; but, my lady, Mr. Blantyre does as he likes with the poor, and the Earl knows nothing about it. What could four shillings and sixpence a week matter to the Earl? and my husband died to save his birds."

"I will do all I can," said the Countess; "come and see me again in three days' time from now."

And Lady Caraven placed in the thin hand that which made the widow's heart beat at fior joy.

CHAPTER XXV

On the day after the poor widow's visit Lady Caraven had no opportunity of speaking to her husband. He cared little enough, as a rule, for county business, but he was compelled to attend a political meeting at Court Raven, the town which belonged almost entirely to the Ravensmere estates. He did not return until late in the evening, and she did not see him. On the day following she determined to make an opportunity. As it happened, the Earl was at the breakfast-table.

"Raoul," she said, Lord Caraven always comes when you wanthim. Will you make some excuse for sending for him? I want to speak to him very particularly, and I cannot find an opportunity."

Sir Raoul was only too pleased; he thought that the fact of her wishing to speak to him at all was a good sign. He sent for him, and in a few minutes the Earl arrived, pleased as he always was to be of use to Sir Raoul.

The soldier talked to him for a few minutes about an imaginary want, and Lord Caraven was deeply interested. He had bowed to his wife on entering the room, but had not spoken to her; now she came up to him.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "can you spare me ten minutes? I will not detain you longer.

An expression of impatience came over his face; she saw it, and her face blanched with anger.

To be Continued.)

Darwin's Theory Applied.

In Berlin there lives a savant who is an ardent votary of the theory of evolution. Not long ago, when at the seaside, he caught a live herring on which he resolved to test the accuracy of the Darwinian doctrines, says the *Independence Romaine*. Every day the gentleman took a spoonful of sea water out of the aquarium in which he had placed the herring, substituting in lieu thereof a spoonful of fresh water. He continued this process until the aquarium contained nothing but fresh water. Its occupant was then consigned to a large glass bowl. The herring continued live and healthy. Still our learned philosopher had by no means completed his investigations. Every day he took a spoonful of fresh water out of the bowl until not a drop was left. A bird cage was now substituted for the glass bowl. The herring was happier than ever; now and then it would utter a cry of vexation when the professor caressed it too roughly or failed to supply it at the proper time with the little patties specially prepared for the interesting creature. The herring grew sleek and fat, but after a few weeks its "tamer" noticed that it exhibited signs of melancholy. The professor spent hours in trying to fathom the cause of these unhappy symptoms on the part of his protege.

At length he discovered that the creature was suffering from indigestion; it had evidently ruined its stomach by a too free indulgence in pastry. "Donnerwetter!" the philosopher exclaimed; "I quite forgot to give the animal something to drink!" He quickly filled a large wooden bowl with water and put it in the cage. Next morning on going to inspect the cage the learned gentleman found the creature dead; it had dipped its head in the water trough—the herring was drowned!

New Use for Electricity.

A reciprocating cutter driven by compressed air has, we believe, been for some time in use in stone carving. Electricity has now been applied to the operations of a light hand tool especially designed for carving use. The tooth is provided with a reciprocating plunger, located and moving within tubular spools of the coils of insulated copper wire, through which an electric current is alternately passed. The current is automatically switched from one coil to the other, and the magnetic force thus produced operates the plunger, the principle being the suckling action of a helix. The carving tool is attached to the plunger and the length of stroke may be varied from one-eighth of an inch to an inch, and the speed from 300 to 600 strokes per minute. The tool requires a current of four to six volts, and can be operated by a portable storage battery.

The cavalry sent out to drive Osman Digna back into the desert have returned from Sinkat, after burning the camp there that Osman Digna had deserted.

Following closely on Archbishop Fabre' pastoral placing the *Canada Revue* and *L'Echo des Deux Montagnes* under the ban, comes the arrest of Mr. A. Filiatrault, managing editor of the *Revue*, at the instance of Rev. Abbe Baillarge, on the charge of defamatory libel.

A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A Tale that Reads Like a Novel.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

(Orangeville Post.)

For several months the *Post*, in common with many other journals of Ontario, have been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling, and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt, at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's information of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago the *Post* despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that was'nt able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quill-driver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to take time to tell the *Post* all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and the *Post* at once suspected that a gentleman of between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous George Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hands a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well-educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In Old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada, and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have crushed all but endurance out. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel upon me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the face. When I was two years old I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in the *Post* and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, the case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now, I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. "Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. William's Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye-witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not the same Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mighty closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and any one that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of the *Post* conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Every one in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seemed to be a household word in that section. On the *Post's* return to Orangeville, Mr. Richard Allen, ex-Warden of Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The *Post* was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Jeptha's Latchkey.

Mrs. Jones was going to the theatre with her sister and her sister's husband. Mr. Jones could not go, so she borrowed his latchkey, according to the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Don't lose it, that's all I've got to say, remarked Mr. Jones as he handed the key to his wife; "it's the third or fourth I've had to get already."

"I never borrowed it before, Jeptha, said Mrs. Jones, with dignity.

"Well, don't lose it, that's all," continued Jones, using his pet phrase.

"I hope that is all," said Mrs. Jones, "but please tell me how to use it. Shall I sit on the veranda and wait for the door to