THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

Are You In It?

You criticise your neighbor's wife,
You criticise her daughter,
You help to swell the scandals rife,
You wade in foreign water.
So stop and think before you speak;
Just cogitate a minute;
It makes all the difference in the world
If you're not in it.

You rail at playing cards and such,
You swear at "decoration,"
Society you scorn to touch,
Whate'er may be your station.
The chances are, could you get in,
You would the first begin it;
It makes all the difference in the world
If you're not in it.

You find fault with the churches, too;
The members and the preacher;
Their creeds may seem unwise to you.
You microscopic creature,
Take off those glasses; look around
Unprejudiced a minute;
It makes all the difference in the world
If you're not in it.

A funeral went by to-day;
You called the dead "a sinner";
I wonder what the world will say
When you forget your dinner;
When you ride by in such a coach,
A lone pine box within it!
It makes all the difference in the world
If you're not in it.

There's not a thing upon the earth,
Or over you in heaven,
But you must weigh its little worth,
Insert the gossip's leaven.
I wonder when you view the Throne
What flaw you'll find within it?
It makes all the difference in the world
If you're not in it.

EVELYN C. ROE in *World.*

THE DOCTOR.

Mrs. Atherton gave a motherly smooth to Letty's brown hands in passing, and stepped quietly from the room.

For a second or two the girl stood where she had left her, an ominous crimson spot burning on her cheek, an ominous flame alight in her gray eyes. Then her head dropped on her clasped hands, and she burst into angry tears.

"How dare she?" she cried, through her gasping sobs; "how dare she?"

Mrs. Atherton dared to do anything, as Letty had yet to learn, and any passionate crying out against her sharp words was wasted.

Ernest Devereux, sitting smoking by his fire in the room next to Letty's, heard her indignant sobs, and wondered, in an absent kind of way, where they came from. Could he have seen her, as she crouched on the rug before the fire, her dark face flaming, her gray eyes dim with scorching tears he might, perhaps, have thought a little more of the heart and a little less of the fortune of this woman he had come down to marry.

When, a little while after, Mr. Leigh, tapping at her door, asked, with a touch of irony in his tone, if he should send her boxes and parcels to the station, Letty, steadying her voice as well as she could, replied, "No." She was not going to Hulston that day. He went down smiling, and met Mrs. Atherton in the hall.

"I told you how it would be," he said. "Letty would not dream of disobeying me."

"No, the dear girl would not," she replied smoothly; "your word was enough."

"Oh, quite enough," said Mr. Leigh; "and it was the same with her mother."

He seemed quite to plume himself on the absolute control he possessed over his daughter's will, and Mrs. Atherton did not break the illusion, though she knew very well that, but for her womanly shaft sent straight and surely into a tender part, Miss Letty would not have been so easily conquered.

A letter had to be sent off to Hulston, saying she could not come, and why, and then Letty dressed, and went down to entertain Mr. Devereux.

Very little was left for her to do in that way; no man knew better how to be easily agreeable than Ernest Devereux, and to-day he was doing his best to shine. There was something in the frank, upward glance of the girl's eyes that drew the truth into his own; some spell there must have been in her low, clear voice that brought the manlier ring to his, and the honester words. Perhaps never had Ernest Devereux been so nearly a good man as when in the presence of Letty Leigh.

The short November day passed rapidly and more pleasantly than she could have believed any day could pass for her now, and so many after days, till it grew into weeks, and Christmas was near at hand.

Mr. Leigh proposed giving a number of select parties to which the *elite* of the neighborhood should be invited in turn, for his rooms were too small for one grand assembly, such as his proud old heart would have delighted in. No one whose coming could add to the tone or the pleasure of these gatherings was forgotten by Mr. Leigh, who himself made out a list of those who were to be asked, Mrs. Atherton ably helping him; and while the rich were being remembered by them, Letty, in her quiet way, did not forget the poor.

Ernest Devereux, following as esquire, and, watching Letty day by day as she went among the people, began to think there must be some subtle pleasure in doing good that so brightened the sweet, dark, womanly face he was fast learning to look upon as beautiful. He had seen ladies standing behind the stalls of bazaars and fancy fairs, selling off at fabulous prices useless articles that their own fair hands were supposed to have formed, and smiling their sweetest as they coaxed the gold out of tightly buttoned-up pockets in the name of the destitute poor of London or elsewhere. He had seen them leaving their carriages stand in by-streets, while they themselves stepped daintily over soiled pavements, in search of some favored seamstress, whom they had heard to be in want, and, on the impulse of their own warm hearts, had come to relieve. He had stood by while a lady signed a check on her banker for a good round sum, and handed it over for the benefit of some charitable institution, and he had known the same lady to give up many of the pleasures, we had almost said duties, of her station, to attend meetings and form one on committees, assembled for the purpose of helping these same poor.

Ernest Devereux had known all this, but he had never known, or even dreamed of, the face-to-face sympathy, the warm-hearted pity, the open-handed, delicate helpfulness, that marked Letty Leigh's visiting among her poor neighbors. "My poor sister" with her was no Christian pill, to be swallowed with a wry face, in hope that the good it would do hereafter would make up for its present bitterness. She spoke little of charity and love, but those great twin sisters were her constant guides; and Ernest Devereux, seeing this, felt many a sting of conscience as he thought of his necessities and the resolves they had forced him into.

On New Year's Eve a pleasant party was gathered in Mr. Leigh's rooms—not a very large one—and mostly young people. It promised fairly to be a success.

Letty had never been so nearly beautiful as she was that night, in her pure white silk, with its sweeping train—for Letty delighted in extravagantly long dresses; her cheeks a delicate rose color, her dark gray eyes alight with pleasure and excitement, and a twinkling bunch of holly berries in her shining hair. So deep grew the flush on her cheeks as the night passed that one lady, sitting near the door with her three pale daughters, growing paler every hour with spite and envy, gathered round her, whispered to the eldest:

"I shouldn't like to say it to anyone but you, Tilda, but I do think Miss Leigh paints."

Tilda, feeling the blood settling in the tip of her nose instead of in her cheeks, threw a resentful glance at Letty, radiant in a circle of admirers, as she answered:

"I dare say. She looks very like as if she did."

The Misses Topham were not famed for elegance of diction—and no great wonder that they were not. Rumor did say that their grandfather had thought himself blessed when he was owner of a fishing-smack, but the present Misses Topham, their mamma and papa, and one brother, were the essence of well-to-do respectability, lived in great state at Topham Lodge, and kept a groom; and what more would you have?

A little later that same evening Ernest Devereux, leaning idly against the pillar by which Letty was standing, and having nothing better to say just then, told her that he had met Dr. Lennard riding a little way out of Fenmore that morning.

"I never saw a man so changed in my life," he said; "he looked years older, quite an old man, and he was as distant and cold as possible. I am sure one sight of his grave, pale face, would cure any of the young ladies who used so to adore him."

The first bars of a valse came floating toward them, and Ernest Devereux stood silent, keeping time with one hand on the pillar against which he leaned. It was a sweet, plaintive air, but Letty was not heeding it; she was thinking, with inward tears, of one true heart that could not be estranged, because the face of its idol had blanched and aged.

"He said he had only come back for a few days to settle his affairs and dispose of his practice," continued Ernest Devereux. "He is going to live at Cranleigh."

A many whirl of many-colored lights, a buzzing sound, growing louder and louder every instant, till she felt as if her ear must burn under the pressure, and Letty lay pale and still on Ernest Devereux's arm. She had fainted.

A pressing, useless crowd was gathered round them in an instant, and many were the reasons named as the cause of this sudden attack.

"I thought she looked too brilliant to be quite in health," said one.

"Yes, she was evidently excited, and the heat has been too much for her," said another.

Not one of them imagined the real cause of that deathly faint, not even the man who had struck the blow, so to speak, and seen her reeling under it. She was carried to her own room, and Mrs. Atherton and a couple of young lady friends attended on her.

"Poor dear," said Mrs. Topham, who was at heart a kindly woman, "how white she is to be sure!" And then she said, lower still, "Astonishing Tilda, isn't it? But I was mistaken, and I'm sure I'm very sorry. She couldn't be rouged, you know, and turn like that."

In little more than an hour's time Letty was down again, moving about among her guests, but with a face so pale, an eye so fixed, that people turned to look after her as she passed. Ernest Devereux caught a glimpse of her, and breaking from a group of gentlemen who surrounded him, made his way to her side at once.

"Miss Leigh," he whispered, bending over her so as not to be heard, "do let me persuade you to go back to your room. You are not fit to be here."

She answered with a smile and a quiet shake of the head.

"Do take my advice," he said. "I can see that you are suffering acutely."

She glanced quickly up at him, and then bent her head over her bouquet, but still she did not stir.

"It is too warm and noisy for your here," he continued. "Come down to your own little parlor; we shall at least be quiet there."

He offered her his arm as he spoke, and she took it, and walked with him to the small dimly-lighted room he spoke of, glad to get away from the glare and the music, and the stony faces of those guests, who were no friends. He seated her before the fire in a large easy-chair, and drew another near to her for himself.

The light, as it played on both their faces, showed very different emotions on each. His was pale and agitated, sudden scarlet flushes coming and going across the sallow cheek, fugitive gleams of tenderness coming and going and going in the fair blue eyes. Letty's face was as pale and still as it had been in the drawing-room, her eyes half closed, her lips pressed close together, she sat and scattered the crimson petals of her roses over her lap in silence.

Ernest Devereux was the first to speak, and his low, earnest tones woke the dreaming girl with a start. It was the same tale he told her on the sands some months back, but told now with many passionate changes that had been absent then. He had pleaded for the hand of the heiress then; now he was pleading for the heart of the woman; and all the earnestness and truth of his nature rose into his face as he spoke.

Letty had then answered "No," firmly and easily; now she whispered it with a faltering tongue that would scarce obey its office. She measured his love by her own; and feeling through every quivering nerve what it was to love in vain, her heart was stirred with pity for him; and he saw that it was so by her face.

"No, don't answer me now," he said. "To-morrow, or the day after you shall tell me. I am willing to wait any time it pleases you. Only give me some token by which I may know there is hope in waiting, and I will be content."

He bent closer to her as he spoke, and took both her cold hands into his, lovingly, tenderly, with the soothing touch he might have used to a grieving child. Her life was very bare, her heart was very empty; any love was better than none, and she left him hold her hands, and press warm kisses on them in silence.

Ernest Devereux was a gentleman still, after all those years of subterfuge and hand-to-mouth existence, and he would not press his suit any further then. He told her he final answer for a day or two, or three if it loved her, and he put off the giving of her pleased her, himself content to wait; and there he left her.

So while the music pealed out louder and louder, and the hum of fresh voices and bursts of silver laughter came fitfully to them, they sat quiet and silent in the little summer parlor; the bronze lamp throwing a mellow light on Letty's dark, still face, and only half revealing the gleaming statuettes and shining silver ornaments scattered throughout the room.

Ernest Devereux leaned his arm on the low mantle, and his head on his arm, and looked down silently on the face of the woman he loved and hoped one day to make love him. That she did not love him he knew, but she was young and tender-hearted; once his, her love, he thought, would be easily won.

As he stood there in the half shade, a genial softness stole over his handsome, cynical, world-hardened face—a shifting, tremulous, tenderness—that had never rested there since his boyhood, if even then. He was not wholly bad, although he was very selfish; but to-night self was forgotten for the time; and the quaint, dark face, that his friend had so ridiculed, seemed to have a vivid, witching beauty, as it shone out on him between the dim half-lights of the low fire and the bronze lamp overhead.

Letty, sitting there, all unmindful of the tender gaze of those keen eyes, was thinking, with vain, rebellious longing, of what might have been if Paul Lennard's wife had never left her those ill-fated riches.

"He might have loved me then," she thought, "and need never have left Fenmore. We might have been so happy in that old brown house, with only my father, and none of this hateful money to gather people round us who would not care if we died at their feet, so that they were safe. Oh! if he had only been poor, I would have married him, and worked for him, and borne anything for his sake."

So she kept thinking, with fretful pain, as she sat there, and picked away first the leaves, and then the blossoms of her bouquet.

Letty was just like the rest of us; she was willing to endure any trouble but the one that was pressing down on her. Her shoulders felt strong to bear any of the crosses that might have been laid on them, but they bent and shivered under the burden that they were called upon to carry.

"We thought you were lost, or had run away, or something dreadful had happened, Letty, dear," called out a clear, ringing voice, as its owner swept into the room, turning over a tiny Parian Psyche with her voluminous skirts, as she passed. "You have been searched for everywhere, you naughty darling, for you were most particularly wanted."

The young lady, the twenty-first, and most demonstrative, of Letty's new friends, was standing on the rug by this time, her gauzy skirts dangerously near the steel bars of the grate. She was looking up with a mischievous wonder at Ernest Devereux's smiling face, and Letty's grave one.

"I beg pardon a thousand times, if I am intruding," she said, with a little mock courtesy, and a pretense of going away again.

Ernest Devereux stopped her, and gallantly pushed forward a chair for her close to Letty's side, himself standing the while, and watching the two girls.

"Who wanted me," Letty asked, looking down with a half blush on the scattered petals strewing her lap and the carpet at her feet.

"Doctor Lennard," was the reply. "He is leaving Fenmore, and he called to say good-bye. Of course he knew nothing of the party; but it was odd to come at this hour, wasn't it?"

The rosy blush was a burning flame now; cheeks, neck and bosom one painful, flushing crimson.

"He had no time to wait till you could be found," continued the young lady; "but he left his respects, and compliments of the season and all that. He's going by the 12 o'clock train, and it's half past 11 now, and more."

Putting up one white jewelled hand to shade her eyes from the fire, the speaker looked at the tiny ormolu timepiece which stood on the mantle, and which just at that moment began to ring the three quarter chimes. It was a quarter to 12. In fifteen minutes more he would be gone away from Fenmore forever!

An insane impulse to up and fly to him, and pray him to stop, to stay for her sake, seized Letty. She felt as if she would go mad sitting there quietly, and her love passing away from her forever.

Miss Lyle rose, and, shaking out her skirts, declared she was engaged for the very valse they were playing, and declared she must go.

"Mr. Lawton will be seeking me everywhere as it is," said she, "and thinking I have gone off after you, Letty, for they none of them know where you are hid."

As she opened the door to pass out, a gush of mingled music and laughter swept in; an essence of joy it seemed; and Letty hearing it buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. That sound of outer happiness tingled along her bruised heart like a shock of agony, breaking down pride and firmness at one dash.

Ernest Devereux was shocked, touched even at the sight of those scalding tears; he felt as though he must do something to soothe her, but she would not be soothed; his words fell dull on her ears; and the loud, passionate sobs only ceased to give place to low, broken gasps that seemed to come from her very heart, and that a stricken one.

"My darling, my own Letty, you must tell me what is grieving you," he cried, drawing her hands forcibly away from her face; and then, as a sudden thought flashed upon him, he added "Dr. Lennard!—was he?—did you?"

"I loved him," she broke in with a sob, half shame, half sorrow, as she bent lower and lower to avoid his reproachful eyes.

For a moment he stood passive, his face as white as the bent face before him; the muscles of his close mouth twitching. Then he stooped and drew Letty to him, clasping her closely, tightly, as one who would not be denied.

"Forget him, Letty," he whispered, softly. "Let my love fill the place of his in your heart. He is not worthy of you, dearest."

The tiny ormolu toy on the mantel struck 12, and finished with a silvery, tingling cadence. A second later, and the sonorous peals of Fenmore bells came clearly sounding over the snowy fields. They had been ringing the old year out, but so softly and sadly, that the music in Mr. Leigh's tiny drawing-room had drowned their chimes. They were ringing the new year in so loudly and joyously, that their peal penetrated even the quiet of the summer parlor, and Letty, raising her white, stony face with a shiver from the breast where it had lain passive for a few moments, and taking Ernest Devereux's first kiss upon her lips, knew that the old year, and its bright dreams had, indeed, died for her forever. And with the new year, a new life, bleak and bare, and unspeakably desolate opened before her.

"May this be a happy new year to you, my own love—happier than any year that has gone before it!" said Ernest Devereux, gently pushing the heavy, dark hair away from over her brow.

"Thank you," she answered as gently; but no blush rose on the dark face under his tender gaze. No quiver troubled the sweep of her long lashes as they rested on her cheek, though his hand, firm and strong, and loving withal, was being softly passed over her heated brow.

"Thank you!" The low, even words jarred upon him strangely. But now, and he was thinking and saying how little would content him till she could give him all, and already the stony calm of her manner was fretting him. She had told him herself that she did not love him, but the spoken words were nothing to the written evidence before him, plainly to be read in the quiet face, not drooped nor rosy; the gray eyes, their depth unstirred and sleeping; and the close red lips that only breathed of grief and longing. For a moment he stood beside her, half touched, half angry, then he kissed her and let her go.

"Well, after all," he thought, "she is only a child. Just now she is feeling naturally sore at this fellow's indifference; but she will get over that, no fear."

On that dull November morning on which her father left her to go to London, Letty had longed for a change, no matter of what kind.

"Any change must be for the better," she had said then.

In the cold, gray dawn of the first day in the new year, she was lying on her bed, moaning and shrinking away with fear and dread from the very change she had been so ready to welcome while yet distant. In the room next to her's Ernest Devereux sat by the fire, smoking. He had not gone to bed at all, and his head had grown dizzy poring over a morocco-bound volume were his debts were jotted down in unpleasantly round numbers. He was smoking comfortably now, and thinking of Letty. The softened look had not quite left his face, and he half smiled, half sighed as he thought of her.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself; "she is terribly cut; but the fellow was old and boorish. She will soon forget him—she cannot help it."

The young man passed his ringed hands caressingly through the silken tangles of his whiskers as he said that, mentally comparing Paul Lennard's dark, bearded face, with its pale square brow and grave, searching eyes, to his own fair, handsome one.

"By Jove, I would not hurt such a good little soul for the world, though I don't pretend to be much of a Christian."

He threw the stump of his cigar into the grate as he spoke, and, with a yawn, drew the curtains back, and let the yellow, sickly light of the young day creep in, while he lay down to get a few hours' sleep before breakfast time.

CHAPTER VI.

"LETTY, REMEMBER WE ARE ENGAGED."

March was in, and Letty, to whom a little of her old bloom had come back, was being daily blown and blustered into something of her past fresh youth by the keen winds that swept and surged round her as she took her long, lonely walks over the sands in her sealskin jacket and flowing woolen dress. Those walks were not always lonely, not often, indeed, considering that London was more than a hundred miles away from Fenmore, and that it was in London her lover was forced, as he said, to live.

No one could be more attentive, more gallant, more loving even, than Ernest Devereux had been during these two bleak winter months. Letty had long since learned to miss him when absent, and wait expectantly for his coming. She was every day learning to do more, though she thought very often of Paul Lennard's noble, earnest face, and sometimes caught herself wishing that her lover was a little bit more like him. Such as he was, however, he was very well; and if she had cared less for him than she did, she would yet have had her reward in the joy and comfort their engagement gave her father, for Ernest Devereux and she were now formally engaged.

The old man was now in high delight; he talked vaguely of great good fortune yet in store for her, and for which she would have to thank him when it came. He spoke of a handsome house in Belgravia, and a dashing turn-out for his pet, as largely and confidently as though Mrs. Lennard's legacy had been hundreds of thousands in place of thousands.

Letty sometimes smiled, and smiling, wondered at the old man's talk; but she always thought lovingly of him, and thanked him in his heart for this unexpected care of her. But what often surprised her was, that Ernest Devereux, cool, wise, man of the world, seemed to see nothing extravagant in all this, that sounded in her ears but as so much fond babbling.

Toward the latter end of March Mr. Leigh went on one of his mysterious visits to London, and Ernest Devereux, who had been staying a few days with them, went back with him. They were both to return before the thirtieth, they said, and they smiled at one another meaningly as they said it. But the thirtieth passed, and April came in, and wore on toward May, and they had neither come nor written. Letty was surprised, and a little vexed, but not at all frightened as yet.

Ernest Devereux was in the habit of sending her long, loving letters, written on dainty paper, with the Devereux and Ashley crest on the top. She had received them as a matter of course, and put them safely by in the pearl and ebony box where her few treasures were stored; among the rest a certain drab satin shoe that had no pleasant memories linked to it, and the reason for keeping which she could hardly have given, even to herself.

Now that he was so long away, and no letters were coming, she began at first to wonder, and then to fret; and finally she grew angry at what she looked on as slighting indifference upon his part. She did not love him well enough to make excuses for him, and so she went her long walks alone, and brooded over this new phase in her engagement.

One fair, sunny afternoon, when the sky was more settled than usual, Letty put on hat and jacket and went down to the shore. There was a freshness as of new life in the kind breeze that brushed her face softly, and the great waves rolled in with a musical murmur very pleasant to listen to on that mild April day, and looking over the restless green waters, moving joyously under the spring sunshine, a little of stirring gladness entered into her heart as she stood there. Then she sat down and buried her hands in the soft warm sand, and thought of Paul Lennard, lovingly, yearningly, as she the betrothed wife of another man, should not have thought of him. She knew that very well, but she could not help it; so she sat still in the warm sunlight, and dreamed her dream, lulled by the drowsy murmur and roll of the sea.

A hasty step coming over the sands, a heavy hand laid on her shoulder, and Letty started to her feet, and turning suddenly faced Ernest Devereux.

So she put out her hand to him with a smile and a blush, wondering that while he took it, and held it tightly in his, he never smiled or spoke. Then she saw how pale and haggard he was, how ill he looked, and a feeling of fear stirred in her.

"What has kept you away so long, Ernest?" she asked. "Have you been ill?"

(To be Continued.)

THE WYANDOTTE CAVES.

Dr. McIntyre Tells of Wonders in the Bosom of Mother Earth.

In opening his lecture the doctor said, "There are two kinds of men who go everywhere. One is the American, and once when crossing one of the Lakes of Killarney he asked the Irishman, who was rowing the boat, if there was any road an American never travelled, and the Irishman, pointing to heaven, said, 'He travels all roads but that one.' The other kind of man is the preacher. As a negro waiter of a theological college once said, when being rebuked for stealing and asked what he would do when he went down to eternal doom, replied, 'Well, I guess I will wait on preachers the same as I do here.' Being both a preacher and an American I have been most everywhere and will lead on a journey through one of the two great caves of America, the Wyandotte Caves. There are two great caves in the world—the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, and the Wyandotte Caves, of Indiana, where the Wyandotte Indians lived before the appearance of civilized man in America. The exact situation is in Crawford County, five miles from the Ohio River. You go round a hill by the path till you come to the entrance 20 x 7 feet, which faces the west and then down a gradually declining path till you reach the first room. Our party consisted of the proprietor and guide, Mr. Rothrock, a Mr. Johnson, Mrs. McIntyre and myself; and we entered the cave at sunset. The guide carried two satchels, two rockets and four torches. The first room glitters with nitre crystals and after leaving it we entered a tunnel about three-quarters of a mile long, where there was no light but the light of our torches. Passing through Columbian Arch we come to Washington avenue, named after Washington avenue, St. Louis. At the end of the avenue we halted before a projecting stone and the guide, lighting some red chemicals, threw a reflection of the stone on the ceiling. The reflection represented a man and a woman quarreling and was named "Betsy and I are out." We had now reached Banditti Hall, and a more appropriate name for this horrible place could not be found. Just before going across it the guide shouted, "Keep close to my heels; there are bottomless pits on either side." After showing the dangers of this room with the aid of a Bengal light, the guide took us northwards. We had been going east. We now saw a sight I will never forget. A room, the walls and ceiling of which were literally thick with bats. The guide threw a Roman candle at a cluster, and as the light struck them they made a dart towards the door where we were standing, just as the guide cried, "lie down, quick." They swept over our heads in a solid cloud, and when returning some of them struck against the side of the entrance and fell bleeding just where we were lying. We all leaped to our feet and ran, terrified, down the road till we were joined by our guide. We went on two or three miles and came to a grotto, which is much spoken of, as a romantic young lady was once so much struck with it that she brought her affianced husband there and got married. After a short time we came to what appeared to be a solid wall, but the guide pointed out a small hole running under it and said we were going through there. We all got through all right but Johnson, who was a big, fat fellow, and when the guide and I pulled him through it was without buttons on any of his clothes. In the dining-room, which we came to next, there is a natural table covered with visiting cards from all parts of the world. In the next room, after examining the beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, we came upon another party of tourists guided by a son-in-law of Rothrox, our guide. They had one of the best singers in Kentucky with them, and the echoes of her voice made the most beautiful music I ever heard. Passing through a low tunnel, called "Purgatory," we arrived at the largest room in the world, so large that St. Paul's Cathedral, gates and all, could be dropped in and would not touch the boundaries of any part. We now went down Slippery Hill, and near the bottom my feet slipped from under me on the wet clay, and I slid forty feet to the bottom, and Johnson fell on top of me. When the guide was asked why he had not told us, he said, "The hill was so slippery, it slipped my memory." At Cerulean Hall six walks meet, and here we were placed fifty feet apart, all lights put out, and we experienced the fearful sensations of absolute silence and darkness till we were ready to shriek with terror. We fished for half an hour at Crawford's Springs, but without success, and then went into Milroy's Temple, which was first entered by a dare-devil school-boy, named Milroy. Here the guide took a key and struck some of the stalactites, and on the first five were the notes of the musical scale. My wife took the key and played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," on them. A moment later I saw Johnson and my wife running towards a spot which shone with alabaster whiteness and found we were at the entrance of the cave again. It was the early morning of a beautiful September day. The brook was rippling at the hill-side, the birds were pouring forth their song, and the very grass was sending up its perfume, and the whole day was perfect."

"He Cometh Not."

Buffalo *News*: "And so you are not married yet?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Expect to be?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, papa says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man of good health and good habits. Mamma says he must be frugal, industrious, attentive and moral. And I say he must be handsome, dashing, talented and rich. We are still looking for him."

Lynched the Agent.

Montreal *Star*: A party of Hungarians, who were deceived by the glowing accounts of life in America into emigrating, returned to their native land a few days ago, hunted up the agent who had deceived them and hanged him to a convenient tree. Such object lessons as this might be expected to do more to stop immigration than all the restrictive laws yet passed.

Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., Jan. 11, 1889: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." MRS. J. RINGLAND.

—Unsophisticated Parent—Hello there, nurse, what's the baby yelling that way for? I can't read at all. Nurse—He's cutting his teeth, sir. U. P.—Well, see that he doesn't do it any more, or you lose your place.

—"Is your sister in the house, Miss Dorothy?" "Yes, she is; and if you're coming often you'd better hurry up and propose, 'cause I've noticed with all the others when it goes on so long it never comes to anything."

—Charlie W., aged 4, had two pets—a canary, which was a fine singer, and a cat. One unlucky day the door of the bird-cage was left open, and the cat was caught in the act of swallowing the last morsel of poor birdie. Little Charlie gazed at the cat a few moments in sorrowful meditation, then suddenly queried: "Mamma, will Kitty sing now?"—*Housekeepers' Weekly.*

The body of Boron Drais, who is supposed by some to have invented the bicycle, and who died over thirty years ago, was removed the other day from an obscure resting-place, and given burial among the tombs of illustrious Germans at Carlsruhe. A funeral cortege of about 400 persons of both sexes, mounted on bicycles of all classes, and wearing the uniform of their respective clubs, followed the body to the grave.

Ignorant Hindoos believe in a Cholera Demon with a head like a huge earthen pot.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. McMullen, in introducing a bill to further amend the Act respecting the Senate and House of Commons, said that the bill proposed to amend the Act so as to make it clear that a member of the House of Commons or a Senator shall be entitled to mileage only from his residence, which must be in Canada, to Ottawa.

Mr. Tupper introduced a bill to amend chapted 77 of the revised statutes respecting the safety of ships. He explained that the purpose was to prevent passenger vessels from carrying explosives. There was no legislation on the subject to day in Canada, and the bill was based on the English Act.

Mr. Lister—Does it include refined petroleum?

Mr. Tupper—It includes a good many things.

Mr. Amyot introduced a bill to amend the Dominion Controverted Elections Act, and in doing so he explained that the object was to fix thirty days after polling day for contestation of elections, instead of leaving the time entirely at the discretion of the returning officer.

Mr. Davies called the attention of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries to the great importance in the public interest of his pressing forward the bill of which he had given notice, the object of which was to amend the law respecting the safety of ships. The hon. gentleman knew that on June 19th the English law regulating the load line would come into force so far as Canadian ships sailing outward from Canadian ports were concerned.

Mr. Tupper said that he had already taken occasion to send to the different ports of the country information regarding this matter.

Mr. Edgar asked the cause of the delay in having the papers ordered by the Privileges and Elections Committee in regard to the Tarte charges prepared for the inspection of the members of the committee.

Sir Hector Langevin said that the preparation of the papers entailed considerable work and required time. These papers were being prepared as fast as possible.

Sir John Macdonald, replying to Mr. Lavergne, said the Government had no information that the Canadian Pacific Railway had abandoned the South-Eastern Railway, and it had no power to force them to operate it.

Mr. Tupper, answering Mr. Somerville, said that in March, '91, the contract was made with the Polson Iron Co. to build a steel cruiser for the protection of the fisheries of the great lakes. The vessel was to be built according to specifications by Lieut. Gordon, of the fisheries protective service. The contract price is $40,000, of which $31,000 is to be paid in cash, and the company is to take over the old cruiser at a valuation of $9,000.

Mr. Tupper, answering Mr. Somerville, said that the supplies for the fishery protection are purchased by private contract, and that the officers have instructions to buy at the lowest market rates.

Mr. Brodeur asked if the Government intended to dismiss public employees who took an active part in the elections?

Sir John Macdonald—Whenever complaints of improper conduct are made there will be a strict investigation.

Mr. Lister—What about Sir Charles Tupper?

Mr. Denison asked if it is the intention of the Government to organize a cavalry school in Toronto.

Sir Adolphe Caron—The subject matter of this question is now under the consideration of the Government.—(Laughter.)

Sir Hector Langevin, answering Mr. Bain, said that no claim for damages in connection with the Dundas and Waterloo macadamized road had been made by Dr. Walker, and no settlement made.

Mr. Foster, answering Mr. Landerkin, said that Sir Charles Tupper was paid $10,000 for salary, $2,000 for travelling allowance, and that the balance of the payments on account of the High Commissioner's office was either to clerks or to companies who had rendered services.

Mr. Davies, on a motion for returns, stated that over 200 miles of the rails of the Prince Edward Island Railway laid in 1873, with the exception of 63 miles, had been relaid. The rails were absolutely worn out and in a dangerous condition. He hoped the Government would investigate the matter.

Mr. Hyman, in moving for papers relating to the locality for holding the camp of Militia District No. 1 for 1890 and 1891, said that if the camp was held in any other place than London an injustice was being done to that city. London had purchased the Carling farm and conveyed it to the Government, one condition of said transfer being that it should be used as the camping ground of the District No. 1. In 1890 the camp had been taken to Stratford, it was said as a political bribe, but it had not been successful, as they had representing that district a gentleman who was not entirely in accord with the Government. As a punishment to London, and as a reward to St. Thomas, it was to be given to the latter this year.

Sir Adolphe Caron said that since he had been the head of the Militia Department London had had a camp oftener than any other locality in Ontario. He said that Mr. Hyman was mistaken as to the condition of transfer of the property by the city of London to the Government.

Mr. Cameron (Huron), when the second reading of his bill to repeal the Electoral Franchise Act was reached on the order paper, asked if Sir Hector Langevin was prepared to go on with the discussion of this bill now. When on Friday last he had desired a second reading of the bill. Sir Hector Langevin had asked that it be allowed to stand.

Sir Hector Langevin suggested Thursday.

Mr. Cameron—No. Thursday is too late, because I am going away on that day.

Sir Hector Langevin—Very sorry.

It was then decided that the bill should be considered on Wednesday.

Mr. Tupper moved the third reading of the bill respecting fishing vessels of the United States.

Mr. Davies said that he had thought the Minister of Marine and Fisheries would have taken the opportunity before the bill was passed of making a statement with reference to the position of the matter between Newfoundland and Canada.

Mr. Tupper said that he would rather abstain from introducing into the consideration of this bill any matters at issue between Canada and Newfoundland, since the bill affected simply vessels of the United States, and in no way disturbed the vessels of Newfoundland. He thought it was well that the bill should proceed on the old lines. At present the position was this: The Government of Newfoundland had by the provisions of the Bait Act prohibited Canadian vessels from obtaining bait in the ports or harbors of that colony on any terms. Last year Canadian vessels were permitted to go into Newfoundland ports upon payment of a license fee, and under this license they were permitted to obtain only a limited supply of bait. This year even that privilege had been withdrawn. The Government was pressing with every effort possible a solution of this question, so that the rights of the vessels of Canada might be respected.

Mr. Mills, of Bothwell, said that before Mr. Tupper pressed the bill to a third reading the House was entitled to information which up to this time it did not possess. They knew that a few years ago the Government appointed a commissioner, who along with the British ambassador at Washington negotiated a treaty which was rejected by the Congress of the United States. They had no information that any further action had been taken. The Government had not informed the House that they proposed taking any further action. They had not yet told the House that they were prepared to take the initiative in opening up negotiations upon this subject. The House was entitled to all the information in the power of the Government to give upon this question before they were asked to pass the bill. It seemed to him (Mr. Mills) an extraordinary proceeding that Sir John Thompson should have intervened between the Government of Newfoundland and the Government of the United States with reference to negotiations that were being entered upon in the interest of the people of Newfoundland exclusively. The House was entitled to all the papers that had passed between Canada and the Colonial Office and the Government of Newfoundland upon this question. They should not be called upon to legislate in the dark. (Applause)

Sir John Thompson said that if the correspondence to which Mr. Mills had referred were laid on the table to-day there was no member of the House who knew better than Mr. Mills that he could not raise a discussion on the matter on the third reading of this bill. The Government of the Dominion would not feel that they had gone beyond their duty in interfering with the negotiations of any colony which affected the Dominion of Canada. The interests of the fishing portion of the population would have been most deeply affected by the negotiations to which Mr. Mills had referred, and he knew to his (Mr. Mills') credit that there would be no more eloquent and forcible remonstrance in the House if they had failed to pass that minute of Council than that which would have come from Mr. Mills. So far from its being extraordinary on the ground that it was uncalled for, the minute of Council was not adopted until Her Majesty's Minister at Washington and the Secretary of State for the Colonies had invited an expression of opinion from the Privy Council in reference to the negotiations going on, and therefore in no sense was remonstrance uncalled for. Mr. Mills had not taken his point well, that the House had not been informed that any negotiations had taken place or were to be entered upon. The House had been informed in the speech from the throne that negotiations had been entered upon, and that they were to be continued. The correspondence in its entirety could not be brought down, because the assent of the Governments interested was to be had, and until that was obtained it must be considered as confidential.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said that he would like to bring the attention of the Government to the fact that they had not yet informed the House whether Mr. Colby had tendered his resignation as President of the Privy Council, and whether any other party had been appointed in his place.

Sir John Macdonald replied that Mr. Colby had, to the regret of his colleagues, tendered his resignation. It was accepted by His Excellency the Governor-General, and his office had not yet been filled.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

To ncorporate the Western Life Insurance Co.—Mr. Macdonald (Winnipeg).

To amend the Act to incorporate the Collingwood & Bay of Quinte Railway Co. —Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked if there was any prospect of the papers as to the Washington negotiations promised in the speech from the throne being brought down.

Sir John Thompson replied that permission to publish the documents had been applied for, and would no doubt be obtained in a week.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) considered this statement very disappointing. What right had the Government to promise these papers if they had not the power to supply them?

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Mr. Somerville, while the item for printing and stationery was under consideration, asked if the Secretary of State would require any more clerks in the Printing Bureau. A large part of the printing had not been done in the bureau, but by outside parties, and if this were to be done by the Government would more officers be required?

Mr. Chapleau asked what printing had been done outside?

Mr. Somerville said that he public knew, men who got money for work knew, and the Secretary of State should know. The voters' lists and the report of the Geological Survey had been printed outside.

To incorporate the Steam Boiler and Plate Glass Insurance Company of Canada —Mr. Hyman.

To incorporate the McLeod Irrigation Company—Mr. Davis.

Mr. Amvot introduced a Bill to make voting compulsory, which was read a first time.

Sir John Macdonald, in answer to a question by Mr. Gibson as to whether it was the intention of the Government to build a turning basin on the enlarged Welland canal at St. Catharines, said that the matter had not yet been brought to the attention of the Government.

Sir Hector Langevin, in answer to Mr. Tarte, said that $580,841 had been paid to Larkin, Connolly & Co. on account of the graving dock at Esquimalt, B. C., from 1884 to 1890.

Mr. Foster told Mr. Tarte that the amount of money owed by the Quebec Harbor Commissioners to the Government on account of interest up to December 31 last was $185 925.

Mr. Chapleau, replying to a question put by Mr. Lepine, said that the type-setting machines purchased by the Government formerly cost $3,500, but they could now be purchased for $3,000. They were capable of composing 3,500 ems per hour, or 31,500 ems per day of nine hours, for which they paid $2 a day. The cost of type-setting per 1,000 ems was 6 2 7 cents.

Mr. Jamieson moved "That in the opinion of this House the time has arrived when it is expedient to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes."

Mr. Fraser said that in seconding the motion he did it in the interest of the good citizenship of Canada. He saw the difficulty of a prohibitory law for the Dominion, because it might be honestly opposed by some men. In view of the past ravages of the traffic he was convinced that it was in best interest of Canada that there should be no traffic in liquor. No doubt there could be honest differences as to whether the country was ripe for prohibition, but it was the duty of the legislators to lead public opinion.

Mr. O'Brien was glad to see some common sense introduced into the discussion of this question and congratulated the last speaker on the honesty he had displayed. He contended that the advocates of prohibition were either unscriptural or illogical. They could not assume that to use intoxicating liquors was contrary to Scripture, or an incitement to crime. There were very many crimes which drunkenness would render a man incapable of committing. He denied that intoxication was the parent of crime. Scripture told men to look elsewhere for the source of crime than to drunkenness. Intoxication had come now to be an excuse which nearly every criminal made to escape punishment. He denied that prohibition would be a remedy for drunkenness.

To incorporate the Buffalo, Lake Erie & Brantford Railway & Coal Company.—Mr. Tisdale.

To incorporate the Whirlpool Bridge Company.—Mr. Graham.

To amend the Dominion Franchise Act of 1874 by providing that voters must be British subjects.—Mr. Wood, of Brockville.

Mr. Coatsworth, resuming the debate on Mr. Jamieson's motion declaring the country ripe for prohibition, said that the principle of temperance legislation had already been recognized by law. It was now to be hoped that the House would see the wisdom of granting prohibitory legislation.

Mr. Flint took exception to Mr. O'Brien's deductions from Scripture against prohibition. He did not think Parliament was the place to discuss the bearings of Scripture upon economic questions, but there could be no doubt that the great religious bodies of Canada were in favor of prohibition. There were plenty of indications that public opinion was overwhelmingly against the liquor traffic. He was opposed to compensation. The public would never submit to having the honest masses taxed to further enrich those who had already made enormous fortunes out of the degrading traffic.

Mr. McIntosh had never yet heard the question solved as to how the revenue could be recouped for the loss it would cause. The time had come when that question must be seriously considered. He therefore moved an amendment, which recited at great length that whereas numerous petitions had been presented to Parliament asking for prohibition; and whereas there was a general desire that the matter should receive serious consideration; and whereas prohibition must seriously affect the revenues of the Dominion, that a special committee be appointed to inquire into the matter and report to the House.

Mr. Roome, in seconding the amendment, believed that was the proper action for the House to take, and that all who favored prohibition should vote for it.

Mr. Macdonald, of Huron, said that over 500,000 Canadians had petitioned for prohibition, and he hoped the House would consider the question aside from party bias.

Mr. Taylor moved in amendment to the amendment that this House renews the expression of opinion made in preceding Parliaments as to the expediency of prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes; but declares that in a question of such far-reaching importance, affecting long established social and trade interests, involving the loss of many millions of necessary revenue and consequent imposition of new and heavy taxation, it is essential for the working and permanent maintenance of such enactment that the electorate of Canada should first pronounce a definite opinion upon the subject at the polls.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—Does the hon. gentleman propose a plebiscite?

Mr. Taylor said the motion spoke for itself, and that matter would be one of detail.

Mr. Mills said he would not support an indefinite reference to the people. If a vote was proposed at once he would support it. He did not think a plebiscite was an un-British proceeding. As a general rule it might be bad, but in the present instance the verdict of the people should be obtained. He did not think any greater misfortune could befall the cause of total abstinence than legislative prohibition. At the same time, if a vast majority of the people expressed an opinion in favor of prohibition, he was prepared to aid in perfecting the measure. The proposal of Mr. Mackintosh's amendment, asking that the question affecting the revenue of the country should be referred to a committee, would enable the Government to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of private members. This was an unconstitutional and improper proceeding. If the Government had not the courage and ability to deal with the subject, they should not continue to hold office. For a long time the Finance Minister advocated prohibition, and he had never said there would be any obstacle in the way of meeting the financial requirements of the country if prohibition were adopted. He would like to know if that amendment was not drawn up by the Government. Was the blunderbuss loaded and placed in the hands of the member for Ottawa?

Mr. Mackintosh—No member of the Government had anything to do with the drawing up of the resolution.

Mr. Mills—Then no doubt the Government will resent this imputation upon their capacity.

AFTER RECESS.

Mr. Sproule moved the adjournment of the debate, and the House demanded a vote, with the following results: Yeas 65, nays 74.

The motion was declared lost.

World's Fair Notes.

The Holstein-Freisian Association, one of the most prosperous cattle breeders' associations in America, has appropriated $10,000 to be paid in premiums on its shown at the Exposition.

Oregon will try to raise at least $100,000 for a World's Fair exhibit. A meeting for that purpose will be held at Portland on June 16th, under the auspices of the Oregon Board of Agriculture.

The American Jersey Cattle Club, at its annual meeting recently in New York, appropriated $10,000 to secure a proper exhibition of Jerseys at the Exposition.

One of the most unique attractions of the Exposition will be a bazaar of all nations, which is to be located at the intersection of Midway plaisance with Jackson Park. A company in Japan has sent in a request to be allowed to build a Japanese village, with picturesque streets, and to people it with 500 Japs. Similar propositions have been received from Cairo and several oriental countries, and the grounds and buildings committee is puzzled to find space for them all.

Professor William Saunders, director of the experimental farms of the Canadian department of agriculture, is in correspondence with Chief Buchanan with a view to getting space for a big display.

President Bonney, of the World's Congress Auxiliary, says that the indications are that the proposed congresses on education, temperance, religion, agriculture, labor and other great subjects, will be so large that great difficulty will be experienced in providing large enough assembly rooms.

The most enjoyable way of reaching the World's Fair grounds from the heart of the city will be by boat on Lake Michigan, and the Local Directory intends to see that very extensive facilities in that line are provided.

Packers of canned goods, at their recent national convention, voted to request the Exposition authorities to be allowed to show the process of preserving fruit, and to erect a fully equipped cannery for that purpose.

Scotchmen have asked Director General Davis to set apart one week during the Exposition when Scottish games may be made a leading attraction. The request will probably be granted.

Hon. Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, has been chosen to take charge of the foreign affairs department of the Exposition, and will soon open headquarters in London, from which information of every description will be furnished to intending exhibitors and visitors.

The Homely But Useful Girl.

The "useful" girl, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *The Ladies Home Journal*, is not noticeable in any way. Everybody makes use of her, and everybody likes her. She has no enemies and no lovers. Women like her very much, and men speak highly of her when she is brought to their attention in some way; but they never think about her voluntarily. They appreciate her highly when she helps them out of a corner, and thank her cordially, and then forget her until they need her again. She is not apt to marry, for men do not care for useful girls before marriage. She can sew, get a dinner if need be, amuse children, assist in getting up entertainments for other people to participate in, and she is an excellent nurse, and reads aloud well, and sings a little—enough to rock a child asleep or help out a chorus. She is like the green "everlasting," or old-fashioned "live-forever" plant—scentless, and not beautiful, yet indispensable in a garden.

Americas' Ally Described.

New York *Daily Commercial Bulletin*: Russia is the curse of modern civilization; the negation of its spirit; the counteractant of its intellectual forces; the embargo on its social advance; the antagonist of its political progress. She stands for ignorance as against intelligence; for class against mass; for autocracy against democracy; for absolute despotism against constitutional liberty; for race antagonisms as against international amities; for war against peace. Her highest conception of national greatness is the organization of armed brute force. The chief end of her government, her commerce, her wealth, her vast numerical resource, is the creation of military power. She exists to oppose, to repress, to agress, to invade, to destroy. She stands out among the European nations as the one country that effectively confronts the elevating forces of modern progress with brute resistance. That is her function, her mission among the nations.

An Eye to Business.

Rochester *Herald*: There was a hanging entertainment, with a negro in the principal role, at Trenton, Georgia, last Friday. The enterprising landlord of a hotel there, appreciating the importance of the occasion and its opportunities, advertised as follows:

Are you going to the hanging? The Blank House at Trenton, Georgia, offers an excellent view to witness the execution. Stop at the Blank House, Trenton, Georgia, when visiting the hanging, May 15th. Can see all from windows. Gallows within 150 yards. Meals fifty cents.

—Ornithologists tell us that when feeding the stride of the ostrich is from 20 to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, 26 inches, and when terrified, 11½ to 14 feet, or at the rate of about 25 miles an hour.

An English-German-Italian syndicate has bought 50,000,000 roubles' worth of Russian wheat.

—The one hundred and third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the Northern Assembly, as it is generally called, is now in session in Fort Street Church, Detroit. This is, perhaps, the most important American ecclesiastical gathering of the year. The Assembly represents 32 synods, 213 presbyteries, 6,128 ministers, 6,894 churches, 28,809 elders, 775,903 members, a Sunday school membership of about 900,000, and a revenue of upwards of $14,000,000.

—Briggs—That was a terrible thing about Wangle, wasn't it? While his wife was talking to the dressmaker he committed suicide in the next room. Griggs—Phew! Have they found out the cause? Briggs—It is supposed that he overheard what the dressmaker said.

THE ART OF WALKING WELL.

A Gentle Reminder for Gentle Maids Who Look in Style.

Some girls walk with a spring, some with a swinging carriage, some as though they had on high-heeled shoes, some as if they were breaking in new ones, others slowly creep along, some hobble, and in fact there are very few who walk correctly.

What a glorious thing it would be if there would be organized in some of our big cities in the United States, schools for learning to walk correctly—how it would pay—how well it would be attended!

There is not a mother in the country who is not continually reminding her pretty daughters that if they only walked better they might have more chances to marry.

There is not a mother who has not stood up before her daughters, and paraded up and down before them, showing them "how she walked when she met their father," and how terribly they walk in comparison.

I believe that there is as much character about a woman's walk, and it is as demonstrative of her nature and ways as the daintily gloved hand or booted foot.

A person may be very careful and all that in crossing a muddy thoroughfare, but if she has not that dainty knack of stepping she will undoubtedly spoil all the dresses she may put on.

Watch and criticise yourself very accurately, that you may be able to tell where your faults lie.—*Miss L. Agnes Paige, in New York Fashion Bazar.*

How to Pack Dresses for Moving.

Moving gowns is almost as troublesome as moving entire suites of furniture, and yet to the woman who knows how to do it the right way their very moving results in pleasure. How? Because when the new house is occupied, when the chairs and tables are all in their proper places, then, when she is ready to assume her gown, she knows that she can open the boxes in which they have been encased, select any one she wishes, and put it on at once because it is sweet, thoroughly clean and fresh. In packing the gowns be liberal with tissue paper, putting it between all trimmings, in the sleeves and between the bodices. How to pack them? Well, the best way is to go to a boxmaker with the measurement of your skirts and, allowing about a quarter of a yard more than they are, have him make you four or five deep, strong boxes covered with either black or green heavy paper. Four or five ordinary gowns can be put in each box, and with them can be any little adjuncts belonging to them. Two evening gowns, with all their belongings, have plenty of room in such boxes, and are not in the least degree crushed. For my own part, I cannot say enough in favor of these boxes, not only for moving the frocks, but for holding them after one has moved. Cover them well with paper before the lid is put on, tie them up securely with strong cord, and let the boxes go into a room where they will not be disturbed until you are really at home and take out your gowns with a certainty that not a loop or a hook is missing, that they do not require a brushing, and that they are absolutely as fresh as the daisy in the fields.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Few Don'ts for Girls.

Don't keep the fact that you are corresponding with some man a secret from your mother.

Don't write foolish letters to anybody, men or women. You never know who may see them.

Don't let Tom, Dick or Harry call you by your first name, or greet you with some slang phrase.

Don't think that you can go untidy all day, and then look very fine at night, for fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

Don't let any man kiss you or put his arm about you unless you are engaged to be married to him, and even then be a little stingy with your favors.

Don't let any man believe that simply for the asking he can get "that pretty Smith girl" to go out driving with him, to accompany him to the concert, or to entertain him for an hour when he can't find anybody else.

A Mistake.

Arkansaw Traveller: Manager (to playwright)—You have written an excellent play.

Playwright—I am deeply thankful, sir.

"Not at all; but let me say that you have made a fatal mistake."

"Why, aren't the characters strong enough?"

"Oh, they are charmingly strong."

"Aren't the situations thrilling enough?"

"Oh, they are charmingly thrilling"

"How, then, have I made a fatal mistake?"

"By failing to say, 'Charles Hetherington, do your worst.'"

"I see. Oh, fool that I was!"

Good Men Not Needed.

Stranger—I should think such an enterprising, public-spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community.

Politician—He'd run well, but we don't need him.

"Don't need him?"

"No. We're always sure of a big majority, anyhow."

The Rev. Thomas F. Gaylor, the new Episcopal Bishop of Georgia, is only 35 years old. He has refused flattering offers from wealthy parishes in New York and Illinois, and is at present Chancellor of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn.

The prevailing Sunday sport in Cuba is cock-fighting, and it is not an infrequent sight to see a Cuban gentleman going about the streets of Havana with his pet bird on the way to a fight.

Queen Natalie has an income of ninety thousand dollars a year

D. C. N L 23. 91

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache,
Headache,
Toothache,
Sore Throat,
Frost Bites, Sprains,
Bruises, Burns, Etc.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M. C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.