

MY NIECE MINNIE.

He came the next day, but Minnie was not able to see him—nor the next, nor the next. The poor girl's nerves had received a shock from which they could not easily recover.

It had not been mistaken in my anticipations as to the behavior of Snatchester. Everybody did speak about Minnie; but, strangely enough, my feeling was, "I dare say they are all jealous because they haven't a niece like mine."

Mr. Dene was a constant visitor; scarcely a day passed without our seeing him. And I did not wonder at it. Who could have resisted Minnie? He often came when she was out, and would sit and talk to me while I painted; he often read to me, and we had long enjoyable discussions on what he read until Minnie's return; and then, as was natural, she absorbed all his attention.

I sat painting, thinking rather sadly over the weeks rolled away till seven were numbered with the past. The great order of the Duke of Lorgepanda was approaching completion; so also was Minnie's visit—both of which the same day had heralded! We expected the arrival of the Indian mail, and Minnie had gone down to the town, for she was too impatient to wait for the postman— which rather surprised me, for I had never seen her so anxious about the post before.

I sat painting, thinking rather sadly over the weeks rolled away till seven were numbered with the past. The great order of the Duke of Lorgepanda was approaching completion; so also was Minnie's visit—both of which the same day had heralded!

When Minnie was mistress there. This strengthened, I was able to go through the ordeal unscathed; and, as she seemed interested in the progress that the rose had made toward being immortalized, I chatted about it as if life had no dearer interest for me than the Duke of Lorgepanda's china.

and then he said, in an abrupt tone which I had never heard him adopt before. "Minnie—I mean Miss Pomeroy—is out?"

"Yes," I answered, as calmly as if my heart was not beating so heavily that I feared its pulsations might almost be heard. "This is the day the Indian mail arrives, and she went to meet the postman, who always gives up her letters, although he will give to one else them. But he likes Minnie—every one does; I never saw any one so irresistibly charming as she is."

"You are right," he said fervently; and something, although I should have been disappointed had it been otherwise, his ready enthusiastic praise sent a chill to my soul. "She is indeed irresistibly charming, as you say, and she is looking more than usually beautiful to-day. I met her in the town," he added, in answer to my look of inquiry: "I had a short walk with her, and—she bade me tell you the train was late and she might have to wait half an hour or more for her letter."

"Oh, that is a pity!"—a speech without much sense in it; but I felt I must say something, and did not exactly know what words to use. "I do not count it so," he replied, with a peculiar shy glance—"indeed it was because she told me she would not be returning for some time that I at once resolved to come here and see you."

"Yes," I said—how I said it I do not know, nor shall ever know how I then had the courage to look up and steadily meet his eyes—"I have noticed it."

"Her parents are in India," I went on, not heeding his words; "and, before I can communicate with my sister and receive her letter in reply, seven weeks will have to elapse; and, I interrupted again—"I don't see why in this case Minnie's parents need be consulted—why?"

"Mr. Dene—never before had I felt so old, never before had I felt quite thirty-six, but I did then, as I rose from my chair and stood facing him. "Mr. Dene, pardon me if any notions seem old-fashioned; but never while she is under my care can I consent to allow anyone to pay his addresses to my niece without first consulting her parents."

"Pay his addresses to your niece?" he thought slowly. "Miss Leicester—Olive—have you been so blind then? Did you think it was Minnie whom I came to see?"

"I can hardly tell what followed. I heard him say that as the train steamed into the station on that terrible July night he had seen me under the lamplight, and my face had attracted him, but given him a strange thrill. He too was coming as a stranger in a strange land—he had not escaped from a fearful danger; but no loving rapacious words had welcomed him—had he perished, no one would have mourned his loss in that way."

"And, my interest thus excited," I heard him go on, as I stood half in dream-land, half on earth—"every day you grew more and more dear to me—every day I learned more and more to esteem the gentle virtues of your character—cheerfulness, your patient toil, your unselfish love for your beautiful niece—until I felt that, unless I could win you for my own, not all that the world had given me would have any value for me. Now I have spoken—now I have told the love of my heart that never really loved before! Tell me, Oliver—tell me!"

of him over and over again. "My speech was cut short by a clear ringing laugh. "Lord Brightness! Lord Brightness! I wanted me to go with this summer; but he is such a dreadful old drone. Do forgive the language, auntie; remember that the very happiest girl in England cannot be expected to think of 'pompous and pompous.'"

"My darling, I am so glad," I returned fervently—"the more sure that now you will be settled quite near me."

"Yes; you must come and live with me altogether—I have quite decided upon that. I think I told you that Charles's estate is all his own and the house is so large that you can have a good suite of apartment all to yourself, and you can paint there quite as well as here; and, oh, you must say you will come. I could not be happy if you did not think of you here all by yourself, working hard and lonely."

"All this had been poured forth with a volubility that knew no pause, her arms clasped tightly around my neck the while; but now, as she loosened them and took a step backward to read my answer in my eyes, she had held out her hand."

"Oh, Mr. Dene, have you been here all the time? What a rattle-brain you must think me! But I am glad now that you are here, for I am sure you will back me up in my scheme. Don't you think it would be the best thing possible? I am sure you do, and I am certain you will persuade auntie to come and live with me."

"How brightly he smiled into the eager blue eyes, as taking both her hands in his, he answered her. "Yes, I do think your scheme a good one," he said; "but I am afraid I cannot help you. The truth is that just before you came I had managed to persuade auntie to come and live with me."

"Our marriage—George Dene's and mine—was shortly afterwards celebrated quietly in the church at Snatchester; I was dressed in a gray travelling costume, and had Minnie for my own bridesmaid. Soon after that my husband and I were invited to guests at a wedding of a different description—one celebrated with the ringing of bells, with flower-strewn paths—the wedding of Sir John Lightfoot's eldest son with my niece, Miss Minnie Pomeroy. How radiantly beautiful she looked in her costly robes of silk and gold! What happiness beamed in her lovely eyes. Yet she is not happier, thought I, than the bride who wears only her travelling-dress at the altar; and with the thought came the earnest wish that her happiness might deserv'd every day."

"Then other thoughts came—thoughts of that July day when Jane had brought me the long envelope, and when I had looked forward to Minnie's visit as the greatest trial that could befall me, whereas it had brought with it my great blessing. Well, well, it just proved what short-sighted mortals we are, after all, and that—But here the triumphal strains of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding-March' broke in upon my musings and put my thoughts to flight, as I watched Minnie coming down the aisle, leaning upon her handsome young husband's arm. Dear Minnie—may her life be all sunshine and joy and music! I am sure there are few who better deserve it."

"The Happiest Women. Somebody asked me the other day who were the happiest women, and I've been thinking it over ever since. The happiest I have come to is that she is a happy woman who is not too handsome to mean that she shall be disagreeable looking, and she must have a certain charm of manner; but by her lack of beauty she can keep the love of men's friends and no jealousy arises, while she is always a pleasant companion. The woman who is not a great beauty does not need to anticipate growing old with that horror that must come to her who knows that it means the loss of her greatest attraction. I have always made a thanksgiving every night that Providence arranged that that I should be born south of Mason's and Dixon's line, but, but I now add to my thanks the fact that nature did not make me beautiful. One can only feel this way after one has become—how old? The woman of beauty is going to try to be some thing else, for in the heart of every woman figure within Roman lines an all-potent voice there is a desire to be considered the nicest in the world by somebody. And if the woman is worth a penny, she prefers that somebody to be a man. I wouldn't trust a woman who told me she didn't care for men's society. There is something wrong with her. She is absolutely abnormal, and certain to come to a wrong end. Even beating will not take from a right-minded woman her inherent liking for mankind in general and man in special. There has never been one of these women who cared only for the society of women who wasn't fretful, tiresome, unhealthy in mind and body, and altogether a burden to the earth. Women should like women, of course, but they should like men better."—New York Star.

"Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month."

"The other day a man was seen to throw a poor cat out of his garden from among the potato vines, where he himself was busy picking lady bugs off the leaves. He had 'just got nearly rid of the potato bugs,' he said, and now he supposed those spotted things were come to finish what they had left. He did not know that the lady bugs are voracious devourers of the larvae of other insects while harmless themselves; or that the toad is the very best of insect destroyers, and should be carefully protected in all gardens. The worst insect enemies we have are those that work in the darkness of the night or of the soil, and it is of these that the toad makes his meals—being ever on the watch, when the sun is obscured and the air damp, to catch every one his quick eye sees; never missing his aim. Even a house-fly cannot escape the lightning-like dart of his tongue. There is no harm in the toad; his service is wholly good. He is not so neat and handsome as birds, and does not sing, but there are points of interest in his behavior, and points of beauty amid the inequalities of shape and color. Children should be taught to love and cherish him, and to regard him as more of a god than of the bobolink, and with none of their spoiliations. Some English gardeners buy toads, and take pains to provide them with known caves of retreat, safe from the steel of the hoe or the grass hook. A few years ago I visited correspondents encircled children to bring in tree-frogs by giving them some pennies, and he says his trees and vines have been exceptionally clear of insects since, and are vocal with these creatures' varied calls and answers when rain is approaching."

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. It would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

"The Mental and Moral Qualities of Hens. Hensides their quick growth, their good appearance in market, and the abundance of their eggs, Houdans have qualities worth considering. Alert, bright-eyed, and as persistently cheerful as blue birds, they will regard whatever they go to. It is not likely that the French breeds are best bred with a view to making them tractable, but the result of their having been for many generations tended and petted by French people, is that they have gentle and attractive natures, and what they do in breeding is well done. Houdans are not rebellious. A fence does not always mean to them something that must be flown over or broken through, as it does to most hens. And in case planting time it is of importance that they can be trained to keep away from the garden and the forbidden fields, if a little time is given to their education. When once in a while they yield to temptation, and go where they will know the ought not to, they are so much on the lookout for angry human beings that they do not give themselves up to mischief as much as do the more stubborn and stolid breeds. Observing people have noticed the resemblance between highly bred animals and the people of the countries from which they come. One way the French breeds are pleasantly like the French folk, is an eagerness for amusement or light work. Their vices spring from this tendency, and the energy which makes the hen pull out the feathers from the crests of the unweaning cocks ought to be turned to digging bone-meal and grain under four inches of earth, and then they will be good and gay. Really fine Houdans have gradually polite manners. The cocks will not eat until their own special hens have had all they want. Their spiritiveness and pluck in raising the young chickens. They never drop or moult, but if they must die, they die cheerfully, and thus save much wear and tear of one's feelings. If a half-grown Houdan is lost in the corn or long grass, it will look keenly about until it finds its homeward way, nor stand like a cadet of one of the more phlegmatic families, dolefully waiting for some human being to hear and to pity. It would be a good plan to try and raise the standard of intelligence of cocks and hens, which among all the highly bred animals are only equalled by sheep in being stupid. If every farmer would breed not only from the largest hens and the best layers, but from those that have the finest dispositions and yield readily to discipline, perhaps we would have in time chickens as easy to train as dogs and horses."—Miss E. K. Winans.

"An Old Time Favorite. The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept at hand. For 30 years it has been the most reliable remedy."

"New Some City in Live. They go to bed at night and fall into a sort of stupor; why not? Is there one breath of fresh air in their sleeping box? Do they ever, except in the heat of summer, have so much as a crack of the window open? If there is a fireplace in their room or a stovepipe hole don't they close it up as tightly as they can? No wonder it is so hard to wake up in the morning. I can hear them groan and moan and yaw and scold now, at the impatient summons to get up. What a terrible state on the breakfast table! Sweet fried cakes something in the shape of meat, generally fried, potatoes either fried or stewed, hot coffee, and probably 'griddle cakes,' fried of course. Now, I am going on a crusade against the frying pan, for it is its use, but when I see a girl sit at the breakfast table with dull eyes, a sallow face, a listless manner and proceed to make that early meal of strong coffee, sweetened cakes, fried pork, and potatoes with a sequence of hot water, as if because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling where the juice should be retained, hard water or soft water salted is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once."

"Causing an Impression. Many coarse imitations of B. B. B. have been those of chronic sufferers known throughout the district through the very fact of their having been afflicted for years. This naturally creates a strong impression in favor of this valuable family medicine."

"For and About Women. A French marquis divided women into two classes: Women who listen and women who do not, and when giving advice on matrimony always said, 'Marriage is a handsome woman if you will, a rich one if you can, but in any case marry a woman who listens.' This is a good qualification in a woman, but I am amused in my work among exchanges, to note the divers and numerous accommodations and endorsements we are required to possess. We must ride, walk, and swim; sing, and perform on some musical instrument; must cook, and mend; must talk, and be silent, and one sagacious writer says, 'Be sure the woman you marry can laugh, for a woman cannot laugh in boots.' In regard to the listening woman, let me give you a hint. If she attempts to do anything except listen while you are talking, don't take any stock in her as a satisfactory listener. Beware of her if she is croaking, or jingling, or snoring, or brooding, or peaching, or old-gold-plush, for she will think far more about the tale you are unfolding. As a wife she will perhaps be able to darn the family hose and listen with due attention, but she can't do the 'kittens out, put two, widen one' business."—Alice Goldsmith.

"Malarial Fever and Chills are best broken up and prevented by using Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

"It is possible that the proper size of the bustle will have to be regulated by a court of law. A Montreal lady refused to pay for a cloak that did not fit her. The tailor brought suit to recover the price of the cloak, his plea being that the garment fitted perfectly until the lady began to wear a bustle that was too large."

"In Brief, and to the Point. Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy."

"Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents, evenly

"A Reward—Of one dozen 'TRADER' to any one sending the best four-line rhyme on 'TRADER,' the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Gums. Ask your druggist or address

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To brighten a Brussels, or any carpet that is faded, sponge in a mixture of one part oxgal to two parts water. This is excellent. To suit both those who like bedsteads rare and well done, it is well to cut in two, and have one half partly covered before the other is set on. When new sheets are made, try a broad hem on each end. This will prevent any head or foot to the article, thus making the wear much more even. When you buy a cabbage, tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put it in the lettuce. French cooks say that the unpleasant odor, which makes the house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread.

In a recently published history of Connecticut the history describes a grand wedding in the latter colonial days. "On the day after the marriage," he says, "twenty-two ladies and gentlemen proceeded to dance ninety-two jigs, fifty-two cotillions, dances, forty-five minuettes, and seventeen horripops."

It seems that the domestic problem exists in England also. Says the Pall Mall Gazette: "In a well-regulated household one of the householders has given notice to leave, because she cannot eat cold meat without pickle. She had previously stated that she preferred cold to hot meat. Her mistress, however, had omitted to enquire for what kind of pickle she had a preference; hence the necessity for a change."

In the quaint Pennsylvania community of Economy every inhabitant is compelled to rigidly conform to some exacting rules. Every one is required to attend church twice every Sunday and twice every week on Monday. Any one found out of bed after nine o'clock on any night is immediately banished from the town and all are required to rise at that point and lyric hour, 'ave o'clock in the morning.' In addition to three of the squarest possible square meals daily, a free luncheon is served to the whole community at nine o'clock every morning and at three every afternoon, and at each of those hours a piece of wine is meted out to every man, woman, and child.

Don't Speculate. Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the Great Kidney and Liver Regulator, made by Dr. Chase, author of Chase's Recipes. Try Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by all druggists. The distressing paleness so often observed in young girls and women, is due in a great measure to a lack of the red corpuscles in the blood. This remedy (this requires a medicine which produces these necessary little blood constituents, and the best yet discovered is Johnson's Tonic Bitters. Price 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle at Good's drug store, Albion block, Goderich. Sole agent. [b]

Salaries of High-Toned Cooks. The salaries of leading chefs in private families already in New York range from \$150 to \$300 a month. They, too, receive commissions, and in large places employ their own assistants, consisting of a meat and pastry cook and a kitchen girl to peel vegetables and do other work of a similar character. And it is not an unusual thing for the chef to get a percentage out of the wages which are paid to those subordinates. The chief cook at Delmonico's receives \$6,000 a year and a share of the profits of the establishment after they have passed \$200,000. He shares these supplementary profits with the acting manager of the establishment, and they are said to be very considerable. His income is supposed to be somewhere between \$12,000 and 15,000 annually.

Like all other establishments connected to those patrons of the establishment who give good dinners and who understand them. And he caters to them in a way that no presents of money could possibly secure. When such patrons come along the waiter receives a card with two letters interbed on it, "S. A." meaning special attention, and this is done not only to favor the patron but to satisfy the cook, who insists on favorite dishes properly served, just as a poet desires to have his poems recited with a proper emphasis and appreciation.—New York World.

Hay fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membranes of the nostrils, tear ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucous secretion, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60cts. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Oregon, New York.

Forty-seven large cheese and three small ones were made in the Bluevale factory one day last week. This is the largest make the factory ever made in one day. Mr. Messer, the salesman, sold the last half of June makes, 540 cheese, at Listowel fair, at 93 cents, it being the only factory that got that price.

A Reward—Of one dozen 'TRADER' to any one sending the best four-line rhyme on 'TRADER,' the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Gums. Ask your druggist or address

THE POETS.

Flourish Thus Ar. The farmer likes a noel And drives a team of And often times he shies That goes with other?

In spring he lets his horse Make with a lot of his Sweet maple sugar in And fill it up of pen.

When in the grass he sits Where no one may sit He knows they can't bit And wears a pair of h He goes to often sets A To raise a flock of geese And when he learns to He makes a lot of new He's sure to have an ac If he perfects his best And he with boards can As good as other best

When he's a little He is a trap for m He also likes to paint h As for as other hie. And remembers who He went with other of To help his father call To know some other will He as his father kill a And chase a pack of And as he called on To some other gu He owns a cherry cove Which has a lot of ki And almost caught a n Which had lost a lot He will amuse his three He works like other By playing music on a That sounds like oit

The Best Meats. An enthusiastic you production to me m "Oh I am so delight I have heard about yo lady who is always tel ful stories to children ably turn out to be B do you do it?" "Er my mother," the bit most wonderful storie I never thought th but interesting, and my mother's stories b I have read that she stories young that think worth while, an chubby hands togeth prayers months before words after me. My practice has alw with it, and I'm oving the, after he is t haphazard, and fro recollections. I earri unconsciously thro Bible history; and I little time every mo the story. The of the Bible, the more can be made. I must say if I spe think the reason why find the Bible as the Bible taught to the

Dutiness is a crim indolent and heavy and entertain a brigh I think also, that the this glorious and as the charm of the B is seven. The thing wonderful hus. Dc day ever give us co dawn I Like the Bible at I have read that she I boy: There is not after the Bible like I feel sorry for the never rested hersel with the wonderful s dream. My mother don stories to children af I do. Half the chi an hour earlier if nee. The trouble so u I have read that she I duty and keepin I think Sunday after more privileges that the week, and I thi the Bible ought to be an ignorant you so once, in great d he often refused the result would be been the two, and of his prayers. But when again? I ent the battling com. Ant. A good gen stilled if possible speally pie Tell him a s had it in his h I never time com." do this. Two months after over by engine I was with m almost her fi was had any trout after that day at yo

The best regulat and bowels, the bes eight headache, indis tions arising from a without exception J Pills. Small in siz yet effective. 25 ct Good's, druggist, rich, sole agent.

The Story of Lord Beaconsfield's and that the story t fact that the Queen could a wreath of i cord bearing the im hand-writing, or H But she met her husband, Prince A field.

A Wom The largest ornat a controlling part e body is the liver. the whole syste Dr. Chase's Liver r for Liver and Kid guaranteed to cure medicine \$1. Sol

TRY THE CURE HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril and is absorbed by the mucus at the passage; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Ely Brothers, New York.