

Sybil's Doom

But all the while there was a puzzled expression in her face, all the while she kept up a futile, ceaseless watch upon Cyril Trevanion, pausing in the midst of her gay repartees to listen while he spoke to note his every movement.

Gradually she turned from Charley to him, asking adroit questions about India, and Russia, and South America, and receiving the briefest and least satisfactory of answers.

There was a strange smile curving her pretty lips, a triumphant glitter in her eyes, when at length she quitted the drawing room and ascended to her own apartment.

The party at Trevanion Park met at luncheon, and again the widow renewed her artful wiles, again to be baffled by the steady reticence of the hero of Balaklava.

"How very unkind Colonel Trevanion is!" she said, making a winking gesture, and in a very audible "aside" to Charley.

"No," he said, "your worst enemy will never accuse you, my dear Colonel, of the crime of writing books. That's a back-handed hit at Macgregor, isn't it?"

"Don't be too hard on that poor fellow," she said. "He doesn't chronicle anything saved you, remember. As for Macgregor, Mrs. Ingram, you'll be charmed with him, and he with you; but that's a matter of course. And being a constant visitor at Sir Rupert Chudleigh's, you're likely to see a good deal of each other. As you are strong, dearest, be merciful in this case. Don't break his heart, ruthlessly, as you have broken mine—I'm used to it, and can stand it; but, like measles, it goes hard with your man of five-and-thirty. And as I've honored him with my special esteem, I don't want his hairs brought with sorrow to the grave, for a year or two, at least."

Mrs. Ingram laughed, and again she and Charley went at it full tilt, with lance and spear. Colonel Trevanion listened and looked, with the face of a man bewitched; and Sybil, after vainly endeavoring to draw his attention, turned away at length, with a scornful glitter in the haughty eyes, and a disdainful curl of the superb lip.

Luncheon over, Mrs. Ingram went back to the roomy with her faint, little basket, Sybil sat down to the piano; Lady Lemox took the latest novel, and Charley curled himself up in a dormouse and drifted gently into the "lovely land of dreams." Colonel Trevanion lingered for a little beside the fair pianist, but his eyes wandered ever through the open glass door to a fairy figure in white flitting about among the rose trees.

He was so absent, so distraught, answering so at random, that Miss Trevanion took compassion upon him at last.

"She looks like Love among the roses, does she not, Cousin Cyril?" with a slight laugh. "Pray, don't let me detain you, my dear Mrs. Ingram by all means. I'm going to practice this fugue of Bach's, and you won't care to listen, I know. See, she smiles an invitation."

And then the white hands swept over the keys in a storm of sound that drowned the Indian officer's reply, if he made any. A moment later and his tail figure was out beside the white fairy helping gather roses, his face alight, while he listened to her pretty prattle and her sweet laugh.

Miss Trevanion spent four hours at the piano; then she went up to her room to dress for dinner. From her window she could see the widow and her victim, still busy in the July sunshine amid the roses and myrtles and azaleas, forgetful apparently of all the world but themselves.

"And that is Cyril Trevanion—the hero of my life!" the young girl thought, a bitter pang of wounded pride at her heart. "Come home, after all these years, to be infatuated at first sight by the pretty, painted face of Edith Ingram! The father's fate is nothing to him, I am less than nothing, and she bewitches him in half an hour, as though he were a weak-witted boy of sixteen. Well, let him go! The man who can stoop to love that woman is not worth one regret from me!"

She turned bravely away to her toilet, but the keen pain was at her heart still. It was hard to give up her ideal like this—to desert her hero, her king—to see the last of the Trevanions twice found—twice snuffed by two artful women.

of St. Clare, could not have taken exception to that toilet. And yet the delicate, high-bred face, with its pure patrician loveliness, its shining, soulful eyes, its sweet, proud lips, was a hundred-fold more beautiful than that other.

And the siren wove her rose-chains, and wreathed her gilded fetters. And the hero of Balaklava bent his neck for the shining chains, and held out his hands for the flowery handcuffs. She sang for him after dinner, in her delicious mezzo-soprano—flery little Spanish ballads, mistily tender German chants, impassioned Italian love-songs. And the circian smiles were rosy, and the flashing glances bright, and the entrancing laugh at his softest and sweetest, and the new Delilah was driving her Samson mad and blind with the delicious fever men call love.

"Clearest case of spoons I ever saw in my life," observed Charley, sotto voce, to his sister. "He's dead and done for this bout. Oh, my poor little Sybil! After all the ammunition you've wasted—the dreams you've dreamed, the hopes you've hoped, to think that the little program should have beaten you sky high at the first heat! He was a fool at nineteen, and he's the most out-and-out fool in the three kingdoms at four-and-thirty."

Mrs. Ingram and Colonel Trevanion shook hands affectionately that night at parting; but Miss Trevanion, very pale in the glare of the wax-lights, said her good-night very briefly and coldly, and swept past them both. And the returned chieftain went to bed to dream of his Circe; and Circe herself, the wine-colored silk flung aside, and a loose wrapper donned, walked long hours up and down her room—thinking—thinking.

"Who is he?" she said to herself; who is he?—this man who claims to be Cyril Trevanion—who looks like Cyril Trevanion, and who is not Cyril Trevanion? He does not recognize me—that is proof in itself. There is that story of the Chilian fever, the loss of memory, but—ah, bah! who believes that? Who is he—who is he? My lady believes in him, La Princesse believes in him, and is sorely disappointed, poor thing! Charley believes in him, and writes him down an ass. He is not Cyril Trevanion, and before I'm a month older I'll know who he really is!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day was Sunday, and the family at Trevanion Park drove over to Speckhaver, through the golden glory of the July morning, to church. Lady Lemox and Miss Trevanion sat beside each other in the great cushioned and curtained pew of the Trevanions. And Mrs. Ingram, in the most delicious little bonnet that ever the fertile brain of a Parisian modiste imagined, the musty, but sweetly serious, and the sunny, merry toilet faultless, sat beside that hero of a hundred fights, Colonel Cyril Trevanion. And if the gallant colonel's eyes wandered away from the vested ministers, the swinging censers, the wax-light and the roses, who can blame him?

They drove home to luncheon, and still that very pronounced flirtation went on. Sybil Trevanion took very little notice of them now. She was sorry, pained, hurt, disappointed; but she was not her cousin's keeper. He must "gang his ain gat" to the end. "Look at him!" Lady Lemox cried in vindictive triumph; "look at your cousin Cyril, Sybil! Even he who can not resist the fascinations of Mrs. Ingram. You are the only creature alive that dislikes her, and it proves what a prejudiced and unjust girl you are."

"Perhaps so, mamma," Sybil answered, a little wearily, "but I have done my best, and I can not like her, I can not trust her. I have done her no harm, at least. She will be as well off at Sir Rupert Chudleigh's as here."

"She'll be no doubt; but I—oh, what is to become of me, you cruel, selfish, unkind creature! No one ever suited me as she does, and for every reason you send her away. If it were not that you had made up your mind about it, before Colonel Trevanion came, I would say it was all your jealousy, and nothing else."

"Then you would say very wrong, Lady Lemox," Miss Trevanion answered, throwing back her head, the violet eyes beginning to lighten. "I am not in the least jealous of your pet, Colonel Trevanion is infatuated, that is clear enough; but Edith Ingram is wise in her generation—she would not marry the impoverished heir to Monkwood, if he were at her feet to-morrow."

"Indeed!" with a sneer. "You appear to know all about it. Why, then, does she encourage him?"

"Why do naturalists impale butterflies and beetles? For their own satisfaction. The butterflies and beetles may die, but what does that signify? The naturalist has had all he wants. Mrs. Ingram flirts with Charley as she would flirt with one of the stable boys yonder, if no better game offered, for the innate pleasure of flirting. She won't marry Cyril Trevanion, since I hold Cyril Trevanion's fortune; but she'll fool him to the top of his bent. She'll marry Sir Rupert Chudleigh, I dare say, if he gives her the chance, and then—Heaven help poor Gwen!"

"Indeed!" laughed Miss Trevanion. "You compliment my cousin's tenant highly. Is Mr. Macgregor aware of your strictly honorable intentions?"

"I haven't mentioned 'em yet," said Gwendoline. "I've been waiting to see how he takes you. My prophetic soul—warn me that they put it in the novel! I see that my dear cousin is a dought once he meets La Princesse. He's handsome and he's clever and he's famous, and he's been over every yet-at-able corner of the globe, and he talks like a book—ever so much better than lots of books I know—and he's a dead shot and a crack rider, and all at home with the gloves or the

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side, and Charley asleep near, under the soporific influence of her solemn-sweet melodies. And Sybil got hold of Mr. Macgregor's book, "Among the Turbans; or, Through the Land of the Sun," a fanciful title enough for a volume of travels. But the book was altogether bewitching—its style perfect, its diction faultless, full of laughable stories, rare anecdotes, pathetic touches, and "hair-breadth 'scapes." The girl was enchanted; she read and read, while the rainy afternoon wore away, and strained her eyes to finish by the last expiring glimmer of daylight. She laid it down with a sort of regret. Like Sam Weller's most romantic valentine, there was just enough to make you wish there was more.

"How charming it is! How clever he must be! And yet there is one thing I dislike in it—the bitter way he speaks of women. He is sarcastic, almost cynical, whenever they are in question, whether it is the veiled wives of the Faithful, the brilliant belles of Paris, or the dusky damsels of Kaffir land. He holds all womankind at the same cheap rate, no doubt."

"Have you any more of Mr. Macgregor's books, Charley?" Sybil asked her brother after dinner in the drawing-room. "I like his 'Among the Turbans' extremely."

Charley threw her a slender volume, good and azure—pocms, you knew, at first glance.

"There you are—'A Wanderer's Dreams.' Pretty little idylls—sweet as sugar-candy. You're safe to go into ecstasies over it, Sybil. It's full of the most melodious bits of the female sex. Baronesses and ballet-dancers, duchesses and danseuses, he tarts them all with the same stick. I suspect Macgregor's like the rest of us—been jilted in the past tense, and turns cynic in the present. He's stunningly clever, and just the sort of fellow I'd make a dead set at, if I were a woman."

Mrs. Ingram rose from the piano, with a light laugh, her silk robe flashing in the lamp-light.

"Pray, don't Charley—don't make us fall in love with your literary lion before we even see him. But I forgot; I have seen him, dear Miss Trevanion. Pray, tell me if the man is as irresistible as his book."

"I will leave you to form your own opinion, Mrs. Ingram," Sybil answered, with that voluntary hauteur with which she always addressed the widow. "You are likely soon to see more of him than I."

And then Miss Trevanion opened the "Wanderer's Dreams," and presently forgot everything—Mrs. Ingram and the slave at her chariot wheels included—in the music of these dreamy, delicious verses.

Next morning the widow departed, and she and Lady Lemox made the most of their adieux. It was really pathetic, that parting scene—lace handkerchiefs and smelling bottles flourished, and touching tears flowed.

Gwendoline looked on sympathizingly; Charley, like the heartless little monster he was, enjoyed the whole thing hugely; and poor Sybil, feeling very much like a female Nero, dooming hapless victims to the stake, seized her hat and made her escape.

Mrs. Ingram departed, and Lady Lemox, in a fit of sulks, kept her chamber all day, and made the life of her French maid, and a misery to her. And late in the afternoon came galloping over Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh, in a high state of excitement and indignation.

"She's commenced already!" burst out the baronet's daughter, "she's beginning to 'form' me before she's properly in the house. My music has been shamefully neglected; my fingering is atrocious; I shake my elbows and joggle my wrists; and the 'Fisher's Hornpipe' is only to be endured by persons lost to all morality! My French accent sets her nerves on edge, and I'm to go through a course of 'Brun's Telemaque' and 'Nowel et Chapelle' at once. And I'm to be persecuted through all the 'nometries' and 'ologies' there are, and get the Norman Heptarchy and all the Kings of France, from Clovis I. to Napoleon III., by heart. And I'm to walk and talk by line and plummet, and sip and dip as she does, and become an object before the high heaven. But I won't!" cried Gwendoline, glaring viciously into space, and clenching one little chubby fist. "I'll see Mrs. Ingram boiled alive first!"

"It's a harrowing case, certainly," laughed Sybil; "but if Sir Rupert and Mrs. Ingram league against you, I greatly fear you'll be vanquished. And then, if you know, my darling Gwen, you do want a little 'forming'; and all these young soub from the Speckhaver mess-room are not just the most desirable tutors for a young lady of sixteen. But, hush! here is Colonel Trevanion. Don't abuse Mrs. Ingram before him. I fancy he rather admires her."

"I dare say he does," responded Miss Chudleigh sulkily. "So does papa; and they're both donkeys for their pains! I don't care, Sybil; I'll say it again; they're donkeys to let that painted, artificial, smirking widow bewitch 'em! For she is painted! Didn't I see the pink stains on the towel already? It must have been a happy release for Ingram—however he was—when the Lord took him. He's as solemn as Minerva and her owl, this black-eyed, cousin of yours, Sybil; but I dare say she can wink him round her little finger."

"You can wink him round her little finger, and she can wink at the rest of the world he's as stiff and unchangeable as the laws of that you-may-call-'em—Swedes and Prussians. I only hope she won't fascinate Mr. Macgregor, because I like Macgregor ever so, and I want to marry him myself in a year or two."

"Indeed!" laughed Miss Trevanion. "You compliment my cousin's tenant highly. Is Mr. Macgregor aware of your strictly honorable intentions?"

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Anaemic Mothers Here is Relief!

You Can Enrich Your Worn-out Blood and Quickly Renew Your Health With Dr. Hamilton's Pills



Sufferer of Twenty Years States Dr. Hamilton's Pills Are a Real Cure.

"I can't remember any time during the past 20 years when my head wasn't aching. If I bent over, dark specks would come before my eyes, and it seemed as if all the blood in my body wanted to rush to the head." Thus opens the letter of Mrs. Enoch S. Spry, of Putnam P. O., and continuing her interesting statement she says: "Work or exertion made my heart beat terribly, and going up stairs caused such shortness of breath that it fairly frightened me. My doctor told me that if that was the cause Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the greatest blood renewer on earth. I tell you how I feel today and you can understand what a great cure Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made. I feel strong enough now to work like a man, as far as going up stairs on the run, it doesn't bother me at all. I eat and sleep as any well person ought, and as for dizziness which used to frighten me so much, it has entirely disappeared. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. They helped me in other ways, too, and show every woman that uses them will have comfort and good health. Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box. All dealers or the Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Ontario.

dearest Gwen; so propose, and welcome, as soon as you like. Only make sure, first, he hasn't left a harrow away in Stamboul. There is no trusting these great travelers. The city is divided into seven wards, each having an alarm system. About 200 machines record the alarms upon ticker tape at the different police and fire stations.

"And here comes another of 'em," said Gwendoline, eyeing Colonel Trevanion, as he came slowly up, with no great favor. "He's the color of mahogany, and as dismal to look at as the Knight of the Woful Countenance. Don't you marry him, Sybil, for pity's sake! That grim visage across the breakfast table would grind your stomach yourself before the end of the honeymoon."

The colonel reached them, and received a due presentation to the rosy heiress of Chudleigh Chase, but he hardly noticed her or her brief nod of acknowledgment before he turned to his cousin.

"Reedworth tells me there are some repairs necessary at the Retreat, Sybil," he said. "The chimneys smoke, and the upper chambers leak, and the stairways are decaying. As you are walking, propose you walk in that direction? I must see about it, and I don't want the mediocrity of the old place spoiled."

"Yes, Sybil," cut in Gwendoline, "come, Mr. Macgregor has promised me Alfred de Mussel, and I suppose even Mrs. Ingram, praxels as she is," with a spiteful, sidelong glance at the colonel, "couldn't object to my calling on a solitary gentleman, with you along, to play propriety. And then, I'm dying to see what sort of a muddle he lives in. A bachelor's menage is always in a muddle, isn't it, Colonel Trevanion?"

(To be Continued.)

THAT MUSICAL COW.

(New York Herald) (News Note.—J. Gilbert Hecox, a Mill-ville farmer, gains \$1000 a year by rearing musical cows. He has a number of his cows which play the piano. "I see, I see," said Jenny, but a record in "The Old Bull" was made. "I see, I see," said Jenny, but a record in "The Old Bull" was made. "I see, I see," said Jenny, but a record in "The Old Bull" was made.

NEGRESS TURNS WHITE.

Frances Jones, a negress, who ten years ago was as black as a coal, now boasts of a complexion almost as white and as smooth as that of a baby. The negroes who know her, to whom she is an object of mixed admiration, wonder and awe, declare she is changing to white folks. The metamorphosis is now almost complete. Only a narrow streak of the original black under each eye now remains.

HER HANDS ENTIRELY WHITE.

An aged negro man who has known the woman all her life states that she told him on several occasions that she has been praying to the Lord to change her to a white person for the last fifteen years, and many of the negroes believe that her strange transformation is a direct answer to her prayer.

RIGHTS OF RUSSIAN WOMEN.

A Bill to Increase the Amount They Can Inherit.

Little by little Russian law is acknowledging the claims of women. Though the peasants are as obstinately against them as ever, says the American Woman's Review, the professional classes are getting things done.

The Duma has under its consideration a private bill for the regulation of women's inheritance laws. Up till now women who have brothers living can inherit only one-fourteenth part of their parents' real estate and one-eighth of their personal property. Half-sisters and girl cousins have no right at all so long as their brothers are living.

Two years ago twenty-three members introduced a bill to give to women the same rights of inheritance as their brothers. Though they cannot do so in the case of a will being made, the testators will now be allowed to leave their daughters more than one-fourteenth part, on condition that their shares do not exceed the brothers' or mother's.

When the bill becomes law it will make things far better for Russian women, but its opponents fear it will cause family estates to be broken up in a couple of generations. The law of entail will also be altered, so that heirs can sell estates which hitherto have been unsalable.

YOKOHAMA'S FIRE WATCH TOWERS.

(Government Consular Report) There are 41 watch towers in Yokohama, each fitted with bells which give alarms as given. At night watchmen are kept on two of these towers, who sound a alarm by bells in case of a fire being discovered. In Tokyo the towers are also used for both fire and police alarms. The city is divided into seven wards, each having an alarm system. About 200 machines record the alarms upon ticker tape at the different police and fire stations.

THE RECKONING.

Bridalroom (on the wedding trip)—How stupid! We ought to have got out at the last station.

NEW BRUNSWICK HEARD FROM AGAIN.

Another splendid cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Ben Gauvang Had Backache So Bad He Had to Quit Work—Dodd's Kidney Pills Fixed Him Up.

Puelling Settlement, Kent Co., N. B., Jan. 29.—(Special).—Every corner of New Brunswick tells of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this settlement can contribute its share. Mr. Ben, Gauvang is one man who without hesitation states that he owes his good health to the great Canadian Kidney remedy.

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly did me good," Mr. Gauvang says in an interview. "Before I started taking them my back ached so that I had to give up work and I also had to be careful how I walked and moved about. I took nine boxes, all told, and they fixed me up. They are the best medicine for all diseases of the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They only cure the kidneys. But they always cure the kidneys and cured kidneys you can't have backache, rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes or dropsy."

Said to be Due to the Work of a Parasitic Insect.

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NEAR ENOUGH.

"Does your fiancée know your age, Lotta?" "Well, partly," Filogende Baeter.

SEEMS QUER THAT ALL THE KENTUCKY BASEBALL CLUBS SHOULD BE AFFILIATED WITH THE MINORS, WHEN MOST KENTUCKIANS ARE MAJORS.

Seems queer that all the Kentucky baseball clubs should be affiliated with the minors, when most Kentuckians are majors.

HER DAUGHTER SAVED.

Stricken With Acute Rheumatism—Recovery Scarcely Expected.

Mrs. Dolina J. Lawlor, writing from Oxrow, Sask., says: "I would be lacking in gratitude if I did not write you and let you know of the wonderful good your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, Belle Lawlor. Indeed, I think I may safely say that they have been the means of saving her life. For many years my home has been in Bruce Mines, Ont. Something over a year ago my son and daughter, then in her sixteenth year, left for the west. When leaving her, my daughter was in the best of health, but in the following spring she was stricken with what the doctor said was inflammatory rheumatism in its worst form. After a few weeks she was able to get up, but her hands and limbs were so swollen that she could not dress herself. She continued in this way for some time, and then a second attack, worse than the first, set in, and my son telegraphed me, as she was very low. While I was getting ready to make the trip of eighteen hundred miles I got a second message to come at once, as they feared she could not live. When I reached her I found her even worse than I had expected. She was so weak and emaciated that I would not have known her, and she could only speak in a whisper. Her hands and fingers were all twisted and her limbs swollen to twice their natural size. The doctor had then been attending her for two months, and she seemed steadily growing worse. We did not dare move her in bed for fear of her heart giving out. She was as pale as a corpse, and her lips and face always cold. We had to fan her continually, and if we ceased even for a little while she could not breathe. Gradually I told my son I was going to give her the Pills. He was opposed to my idea, for he thought a change in the medicine would prove fatal. However, it was finally decided to give her the Pills. In a week's time she showed some improvement and felt like eating. From that time on she began to gain steadily. Gradually her hands and fingers became straight, the swelling in the limbs went down, and her heart-beats became regular, and the color returned to her face, and soon the cure was complete. She is now as strong and healthy as any girl of her age, and to see her you would never think she had passed through an illness from which none of her friends thought she could recover. You have my sincerest thanks for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and you may be sure I shall always warmly recommend them."

KING'S NEW CROWN.

Six Thousand Diamonds—Tasteful and Magnificent.

Some idea of the magnificence of the new imperial state crown, which was used at the ceremonial at the Delhi Durbar may be gathered from the fact that there are 6,170 diamonds employed in it. Such a mass of beautiful gems has perhaps never before been combined in any single jewel.

The crown is formed of a bandeau supporting eight imperial arches, four crosses-patees with four fleur-de-lis between, the whole being surmounted by an orb and cross-patee. The bandeau with four of sapphires and diamonds. Between them sixteen large clusters, four of emeralds and diamonds, alternate with four of sapphires and diamonds, while between each are eight large brilliant clusters, the whole of these being divided by trifoliate leafage ornaments. The centre clusters contain an Indian emerald, weighing 34 carats of extraordinary fineness and beauty, while the three remaining emeralds are unusual and remarkable stones. The four sapphire centres with the eight brilliant clusters completing the centre scheme of the bandeau are equally worthy of their positions in the circlet of this imperial symbol.

The eight arches are formed by 48 large brilliants, each divided by diamond wreathing leaves, and enclosed by two outer diamond bands. At the base of these arches are four crosses-patees in diamonds, each with a large Indian ruby in the middle, while between are four diamond fleur-de-lis, all having an Indian emerald of marvellous fineness and color for their centres.

The crown is surmounted as its culminating point by the orb or monde usual in an English crown. This is formed by a globe of brilliant with a cross-patee above, having in the centre another magnificent Indian emerald of rare brilliancy and color, making a worthy final to this superb emblem of an imperial ruler.—London corr. Montreal Gazette.

SHILOH'S CURE.

SHILOH'S CURE HEALS THE LUNGS. STOPS COUGHS. PRICE, 25 CENTS. GROWTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

That St. Petersburg is rapidly growing in population is evidenced by the census taken in December, 1910, which shows the population, including certain suburban villages formerly not covered, to be 1,907,708. It is pre-eminently an "office town" and also a seaport for six or eight months of the year.

The principal industry is the manufacture of cotton textiles, although an advantage as a port of entry for the interior is gaining recognition. A line of steamers has been established to Libau, connecting there with a transatlantic line to New York. This enables American shippers to send goods direct to this port without the delays of transshipment in foreign ports.—From Consular and Trade Reports.

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