**************** LOVE LEVELS ALL.

'Is this the ferry "

The speaker was a tall, fair girl, whose pale statuesque beauty was accentuated by her mourning dress and black hat, and her inquiry was addressed to a handsome broad-shouldered young fellow in flannels who was fastening a boat up to the steps.

As the young man did not reply, the girl repeated her question.

'Can you tell me, please, if this is the ferry?'

'Can you tell me, please,'

Then he looked hastily around, and as there was nobody else in sight, he seemed to come to the conclusion that he was the one to whom the lady was speaking.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'I did not know that you were addressing me. This is Twickenham terry.'

'Thank you,' responded the girl. 'And will you be good enough to terry me over?'

over ?'
'With pleasure,' was the reply, and step-ping torward, he assisted her into the boat, showed off and commenced sculling across

the river.

When they arrived et the opposite bank, and, as the young lady was being assisted out, she asked:

'How much do I owe you, please?'

The terryman turned rather red and hesitated for a few moments before he replied:

itated for a few moments before he replied:

'The fare is a penny, but you had better pay when you come back.'

'I am afraid I shall have to,' replied the fair girl, looking in her purse, 'for I have nothing less than a stilling.'

'Shall I expect you down this afternoon for a row?' inquired the young man.

'Very probably—I think so, and by the by, what's your name? Whose boat shall I ask for?'

'My name is John, but my friends usually

My name is John, but my friends usually

Ask for?

'My name is John, but my friends usually call me Jack.'

'Very well, John, I shall be at the landing place about half past 2.' And she walked away with that grace and vigor which are inseparable from a girl who had been brought up in the fresh air and athletic surroundings of a country life.

The half hour half barely struck when the young lady made her appearance at the ferry. Jack was waiting for her, and without any loss of time they got affort and started up the river.

This was a memorable day with Geraldine, for it was her first introduction to the 'Silvery Thames,' and as she leaned back on the cushions in the stern sheets, the ripple of the water and the songs of the birds combined with the rhythmic sound of the boarsman's sculls to make sweet music, which she enjoyed in silence until they arrived opposite Pope's Villa, which Jack duly pointed out.

'A grand poet!' exclaimed Geraldine, with enthusiasm.

'Much overrated,' answered Jack. 'His brain was as crooked as his figure.'

'You have been misintormed,' observed.

'Much overrated,' answered Jack. 'His brain was as crooked as his figure.'

'You have been misintormed,' observed Geraldine, 'Of course, you have not read his 'Iliad'—it is not a book that would appeal to you. But—'

'O! yes, I have, 'interrupted Jack 'And his 'Odyssey,' too. But I would rather read one canto from 'Childe Harold' than the whole of Pope's works'

This led to a disputatious argument, in

This led to a disputations argument, in which Geraldine lost her temper, and was

rude enough to say:
'You are evidently an examplification of
the old saying that 'a little learning is a

dangerous thing.'
'Well. I'm bothered!' exclaimed Jack,

dangerous thing.'

'Well. I'm bothered!' exclaimed Jack, with a satirical smile, it that isn't a little too bad. For, if there was one thing that I was supposed to be good at, next to rowing, it was Greek'

'You seem to be very well educated for your position in lite,' remarked Geraldine.

'Oh, I don't know,' answered Jack, and he added, quickly. 'the free libraries are so convenient, you know. But I might return the compliment, and say that you seem very well read for a young lady.'

When they returned to the ferry Geraldine extracted her purie; but as she was taking out the money, Jick said, pointing to Hammerton, the ferryman:

'That is the person to pay, please. I am not allowed to take any money.'

After she had gone Jack said to the ferryman:

ferryman:
'Don't forget, Dick, if she should hap-

pen to make any inquiries, that I am only one of your assistants.'

'All right, sir.' answered Dick, with a knowing look. 'I won't forget.'

For the next month Geralline went on the river every fine day, sometimes in the afternoon; and those boating expeditions were extended on many occasions up the rive: to Kingston. Molesey, and Sunbury, and many an argument they had on hterature and art—for, as a rule, their opinions on these subjects were diametrically opposite—as they dritted down hem ward bound.

One atternoon they were returning down One afternoon they were returning down the river when the conversation turned upon the wedding of a lady of property in the neighborhood, who had recently m ried her coachman.

'Poor, un ortuna'e woman! exclaimed Geraldine. 'How bitterly she will regret it."

Why should she?' inquired Jack. Because bappiness is impossible with such an ill-assorted match.

'How do you know they are ill-assort-'Why! The man is only a common

"But you must remember that she has married the man, not the coachman; and if they are tond ot one another, why should they not be happy?"

"It is impossible! exclaimed Geraldine. "How can she—a lady of birth and education—bave anything in common with a fellow like that—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water?"

"Don't be too hard upon us," said Jack,

half seriously. 'Remember that Hom was a slave, Burns a plowman, and yo tavorite Pope, only the son of a lindance.'

was a slave, Burns a plowman, and your favorite Pope, only the son of a linen draper.

'Ah! but genius levels all things,' replied Geraldine with a smile.

'There is something else which levels all things,' observed the young boatman.

'What is that?'

'Love,' answered Jack. 'That glorious feeling which is the true philopher's stone, which glids the road of life, no matter how rough it may be; makes a dry crust with the object of one's affection more acceptable than a feast without her; and which sweeps away all distinctions of rank, as the running water washes away the dull earth and leaves the grains of gold exposed.

'How elequent you are this afternoon!' remarked Geraldine, but her voice was tremulous, and it was evident that her playful sarcasm was but assumed. 'What novel have you been reading?'

'Perhaps I am eloquent,' replied Jack. 'It has been said that all men deeply in earnest are so, and this is a question that affects me to the bottom of my soul! In days of old women married men because they loved them, irrespective of their banking accounts or pedigrees. If a man was honest, brave and honorable, he was considered a match for any 'ladye faire,' and why should it not be so?'

'Times have altered,' faltered Geraldine, her usually pale face a rosy red; 'and we have altered with them.'

'Not so,' responded Jack. 'The times have changed, I grant you, and, in many respects, for the worse; but men and women are still the same. Indeed, so sure am I that this is the case, that I am about to stake my whole future happiness upon it. I love you truly and devotedly. I

to stake my whole future bappiness upon it. I love you truly and devotedly. I have never loved before, and I shall never love again. Will you be mine? Will you trust yourself and your future happiness to me.

O! this is unkind and ungenerous, cried Geraldine, her eyes fi ling with tears.
You should not—you ought not to—talk

You should not—you ought not to—talk to me like this?

'Why not? Out of the fullness of the heart the mount speaketh,' answered the young man, and, leaning forward, he possessed himself of one of her hands. 'Paton one side all disparities of rank or fortune, and ask yourself the question: 'Do I love him?' Geraldine, dear Geraldine, do not let the cruel laws of society come hetween us and ruin the happiness of two lovers Speak, darling, and tell me you love me.'

'Can you not see,' cried the poor girl,

Oan you not see,' cried the poor girl, commencing to weep bitterly, 'it is unkind of you to press me further?'

of you to press me further? I want to hear it from your own dear lips.' persisted Jack. 'I only want you to say, 'I love you, Jack, and will be your wife.' Oh, I cannot.'

'Do you love me?'
'Yes, but—oh, look, there is my sunt!'
exclaimed G-raldine. 'Please put me on

shore at once.'

Jack looked around and discovered an

Jack looked around and discovered an old lady watching them intently from the towing path, an l, turning the boat's head, he sculled in to the bank, raying, as he assisted Geraldine to land:

I shall call upon you in the morning.'
He did so, and was informed by the servant that the family had gone away early that day, and had left no address, as they were going to travel on the continent.

It was the middle of the London reason, and Lady Althorpe's rooms were crowed with the youth. beauty and elite of the aristocracy. Bustling up to Geraldine,

aristocracy. Bustling up to Geraldine, the energetic little hostess exclaimed:

the energetic little noscess sections.

'Don't move away for a minute, dear, I
want to introduce Lord John Jasper to you.
A most eligible parti, my dear. So handwant to introduce Lord John Jasper to you.
A most eligible parti, my dear. So handsome, as rich as Croesus, and so delightfully eccentric! Sets up as a woman-hater,
you know, but if he resists you, my. dear,
why I shall give him up altogether.
A minute after she had gone in search of
his lordship, a well known face caught
Geraldine's attention, and the next moment Lack the hoauman, was standing in

ment Jack, the boatman, was standing in

front of her.
'At last!' he said, in a low, deep voice, while his eyes seemed to pierce her through and through.
O! Jack,' cried Geraldine, 'what are



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the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's,

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Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

'I have come to ask you to finish what you were saying to me when your aunt interrupted our conversation,' replied Jack.

'O! but isn't it rash ot you?' said the poor girl, half inclined to cry. 'Suppose anyone should recognize you? I should never forgive mysell if you get into trouble through me. Do go away, Jack.'

'Tell me if you love me, and I will leave you at once it you wish it,' answered Jack.

'O! I do—I do!' exclaimed Geraldine.
'I never knew how much until we were parted, and now please go away. O! there comes Lady Althorpe.'

'Ah! Lord John. I was going to introduce you to Lady Geraldine, but it seems as though you have met before,' rippled the genial hostess. 'Ah! you sly thing!'

O! Jack,' cried Geraldine, when they were once again alone in the crowd, 'why did you do this?'

Because I wished to be loved for myselt alone, darling,' whispered Lord Jasper. 'And I had given up all hope of it, when Providence brought us together at dear old Twickenham terry.

A woman, whose letter I am about to lay

A woman, whose letter I am about to lay betere you, says that in an illness some years ago she would occasionally wake in the night with a feeling of suffocation.

The writer has, in his life, had perhaps five experiences of that kind from the same cause. It is one of the most alarming and appalling things imaginable. The time is apt to b; in the dark hours of the morning, and the onset of the attact sudden. The sufferer gasps for breath, often springing from bed in excitement and fear. He seems to himself to be sinking into an invisible pit, and fancies his last moments are come. There is generally no pain, the visible pit, and fancies his last moments are come. There is generally no pain, the horror of the situation being wholly mental. The sensation is that of a person who feels the water cover his face for the last time as (the struggle over) he sinks beneath the surface of the sea.

Thank God, when the case is not fatal intertoness is sometimes the case.

Thank God, when the case is not tatal in a few minutes—ss is sometimes the case—it is usually over within an hour. Yet that hour! I would for my part, scercely consent to pass another such even it bribed with the certainty of a whole year of happy days. What can be the cause? Let us and what Mrs. Dayis has to say hetere days. What can be the cause? Let u read what Mrs. Davis has to say befor

read what Mrs. Davis has to say before suggesting an answer.

'In January, 1890,' she writes, 'after my confinement I could not get up my etrength. I had no appetits, and what little tood I took lay on my chestlike a heavy, dead weight. I was constantly b-lehing up a sour fluid, and the wind pressed against my heart, causing palpitation.

'At night I got but little sleep and would wake up with a feeling of suffocation. O ten my heart almost stopped bearing, and I felt as if I were dying. I became dreadfully nervons, and was atraid to walk out alone.

'What I suffered it is impossible to describe. I was brought so low I could back.

scribe. I was brought so low I could barely crawl about the house. The doctor whom I consulted said my ailment was nervous debility, but his medicines failed to re-

debility, but his medicines failed to relieve me.

One day a book was left at my house in which I read of a case like mina having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I used a bottle and it benefitted me greatly. My nerves were steadier and the pain at my heart less severe. I continued t.king it and gained strength every day, for I could eat well and was free from pain. Soon I was able to go about as usual.

'Since that time if anything ails me a few doses sets me right. In February, 1891, my little girl, Evs., had an attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs and we feared we should lose her. She was at death's cor Two doctors attended her, but she got no better. I then gave her Mother Seigel's Syrup, and she was soon as strong and well as ever. I firmly believe that but for this remedy she would now be in her grave. You can publish this statement as you like, and reter anyone to me. (Sign-d) (Mrs.) Jane Davis, 23, Keere Street. High Street, Lewes, January 21st, 1897.

Lewes, January 21st, 1807. body is always weakest and lowest at that hour, And they are—remember now!—only one of the many forms wherein dyspepsia produces local ailments and threatens life. It is ever a thier, a deceiver, a

poisoner, a murderer.

Be on the look out against it as against an enemy who has sworn to slay you en signt, and use Mother Seigel's Syrup the day you notice anything wrong with the digestion.

BAFFLED THE DOCTORS.

But n . Power to Resist the Healing Tide-For over fifteen years I was racked by severe kidney troubles. For weeks at a severe kidney troubles. For weeks at a time I was unable to go about, so severe were the pains in my side. All remedies filled me, and my care b. filled the physicians. I was induced to try South American Kidney Cure. It worked like magic, and in a very short while the pains lett me, my strength returned, and I am well." Mrs. V Matthews, Greywood, N. S.

BULL-FIGHTING BEAUTIES. They Come From Barcelona, are Educated and Interesting.

The lady bull fighters are in the city, says the Mexican Herald. All of them are is Dolores Pretel and she only counts horn in the right thigh three centimetres



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mantic illusions. She is of slight stature dark, and lustrous. Her abundant tresses Davis, 23, Keere Street. Tags
Lewes, January 21st, 1807.

Now let us try to get to the bottom of those mysterious and frightful sinking spel's. Bad and dangerous as they are, the explanation is simple. Her blood was full of poison from the rotting food in her stomach, for her real and only disease was dyspepsia. Some of these paralysing and deadly things have weakened the nerves which move the lungs and heart, thus causing those spells in which lite's brief candle fickered to extinction. The reason why trey came on near morning was that the body is always weakest and lowest at that the lowest at the lowest at that the lowest at that the lowest at that the lowest at that the lowest at the was at Barcelo she was only 15 years of age Since then she has appeared with her quadrilla at the rate of fifty bull fights per year. She has been 'caught' once, the bull's horn baving entered her mouth, leaving a scar on her left cheek. The accident took place in he bull ring of Oviedo, Asturias, July 18, 1897. She was incapacita ed for a fortnight only. Her next appearance was in the buil ring of Huelva. Her style of fighting is light, playful, and full of grace. Ste does very pretty work with the caps. With the muleta her performance is so neat and cours geous that many bull fighters of the sterner sex might envy her.

She pays great attention to feminine accomplishments. She sings and plays the piano. She also cultivates literature, and is proud of her excellent penmanship. Altogether she is an interesting personality.

Angelita, the second espada, is a native of Barcelona, and is 19 years of age. having been born Oct. 15, 1879. Her first ap pearance was at Jerez, Ort, 9, 1895. Since then she has fought side by side with Ler young and some are pretty. Lolita, the friend Lolita. The only accidents which espada, is particularly so. Her full name she has suffered are a wound from the bull's

eighteen springs, the sweet age of ro- | deep and two centimetres long, and a black eye due to the bull having bucked against and graceful figure. Her eyes are large, the sword which struck in a hard place, so that in consequence it and the little fist are purplish-black, her complexion smooth. which held it were shoved back into the

