

Violet's Lover

Sir Owen, awed by the presence of his distinguished guests, behaved with great propriety, and altogether the dinner was a great success. Lady Chevenix gave the signal to the Countess of Arlington, and the ladies rose. Felix sprang up to open the door for them. His eyes met Violet's, and he saw a red flush cover her face, and rise even to the roots of her hair.

She was ashamed of the price of her faithfulness? he wondered. Was she ashamed to parade before him her wealth, her grandeur, her jewels? The more she felt the better for her—it was a good sign. The gentlemen had a pleasant half hour and then they rejoined the ladies.

"Surely," thought Lady Chevenix, "I shall be able to see him, to say a few words to him. I must know if he always intends to be as he is now, so cold, so proud, so unforgiving."

But it was a far more difficult matter than she had thought. She could not speak to him without attracting observation, unless he either purposely or accidentally found himself near her. Perhaps he would make the opportunity, she thought—but he did not. He talked a great deal to Lord and Lady Arlington, and at times to Lady Maude; but at last came an opportunity. Some one asked for the old-fashioned glee, "When Shall We Three Meet Again?" and Lady Chevenix remembered that she had the music. Felix was to take the tenor part, and she had a glorious tenor voice, rich, clear and ringing. She turned to him with a charming smile.

"The music is with some old books of mine in the library—will you help me to find it?" So, while the room was filled with laughter and song, Lady Chevenix and Felix bent over the old music-looks to look for the glee. She turned her head, and said, in a low voice:

"I want to speak to you, Felix—will you listen to me for a few minutes?"

"You wish it," he replied, coldly.

"I do wish it. I want to know if all our lives we are to be like this."

"Like what, Lady Chevenix?" he asked.

"You know what I mean—if our lives are to be entirely apart, if you will always be cold and distant and proud to me—if you will always avoid me and refuse to see me—"

He looked at her in mute wonder. "Must I remind you of one thing, Lady Chevenix?" he asked.

"What is that?" she said.

"That it is not I who have separated us—that broke all ties."

"Yes, I know that; but could we not be friends? Could you not come to see us sometimes—take me, share our amusements, and be really a friend—could you not do this, Felix?"

"No," he said, "I could not."

"Why?" asked the sweet, soft voice.

"Because I happen to be a man, not a statue—because I have a human heart, and an not made of marble. Our lives lie apart, Lady Chevenix."

"You might be kinder," she said; and the beautiful woman shrunk from him as though he had struck her a blow.

"No," he rejoined, "it would not be possible. As the wife of another man, you are nothing to me; to enter into a compact of friendship with you would be to endanger what I hope to keep stainless until I die—my honor before men and Heaven. Our lives lie apart, and nothing can bring them into contact."

"Can I help you, Violet?" said a voice near them; and, looking up, Lady Chevenix saw the anxious face of her mother.

Mrs. Haye bent over the music-books.

"I will assist my daughter, Mr. Lonsdale," she said, coldly.

Felix bowed and left them.

"My dear Violet," said Mrs. Haye, "how can you be so imprudent? Why do you talk to him? You will cause remarks that will not please you."

"Mamma," replied Violet, raising her white face, "he says that he will not even be friends with me."

"So much the better, my dear. Lady Chevenix of Garswood will choose her friends from among the highest in the land, not from her old playfellows. Try to look like yourself, Violet."

"I will; but I wish I were dead, mamma."

"Nonsense, child. See, Lady Maude is waiting for you. Come, now, my darling Violet—courage; this is but childish nonsense."

So with happy words she brought her mother back to her senses; but in her heart she resolved that Lady Chevenix should see but little of Felix Lonsdale while she was there, and she kept her resolve.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Five years had passed since the part of Violet Haye's wedding-bells had driven her lover Felix almost mad, since the wonderful turn of good fortune had come to the Lonsdales and they had brought with them many changes. The business and the fair fame of Lonsdale & Son had wonderfully increased; they were compelled to engage more clerks, to enlarge their offices. Things had markedly changed. Mrs. Lonsdale had a pretty carriage now and no stint of silk dresses; the children had most of them gone to college and school. The house had been beautifully furnished; there was a general air of prosperity about it that was pleasant.

Darcy Lonsdale seemed to have recovered more than his usual health and strength; he had never been so happy, so prosperous and contented. Over and over again he said to himself that his misfortune had been a blessing. He attended almost entirely to Sir Owen's business; Felix seldom interfered with it; but he in his turn attended entirely to Lord Arlington's. The firm was eminently prosperous, and it was fast taking

the place of one of the most eminent in the county.

A great change had come to Felix. These five years had wonderfully improved him. He was looked upon as the rising man of the day; his society was courted; his opinion was sought upon every leading question. He had not risen, however, without effort on his own part. No one but himself knew how he had worked, how he had studied far into the silent hours of the night, how he had spent in reading the hours that other men give to amusement and recreation. He was like a king among his fellow-townsmen; he made for himself a reputation far beyond Lillford; he was known as a clever writer, the author of some of the most brilliant essays and articles published. He retained all the simple habits of his boyhood; he governed and loved his father, he loved Kate and the little ones. He might have set up a separate establishment for himself, but he was quite content with the old home at Vale House. The only luxury in which he had indulged was the purchase of a spirited thoroughbred. When he had worked until eye and brain and nerve were exhausted, he would ride through the green lanes, gallop over the breezy commons, and return with renewed vigor.

They asked themselves, those who loved him best, if he had forgotten his unhappy love affair. It was impossible to say; those who watched him most kindly and most keenly—Eve and Kate—could not tell. They could see that he devoted himself to business and to study, to kindly interest in his home; he seemed to care for nothing else. Had he forgotten the past?

He never mentioned Lady Chevenix; he never made any of those half-bitter, half-cynical remarks in which disappointed men so often indulge. If any one spoke of her in his presence, he listened, and replied if necessary; but there was nothing revealed in his manner. Kate said to herself proudly that he had forgotten her, that his heart was too noble to keep alive the memory of a woman so false. Eve knew him better. There were times when even a gallop over the breezy uplands did not set him straight, then he would go over to Outlands.

"I have come to chat with you, Eve," he would say. "Have you an hour to spare?"

Then one look at his face, at the shadowed eyes, would tell her that he was doing fierce battle with his foe. She would go into the pretty old-fashioned sitting-room, and making him sit in a comfortable arm-chair, would talk to him. To herself she said often that it was like the laying of an evil spell. She would read to him, converse with him, give him all the news she could. She knew, and he knew, why he was there, what ailment, what deep sorrow was crying aloud, what vain regret, was in his heart; but it was not discussed. She knew when her wise, sweet, tender words took effect, the shadow would fall from his face, and he would listen in silence. At times he would sit for an hour listening, never speaking, and then, rising with a brightened look that did her heart good, he would clasp her hand warmly in his own.

"Thank you, Eve," he would say to her; "I know best what you have done for me."

Miss Lester was not very well pleased just then with her niece. She had received two good offers of marriage, and had refused them both; and though Miss Lester disliked men, she had always been keen to the main chance, and said that if Eve refused one she ought to have taken the other.

"I wish," she said, "that you would talk to her; you have known her so long—you are an old friend. Talk to her, Felix; tell her how foolish it is to refuse every good offer."

"But I thought you disapproved of marriage, Miss Lester, and disliked men."

"So I do—so I do; but I shall not live forever, and Eve must have some one to take care of her. Scudler Hethway would have made her a good husband. Talk to her, Felix."

"I really do not like to speak to Eve on such a matter," said Felix; "she might not like it. She must have had her own reasons for saying 'No.'"

"Reasons!" quoth Miss Lester. "She hasn't any. She is waiting until the man in the moon proposes to marry her, and I hope it will be soon."

Felix went away laughing, but he thought of Evelyn that evening more than ever he had thought. He wondered why she would not marry; and then he said to himself that after all he was not sorry. His friendship for her was the most pleasant part of his life, and he could hardly imagine her devoted entirely to another. She was not beautiful, but there was times when he saw on her face loveliness brighter than any physical beauty; she was so tender, so earnest, so pure, so noble and high-souled.

"Whoever marries her," he thought, "will certainly have a treasure of a wife. Eve deserves the truest love that a man can give her."

Yet it never once occurred to him to love her himself. In his honest heart he believed that love was all ended for him; he could not realize that a man could love twice in a life-time. His love, he told himself, had been slain. He never thought now of any future for himself; he never pictured himself with wife or loving children. He never dreamed again of a home. He filled his mind with work and study—love had ceased to be for him.

While he steadily rose in the world, Sir Owen just as steadily went down. Five years had served to injure both

the baronet's character and estate; but for the straining hand of Darcy Lonsdale, the baronet would have been ruined. The clever, honest lawyer had acquired a kind of influence over him; he would not allow him to live above his income; when Sir Owen made most extraordinary demands for money, his answer was always: "If you persist in spending more than your income, Sir Owen, I must resign my office"; and that threat invariably brought the baronet to reason. He knew that he was about as capable of managing his estate as of translating Greek.

Sir Owen had one great disappointment—heaven knows how bitter a man would have been. One good quality among a host of bad ones was his love of children. While he was cruel to animals, almost furious at times with his wife and servants, he loved little children; and the chances were that if he had had children around him he would have been a better man. As it was, the disappointed man, as he felt, and morose; he could not bear it; he was sullen and fierce by turns.

"No son to succeed me," he would say. "Why should I care about my name or my name? I would like to see my name on a tombstone or a son. Why, some of the laborers on my estate have half a dozen strong, sturdy sons; why should not one of them be given to me?"

"You may depend upon it, Sir Owen, Heaven knows best where to place the little ones," Darcy Lonsdale would say; and then Sir Owen would know how far he was from being able to train a child, would say no more.

He would have loved his wife better if little children had been there to soften him; as it was, he now spent half his time in quarreling with her and tyrannizing over her, and the other half in fretting and brooding. That to her was the worst mood of the two.

He was not loved, the rich baronet; the simple townspeople told strange tales when they gathered their fire at night, strange evil stories that never came to Sir Owen's ears, or she would have left him.

"I would not have let him marry my daughter," they would say, "no, not if he had been twice as rich."

There was no mistake about the fact that his name was in evil odor among both rich and poor. Francis Haye talked over the matter with his wife sometimes. Mrs. Haye looked at it quite philosophically.

"I am told," she said, "that he drinks over a bottle of brandy each day; if that is really the case, he cannot live long."

"I do not see how that improves matters," rejoined her husband.

"I do; she is sure to have all his money, and then in a short time she can marry again."

Francis Haye was not particularly sagacious; but this view of the matter struck him at once.

CHAPTER XXXV

Lady Chevenix was standing in her superb drawing room alone; she held a folded paper in her hand which she was reading attentively; then she meditated for a few minutes, and afterward rang the bell. To the servant who answered it she said: "Will you ask Mrs. Haye if she can come to me? I wish particularly to speak to her."

Mrs. Haye was spending a few days at Garswood—that was what the world was told; in reality she was there because Lady Chevenix pleaded for her life. She had been drinking heavily, and he had grown dangerous, as she believed. She had lost all control over him, and the terrified servants told each other of her mad fits, and of the danger when all the house was still. She grew alarmed at last, and sent for Mrs. Haye.

That philosophical lady said nothing to the force, and she was beyond reasoning with; but she sent for a physician, and the appearance of a doctor frightened him into better behavior. Lady Chevenix would not part with her mother.

"You must stay with me, mamma," she said. "I have been through scenes that would make you shudder, and I have lost all heart—quite lost all heart. You must stay with me."

Mrs. Haye was one of those women who, even when alone, never undervalued appearances, and she always moved and spoke as though people were looking at her. She merely answered: "I shall be very pleased indeed to stay with you until your husband is stronger and better, my dear."

And it was arranged that she should do so.

Lady Chevenix stood waiting for her now. As she stood there, so tall and stately, with such ineffable beauty and grace in face and figure, she did not look like one who had lost heart. Her girlish loveliness had developed into womanly magnificence; but there was little trace in her of Violet Haye, the sweet girl who had loved Felix Lonsdale, or even of the woman who had asked him so pitiously for "friends" with her. A darker shadow lay on her golden hair, a deeper light lay in her lovely eyes, the red mouth had not its wonted smile. One could see at a glance that the years had imprinted their marks on her. She had not grown soft and tender, but stern, proud and cold. She had hardened her heart, and she tried to care for nothing but the wealth and luxury she now possessed.

She looked exquisitely beautiful her morning dress fell in artistic folds, a tiny cap of white lace and blue ribbon lay lightly on her golden head. Yet, though she was so wonderfully lovely, and so dignified by all that was most desirable, she did not look like a happy woman.

She raised her eyes as her mother came into the room.

"Mamma," she said, holding out the paper, "I wish you would read this and tell me what to do."

Mrs. Haye took the paper from her daughter's hand and read it.

"The Lonsdale Hunt Ball," she said. "Of course you are going?"

"That is what I want to know, mamma. You see, Sir Owen is one of the stewards. If I show it to him, and he goes, you can see that I almost sure to happen—he will not keep sober. If I do not show it, and he finds out that I have revealed it, he will never picture himself with wife or loving children. He never dreamed again of a home. He filled his mind with work and study—love had ceased to be for him."

"While he steadily rose in the world, Sir Owen just as steadily went down. Five years had served to injure both

know what will happen. Dr. Bell advised me to keep him at home and quiet; but if he finds out that Felix has been with him, I can imagine what will follow."

There was no sorrow, no despair, in her voice. She merely gave her head, and she knew to what she knew to be certain. She looked musingly at her mother; Mrs. Haye gazed at her. "You can not shut yourself away from all society, Violet, because you are afraid that your husband will not behave himself. You might as well be out of the world."

"Well, as matters stand, that is quite true," she replied. "You do not know, mother, what I suffer when he behaves in that way. I think sometimes that if I had been born an aristocrat I should not feel it so much; then I could have stood aloof from the disgrace; now it falls upon me."

"Nay, that it does not, Violet," said Mrs. Haye, warmly. "You can not force Sir Owen to keep sober. He drank before he knew you."

"Yes, that he did. I can not expect any one to understand me; but that is really my feeling, that I share in the disgrace. Still that is not the point in question. Do you advise me to show it to him?"

"I think you must show it to him," said Mrs. Haye. "It would not be safe to keep him in ignorance, I am sure—and we must do our best after that. The pollen is carried out very long at the ball, you know."

"I will do as you say, mamma," she replied; and Mrs. Haye could read neither pleasure nor pain in her face.

The window again opened, and she sat down and stood looking out on the brilliant flowers and the stately trees.

"Of all strange turns," she said to herself, "to think that my life should be so full of trouble. The pollen is carried chiefly by the wind. Even when planted two or three hundred yards apart, two distinct varieties become cross fertilized, and in consequence, established types become broken down. The characters of a variety of corn cannot be preserved unless a system of continued selection of seed be followed and the crop for seed be grown at least a quarter of a mile distant from any other type or variety."

Variety names have become very much confused, and are not a safe guide unless the seed be obtained from a skilled grower of seed-corn. Cross-bred seed-corns should under the names of favorably known standard varieties be the cause of much disappointment and loss in crop. There are, in many cases, exceedingly wide differences between two strains of seed which bear the same variety names. Under existing conditions, the grower of seed-corn cannot do better than endeavor to get seed of the best-known standard varieties from sources that have never failed to be the most reliable.

The Seed Growers' Association, recently organized by Prof. Robertson, has a wide field for useful work in encouraging the production of good classes of seed-corn. There is no line of work that the growers of pedigree seed may take up that is likely to prove more remunerative than the growing of seed-corn of varieties that are suitable for ensilage purposes in the northern dairy districts. Although there are 75 farmers in Ontario who are giving special attention to growing high-class seed-corn, as members of the association, only nine of them are growing seed-corn. It is hoped that others may be induced to take up the work. According to the rules of the association, seed-corn growers are required to grow but one variety on the same farm and keep it pure by following a system of selection similar to the plan adopted by the Illinois Seed-Corn Breeders' Association. Arrangements are being made by Prof. Robertson for issuing an annual association catalogue for the purpose of advertising pedigree seed produced by members. Herein is provided an opportunity for seed growers to build up a reputation as producers of high-class pedigree seed of corn and other cereals. For a list of the increasing demand and limited supply of reliable seed-corn the production of pure-bred seed of this important cereal offers special inducements. W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

BLOTCHY SKINS.

A Trouble Due to Impure Blood Easily Remedied.

Bad blood is the one great cause of bad complexion and blotchy skins. This is why you must attack the trouble through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All blotches, boils, ulcers, pimples and paleness are the direct, unmistakable result of weak blood loaded with impurities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the ingredients that make new, rich, red blood; they strike right at the root of all complexion troubles; they are a positive and permanent cure for all varieties of skin diseases like eczema, scurf, pimples and erysipelas. They give you a clear, clean and full of rosy health. Mr. Matthew Cook, Lamerton, N.W., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of erysipelas after other medicines had failed. He says: "My skin was inflamed; my flesh tender and sore; my head ached; my tongue was coated; I had chills and thought I was fast going. I tried other medicines, but nothing helped me until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and drove the trouble from my system, and I am now in the best of health. I think these pills are the best medicine in the world for blood troubles."

It is an every day record of cures like this that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide prominence. The cure will fail if other medicines fail, but you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. You can get these pills at all druggists or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Torpedo-boat's Great Power.

There are two types of torpedo craft now in the navy—those that ride their movements to the surface of the water, carrying small-calibre guns and torpedoes, and the submarine boat, which cruises on the surface or submerged, and carries only torpedoes. To the former type belong torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, the difference between the two being one of size only. Up to and including 250 tons a vessel is rated a torpedo boat; having a greater tonnage, she becomes a destroyer. With but few exceptions the torpedo boats are of less than two hundred tons displacement, while the destroyers are of more than four hundred tons, having a relatively greater coal capacity than the torpedo-boat, a greater sustained speed, and guns of a larger calibre. A torpedo-boat destroyer carries three-inch guns, four twelve-pounders, five six-pounders, four Whitehead torpedoes, and two torpedo tubes, ten rifles, and seventy-two revolvers. A torpedo-boat has three hundred tons of water, the water propelled toward the target by its own mechanism. A stationary torpedo, or mine, is anchored in places where the enemy is expected, and exploded by the contact of anything striking it; or, it can be exploded electrically from shore. There is a record of an automobile torpedo being effective as long ago as January 25, 1878.—Ensign Robert L. Berry, United States Navy, in Leslie's Weekly.

His Limit.

"But you play paper, dad," urged the boy.

"Oh, yes, I play occasionally," admitted the father.

"Then why can't I?"

"Because, my boy, my income won't stand the drain of more than one poker player in the family."

SEED CORN.

The Reliable Varieties Difficult to Obtain.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

As a fodder crop the corn plant is an important one. For ensilage purposes a proper combination of stalk, leaves and ears is desired. Varieties that are suitable for ensilage are not, as a rule, the most profitable to grow for husking on the same farm or in the immediate locality. The largest yields of fodder are obtained from the later ripening varieties, and for ensilage the best returns are obtained from sorts that will just reach the glazed stage of ripeness before the time for early frost. Varieties that give the largest yield of good ensilage in Eastern Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are the best varieties for husking in Southwestern Ontario, and the best varieties for ensilage in the latter district are grown for husking in the great corn belt. It is not to be recommended, then, that farmers who grow the corn belt grow their own seed for ensilage corn. In securing their supplies of seed they become accustomed to depend entirely on their seedmen. A great deal, therefore, depends on the care exercised by seed merchants in securing their supplies of seed corn.

Owing to the male and female organs of reproduction being borne on different parts of the same plant it is difficult to keep varieties pure. The pollen is borne on the tassel and must come in contact with the silk before seed formation can take place. The pollen is carried chiefly by the wind. Even when planted two or three hundred yards apart, two distinct varieties become cross fertilized, and in consequence, established types become broken down. The characters of a variety of corn cannot be preserved unless a system of continued selection of seed be followed and the crop for seed be grown at least a quarter of a mile distant from any other type or variety.

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MURDER TRIALS.

Luminous Charge of a Southern Judge to the Jury.

According to an English law journal it was a judge in one of the Southern States who, in a murder case, delivered the following luminous and instructive charge to the jury:

Gentlemen, murder is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Now, murder by poison is just as much murder as murder with a gun, pistol or knife. It is the simple act of murder that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. Don't let the idea of murder and manslaughter confound you. Murder is one thing, manslaughter is quite another. Consequently, if there has been a murder, and it is not manslaughter, then it must be murder. Don't let this point escape you. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. According to Blackstone and all the best legal writers, one man cannot commit felony de se upon another, and that is clearly my opinion. Gentlemen, murder is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; the murder of a father is called parricide; but that don't enter into this case. As I have said before, murder is emphatically murder. You will now consider your verdict, gentlemen, and make up your minds according to the law and the evidence, not forgetting the explanation I have given you."

Guided by such lucid instructions, the jury could hardly make a mistake in arriving at a conclusion as to what constituted murder. Having decided this question, the jury doubtless promptly acquitted the defendant on the ground of self-defence, or because the deceased ought to have been killed because his existence was offensive to the slayer, or because to have punished the defendant would have been to interfere with his personal liberty in venting his anger against one who was so indiscreet as to invite it. John D. Lawson, a Texas lawyer and jurist, in an "Assize Sermon to the Court of Appeals," thus expresses his disapproval of trial courts and juries that make the mistake of convicting criminals, and reveals his faith in the higher court, which seeks, with unerring eye, technicalities upon which such cases are reversed and remanded.

BABY'S HOLD ON LIFE.

The Little ones are frail—their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by a reliable, corrective medicine.

Baby's Own Tablets have proved by their record of success to be an ideal medicine for the ills of infants and young children. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, allay the irritation of teething, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. The mother has a guarantee which no other medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. T. E. Greaves, Maritana, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with great success. They never fail in my experience to cure the little ills of children." You can get these Tablets from any medicine dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bretton Fisher Girl's Brave Deed

Rose Here, fisherwoman, becomes not less heroic as later and fuller accounts of her exploits at Ushant reveal the extent of her daring and bravery; she was gathering shellfish on the rocks near the Pyramid de Runion, when out of the fog she heard despairing cries, and looking seaward perceived a boat containing four men, which was drifting wildly at the mercy of the strong currents among a mass of dangerous reefs. Every now and again it was buffeted by the surf, which threatened to dash the frail craft to pieces. The occupants of the boat, half-naked and afraid to throw themselves into the sea on account of the swift tide, plied their oars with the courage of despair, but shouted at the top of their voices for assistance.

Rose at once signalled to them with her arms, and she was coming to their aid, and the shipwrecked men perceived her making period with all their strength for the shore. Rose ran down to the foot of the cliffs, and, without losing a moment, plunged into the boiling surf, dressed as she was, and swam to the boat. Climbing on board, she reassured the sailors as best she could, for she speaks little French, and then, taking her place at the rudder, steered the boat with a coolness and presence of past a thousand dangerous reefs to Pen-ar-Rock, distant about two hours by rowing from the Pyramid de Runion.—London Daily Graphic.

MASSAGING THE SCALP.

It is at the Root of All Systems of Stimulating the Hair's Growth.

The massage of the scalp is at the root of all treatment of the hair. By stimulating the flow of blood to the scalp new vigor is given to the hair. Without this massage hair restoratives are of little avail.

Now this massage may be better done by a masseur than by the man or woman who is growing bald, but it is possible for that individual to massage his own scalp well enough to do the hair a great deal of good.

The hands should be half folded and the ends of the fingers made to touch the scalp lightly. Then rub them slowly over the scalp.

It is convenient to begin at the back of the neck and rub the scalp slowly up the centre of the head to the forehead. Then the rubbing should be done all over the head from one side of the scalp to the other. It should be repeated several times.

The same glow that the expensive fingers of the masseur produce follows, showing that the circulation in the scalp has been stimulated. The fingers should be pressed on the scalp with sufficient force to cause the blood to tingle.

Her Solicitude.

They had just telephoned from downtown that hubby was seriously injured and was fast losing consciousness. The poor wife was distracted. Grief, perplexity, exasperation, were on her face.

At last she gasped into the mouth-piece of the phone:

"I suspect I cannot get down there in time, for my new hat hasn't come from the milliner's yet, but if I can't, please ask him, before he loses consciousness what he did with the theatre tickets for to-night."

And then, her grief obtaining mastery, she fell in a dead faint.

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