him absent-minded and sed that afternoon while riding with her; he wondered also what Mr. Langmaid's attitude toward him would be. Might he not refuse to sanction an engagement with his idolized daughter? Would he not be likely to feel that he could not have the dignity and prestige of his family compromised by a union with one the dignity and prestige of his family compromised by a union with one upon whom such a blight must rest until the true culprit was discovered? Ned became so absorbed in these unhappy thoughts that he took no note of time, and the hours sped by, while a muffled figure outside kept passing a muffled figure outside kept passing and repassing the house and mutter-ing angrily every now and then be-cause of the light which still burned

cause of the light which still burned in the library, thus telling that some one was awake and watchful. But at length a distant clock chimed the hour of one, and Ned started up, surprised to find how late it was.

ment."

"That is unfortunate," said Mr. Cranston, looking grave. "I am to leave for my vacation this afternoon, and I wantel to hand to him the keys to the safe and vaults. as he is to take my place while I am gone."

someone to keep me company," and linking his arm familiarly within Ned's, the wily schemer led him, all unsusplicious of any trap, toward the end of the pier, where the boat from the yacht was moored. It took but a moment to seat themselves within it, and in another themselves.

gone."
"Did he know you were going today?" Ned asked.
No; I did not expect to go until

Monday, but circumstances compel me to start this evening. Let me see," Mr. Cranston interposed, reflectively. "Mr. Butler is spending the summer at Nantucket. isn't he?"
Yes, sir: he goes back and forth

every day."
"Hum-didn't 1 hear you say that you wore going down this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; I am going to spend Sunday with my mother and Mr. Well, then, why can't you take

l, siz, if you wish," Ned readed. "Thank you—I have a few minutes more writing to do, then I will lock up and hand them to you, if you are

"I am not-1 can wait as well as hot." What boat do you take?" "Two o'clock, sir," Ned replied, as he began to put away his own work

preparatory while the ca in his privat to leaving the bank. cashier disappeared withwhile the cashler disappeared within his private office.

Just before Mr. Cranston asked Ned where Mr. Butler was, a man had a check cashed, and, moving a little away from the counter, had stationat his cash within his private within the result of the counter o

tioned himself by a large pillar, where he carefully folded the crisp new bills and arranged them nicely in his wal-

let.

He had thus been hidden from the cashier, who supposed that he had left the room, and gave no thought to him, while Ned was behind a tall desk and had not observed him at all.

All the man's movements were charecterized by great deligeration, while

been observed.

As Mr. Cranston vanished within his sanctum the man walked swiftly and noiselessly from the bank, thence to Washington street, where he boarded a car for Bowe's wharf A ride of twenty minutes brought im thither, and, making his way loward an open space on the pler se took a folded handkerchief from his pocket, shook it out until it

craft reached the pier, when a saila or wound a rope around a post to fasten it, then clambered up the and the sailors' cabin, they found a

True, Mr. Lawson believed in him, and had done everything to shield him from the evil consequences of which the Nantasket boats sailed.

eyes scanned every face with an eager look of interest, which betokened some deep purpose of heart.

It was a long time to wait—from twelve-thirty until two—but the man exhibited no signs of impatience; it was like the silent, passive, but intent watching of a cat, before the hole of a mouse—an alert, persistent vigilance, that was ready to pounce upon its victim the instant it appeared in sight.

About fifteen minutes before two the watcher espied a lithe, manly form coming down the long walk, with a quick, firm step, and rising, he leisurely sauntered toward it.

"How are you, Heatherton?" he exclaimed, in tones of general welcome which had a note of surprise in them, as if the meeting was wholly unexpected. "Going down the harbor this afternoon?"

"Ah! Mr. Gould; how are you, sir?"
Nantasket for over Sunday."
"Pleasant place—right pleasant! and just the day for such a trip!" Mr. Gould responded, appreciatively. "I'm about starting for the same place myself for a few days' outing—only I'm going by yacht instead of by steamer."

"By yacht! are you?" exclaimed

one was awake and watchful.

But at length a distant clock chimed the hour of one, and Ned started up, surprised to find how late it was.

Whether he was guided by some instinct of impending danger, or whether the feeling of excessive loneliness made him doubly careful, he could not have told; but he went all over the house and carefully examined every door and window in it.

Of course he discovered that the window behind the writing desk had been left unfastened.

He was considerably surprised to find it thus, but supposed it had been overlooked through the carelessness of one of the servants while cleaning lit.

He secured it, and then having seen that everything clse was safe, he retired to his own room and to bed; while that figure outside, which had been watching his every movement, turned with a fierce oath of disappointment, and disappeared from the locality.

Two days later—Saturday—just at noon and when the bank was on the point of closing, Mr. Cranston spoke to Ned, who was at work at one of the desks.

"Heatherton, where is Mr. Butler?" he inquired.

"He went out a moment ago—he said he had an important engage—"

by ourselves. I imagent there's a boat in the hope that I should find someone to keep me company."

"That is unfortunate." said Mr. anston. looking grave. "I am to ave for my vacation this afternoon, and I wanted to hand to him the text to the safe and vaults. as he is a safe and vaults. The safe in the safe and vaults. The safe in the safe and vaults. The safe in the safe and vaults. The safe in th

It took but a moment to seat themselves within it, and in another they were speeding over the water, propelled by the strong, steady strokes of the sailor who handled the oars.

"What a beautiful yacht!" Ned exclaimed, enthusiastically, as they drew near the graceful vessel, which looked like a huge white bird resting upon the still water, "and a steam yacht, too. Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, and she is indeed a beauty, as you say," the man replied, as his glance rested proudly on the gleaming sails; "a fast sailer, too. She is not so very large, but staunch and trustworthy. I've a most efficient crew, and I'll give you a good time this afternoon. Here we are, my young friend ternoon. Here we are, my young friend—welcome aboard the 'Bald Eagle,'"
The boat ran smoothly up to the flight of iron steps which led to the deck. Mr. Gould stepped out and stood one side to allow Ned to pass up before him, as he thus bade him welcome.
The vessel was perhaps a hundred

The vessel was pernaps a hundred feet long, of very graceful propor-tions, painted white, with narrow bands of gilt, and otherwise beauti-fully finished with natural woods. Everything about her was taught and trim, and daintily clean, and, with white sails spread, Ned thought she was like a spotless swan riding

she was like a spotless swan riding her native element with stately grace. her native element with stately grace.

Mr. Gould gave some order in a
low tone to one of the sailors, who
came forward and touched his hat
at his approach, then led his companion about the deek to allow him
to examine his surroundings at his
leisure, while he explained the construction are approximated.

All the man's movements were characterized by great deliberation, while he appeared to be entirely absorbed in what he was doing.

But not a word of the foregoing conversation had escaped him, and his eyes, though downcast, burned with a fierce, exultant glitter that might have been very significant if it had been observed. Leading from the saloon there were two beautiful state-rooms which seemed like home bed-rooms. The walls were hung with satin—one with crim-son, one with blue, padded and per-funed, and buttoned, like a handsome-ly upholstered chair.

The carpets were fine moquette of an exquisite pattern: the furniture of

an exquisite pattern; the furniture of an exquisite pattern; the furniture of some natural foreign wood, beautifully inlaid with pearl and other woods. The beds were curtained and spread with finest lace, while the toilet articles were of a costly china; and in one corner of the blue room Ned espled a pretty wicker rocker and a dainty workbasket, and he wondered if Mr. Gould had a wife who accom-

his pocket, shook it out until it floated lightly on the breeze, and then vigorously wiped his nose.

Two or three times, at intervals, he repeated this act, until away in the distance he saw a boat put off from a graceful yacht that was lying at anchor in the harber, and made directly for the spot where he was standing.

He remained motionless until the craft reached the pier, when a sails or wound a rope around a post to after visiting the pantry, cook-room after visiting the pantry, cook-room and the volume that they were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

There were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

There were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

There were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

There were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

There were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

There were three ordinary state-rooms, with two berths in each, altering the gold him upon his various trips.

fasten it, then clambered up the rude steps to his side.

"Is everything in salling trim, Sims?" he inquired, in a low tone, "Ay, aye, sir."

"Plenty of provisions, coal and wine on board?"

"Ay. ay, sir—closets and bins are full, sir."

"Then wait about here until I come again—I expect to be back about 2; if I do not come by that time you can return to the yacht and await another signal."

"All right, sir," responded the sail
"All right, sir," responded the sail-

pagne to "finish off with," but Ned politely declined, saying he never indulged in wines of any kind, whereupon Mr. Gould offered a cup of coffee to be brought to him instead.

Ned wondered why the vessel did not start on her trip, and began to be somewhat impatient at the delay, as he was anxious to reach Nantasket before Mr. Lawson's dinner hour, lest his mother should worry on his account, but he felt delicate about questioning his host regarding the matter, and kept hoping that they would soon weigh anchor and sail.

As they arose from the table Ned stooped to pick up a nut which he had dropped, resting one hand upon the edge while doing so.

Almost at the same time he heard a crash and the jingle of glass, while something cold trickled over his head; and looking up, he saw that Mr. Gould had upset and broken a wine glass, spilling the contents upon his hand.

"A thousand pardons!" the gentleman exclaimed, regretfully; "that was exceedingly awkward of me; but just step into yonder state-room for a wash, and you will then be all right again—you will find water and towels, and anything else that you may need."

He crossed the saloon, opened the door, and held it while Ned passed in.

in.

Then it was quietly shut, and, with a strange shock of surprise, accompanied by a feeling of dismay. Ned heard the key turned and the bolt shoot into its socket, when the conviction suddenly flashed upon him that he had been decoyed aboard that vessel for some foul purpose—that he was a prisoner at the mercy of a cunning and heartless villain, though just what the man's intentions regarding him might be he could not at that moment comprehend.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ned, as soon as he could recover himself sufficiently, sprang to the door and tried it with all his strength. Of course he could not open it—it did not yield in the slightest to his

did not yield in the signtest to his efforts.

"Mr. Gould," he called excitedly.

"What does this outrage mean? Let me out at once!"

There was no response to this demand; there was no sound. The most intense silence prevailed everywhere.

most intense silence prevailed everywhere.

"Let me out, sir!" Ned shouted
again; but, as before, there came
no answer to his call.

Again he exerted all his strength
to open the door; he pounded upon it
to attract attention; then, these
efforts being unnoticed, he kicked vigorously at one of the panels, hoping
that he might be able to break
through.

through.

But he might as well have kicked against a rock, for the door was too strong and well made for him to make any impression upon it, other than to mar its beautiful finish.

"What does it all mean?" he gried. What does it all mean?" he cried.

at length desisting from his efforts to get out, and trying to compose himself sufficiently to consider his situation.

Then, like a flash, a conviction of Then, like a liash, a conviction of the truth came to him, filling him with a sickening, benumbing horror. It must have been known, by some means, that the key to the bank, also those to the safe and vaults were in his possession!

It was his duty, always, to unlock the bank in the morning, and to lay

at was his duty, always, to unlock the bank in the morning, and to lay out certain books and papers before the arrival of the clerks and other officials, so of course the key to the outside door of the building was in his possession, besides those other precious keys to the treasure of the institution, the keys that had been intrusted to his keeping.

And now he believed that he was

And now he believed that he was in the power of a villain, who, by some means, had gained knowledge of the fact, and who had decoyed him to the yacht for the purpose of obtaining them.

Now he understood why the boat had not started on the proposed trip to Nantasket. He did not believe that Mr. Gould had any intention of going thither, but, instead, had planned to make him a prisoner in order to secure the keys in his possession, that he might rob the bank that that he might rob the bank that very night, or during the coming Sabbath. The idea was too horrible

to contemplate. What could he do? How could what could be do? How could be save the untold treasure which lay in the heart of that building, and for which he could be held accountable by the officers of the bank? How could be save himself from

nank? How could he save himself from the power of the traitor who had lured him hither? All strength seemed to forsake him as these thoughts flashed through his brain. He sank upon a chair and dropped

He sank upon a chair and dropped his head upon the edge of the berth with a groan of despair over his utter helplessness to do anything to mitigate his terrible situation. "I believe I shall go mad!" he cried, after a moment, and again starting to his feet. "This will be the second time that I shall appear to have been false to my trust. They will all believe that I have robbed the bank and absconded with my ill-gotten booty. I may be murdered here and sunk to the bottom of the ocean, and no one will ever know the truth, and no one will ever know the truth, while the wretch who perpetrates the deed will be thousands of miles away over the ocean, enjoying the gold for which I am sacrificed." Ned paced the narrow room, feeling as if his brain was on fire, his face

almost convulsed with agony, a gleam almost convulsed with agony, a gleam of desperation in his eyes.

"My reputation will be ruined," he almost sobbed. "I could die—gladly—if I could but save the bank and have the officers believe me true to my trust. Mr. Lawson, too, will lose faith in me, and —it will kill my mother! Oh, God! help! save!"

The poor fellow's agony of mind was something terrible to witness.

was something terrible to witness.

He threw himself into the lower terth almost convulsed with the sense of impending evil and the thought of his ruined reputation, his mother's his ruined reputation, his mother's grief, and Mr. Lawson's apparently

betrayed confidence.

But he could not lie there long. He soon sprang to his feet again, almost wild with despair, and, seizing a chair, dashed it with all his strength against

"Oh! I will not submit to such an outrage!" he cried. "I will defend myself to the death! I will not yield myself to the death: I will not yield
without a territle struggle. Who ver
comes to try to overpower me shall
at least have a taste of my strength.
I will lay someone low before they
shall conquer me and wrest these keys shall conquer me and wrest these keys from my possession."

But poor Ned reckoned without his host, for, even as he spoke, his stagnant nool.—Good

strength suddenly forsock him, the chair dropped from his nerveless hands, his limbs refused to sustain him, and, staggering back, he sank again upon his berth, a strange heaviness and drowsiness beginning to creep over him and rendering him almost power-less.

"What does this mean?" he muttered his ever rolling wildly in the

"What does this mean?" he muttered, his eyes rolling wildly in the effort to conquer the stupor, which seemed to benumb his senses, while his face grew crimson, and a sensation of invisible cords binding all his muscles and joints came over him. Then, with a terrible heart-sinking, he almost screamed, as a feeling of suffocation and deadly faintness rendered him nearly helpless: "Oh! he has poisoned me; but—I will not die thus!"

thus!"
He made a superhuman effort, started up again, seized the pitcher of water, poiring out a bowlful, and dashed the cool liquid over his face, dippling his whole head into it, in the hope of bringing relief to his heated brain.

brain.

He tore off his necktie and collar, threw open his shirt, and deluged his heaving chest, rubbling himself vigorously, and even pinching his flesh cruelly to try and restore the sensa-

cruelly to try and restore the sensation of feeling.

For a moment these efforts revived him, but soon the faintness and deadly sickness began to steal over him again, and he knew he must succumb.

He was growing blind now, and, groping back to his berth, he fell heavily into it, moaning:

"Oh, Heaven! Oh, mother! To die like this with such a stain on my young life, when I meant to be so true, so noble all my life long! And Gertrude, my love, you are lost to me forever! You, too, will believe me false to all honor! Oh! I am indeed lost! lost!"

His voice had gradually grown fainter until it now ceased, and he lay

ter until it now ceased, and he lay breathing heavily and muttering un-intelligibly, with a look of heart-rending agony upon his fine young face.

Five minutes later he was utterly

It was a lovely evening. There was not a cloud to be seen as the sun sank in golden splendor behind the old ocean, which seemed almost like a sea of glass in the gradually softening and fading light.

Benjamin Lawson and Miriam Heatherton were sitting upon the veranda of their cottage, waiting for the coming of Ned. They had expected him early in the afternoon, and were greatly disappointed when the three oclock boat came and went, and he did not appear. did not appear.

Four, five, six, and still he did not

come. Dinner could not be delayed spelling, and Miriam Insisted that Mr. Lawson should eat while it was fresh and hot.

Afterward they had both repaired to the veranda, where they watched the gorgeous sunset, and tried not to betray how impatient they were for the coming of him whom they both so dearly loved.

The far-off horizon peyond the water was taking on a purple have

The far-off horizon beyond the water was taking on a purple haze, when a messenger boy approached and handed Mr. Lawson a telegram.

The man's cheek paled a trifle, as he tore it open, with a sense of impending evil, while as he ran his eye hastily over the few words which the message contained, a low exclamation of pain broke from him.

Mrs. Heatherton, who was breathlessly watching him, felt her heart bound into her throat, then sink heavily in her bosom with some undefined fear.

fined fear.

"Is it anything about Ned?" she tremulously inquired.

"No; but my only sister, Rachel Heatherton, is —dead," Mr. Lawson replied, with faltering lips, tears starting into his aged eyes. "She has been very delicate for many years, and this morning the end came very suddenly." fined fear.

suddenly."
"Then it is true!" Mirlam murmur-"Then it is true!" Airiam murmur-ed; flushing a-vivid scarlet. "What is true?" Mr. Lawson in-quired, a trifle sharply, while he bent a searching glance upon her. (To be Continued.)

PERIL IN THE SODA FOUNTAIN. Overindulgence in the Fizzy Drinks Tends to Nervousuess.

It is the opinion of Dr. Egbert Dixon, of Buffalo, that nervousness is a fad and that the modern soda water fountain has more to do with the infountain has more to do with the increase of the mania than anything else. In days of old, when soda water was first added to the wares of the druggist, it was devoted to satisfying the public taste for something coo', sweet and refreshing. Fruit syrups of a harmless character were fizz'ed (ip to a proper degree of gaseous burbbling, and the mission of the soda water fountain was a commendable one. Nowadays it is devoted to bromos, nervines, and lots of other things that are made from the deadlest sort of drugs, while they are hung with signs inviting people to become their own physicians by trying some of the countless nostrums which are alleged to cure a headache in an almost inconceivably short space of the nervine signs and mistakes his wearliess for nervousnes.

The tired-out individual sees one of the nervine signs and mistakes his weariress for nervousnes, and straightway proceeds to do tor fitnself with something, he knows not what, but which on account of its powerful properties, braces him up and makes him feel bright. The natural result follows; He takes some of the soda water fountain stuff whenever he gets tired and in a month or so his system is on the road to a general breaking up. Drugging one's self at the soda fountain is dangerous and nervousness largely a fad. If supposed sufferers from nervous attacks would only take up some labor and then take a bath and a nap there would not be so much said about the affliction of nervousness.—Household. nervousness.-Household.

That Was All.

"I can't imagine why Miss Rockingham treats me so coldly. The other evening when I called she said she had been eating green on ons and floped I twould excuse her. Since then she has hardly spoken to me."

"That's curious. What did you say when she excused herself?"

"Let me see! Why I merely told her not to mind; that it would be an easy matter for me to keep far enough away not to be disturbed."

"Oh!"—Chicago Herald.

Stories of the Little Man Now So Much in Public Eye.

HOW HE GOT HIS V. C. It is not generally known that Lord Roberts has with him at the presen time in South Africa a warm per sonal friend, who faced death with sonal friend, who faced death with him in India more than forty years ago. The grey-haired veteran who rode by the side of the Commander-in-Chief into Kroonstad recently, and whom Lord Roberts familiarly addressed as "Jimmy," was Lieut-General Sir James Hills-Jiohnes, of Dolan (1984). craffor James Hills-Honnes, of Donai Cothy, in Carmarthenshire. The two old friends have much in common. Both, curiously enough, are very short of stature, both have had in India veritable hair-breadth escapes from death. There is a very considerable personal resemblance, and both have won the Victoria Cross. both have won the Victoria Cross.
The two are indeed quite inseparable. Lord Roberts has on more than one occasion visited him at his beautiful Welsh home, and it was at the Commander-in-Chief's express desire that Sir James Hills-Johnes became godfather to "Bob's" son, the gallant young officer who died at Colenso. That the friendship is warmly reciprocated is shown by the fact that, at an age when most men are fit for ciprocated is shown by the fact that, at an age when most men are fit for nothing but a couch or a warm fire-side, Sir James Hills-Johnes, a couple of menths ago, set forth for the Cape, whence with a special permit he proceeded to the front to bear his old friend company. A glance at the past associations of the twain will show how much their memories will have in common.

Hove Together

Boys Together Five minutes later he was utterly unconscious.

The work of the crafty villain who dets at Addiscombe. Lord Roberts join-The work of the crafty villain who had lured him hither, had been thoroughly done, and the fate of the—Bank lay in his hands.

It was a lovely evening. There was not a cloud to be seen as the sun sank in golden splendor behind the old ocean, which seemed almost like a sea of glass in the gradually softening and fading light.

Benjamin Lawson and Miriam Heatherton were sitting upon the veranda of their cottage, waiting for the coming of Ned. They had expected him early in the afternoon, and were greatly disappointed when the three o'clock boat came and went, and he did not appear.

emes; and both, before the Muthing ended, received the Victoria Cross. A decade later, both took part in the Abyssinian Campaign; they served together in the Kabul and other campaigns, and both, in 1881, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament

Parliament.

Matrimonial
There is, however, one great difference between these friends of half a century. Lord Roberts married when still a subattern in 1859. It was not until Sir James Hills-Johnes had finished his fighting days that he, in the "eightles," at the age of fifty, fell in love with a Welsh lady, the daughter of the late Mr. John Johnes, of Dolan Cothy, Carmartheashire. Sir James Matrimonial of the late Mr. John Johnes, of Dolan Cothy, Carmarthenshire. Sir James Hills, for such, up to that time, had been his name, married Miss Johnes, and in 1883, by Royal license, he assumed the name of Johnes. He has since lived a quiet and uneventful life at his beautiful Welsh home. He is much beloved in the county, in the public affairs of which he has come to take a good deal of interest. In 1886 he was High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire, and he is still a County Councillor.

cillor How the V.C. Was Won

Sir James, in fact, since the days when they studied at Addiscombe, is mentioned no less than eleven times in Lord Robert's book, "Forty-one Years in India," in which a very stirring account is given of the deeds by which Hills won his V.C. Mrs. Steele in "On the Face of the Waters" also tells the tale, in words somewhat different, in matter the same. This is what she says:

It was an eager company, as it discussed Lieutenant Hills' exploit of the measure and asked for the latest How the V. C. Was Won

the morning, and asked for the latest bulletin of that reckness young fight-er with fists against swords. \*\*Carer with fists against swords. \*Carubineers didn't stand somehow, except their officer. So Hills charged
instead. By George, I'd leave given
a fiver to see him at it. You know
what a little chap he is—a boy to
look at. He said he thought if he
charged it would be a diversion, and
give time to load up. So he
rode slap at the front, cut down the
first fellow, slashed the next over
the face. Then the two following
crushed into him and down he went
at such a pace that he only got a charged it would be a diversion, and give time to load up. So he rode slap at the front, cut down the first fellow, slashed the next over the face. Then the two following crushed into him and down he went at such a pace that he only got a slice to his jacket, and lay snug till the troop, 150 or so, rode over him. Then, ha, ha! he got up and looked for his sword. Had just found it ten

From Hills was and, as L

officers were

The Roll of Hon

The detter supporter of 1... toberts' armorial bearings is a Gordon Highlander. When he chose a solder of this regiment for his coat of arms he did so because it was in great part by the gallantry and endurance of the Highlanders that he was enabled to perform the splendid march to Kandahar, with which his name is so inseparably linked. The men of the Scottish hills were matched against the men of the Afghan hills, and the former were victorious. The bond that united Lord Roberts and the Gordon Highlanders in India has been renewed in South Africa. In his march to Bloemford in, and thence to Pretoria, the regiment typified on his escutcheou has been one of the most trusted under his command. When the trenches had to be pushed closer to Cronje's laager at Paardeberg, it was the Gordon Highlanders who were called upon to face the Mauser hall; when the kopies at Thabanchu had to be cleared, it was the Gordon Highlanders who were sent thither from Bloemfontein, and when the heights near Johannesburg had to be taken before the British could in safety enter the city, it was the Gordon Highlanders who were entrusted with the task. The confidence which Lord Roberts has in the regiment has never been misplaced. When heavy work had The Roll of Ho has in the regiment has never been misplaced. When heavy work had to be done he relied upon the Gordons, and he was not disappointed.—Scottish American.

CHINESE NAMES.

How an Authority on the Language Would Pronounce Them.

An authority on the pronunciation of Chinese names, as transliterated into English assures us that there need be no serious difficulty in sounding the many Chinese names now appearing in the newspapers if the speaker will remember that the vowels in these manes are uniformly those of the Italian or continental alphasbet namely:

bet, namely:
1. A is always about as a infar; 1. A is always about as a intar; e always approximately as e in they, or them; t very like i in machine or pin; o as either the o of song or how, and u always as the u of rule, 2. Also it should be remembered, every syllable has an independent value and should be given that value in pronunciation.

prominciation.

3. As for consonants, they are pronounced exactly as written.

These three rules will secure as correct a pronunciation of Chinese names as can be secured without or-

names as can be secured without or al instruction.

For example, under the first rule, one would say tah koo, for Taku, not take you, as one may frequently, hear the word pronounced.

Lee-hoong-chahng for Li Hung Chang, not like lie-hung-chang.

Peh-king for Pekin, not peek-in.
Shahng-hah-ee for Shanghai, not shang-high.

Tsoong-lee-yahmen for Tsung Li Yamen, not tsung lie yaymen, and so on.

Under the second rule Tien Tsin is pronounced teeyen tsinn, accenting the yen syllabic; not teen tsin. General Nieh's name is Nee-yeh. The Chinese coin tael is not tale,

Yun-nan fu is yoon-nahn-foo,

A Child With a Tail.

## You Can Have Confidence

in the medicines that have stood the test of years in private practice and made famous the name of Dr. A. W. Chase,

Seldom if ever has a physician so thoroughly won the confidence of the people as has Dr. A. W. Chase, people as has Dr. A. W. Chase, through the absolute reliability of his people as has Dr. A. W. Chase, through the absolute reliability of his Recipe Book and the wonderful efficiency of his great prescriptions: SALT RHEUM.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket, ont., writes: "I have been troubled Ont., writes: Ont., writes: "I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum. I used remedies, and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure ma. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but

ment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people." CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, On tates: "I can recommend Dr. to cure ma. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample bottle of Dr. Chase's Cintment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used states: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constitution. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent." Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedii don't dare to reproduce his portra and signature, which are on box of his genuine remedies. I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used states: "I . can recommend Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for