The One Who Stays at Home.

The wheels of the world go round and round,
In the press of a busy throng,
Morn with its manly melody
And night with its vesper song;
The tides are out and the tides are in,
Like the sea in its ebb and flow,
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Abroad on the highways noisy track
There is a rush of hurrying feet,
The sparks fly out from the wheels of time
To brighten the bitter and sweet;
But apart from the beaten road and path,
Where the noise of earth runs slow,
There is always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Over and over good-byes are said,
In tests that die with the day,
When eyes are wet that cannot forget,
And smiles have faded away;
Smiles that are worn as over the grave
Flowers will blossom and grow;
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Always one for the little tasks
Of a day that is never done;
Always one to sit down at night
And watch with the stars alone,
And he who fights on the world's broad field,
With banner and blast and drum,
Little dreams of a battle gained
By the one who stays at home.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

It was an unutterable relief to the weary woman to find herself alone in a second-class compartment speeding away from the great wilderness of London, where she had known so much misery—away from the glare and dust and hot sun—away from the smoke and din, the noise and wretchedness of the house where she had lodged.

"It will be easier and pleasanter to die in the country," she said, half aloud, with a faint little smile, "under a blue sky, and it will be easier to sleep in fields than here."

She shuddered a little as she thought of the room she would not see again, although all her worldly possessions were in it, and then leaned back in her corner, resting her head against the back of the carriage and looking out of the open window, through which, as London was left behind, the soft fresh air came in with such pleasant refreshment.

The rest and quiet and solitude were inexpressibly welcome to her; the wild, hunted expression died out of her eyes as she leaned back on the padded seat; and now, with her veil thrown back and the weary lines smoothed from that still lovely face, one who had known her in former days might perhaps have recognized in Mrs. Grant the rejected applicant of the agency office, the terrified fugitive, the once brilliant and beautiful and admired and envied Lady Glynn.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The rays of the sun, setting over the western hills beyond the pretty village of Erindale, seemed to linger tenderly upon the scene of unusual beauty which they were filling with golden light—green fields, fresh and fragrant, studded with yellow buttercups and silver daisies, full-leaved trees, a wood in the distance, the village lying in the valley with its pretty cottages, and the quaint red-brick school-house standing on the hill. Down the road was the pretty gray-stone lodge at the gates of Erindale Park, where the only great people in the village lived—the Squire, Sir Frederic Oliphant, his wife, the gentle, kindly, stately lady of the manor, and Miss Madge, their only daughter—sweet, bright-eyed, madcap Madge, who could be so full of fun and yet so full of tenderness, who had never had a care of her own in the world, but who could nevertheless sympathize with the cares of others with a gentleness which was so great a consolation to them all.

Not that there was much care or trouble at Erindale. The villagers were chiefly well to do, and those who were not so received such help from the people at the Hall that they never knew the biting misery of want. Not many villages, even in "merrie England," were so greatly favored as Erindale, for it was not only beautifully and healthily situated, and so blessed by Nature, but Sir Frederic, who had a hobby for improving, had brought all kinds of modern innovations to bear upon the land and the cottages, so that it might well have passed for a model village.

If Sir Frederic had a hobby for improvements, Lady Oliphant had a steed of her own likewise. Her hobby was the village schools; and she devoted much time and money to them, and not only time and money, but a great deal of good sense which saw that the children's instruction consisted of those branches of education which were likely to be of use to them in their future lives.

Altogether Erindale was a model little settlement; and the Oliphants spent nearly the entire year at home; Lady Oliphant being hardly strong enough for travelling, and Sir Frederic and Madge both preferring Erindale to every other place on earth.

The red light of the setting sun which fell upon the little ivy-grown lodge and down the road with the tall leafy hedges on either side, fell also on a pretty little pony-carriage containing two ladies who were driving slowly homeward. Lady Oliphant and her daughter were alone—they usually drove out unattended in the golden summer evenings—and the girl was chattering gayly, as was her wont, while Lady Oliphant was listening and smiling indulgently at Madge's merry speeches.

"There is Mrs. Ford at the gate, mamma," Madge said, as the lodge came into view. "She looks very important. I am sure she has something to tell us. I wonder what it can be? Shall I drive slowly to have the pleasure of trying to guess what it is, or shall I drive fast and so spare myself the agony of suspense and the pleasure of anticipation?"

"I think I should drive fast," Lady Oliphant said laughingly, "unless the pleasures of anticipation are greater than the agony of suspense."

"Ah!" Madge ejaculated. "I am afraid, mamma, that I am very curious and inquisitive; so I will drive on. From whom could I have inherited that little failing? Not from papa certainly, because he is the least inquisitive of mortals."

"Saucy girl! Ah, Mrs. Ford, what a pleasant evening! Were you waiting for little Joe?"

"No, my lady," said the lodge-keeper, courtesying, "I was waiting for your ladyship. I was hoping you would return this way, as you went out by the other gate."

"You wanted to see me?"

"If you please, my lady. If you and Miss Madge would be kind enough to get out and come in for a moment, I have something to show you."

"Of course we will get out," said Madge quickly; then, turning to her mother—"What did I tell you, mamma? I said nurse had something to tell us or something to show us. Take care, dear"—carefully assisting her mother to alight. "That's right, Joe; stand at their heads. You need not touch them. Stand still, my beauties!" And, with a parting pat of her little gloved hand on the ponies' heads, she followed her mother into the lodge.

The lodge door opened into a comfortable little sitting-room, furnished in a rather heavy and substantial manner, a room where Madge had spent many a pleasant hour in her childhood, for Mrs. Ford had been her nurse, and had married from the Hall, where her husband, since dead, had been coachman. She was a kindly-looking woman, plump and short, with a pleasant rosy face, which wore a very pitiful expression just now, as she bent over a woman lying on the horsehair sofa, her head resting back upon it, her eyes closed, and her face as pale as death itself. Lady Oliphant stood looking at her in silence; Madge drew nearer the sofa.

"What a lovely face! Who is she, nursie? Mamma dear, what is the matter Is she asleep or has she fainted?"

"I think she is asleep now, Miss Madge, half asleep and half stupefied," Mrs. Ford said. "She looks very ill, poor pretty!"

"Very ill," Lady Oliphant said. "How did she come here, Ford?"

"I will tell you, my lady. It was this morning, just as little Joe was coming home from school, he ran in saying there was a lady sitting by the roadside who seemed very tired. I went out to her and asked her if she would come in and rest a little. When I spoke to her, she looked up at me with such pitiful eyes, my lady, and she said in such low faint tones that she could not—she was too tired. She was that exhausted, my lady, that I was obliged almost to carry her into the house, and she dropped down there on the sofa just as you see her. I asked her if she had been ill, and she shook her head; she had walked a long way, she said. I brought her some bread and milk, and at first she drank so eagerly and tried to eat that—oh, my lady, it seems strange to say it and she so nicely dressed, but I think she had not tasted food for a long time!"

"Oh, nurse!" Madge said tremulously. "It's true, Miss Madge, I am afraid; but very little satisfied her, and then she fell back and looked round the room, as if she wondered where she was, and was bewildered like, then closed her eyes, and ever since she has remained like this, my lady, just as you see her."

"Poor thing!" Lady Oliphant said gently. "She looks like a lady too. I wonder who she is, and what could have brought her to such a condition?"

"She looks well-nigh starved," remarked Mrs. Ford, with a tremor in her kind voice. "Just look at her hands, my lady."

"Madge dear, take care," her mother said gently for Madge was kneeling by the sofa now and touching the sleeping woman with gentle fingers, raising her a little, and putting her more comfortably on the sofa.

"I will not wake her, mother. Poor thing, how ill she looks!" Madge's sweet voice was full of pain. "She is almost like death, is she not? She ought to be in bed. Mamma, shall we take her home?"

"My darling, she will be better with nurse," Lady Oliphant said. "Nurse will take care of her until she is better, I know, and—" She broke off, for there was a perceptible quiver of the heavy white lids, and the stranger opened her eyes and looked about, at first dreamily and wonderingly, then with a sudden light of recognition, as they rested upon Mrs. Ford's kindly face.

"I have been asleep," she said faintly "Forgive me. I am better now, and I will go."

"You will not stir," Madge said, gently putting her back upon the sofa, and bending over her with her sweet, coaxing face. "You are too tired for anything but rest. Nursie, have you any tea made? I am sure she would like some tea."

The sweet wondering eyes went to Madge's face wistfully, then passed on to Lady Oliphant's.

"You must not think of stirring yet," Lady Oliphant said. "Perhaps you are a stranger in this neighborhood. If so, it will be better for you to remain here with Mrs. Ford for a day or two."

"You are very good, but—"

"I shall have much pleasure in writing or telegraphing to your friends, if you will allow me," said her ladyship.

"I have no friends to whom—" The slow tears rose heavily to her eyes now, and her lips quivered so that speech was almost an impossibility.

Madge, coming to her side with some tea and a slice of delicately cut bread and butter, stopped her gently.

"You must not talk," she said. "You must drink this and lie still. There—there, poor thing!"

She put down the tea hastily, and caught her in her strong, young arms, and the passion of tears which followed were shed upon Madge Oliphant's shoulder, while Lady Oliphant, her own eyes dim, took the little wasted hand, and stroked it gently.

It was pretty to see how Madge soothed her and laid her back on the pillows, and held the strong, fragrant tea to the parched, shaking lips, and waited on her deftly and tenderly, all her warm girlish sympathies enlisted in behalf of this poor, solitary stranger who was so lovely and so fragile. And it was touching to see how the wistful, yearning eyes followed Madge as she moved about the room, and how the little fingers clung to her hand when Lady Oliphant rose and said gently that they must leave her to her rest now; but that they would see her in the morning; and, while she went out to say a few words to Mrs. Ford about the poor waif whom she had succored, Shirley—for it was she—tried to thank Madge with shaking lips.

"How good you are! How can I thank you?" she said unsteadily; and Madge smiled and kissed her, and told her that she would see her in the morning, and went back to her own happy, luxurious home, her thought and heart full of she poor stranger who was so lovely and so sad.

Mrs. Ford assisted her guest up the little narrow staircase, and undressed her and laid her in the soft lavender-scented bed in the little spare room. Shirley was weak enough to be helpless as a child in her strong motherly hands; and when she had drunk the hot drink Mrs. Ford prepared for her, she lay back on the pillow and slept long and heavily, awaking when the sun was high in the heavens, to partake of some tea and toast which Mrs. Ford brought to the bedside, then sinking to sleep again—the long dreamless sleep of exhaustion and prostration.

It was evening when she awoke, and she was alone in the little room. She felt stronger and better, and getting out of bed, managed with slow languid movements to dress herself and creep down stairs to the little sitting-room, where Mrs. Ford greeted her with a cry of surprise.

"Dear heart alive!" she exclaimed. "Are you better? How pleased Miss Madge will be! She has been down two or three times to ask after you, and she and her ladyship will be back here on their way home.

"How can I thank you for all your kindness?" Shirley said tremulously; and she went up to the good woman and put her arms round her neck and kissed her.

"La, my dear, there's nothing to thank me for," said Mrs. Ford rather unsteadily. "One as would not do a kindness for another is not fit to live, in my opinion, and her ladyship and Miss Madge are that kind that they'd make one feel ashamed not to be so sometimes when occasion offers. Yes grand as her ladyship is, she's never grand with us poor folks; and she'll be good to you if you need it."

Shirley smiled faintly; it was all part of a terrible dream, she thought. Surely she would awaken some day, and find that she had been asleep a long, long time, and had dreamed that her husband was dead, and that he had been murdered, and that Guy had been tried for his life for the murder, and that she had come away in the dawn, and had walked many miles to the next station, so as to avoid the chance of Guy's following her!

A dream! Was it a dream? Had those long weeks in London, those bitter winter months when she had scarcely left the miserable lodging where she had taken refuge, not really existed? Had those spring days, with their winds and long interminable evenings, passed only in her imagination? Ah, no—they were all realities! But that suffering was over! She had left London far behind on that July day—was it a week ago?—when she had taken a ticket for Hereford, and left the train when it stopped at a little station on the line; and then she had wandered on her way, sleeping under the blue sky, under a tree or haystack, eating a bit of bread as long as ex money—one shilling—lasted to procure it, and then sinking down wearily by the road-side, to die, as she thought, of want, of sheer hunger, of starvation. Ay, and such would have been her end had it not been for the good Samaritan who had taken her in and fed and sheltered her; and the hazel eyes went gratefully to the portly figure in a lilac print gown and snow-white apron which moved about the room on hospitable cares intent.

And yet could it be possible? It must be a dream! That she who had been used to such lavish expenditure, who had had the command of more money than she could throw away on her whims and extravagances and pleasures, should have been brought to such want as that she should be starving, dying for the want of a bit of bread—it must be a dream; it could not be true.

Three or four times she had felt the same confusion in her mind; she could not think connectedly, she could not remember the names of the villages she had passed, she could not remember her brother's address in India. She thought she might venture to write to him now and let him know where she was, and ask him if he could come to her. But what could she say to him? What address could she give him to write to her? Poor Jack, how grieved he would be if he knew how ill and solitary she was, and how—

"Drink this, honey," said Mrs. Ford's kindly voice, as she brought a basin of beef-tea to her side. "Miss Madge won't be glad to see such pale cheeks. That's right; that'll hearten you up a bit. And this is a glass of Sir Frederic's own port. Miss Madge carried some down herself this morning. Nay, you must drink it every drop; and then you shall sit by the window and watch for them."

"Thank you," Shirley said gratefully, as she obeyed; and, leaning back in the old chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, she looked down the road, which was flooded with the golden light of the setting sun.

"Miss Madge is such a kind young lady," Mrs. Ford resumed—she was never weary of singing her young lady's praise—"and that thoughtful and considerate! And she's so gay and bright that to see her coming along the road smiling at one is as good as a ray of sunshine on a winter day."

"She is very good and sweet and pretty," Shirley answered, in a tone of such heartfelt gratitude that it pleased Mrs. Ford, and she continued—

"And, although they have a visitor at the Hall, she was down here the first thing to know how you were. She says you have the loveliest face she ever saw," she went on, with an approving glance at Shirley, which at any other time would have made her smile. "She's not a bit stuck up, isn't Miss Madge. The gentleman who is visiting at the Hall is courting her, Collins says—Collins is Miss Madge's maid—and, although I think him much too old and grave for Miss Madge, I can't help saying that he's a fine man and a real gentleman—and he seems that fond of Miss Madge that he worships the ground she walks on."

"He will be a very fortunate man to win such a wife," Shirley said gently. "Miss Madge deserves to be happy."

"Ay, that she does!" was the warm answer. "Besides, she is a great heiress in Miss Madge. Sir Frederic's property does not go to his male relations; it will all go to Miss Madge. But it's not her property this gentleman wants, for they say he's as rich as a Jew. At the same time," continued Mrs. Ford, in a lower tone, "I should not give him Miss Madge if I were the squire."

"Why not?" Shirley asked, absently.

"My reasons is good ones," Mrs. Ford answered rather mysteriously. "But I keep them to myself. However, Sir Frederic is the best judge, after all. You'll see him presently, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

She hesitated, looking at Shirley inquiringly.

"Grant," Shirley said faintly.

"You are a widow, I suppose? Ah, poor thing, is is a sad thing to lose a husband! I've been through that trouble myself, so I know what it is." She shook her head sorrowfully, then resumed in a brisker tone—"Well, Mrs. Grant, you'll see him presently, for he's out driving with Miss Madge and her ladyship, and Miss Madge is coming back this way."

"I shall be glad to have an opportunity of thanking her," Shirley said gently; and Mrs. Ford left her by the window.

Presently the quick trot of Miss Oliphant's ponies was heard, and the pretty dainty little carriage appeared in sight. Madge was driving, as usual, and she was turning her fair face backward to look at a gentleman in the back seat, who was bending toward her and smiling at something she was saying to him—a tall man with a gray, haggard face, whom Shirley recognized at once. Miss Oliphant's suitor was Guy Stuart.

CHAPTER XL.

For a moment Shirley sat watching the approaching vehicle, taking in clearly the tenderness in Guy Stuart's face as he bent toward Madge Oliphant, the bright smile on the girl's fair face, and the quiet pleasure on her mother's; then, with quick, frightened steps, she ran up the little narrow stairs and into the room where she had slept, bolting the door behind her, in a paroxysm of terror.

What could she do? Whither could she go? That she should have come here, of all places in the world—that Guy should be at Erindale—that this should be the end of all the misery she had endured—that, after all her wandering, he should find her here!

How had he found her out? Who had betrayed her to him? How could she escape?

She glanced wildly around her; then she remembered Mrs. Ford's words that the gentleman who was courting Miss Oliphant was out driving with her; and she breathed more freely. He did not know she was there; she might still conceal herself; she might escape after all. And yet to go out once more into the world to face the same misery again? How could she? Ah, why had they sought her for this? Why had they not let her die by the road-side? It would have been kinder! The death-pang would have been over now; and what had life for her that she should cling to it?

Composing herself somewhat by a strong effort of will she stood waiting, wondering what was coming next. She heard Mrs. Ford's exclamations of surprise as she entered the little sitting-room to greet her visitors, and Madge Oliphant's bright voice mingling with the deep rich tones she knew so well, and which thrilled her through and through even now. Then she heard the pony-carriage move on into the park, and she peeped out of the window. Guy had taken Madge's place and was driving away, and Shirley sunk down by the window-sill, holding it with trembling fingers, utterly unnerved at her narrow escape from discovery.

A light knock at the door made her start up; and, when she opened it, Madge was standing on the little landing, such a pretty picture of youth and happiness and health in her dainty white dress and azure-blue ribbons that Shirley's eyes brightened at sight of her.

"May I come in? Nurse told me that you must have only just come up," she said, in her bright girlish voice. "You are better? I am so glad!"

She had taken Shirley's hand with a pretty pleasant cordiality, and drew her toward the window, where the light would fall upon her, looking at her with gentle, compassionate eyes.

"Yes, you are better; but you are very pale still. I shall not be quite happy until I see you growing roses like mine. Tell me, are you feeling stronger?"

"Much stronger," Shirley answered, in her sweet, unsteady voice, whose low pathetic tones contrasted as greatly with Madge Oliphant's bright voice as the frail slender woman in black, with the white face and weary eyes, contrasted with the bright golden-haired girl in her embroidery and azure-blue ribbons.

"Much stronger!" Madge repeated, smiling. "I am afraid not much; still I think you are better. You had such a nice long sleep, it ought to have done you good."

As she spoke she had gently forced Shirley to sit down on the low window-seat, and, still keeping Shirley's hand in hers, she knelt down by her side. There was a brief silence, which Shirley broke by trying to return a few words of thanks for the kindness she had received; but Miss Oliphant stopped her at once.

"I do not think you want to hurt me," she said, with a gentle serionsness which sat charmingly on the sweet young face; "but you will do so if you talk in that strain. Mamma and I were so glad to be of any service to you," she added, wistfully, wishing this beautiful stranger would be a little confiding, and tell her what the dreadful trouble was that was looking out of the great sad eyes and trembling on the sweet lips.

"You have been very good," Shirley answered, gently, as she caught the pretty fingers and pressed them to her lips.

"And you are very naughty," Madge said, shyly, coloring all over her sweet face, as if the caress had come from bearded lips instead of from a woman's mouth; "and I would scold you, only you are fit for nothing but to be petted just now."

With a pretty shy grace she put her charming face down on Shirley's hands, and left a soft kiss there. When she lifted her head she took the slender wasted hands and caressed them softly.

"Such little thin fingers!" she said, smiling. "I must see them much plumper than that before I let you leave us—although," she added eagerly, coloring a little, "mamma and I both hope you mean to stay with us."

"You are very good," Shirley answered, tremulously, "but—you see—I must find something to do, and—"

"Oh, I am so glad!" burst out impulsive Madge. "I was afraid you were not—I mean that I feared you were not obliged—very stupid at expressing myself," she said, laughingly; "but indeed I am selfish enough to be glad that you want work, because now we shall keep you here!"

"But—" Shirley began, unsteadily.

"But me no buts!" said Madge, brightly. "You must not try to oppose me, Mrs. Grant. I have set my mind on keeping you here, and here you will stay, because I am a spoiled child and always have my own way. And this bright, sweet air of ours will make you quite strong again."

Shirley shook her head sorrowfully. How could she stay where she ran daily risk of meeting Guy? And yet whither could she go?

(To be continued.)

Mormon Habits in the Northwest.

The Latter Day Saints of Lee's Creek, Alberta, N. W. T., use neither liquor nor tobacco, and they never indulge in tea or coffee. Dancing, except the harmless quadrille, is strictly prohibited. No one is allowed to remain poor, the relief society taking up and dealing with every case of poverty as it arises. Having no particular vices, the community has not many cases of poverty to worry about. The relief committee have therefore a sincure.

You Can'f Most Always Tell.

It is said that "brains will tell." Sometimes they will, and sometimes they will not. Sometimes the more brains a man has the less he tells. It doesn't always answer for brains to tell.

A recently published "Dictionary of Furniture and Decorations" shows that the grand dames of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries received with

Rev. Dr. Leonard, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., is the youngest bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, being just 4 years old.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget of Feminine Fact and Fancy.

Taking Freckles From Pretty Faces

In season just now is the old country recipe for bathing the face with the juice of crushed strawberries, letting it dry on over night, and washing off in the morning with chervil water, which must be replaced by rose water or well-boiled soft water. If kept up for a week this should take the freckles off by its pure acid, which we all know whitens the teeth. Barberry pulp removes tan and freckles; hence I will recommend girls to try it just before going back to the city after a summer in the country. And I am forgetting the pleasant est method of clearing the complexion by a course of new maple syrup, eaten hot every morning. Brown bread and West India molasses are not so pleasant, but work a very miracle in producing an alabaster skin and inmir ous eyes. West India molasses has old repute for its cleansing and detergent properties on silks and woolens, due to its alcohol and acids. But it is also a cosmetic, used by Jamaica women, rubbed on the cheeks and allowed to stay on as long as one can endure it, an hour perhaps. To rub the body all over with it, and sit in a warm bath room half an hour or less, and wash off in hot water, followed by a perfumed bath is said to have a marvellous effect in preserving the youth and freshness of the whole system. Let those who like it try it.

Franklin's Advice to Mothers.

In a parcel of Benjamin Franklin's letters that have recently been made public is one addressed to a lady congratulating her upon the well-being of her baby boy, whom she had announced as having cut five teeth. He writes: "Pray let him have everything he likes. I think it of great consequence while the features of the countenance are forming; it gives them a pleasant air, and one that becomes fixed and natural by habit, the face is ever handsomer afterward for it, and on that much of a person's good fortune and success in life may depend." Franklin did not mean by this that the child should be given all the food it wanted, but that it should be surrounded by pleasant objects for its amusement and diversion. "Who has not seen a scowl of discontent upon the face of an infant deepen and become a permanent defect—a lifelong proof of the discomforts of its babyhood? Early the minds of parents are visited upon their helpless children. After a few more telling arguments in favor of the child, the writer says: "Always believe a child—at least, do not express your unbelief if you can help it. If the little fellow sees that you rely upon his word he feels an increased respect for the truth and for himself, until at length his character for probity will become matured and established." Many an exceptionally imaginative child is unable to distinguish between facts and fancies, as fairy tales and Mother Goose melodies quite bewilder his brain with their semblance of reality. Such children are apt to conjure up curious stories in which truth and fiction are hopelessly confused, and will relate them in all seriousness.

The Use of Perfumes.

In the days of our grandfathers, lavender was scattered through the linen press, and chests of clothes had little bags of sweet-smelling clover scented the handkerchiefs, and there was a dainty odor clinging to everything pertaining to the lady's wardrobe. To-day perfumes are used in even more forms and in all imaginable places. There are satchel bags to pin into the dress, satchel cases to hold handkerchiefs, others to hold note paper, and others filled with violet powder and orris root to use on the skin. A cluster of tiny perfumed bags hung over the back of one's lounging chair, and odd little devices scatter a delightful odor about the table of bric-a-brac. A pillow filled with pine needles sheds an aromatic perfume over the divan cushions, a rose jar filled with a pot-pourri of rose leaves, salt and spices, graces the dining-room table, and a sponge sprayed with rare perfume stands on a dainty porcelain tray ready to moisten the finger tips. These are the ordinary ornaments now of dining-rooms or parlors of all households where enough of an income prevails to allow of any luxurious decorations.

High Heels and Pointed Toes.

Since the high heel and pointed toe have had time to do their work the chiropodist is rising to a money-making a position as the American dentist. The women who operated in public baths for ladies have more work than they can attend to, and are raising their fees according to the state of the pairs of feet which they are asked to attend to. The ordinary old-fashioned treatment, requiring only the sharp knife and the pumice stone, is still a frank and a half. But for the operation known as "dehooing" the foot, you may, with extras, get up from 25 to 30f. There are women who are able when the fine world is in Paris to make from £3 to £5 a day. The seaside season is even more lucrative, because feet are so much in view on the sands of marine bathing places, where it is permissible to paddle about in salt water long after the teens have been cleared. Be it remembered that the high-heeled boot or shoe, by throwing the whole weight of the body on the tightened-up toes, deadens them and the rest of the foot, and brings the whole member, so far as the distribution of muscular force and nervous vitality go, into much the same state as a horse's hoof. The dehooing process begins with a warm bran or potato-starch foot bath, followed by a quick plunge in cold water, after which there is shampooing with an eau de Cologne or something else to help a reaction. Then there is a gymnastic pulling out and moving up and down and from side to side of individual toes, which reminds one of the piggy-wiggy game which nurses play with the pedal extremities of babies. The nurse, beginning with the great toe and going on with the four others says: "This pig went to the market, and this pig stayed at home, and this pig had roast and butter, and this pig ate none, and this little pig cried, take me to mammy at home." The toes are manipulated and exercised separately, until each is limber and lively. The sole of the foot is also enlivened thus: The patient leans with both hands on a pair of props, and places the foot on a broad horse-hair band which works from side to side; then comes more hand rubbing, this time with glycerine, followed by friction with small brushes and instruments like drawing stumps. The nails are carefully attended to. All dead and hard skin is carefully removed, and finally the ankle and insteps are put into gymnastic training. At the end of, say, an hour, a pair of feet which have been martyrized with high heels and pointed toes feel equal to dancing, jumping or taking a long walk. They also look shapely and quite young. One wonders why they should be hidden with shoes and stockings, and whether skilled chiropody will not look to a revival of sandals.—*Paris Letter in London Truth.*

Like the Paper on the Wall.

It has come at last; it has been on the way ever since the very tight sleeves and snug-fitting bodices engrossed the feminine fancy. A patent has been taken out by an enterprising clothier for a garment that fits the figure literally like the paper on the wall. The measurements are taken with accuracy, and the novelty is in the shape of the seams, which are so made as to dispense with all vestige of a wrinkle. These eel-skin bodices are worn with riding-habits, and so as to get every curve and motion the lady is fitted while seated upon an imitation horse, assuming precisely the position she would on the real steed.—*Table Talk.*

Seasonable Recipes.

Strawberry Cream Cake.—Make a very light sponge cake from six eggs, and bake it in three jelly cake tins. While it is baking and cooling, cover a quarter box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water and soak a half hour. Whip one pint of cream, and put in a tin or granite pan; stand this pan in another containing cracked ice. Add to the cream a half cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla sugar. Stir the gelatine over boiling water until it dissolves, add it to the cream and stir at once, and continue stirring until the cream begins to thicken. When the cakes are cold put over one a thick layer of this cream; then stand strawberries evenly all over it; put on another layer of the cake; cover it with cream and berries, and so continue, having the top layer cream and berries. Serve very cold.

For a delicate temperance nectar taken with the dessert: Chop two pounds of fine Sultana raisins, add the grated yellow rind and juice of four large lemons and two pounds of powdered sugar candy. Melt this in a gallon of water in a large porcelain kettle. Boil and skim it for half an hour, and while it is boiling add by degrees the lemon and raisins. Continue boiling for ten minutes, then put the mixture in a stone jar and cover it closely. Let it stand for three days, stirring it down to the bottom each day. Strain it through a linen bag and bottle it, sealing the corks. It will be ready for use in two weeks. The quantity of this and other preparations can be doubled and trebled as required.

Language of the Eyes.

Black (dark brown) are a sign of passionate ardor in love.

Dark blue or violet denote great affection or purity, but not much intellectuality.

Clear, light blue, with calm, steadfast glance, denote cheerfulness, good temper, constancy.

Pale blue or steel colored, with shifting motion of eyelids and pupils, denote deceitfulness and selfishness.

Russet brown, without yellow, denote an affectionate disposition, sweet and gentle. The darker the brown the more ardent the passion.

Blue, with greenish tints, are not so strongly indicative of these traits, but a slight propensity to greenish tints in eyes of any color is a sign of wisdom and courage.

Gray, or greenish gray, with orange and blue shades and ever varying tints, are the most intellectual and are indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—the mixture of sanguine and bilious, which produces poetic and artistic natures.

Light brown, or yellow, denote inconstancy; green, deceit and coquetry. Eyes of no particular color (only some feeble shades of blue or gray, dull, expressionless, dead looking) belong to the lymphatic temperament, and denote a listless, feeble disposition, and a cold, selfish nature.

PURE HOT AIR FROM COAL.

The Latest Big Discovery in the Scientific World.

A discovery having an important bearing in the present upon the arts and manufactures has recently been made by Wm. A. Gibbs, of Essex. The discovery is that perfectly pure air can be produced from the combustion of coal. The arrangement for effecting this result is extremely simple. It consists of a brick chamber, about five feet long by two feet wide and two feet high, built upon the ground. At one end is a feed chamber and a fuel chamber, and at the other a powerful exhaust and blast fan. Placed intermediately between the chamber and the fan are baffle plates, splitting plates, a standing bridge with perforations at the front. There are also several carefully proportioned inlets to supply the exact quantity of air requisite for perfect combustion. The exact apportionment of the air constitutes one of the main points of success, and it is the one which Mr. Gibbs found the most difficult to determine. Once known, however, this law of proportion between air and fire is, of course, easily ascertained. Another point having a very important bearing on the result is the exact relative proportion of the feed chamber, and of both to the volume of air drawn per minute by the fan. This also being ascertained, after many failures, is now a fixed instead of a doubtful quantity. Given these proportions and some others of minor importance, the result is distinctly curious. Issuing from a fan mouth twelve inches in diameter comes rushing a column of hot air, marking on the pyrometer at its exit a steady uniform temperature of 500 degree Fahr. Not a trace of smoke or fumes is visible to the eye; not a taint of any kind is perceptible to the taste or smell. Standing, as we did, in the range of this simoon, with the hot blast full in the face, the heat is, of course, excessive, but the stream of air is perfectly pure. Save in the matter of temperature it affects neither the eyes, the throat nor the nostrils. As a proof of this purity some choice tea which had been saturated with hot water was placed in the hot air current, and when redried was pronounced by an expert to be wholly free from any imported taint or taste. In order to show the character of the products of combustion before being submitted to the fiery ordeal the fan was stopped, and a dense cloud of thick smoke rose up from the coal in the feed chamber, charged with suffocating fumes. On restarting the fan it was quietly drawn in again, but not a sign of it appeared at the exit from the fan, and the air when inhaled was as pure as ever. It would be interesting to know the rationale of the process by means of which all the varied products from coal combustion are thus so completely destroyed. Mr. Gibbs suggests that the water contained in the coal is decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen, and that the hydrogen in burning adds to the heat of the resultant air, while the oxygen, reenforced as it is by that obtained from the large volume of fresh air admitted to the various inlets, decomposes and purifies all these products. But whatever the theory may be, the fact remains that it is not only possible, but easy and economical to obtain the utmost amount of heat from coal without the deterioration of the atmosphere. The success attained by Mr. Gibbs naturally suggests the application of the principle in many important directions in connection with the industrial arts as well as for steam-raising purposes and for domestic use by the suppression of open fires in stoves.—*London Times.*

Interesting Phenomena at Sea.

The Anchor Liner Anchoria, just arrived from New York after a quick run, reports as follows: About 350 miles east of the American coast and on the borders of the Gulf stream, the vessel passed through phenomena which, although frequent on a small scale, are extremely rare on such maximum grandeur of scale as that which enraptured the observers on the Anchoria. After the vessel had been running over twenty-four hours in a dense fog, the water around suddenly became so luminous that the mile-long shoals of small fish darting around the vessel seeking refuge from the sharks and other devouring enemies, gave the sea the appearance of a vast cauldron of boiling jewels, while the furrows of foam from the great ship's bows rolled in such blazing masses of light with flame as radiant as the smallest thread in the ship's rigging as clearly visible as the bright sunshine, and enveloped the vessel in such a mass of dazzling light violet-colored glare, that the engines had to be slowed a few hours until a storm of wind, bursting out from the northwest, cleared off the fog and broke the whole visible surface of the ocean into flying crests of flame-like foam of such brilliancy that the whole ocean seemed ablaze with floating, flashing flame, the whole horizon line having the appearance of an immense belt of light-blue fire. In short, the whole phenomenon was such a one as is rarely seen, the oldest and widest travelled seamen and officers never having seen anything at all to compare with it. This beautiful pyrotechnic display of nature lasted from 11 p. m. until 3.30 a. m., until lost in the eclipsing light of dawn.—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Stingy Young Man.

I would go across a muddy street of a very muddy day to shake hands with the person who stands at the head of this paragraph, and when I had shaken hands I should perhaps humbly beg him for his autograph or a lock of his hair. And wherefore? Because, to be a "stingy young man" means in popular parlance a young man who has the moral courage to spend his money in his own way. It means that because he happens to be in a crowd of addle-pated greenhorns who are throwing away their earnings in a manner that does not bring a return to them or any one else he refuses to "chip in." It means that he doesn't have a monthly whiskey, livery, theatre, florist or confectionery bill in excess of his monthly earnings. It means that he doesn't rob his employers, or, if he is a bank cashier, his bank to minister to his illicit pleasures. It means that his tailor bill is paid promptly, ditto his board bill; that if he has a mother or sister not too well off he can and does afford them an occasional generous gift. It means that while every designing girl of his acquaintance is not a recipient at his hands of costly flowers and confectionery, the girl he likes best has plenty of both and both are paid for. This term of reproach means also that while his generous colleague is talking slush about the extravagance of girls and the impossibility of supporting such creatures, that he, our "stingy young man," has a nice little bank account; has been accepted by his sweetheart and is giving her more comforts than the spendthrift, in his prodigal selfishness, thinks anybody but himself entitled to.

A Head that Knew a Thing or Two.

An extraordinary experiment was made at Bone, in Algeria, on May 29th, after the execution of a native who had murdered his brother and the latter's wife and father-in-law. As the head fell from the guillotine a doctor took it up and spoke a few words. Various movements of the man's eyes and mouth seemed to show that the words had been heard and understood.

The Princess Regent of Brazil, who is now making a favorable impression as administratrix, is 42 years old. She never signs her full name which is Isabella Christine-Leopoldine Augustine Michelli-Gabrielle Raphaelle Gonzague Princess of Brazil and Countess d'Eu.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

THE WORLD-FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY.

WHAT AILS YOU?

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ARE YOU SICK?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, careless and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

BILIOUS ATTACK.

DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. Y. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

A medicine