*********************************** The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

ety—real Irish eyes that look right into the depths of Gillian's soft, star-tled eyes, with that quick, bright glance—bold, tender, and respectful all in one, as only Irish eyes can look.

look.

Gillian recognizes in him in an in

Gillian recognizes in him in an instant, as he crosses the room with his quick swinging tread, and his felt hat in his hand, the tail athletic-looking figure in the light gray-tweed suit which she had seen on the quay at landing.

But not as Miss O'Neil recognizes him, with amazement and bewilder-

cause. "Will you not sit down and have tea with us, Mr. Archer?" "Thank you, I shall be very happy,"

he answers in a low tone, and for half a moment—if the idea were not

Assuredly one cannot but admire

him and like him and trust him-Anne

those smiling eyes and pleased lips mean-what that startled outcry of

Annie O'Neil's friend and iover!

she loves one, bright, and and true, who loves her in re-

CHAPTER III.

his name means

Anne O'Nell puts her cup down suddenly, and almost starts to her feet, with a light of surprised delight

For she is really and truly, even in the surprised delight. denly, and almost starts to her feet, with a light of surprised delight making her face radiant. ror sile is really and truly, even in these latter days of "advanced" young ladyhood, a girl of sensitive, womanly instincts, and innocent, wo-manly consciousness—modest, proud and she

"How do you know that? Do you

know Moore's poems? Do you like them? Do you like frish poetry?" she asks, breathlessly, her hands clasped unconsciously, her eyes a-glitter with excitement, the color burning red in her lips and cheeks.

"Why, she is actually rather handsome," Gillian thinks, amazed. "And some," Gillian thinks, amazed. "And she looks so plain in that hat and ulster! Certainly I like Irish poetry, delight in it, I may say, as far as I know it," sh: says aloud, and smiling, glad to have discovered some mutual ground for sympathy with this strange, sarcastic, deferential, scornful young person, who announces herself as "one of Lady" heir a sympathy with thick, close-cropped chest-with his a sympathy she is a sympathy force a fair.

A tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with thick, close-cropped chestnut hair, a sun-burned face, a fair, long moustache, and a pair of brilliant, ardent blue-gray eyes, full of humor, kindliness, and dare-devil gay-Damer's waiting women."

"I know all Moore's poems well, including 'Lallah Rookh,' and Denis Florence Macarty's poems," Gillian continues, a little shyly before the keen, eager eyes—the glowing, excited face that watches her.

"Do you indeed?" she says almost

"Do you indeed?" she says, almost softly, her clear, sharp voice rather tremulous. "You sing, of course, Miss Deeped." Do you sing Irish songs?" Gilian blushes girlishly, and laughs. "I do sometimes, when I am sure nobody can hear me," she says. "I have such a poor little voice, such a

ghost of a little contralto, and when I get nervous the little ghost vanish-I get nervous the little ghost values utterly! You must not say I can sing, Miss O'Neil, please," she adds, her eyes dilating with alarm. "I would not sing at Mount Ossory on any account or for any one!"

ghost of a little contralto, and when I get nervous the little ghost vanishes utterly! You must not say I can sing. Miss O'Neil, please," she adds, her eyes dilating with alarm. "I would not sing at Mount Ossory on any account or for any one!"

"And yet you would be listened to—did you sing ever so little—with the greatest attention, and thanks and compliments heaped on you," Miss O'Neil says, slowly, her bitter smile—cold as winter moonlight—glancing over the features which have grown pale and settled once again. "There is very little singing at Mount Ossory, except when there are visitors," she adds, as if in explanation of her dubiously-worded compliment. "And even then, the only one who car sing Irish songs—at least the only gentleman.—"

"I's Captain Lacy?—of course." interrupts Gillian, frowning a little. "The 'Admirable Crichton' warbling Moore's melodies!"

"No, indeed!" Miss O'Neil retorts, sharply, with quiet, fierce sarcasm in her tones. "A man of 'such very good form,' as Lady Damer says, as Captain Lacy singing Irish songs.

"Oh, I thought Captain Lacy was an Irishman, that is all!" Miss Deane."

"Oh, I thought Captain Lacy was an Irishman, that is all!" Miss Deane retorts on her side, getting impatient, and those gentle, loving lips of hers actually curving in displeased aversion to the captain, and his amae, and his entire individuality.

"The town of Athlone had the honor of being his birthplace, as it was that of his gallant father before him." Miss O'Neil says quite deliber.

dinner here for you as soon as I saw the boat come in and recognized you on deck Mi,ss O'Neil," he says, with another bow and smile which dillan fancles is but a humorous affectation of formality between people who are

being his birthplace, as it was that of his gallant father before him," Miss O'Neil says, quite deliberately, "but that does not make Captain Lacy an Irishman, Miss Deane! He is more English than a Londoner, more French than a Parislan, more more French than a Parislan, more than a Merican than a New Yorker, more the line it was most unlikely that was that of his gallant father before American than a New Yorker, more anything—than an Irishman!"

her, "that from the breakdown on the line it was most unlikely that Miss Deane and you could continue your journey this evening."
"I am sure we are very much ob-liged to you for your kindness," Gil-lian says, smiling brightly in her re-lief which seems to equal Miss O'-Neil's, and apparently for the same cause. "Will you not sit down and have ten with us. Matarshem "Oh!" Gillian says, very slowly, and a sudden sensation tightening round her innocent, timid heart, that Mount Ossory will not be a place of peace or happiness to her, though she must go there, and stay there for six or more; and that neither Lady Jeanette Damer nor Captain Bingham Lacy will contribute to her peace or happiness-she does not think of Mr. Damer, but then, nobody ever does-and that this world is a lonely, cold, and friendless place even if one be not nineteen years of and possesses a hundred thou-

sand pounds. "I am sorry to hear that," she her fair, young face growing e and cold; "because-" bold, blue eyes are suddenly down-cast, like those of a bashful boy, as The deferential waiter suddenly ap

pears at the door at the further end room.
e gentleman from Mount Ossory has called again to know if he can do anything more for the ladies before he leaves Ballyford!" the says, in respectful undertones And dillian is so occupied in won-dering at her own absurdity in ex-pecting to see the traditional red hair, check waistcoat, green coat with brass buttons, mellifluous brogue and 'bedads' and "at-all-at-alls," that she scarcely comprehends the essage for a few moments Miss Deane," Miss O'Neil says How happy she should be—must be! To her, Mount Ossory is no dreaded, lonely, friendless place—to her the wide world can never be desolate wherever her lot may lie since the layer one bright, and

"Miss Deane," Miss O'Neil says, in her low, sharp voice, her eyes fixed on the girl with coldest scrutiny, "what message, please? Capt. Lacy has called to have the pleasure of serving you, if he have not the pleasure of seeing you, as yet."

Gillian's soft, lily-pade cheeks are crimson again at the searcely-veiled sneer in tone and words alike; and her pride, always powerful if latent in a noble nature, rouses into strength.

ength.
I shall like to see Capt. Lacy, to "I shall like to see Capt. Lacy, to thank him," she says, calmly, with those burning cheeks and dark eyes sparkling and dilating. "Will you ask the gentleman to walk upstairs, please?" to the waiter, who noiselessly disappears, and a minute later flings the door open. And Gillan hears a quick, strong step coming lightly up the steps, and striding as I knew Miss Deane and you were expected by the steamer, I, of course, endeavored to anticipate her ladyship's wishes in every re-

"Why does she?" Gillian asks, breathlessly, her heart beating high as she looks up in George Archer's handsome face, with the brave, bright eyes, and the firm, well-cut lips smiling under his moustache; so kind, and brave and gay and true he looks. Anne O'Neil's lover.

A man for whom a woman might dare the wide world, and find her earthly heaven in his faithful love. Anne O'Neil's lover. That the woman he loves is below him in station, is no hinderance at all to Gillian's ardent, generous imaginings. She can see that Anne O'Neil is a gentlewoman by education and instinct; she can see that as clearly as Anne O'Neil's lover does. She can imagine in her girlish romance, how deep, and fond, and faithful is the hidden love of Anne O'Neil's gallant lover for the lonely girl who is the humble dependent of a haughty lady. Perhaps that is why Lady Damer dislikes him.

The idea comes to Gillian like an inspiration, with the ways of soles.

The idea comes to Gillian like an inspiration, with the wave of color that surges over her whites face, and soft, round throat, almost as soon as she has asked the question. "I do not quite know," he says, slowly, his blue eyes full of earnestness as they gaze down at Gillian's girlish blushes from his stalwart height—six feet one as he stands in the yellow light before her. "On my honor, I do not quite know, Miss Deane. The only reason I can guess at"—he falters a little, or his voice grows a little husky, and he looks down for a moment—"is no just reason at all."

But Gillian could tell them both the reason easily if need were. If it were possible they did not know it if general reason they were to be supported to the test. The idea comes to Gillian like an

it were possible they did not know it. If she dare venture to intrude herself into the happy secret of their lives—those two, who love each other—and she, poor, lonely, friendless Gillian unimportant to any one, unloved by any one in the wide world, unimportant, insignificant, save for the golden weights attached to her slender hands—the sordid wealth that will buy for her consideration, flattery, homage, but never—never love! never-never love!

And then the tall, stalwart figure in gray, with the keen, kindly blue eyes grows dim for a mo-ment and the fire is blurred into ment and the fire is blurred into a crimson star before Gillian's

gaze.
"But this I do know," George "But this I do know," George Archer says, more slowly, his eyes fixed on her face, "that the fact of my having had the pleasure of being able to render a slight service to you and Miss O'Neil this evening, and the fact being the street of the service to you are the you are the service to you are the service to you are the service to you are the year.

Miss O'Nell this evening, and the fact of your having kindly received me, will be no additional recommendation to Lady Damer on my account."

"Dear me. That does not matter, surely." Anne O'Neil interrupts, sharply, with a forced laugh; but Gillian can see how agitated she is, and how her lingers nervously push away the loose, wavy locks of bright, dark hair that lie on her brow. "You can exist even if you do 'Sail in the north of my lady's opinion,' Mr. Archer, almost as easily as my lady can hold that opinion. And besides," with her sarcastic smile glittering in her brilliant eyes as she looks up at Geroge Archer's honest, rather troubled face, "you are giving Miss Deane All server. Deane All sorts of impressions of Lady Damer and Mount Ossory. Pléase leave her to form her own, Mr. Archer. You will make Miss Deane imagine that Lady Damer is a tyran-nical or unamiable person. "you are giving Miss

nical or unamiable person, and that your mission in life seems to be to play Mordecai in the Gate." "No. I don't think it is quite so bad as that." George Archer says, with a slight shrug of his shoulders and a curious long look at Gillian as he takes up his hat and moves away a few paces. "I don't think that Lacy would like to see me hanged."

"What a horrible thing for you to say!" Anne O'Nell exclaims, sharply, her color wising approximately.

her color rising angrily, and then fading until her very lips are pale. fading until her very lips are pale.
"I wonder you are not afraid of shocking Miss Deane!" she adds in a lower tone, with a rapid warning glance. "Excuse me, Miss Deane, a moment," she adds, hurriedly. "I want to get a little parcel out of my bag for Mr. Archer's housekeeper, if I may trouble you with it," she adds, with a second glance at him as she leaves the room.
"And are you going?" Gillian asks, rising as she sees him stand waiting. And then, as she offers him her little hand in kindly frankness, a sudden suggestion comes to her to prove to those people, who neither know her, nor like her, nor trust her, that they may at least be sure she is no secret foe.
"Would you wish, from what you said awhile ago I thought that you would wish."

half a moment—if the idea were not absurd—Gillian imagines that this bold, big, handsome man of six or seven and twenty is a little afraid of her—a little embarrassed in her presence—if it were not too ridiculous—Gillian imagines that his bright, sun-tanned face flushes as she smiles and hands him a cup of tea, and his bold, blue eves are switcht.

cast, like those of a bashful boy, as he meets the kindly light of her innocent admiring gaze. For assuredly one cannot but like him—Gillian gravely assured herself. not but like him—Gillian gravely assured herself.

He is a goodly man in the very flower of manhood, this friend of Anne O'Neil's—George Archer—his very name is like himself, honest, gay and bold. "Would you wish, from what you said awhile ago I thought that you would wish," she begins stammering, shyly and then blushing violently because she feels that in some way George Archer is utterly misunderstanding her—that he is in fact standing breathless in astonishment at this strange English girl's hehim and like him and trust him—Anne O'Neil's friend and lover.
Gillian knows—even in her innocent ignorance of love and lovers—what that glad, bright blush meant—what those swilling voca and pieced like. at this strange English girl's

"I thought you would prefer that I should not tell Lady Damer that you called to see me," she manages to say, crimson and hot, and afraid to lift shame and annoyance at the un-necessary interest she has displayed— the unnecessary suggestion she has made; at the silent wonderment, and the secret ridicule, perchance, which her romantic, and rather undignified conduct is exciting in Germandian

"Lady Damer did not know you were coming, surely?" Gillian hears Anne O'Neil say presently, in a rapid undertone; but George Archer faar I answers with a slight laugh, decisively and clearly." conduct is exciting in George Archer "I have not the least reason to Anne O'Aeil say presently, in a rapid undertone; but George Archer answers with a slight laugh, decisively and clearly:

"Oh, dear, no! Not at all! I happened to be in Ballyford, and, from that lady's disfavor, but, for myself, I assure you, I utterly disregard it. I owe Lady Damer nothing. Sile owes me a bitter gradge—heaven only knows why. But, at all events, her enmity has no power to render me accountable for my actions to ler!"

ERRORS IN THE BIBLE:

course, endeavored to anticipate her ladyship's wishes in every respect."

And then he sees Gillian's velvety dark eyes fixed on him with a timid inquiry; for his voice is as full of sarcasm as Anne O'Neil's had been, and his blue eyes are full of defiant mirthfulness.

The mirth and the scornfulness fade a little as he sees the questioning look in Gillian's innocent, grave eyes.

But I, nevertheless, regret to say that I am no favorite of Lady Damer's, Miss Deane," he says, with a faint, explanatory smile. "Indeed, I may say her ladyship does me the honor to peculiarly dislike me. You would discover this trifling fact so very soon that I presume to anticipate anyone else in informing you of it."

"Why does she?" Gillian asks, breathlessly, her heart beating high as she looks up in George Archer's handsome face, with the brave, bright eyes, and the firm, well-cut lips smilting under his moustache; so kind, and brave and gay and true he looks. Anne O'Neil's lover.

A man for whom a woman might dare the wide world, and find her Archer's head with its close-cut waves of thick auburn hair stoops—a long way down—to be nearer to Gillian's pretty little classic head, highwreathed with fluffy coils of soft brown hair, and short, rippling locks lying above her brow.

"But I do now, ten thousand times over. Cead mille fealtha to you Miss Deane!"
"Ten thousand welcomes," trans-

"Ten thousand welcomes," translates Gillian, with a sly little smile, but looking up with a swift, timid glance into the ardent Irish eyes gazing down at her, and the smiling lips that utter the greeting.

"Yes. And I wish them with all my heart," he answers warmly.

And then he presses her hand once more, bows and walks away.

And Gillian gazes after him with her innocent, wistful eyes as he goes, until he reaches the door, and then, as he turns for a final courteous glance of addeu, a sudden tremor of shy dread makes her hastily turn away and gaze into the fire, and so George Archer only sees in that final glance the little thin white hand that supports her head, and the loose coils of soft, brown hair.

Outside on the staircase, her silm figure half concealed by a big vase of flowering hydrangea, Anne O'Neil is waiting for him.

"You are clever," she says with a somewhat sardonic smile. "I never thought of this plan. What will Capt.

"You are clever," she says with a somewhat sardonic smile. "I never thought of this plan. What will Capt. Lacy say to you for outgeneraling him in this fashion, George?"
"Say I ought to be ashamed of myself," says the young man, curtly and moodily, "and so I am."
"Ashamed of yourself!" she repeats, in accents of angry surprise.
"To the very depths of my heart," he says, more curtly and sharply. "I am, Anne. I did not think what she would be like. I am ashamed to look in her eyes."
"Why, pray?" Anne O'Neil demands.

"Why, pray?" Anne O'Neil demands, "Why, pray?" Anne O'Neil demands, in her scornful tones. "Isn't all fair in love and war, as Bingham Lacy so often tells you? If you have gained the advantage now, he may, hy and by, you know." "He!" repeats George Archer, in tones equally scornful; "as if I were thinking about him! Lacy can take care of himself. It's about her! Anne, it's like stalking a fittle white fawn, and I should expect a curse

Anne, it's like stalking a little white I fawn, and I should expect a curse would fall on me if I succeeded. Lacy said 'a fair field and no favor,' if you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," Anne Q'Neil says, quietly, but with hands clutched until the nails cut into the palms. "Well?"

"Well, it's the field to himself, as far as I am concerned," George Archer says, abruptly, putting on his hat and going down a step or two of the stairs.

"I am ashamed of myself, and ashamed of having intruded myself on her this evening, and ashamed of having won her thanks and smiles so falsely; and, as heaven hears me, I'll do so no more!" he says, agitat-I'll do so no more!" he says, agitatedly. "I know you are vexed and ilsappointed, Anne, and I know you thonestly and kindly wished me success for my own sake; but it is too false, and treacherous, and cruel an affair for me to care for, for even twice the reward."

"A hundred thousand pounds, and an inneart trades in the care to care for the care for th

an innocent, tender-hearted, pretty Anne O'Neil says, quietly as "Very well. It will not be too girl," alse, and too treacherous, and cruel for Bingham Lacy, you may be sure. The field to himself,' you say? Very well. His success is certain. Good-

vening, George!" And she turns away at once toward the door of an adjoining room.
"Well, but Anne, wait a minute!"
he calls, engerly, following her. "I
must tell you this much, Anne!" he
pleads; but the door is shut almost in his face, and he goes down-stairs with a slow, reluctant step and a

with a slow, reluctant step and a clouded brow.

"The field to himself, and his success is certain," he mutters, turning into the coffee-room in sheer absence of mind, and sitting down vaguely at a table to stare at a Punch three months old. "It will not be too false, and cruel, and treacherous for Lacy, as she said, and I beerous for Lacy, as she said, and I be lieve she knows too well how true she spoke—poor Anne! And poor little Gillian, more unfortunate by far!" he nuses, drearily, vaguely reading extremely vapid jokes at the same which, it is needless to say, de-presses his spirits to the very low-est degree. "But, if it must be so, it must. Poor little Gillian! I see no chance for honor in that path, and through dishonor I will never try to reach you, I swear solemnly!"

Two minutes later and the hustle of fresh arrivals reaches him from the hall, and glancing over the paper which he folds before his face, he sees the group who have just the group who have just

Foremost of the party-taking the roremost of the party—taking the lead, as it were, as it seems indeed but the lady's natural employment—is a tall, slender woman, with a haughty head well carried, piercing lbright eyes, and majestic draperies. The gentleman on whose arm she leans is a very elegant-looking young man, pale and very fair, with a faultless figure and a perfectly-cut coat.

at coat. And the rear is brought up by rather short, brozdly-built, elderly man, with a ruddy color and grizzled whiskers. This individual seems to be laden with the light lugzage of the party, as a courier bag is slung over his shoulder, another hangs on his arm, a carriage shawl

How Some Editions Have Been Marred By Careless Printers.

************************************ must be given credit for exercising great care in guarding against the appearance in the sacred book of typographical errors. Yet "mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," and even though an exceptional degree of perfection must be awarded to the publishers referred to they have at times permitted blunders to creep into the pages of the Bible that prove their fallibility and the fallibility of the printers and prcofreaders they employ.

Six thousand errors are said to have been contained in what was known as the Pearl Bible, which was printed in England in 1633. The printer was accused of being a forger and some of the perverted texts were inserted by him for a consideration. It is asserted that he was paid £1,-500 by the independents to corrupt a text in Acts, vi., 3, by substituting a "ye" for a "we," the intent being to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. In Romans, vl., 13, "righteousness" was printed for "unrighteousness," and in I. Corinthians, vi., 9, a "not" was omitted, so that the text read: "The unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God," During the wars between the Cavaliers and Roundheads many thousands of Bibles were imported into England from Holland, but were destroyed, inasmuch as they infringed the rights of the English printer. Forged and corrupted texts abounded in these versions of the Six thousand errors are said to printer. Forged and corrupted texts abounded in these versions of the Scriptures.

A Curious French Translation.
One of the most curious of all translations of the Bible is that which was printed in French by Anthony Bennemere in Paris, in 1538, when Francis I. was King. The preface declares that this Bible was originally printed at the request of his most Christian Majesty, Charles III. in 1495, and that the French translator "has added nothing but the genuine truth, according to the express terms of the Latin Bible, nor omitted anything but what was improper to A Curious French Translation. anything but what was improper to be translated." The marvellous accuracy of this version may be judged from the following interpolation in the 32nd chapter of Exodus at the 20th verse. "The ashes of the golden calf, which Moses caused to be burned and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Jevolitze trait." drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it; by which they appeared with gilt beards as a peculiar mark to distinguish those who had worshipped the cal." This is only one of several interpolations in the same

version.

Pope Sixtus V. was especially unfortunate in his efforts to have an absolutely correct edition of the vulgate. He revised and corrected every sheet with his own hands and on publication of this Bible prefixed to the first edition a bull excommunicat. version. publication of this Bible prefixed to the first edition a bull excommunicat-ing all printers, who in re-printing should make any alteration of the text. Yet the book swarms with blunders and it was necessary to print a multitude of scraps to paste over the erroneous passages and giv-ing the true text.

Treacle and Vinegar Bibies, Most collectors of rare books are

Publishers of the Holy Scriptures | May, 1541, makes Jeremiah vili. 22 ask: "Is there no tryacle at Gilead" In another edition the word "rotin" In another edition the word "rosin" is substituted for "treacle" in the same passage. The "bug bible" derives its name from the fact that the printers alleged that unpleasant insect to be "the terror of night," mentioned in the fifth verse of psalm xci. The "wicked bible" omitted the word "not" from the seventh commandment. The "vinegar" bible, printed at the Clarendon press, Oxford, in 1717, is so called because the twentieth chapter of Luke's goapel is made to contain the alleged the twentieth chapter of Luke's gos-pel is made to contain the alleged "parable of the vinegar" instead of "vineyard." "Blessed are the place-makers" said Matthew vi, 9, at a time when political corruption was rampant in England, and this was looked upon as a good loke. The

rampant in England, and this was looked upon as a good joke. The "breeches bible," printed at Geneva, in 1550, only followed Wycliffe's translation in saying that Adam and Eve "made themselves breeches." Jacob's present to Joseph (Genesis, xliii, 11) taxed the ingenuity and resources of the early translators who knew nothing about the botany of Palestine. One translator sugwho knew nothing about the botany of Palestine. One translator suggested "laudanum" as part of the offering. In his manuscripts in the Bodleian library Wycliffe translates the first item on the list as "a lytle of precious liquor of sibote," and adds with roguish humor in the margin that this "precious liquor" is "ginne." A Gothic bishop in translating the bible is said to have omitted the Book of Kings, lest reading of the wars described therein might increase the propensity of his flock for fighting. propensity of his flock for fighting, Dr. Alexander Geddes, in 1792, intro-duced the English Catholics to He-brow. brew "constables" and translated the passover as "the skipover."

Mistakes in the Prayer Book. Mistakes in the Prayer Book.

"The Book of Common Prayer" has
also suffered from various printers.
A good story comes down from revolutionary days, and was published in some of the newspapers in
1776. An English printer omitted
the first letter of the word "changed" in the following text: "We shall
be changed in the twinkling of an
eye." A clergyman less familiar
with the sacred scriptures, and perbe changed in the twinkling of an eye." A clergyman less familiar with the sacred scriptures, and perhaps less attentive to his duties, than he ought to have been, read it to his congregation as it was printed, thus, "We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye." One cannot help being reminded of One cannot help being reminded of Franklin's epigrammatic advice to the continental congress: "We must the continental congress: "We must hang together or hang separately." As late as 1813 the Ciarendon Press, Oxford, misprinted the Litany so that it read in two places: "O, Lamb of God, which takest away the sine of the Lord." In such the the sins of the Lord." In anoth ediction a prayer concluded thus:
"Through the unrighteousness of
our Lord Jesus Christ."

An eminent divine once said that

our Lord Jesus Christ."

An eminent divine once said that if by any possibility the Bible should be completely destroyed and iost, it could still be reconstructed from the cuotations from the scriptures in general literature. It is to be feared that this theologian was inclined to hyperbole. But if by any clined to hyperbole. But if by any possibility he were required to col-lect the sacred texts from general literature, the probability is that an enormous number of curious a an enormous number of curious a aware that there are several "treacle bibles." Thus Cranmer's bible of found.

trails after him along the floor, and THEY ARE HARD SLEEPERS.

the clutches a small parcel and a roll of papers as well.

"As I live!" George Archer says, "As I live!" George Archer says, half aloud, and starting to his feet in dismay. "But my lady must suspect! She is on my track already! She has actually brought Lacy up to his guns, and dragged her poor husband after her chariot to witness her victory! Good-bve, poor little! victory! her victory! Good-bye, poor little Gillian, your fate is sealed. I should have no chance now even if I tried."

And then he recollects the unad-

visability of presenting himself their notice just at this moment, and sinks down in his chair, and holds up his paper before his face once more. For a colloquy between the mem-For a colloquy between the members of the party is going on at the very door of the coffee-room.
"I think you and Lacy had better go up first, Lady Damer, my dear," that lady new that the lady new the

lady's obedient husband and humble servant suggests earnestly.
"I think I shall just sit here five nutes and have a glass of sherry, and then come up after you."

"As you please," Mr. Damer's consort replies, with cool indifference.

As you please, "Mr. Damer's consort replies, with cool indifference. "If you choose to sit in the coffeeroom for the next hour, Mr. Damer, that is your affair; I only request that you will not drink more hot whisky and water than will enable you to heave respectable, when you you to behave respectably, when you do condescend to join us! Come, Bingham!

And without condescending to lisen to the indignant exculpation of himself from any such fell designs as she has attributed to him, which Mr. Damer is attempting, she ascends the taircase straight and majestic, with deliberate steps and trailing silken draperies, as if she were ascending the steps of a throne. Her nephew silently follows her, and

Mr. Damer-waiting but for the last glimpse of his imperious wife to disappear, with the usual perfidy of married men-hastily gives the waiter an order for whiskey, sugar, lemon, and hot water, and, turning into the coffee-room, flings aside his incum-brances with disrespectful haste, un-buttons his overcoat, and is throw-ing himself into an easy-chair with a loud sigh of relief, when he sud-denly perceives George Archer. (To be Continued.)

Another Name for Burial.

The following amusing story is told of a clergyman who, in the lottery of matrimony, had not had much luck. On one occasion, when he was about to perform the marriage ceremony, he opened the prayer book at the burial service by mistake, and commenced reading. "Sir, sir, you mistake! I came to be married, not buried!" "Weil," gaplied the clergyman, "if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had far better be buried."

Beauty's Greatest Hardship.

"Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman, as she fell back, clutching at her to flutter to the floor.

Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying:

"What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?"

"No-no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."

Chicago Record Harald. The following amusing story is told

Arabs Can Enjoy a Nap Under Many Disadvantageous Conditions.

A recent traveller in Central Africa gives several instances of the capac-ity for sleep developed by his Arab servants. He mentions one of these being undisturbed by the dis-of firearms within two feet charge of firearms within two re of his head. Another is described

follows:

"Salam, our Arab boy, sleeps more soundly than anyone else I have ever come across. It is a task of no ordinary magnitude to wake him.

"He tells a story in regard to himself to the effect that one night when he was travelling with an Arab in North Africa he had to sleep with their donkey tethered to his leg to keep it from running away. When he woke in the morning he found that his donkey had wandered away to a considerable distance and had dragged him along. Judging from our own experience of his sleeping powers, we experience of his sleeping powers, we do not think the story incredible.

NUTS AS FOOD.

Articles of Diet That Should Not be

Nuts are beginning to take their place as factors in the catering for a family, says the Woman's Home Companion. They contain a large amount of nourishment, and owing to their oily nature digest easily. Eaten with salt they are palutable. Either as a dessert course or salted and used as a reliable their

Eaten with salt they are palatable. Either as a dessert course or salted and used as a relish, their value is the same. They are not expensive, for from the peanut through the imported varieties they can be bought in bulk at small cost.

The peanut has many good qualities to recommend it, and from its low estate is coming to the front as an important item in dietetics. It is supposed to cure insomnia if eaten just before retiring. Salted, they are much cheaper than almonds. The small hickory nut, at a few cents a quart, can be used on the most economical table. The English walnut makes a very good salad blanched and were. economical table. The English wal-nut makes a very good salad blanched and used with celery. Fil-berts, almonds and Brazil nuts are more expensive, but as only a few are needed at a time the cost is not great.