

## STORY OF AN OPAL.

I believe the opal is a gem of ill-omen to believe in life, in love, in music? I my little pet belief that is dear soul! Let me tell you a story for you.

Let us go out and stroll on the beach. It is pleasanter there than here in the ball room, and vastly better for the dancers. Besides, I think you are a dancer.

So, I never tire of that; the wait is a path to paradise for me. But I will go with you, for it is very warm here.

The long piazza faced the beach, and the music of the lapping waves mingled with the strains that came floating out from the dancers' feet. The moon and stars shone down with a soft glow. Yet Miss Merton shivered as the salt wind touched her, and her filmy mantle clung about her shoulders.

"We will go inside if you are cold," said her companion, noticing the movement. "Perhaps you are not used to the night air."

No. It always makes me cold to think of an opal. They call the light in warming, but it chills me instead of warming. It is as changing and treacherous as the wind.

The sea has been my good friend," said she. "I have found that its changes are good."

"That is all very well for a man, lieutenant. But a woman needs something more from men. There should be no opal in their lives to disturb its calm. Why I have opals—one did that for me."

"The young officer laughed gently. "Fancy will do much—for a woman," he remarked.

"If you are going to laugh and fling at me, I have done, said Miss Merton. "I find better amusement than being laughed at in the ball room."

"I beg your pardon. I will be very good," answered, coquettishly.

A few moments they walked on silently until they were at the farthest end of the piazza. Then Miss Merton began her story. Her voice was low and musical, and at Lieutenant Phelps—who had long been beyond the sound of any woman's voice—was content simply to listen to the smooth flow. But she had only spoken a few words before he began to find her very absorbing interest.

"This opal," said Miss Merton, "was given by a man to the woman whom he did love. The man believed in the

should not be telling you this now if I could not say that honestly. But when she gave me the opal she tempted me. She said:

"See how it glows, Helen, like fire. I think he is like that. If I am not careful I will get singed in the flame."

"I had never been without men about me, but they were little men. There was no fire in them and I thought I should at last like to play with the flame—although I knew it burned for another. That evening I wore the ring and Harry Germain saw it on my hand. I told him whose it was and why I wore it."

"This is capital," he said; 'let me wear it and it will serve its purpose better still. If he sees me have it he will be insanely jealous.'

"I hesitated for a moment, and then gave it to him."

"Perhaps it was because Lieutenant Phelps was so much in love, that he dropped the hand that had been resting on his arm and leaned back against one of the pillars of the piazza."

"I knew," continued Miss Merton, "that if he were jealous the flame would be easily kindled for me to play with, but I did not think of what might follow. He saw the ring and went at once to Agnes."

"You have given the ring to Harry Germain?" he said.

"She was frightened at his brusqueness and she faltered in her speech. 'Oh, don't trouble to deny it,' he said, 'I have seen it on his hand. I thought there was some one between us. I know now.'

"Then, without another word, he turned away from her. Her first impulse was to follow him, to call out, to cry to him that it was all a mistake. But then her pride revolted, and when Harry Germain came up and asked her to dance she went off with him, laughing as brightly as she ever had, and he saw them together and saw that Germain still wore his ring."

"And you," queried the lieutenant. "I hope you won't that for which you played?"

"He went away that night," she replied. "I never saw him again until to-day."

Again they stood silent and looked at the sea and sky, but not at each other. Presently the man spoke.

"Where is she now?"

"In the ball room by this time. She said she would come down later."

"Did she know that you were going to tell me this?"

"No."

He turned and left her without a word—walking rapidly down the long piazza and she saw him disappear within one of the low windows. Then she sighed wearily.

"I only told him half the truth," she said. "I wonder if it would have been better to have told him all. I know she can never care for him as I do."

The lieutenant stopped to give one swift about; then walked straight across the polished floor. In front of Agnes Wilton he stopped again and looked at her quietly a moment before he spoke. In that moment he had time to see that an opal glowed like a coal of living fire upon her hand.

She looked up and met his glance steadily, but she was very pale.

"There is a legend," he said, bending toward her, "that if the love that gave it grows cold the opal's fire will grow dim. Do you believe it?"

"Yes," she answered, so low that he could just hear the words, "but mine never has grown dim. Its fire has warmed me through all the long years—oh, so long," she said, "each one longer than the other. But I knew you would come—the opal told me."

A little later some one said:

"Why there is Jack Phelps dancing with Agnes Wilton. They quarrelled desperately three years ago and she sent him away. But he is back, like a moth to the candle."

"The candle," said another, "is that magnificent opal ring that she wears. Jack gave it to her and it has never left her hand since he went away."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Merton, to whom the conversation was half addressed, "the opal is a stone of evil omen. I would not wear one for the world. And although the night was warm, she shivered."

Drivers on London Streets.

As a rule, the carelessness of the driver varies somewhat in proportion to the invulnerability of the vehicle that he drives. The driver of the hansom cab, though he often outrivals Jehu in the speed and fury of his driving, is always on the alert, and rarely fails to pull up his horse in midcareer and avoid the collision which threatens him. To travel swiftly, to cut in and out of slower carriages, is the life of the hansom. We engage it for that purpose, and its driver seldom disappoints us. But the hansom is an extremely vulnerable vehicle; even in collision with the four-wheeler it will surely fare the worse. Hence it comes about that the driver of a hansom keeps a sharp lookout for obstacles, and prefers pulling his horse on his haunches to running over the innocent foot passenger.

It is curious that, with all their speed, both hansom and butcher carriage—by far the swiftest of the wheeled denizens of our streets—have fewer accidents laid to their account than their slower fellows. The omnibus driver is also of a careful nature. He, too, confounds a carriage that cannot go into action with impunity. The omnibus can afford to bully the hansom or the brougham, but it dare not jostle the van of its own size. As regards foot passengers, the driver has a natural tenderness toward an unprotected race who supply him with fares.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from fewer than sixteen different countries, employing forty-five different hands.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



THE GOWN OF THE SEASON?



DAINTY COMBINATION OF FUR AND VELVET.



A NATTY TAILOR MADE GOWN.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Toilet Hints.

Corn-meal is excellent for rough and sore hands.

A very good toilet water is made with one quart of deodorized alcohol and one ounce of rose-water.

When the hair is to be washed, the first thing to do is to scratch the scalp gently with a comb, not fine, to loosen the dead skin that may have formed, using also a fine emollient. This is easily done by parting the hair. After this take a piece of flannel, ten or twelve inches square, and rub the scalp in every part with tar soap, dividing the hair as before. Then, with neck and shoulders properly protected with towels, wash the head in hot water, applying more soap, if necessary. Use waters enough to clean the scalp, and to cleanse the hair thoroughly, five or six perhaps, making the temperature cooler every time until the last one is barely tepid. Then wipe well with Turkish towels,—these absorb the moisture best,—in cold weather making them quite hot before using; in summer this is not necessary. When the hair is nearly dry, straighten it out, and carefully dry it out. Then it can be dressed.

For Moth Patches.

This remedy has been well tested and has never been known to fail. One case was of four years' standing. It leaves the skin without a mark or blemish, and as soft and smooth as an infant's. Procure from a druggist a 10% solution of salicylic acid, and in another bottle equal parts of rose-water and glycerine. Use the solution of acid often, every hour if possible, dabbing it on with a soft, linen cloth. The glycerine is to be used morning and evening and will prevent the skin from becoming inflamed. Use the acid until the outer cuticle peels off. It leaves no scar. In addition the system must be cleansed. This is a good complexion beautifier: One part sulphur, one part cream of tartar, one part rhubarb, all powdered and well mixed. Dose for an adult one teaspoonful in a wine glass of water, upon rising in the morning. Take every third day for one month.

Have a Bath Room.

Few old-fashioned houses can boast of a bath room. Yet what a necessity and luxury both the inmates of those same houses are deprived of. For what class of people do manual labor requires a bath room more than the farmer? By necessity he comes in daily contact with the soil, and hard, perspiring labor, and a nice, comfortable bath room is really not a thing unattainable, even in those old-fashioned houses, for there is always some small room that can be fitted up for the purpose at very little expense. At least a good tub-tub, with all of the accessories for bathing conveniently at hand, can be had even if you have to carry the water in pails, and that is better than no tub at all. You can easily have drainage fixed to carry off the dirty water, if you cannot have the water brought in pipes.

Leaks in Tinware.

A housekeeper who has a box of oil paints handy, can use a tube to advantage in stopping small leaks in tinware, such as wash basins, dippers, etc. Squeeze a little flake white over the hole, hang up the vessel and let it dry thoroughly. A broken glass or cup can be mended by coating the edges of the pieces with white paint, pressing together and setting away to dry. It will have a glass which has been used two years since being mended in this way and it holds boiling hot tea on occasion.

Some New Desserts.

Bananas, oranges and nuts are good staple desserts for the winter. Stuffed Bananas are recommended. Purchase the fairest and best looking bananas obtainable. Remove carefully one section of the banana skin, not breaking it off as it is to be replaced, and scoop out the pulp, mashing it fine. For four bananas, add two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar, one cupful of cream whipped and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Mix well, fill the skins and replace the section of skin, tucking, if necessary, with a thread. Pack in tin boxes surrounded with equal parts of sawdust and ice. To prevent the salt water from reaching the inside of the box, wind buttered cheese cloth around the covers and seams of the boxes. Let it stand for two hours and serve each banana on a doily, tying with a white ribbon. The result might be termed a glorified banana.

Orange Apple Sauce.—Pare, core and cut into quarters one pound of apples. Put three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a half-pint of water on to boil. Boil and skim; then add the grated rind of one orange; boil a moment longer, until syrupy like, then add the pulp of two oranges and the apples. Cover the saucepan and cook very slowly, until the apples are clear and tender, but perfectly white. Sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and serve cold.

Orange Pie.—Grate the yellow rind and squeeze the juice of two large, deep-colored oranges, mix well and save out a tablespoonful. Beat to a cream half a pound of butter and half a pound of powdered sugar. Add the yolks of six eggs beaten light and the orange juice. Now stir in the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and pour the mixture into pie plates lined with puff paste. Bake in a quick oven. When done spread with a meringue made of the whites of the other two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the tablespoonful of juice, and set them in the oven to brown. This quantity will make two pies.

Orange Ice-cream.—From a five cent baker's loaf of stale bread cut off all the crust, and grate or crumble the inside as fine as possible. Pour over it one quart of boiling milk, add a quarter of a pound of butter and the same of sugar. Let it stand until cold. Then add the grated rind of one, and the pulp and juice of two large oranges and six eggs beaten light. Pour into a buttered dish and bake one hour. Serve hot or cold.

Every tiny protuberance on a branch of coral represents a living animal, which grows from it like a plant.

Dandelions were in blossom last in week some parts of Ontario.

## What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allay feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."  
Dr. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."  
Dr. J. F. KINCHELOD, Conway, Ark.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. ANCKER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their office practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,  
The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

## ABOUT ELEVATION.

The Notions of What It Really Implies Vary With Every Variation of Character.

The word elevation, in its primary meaning, is simply the raising of a material object from a lower to a higher position in space. But it is also a word in every general use, as applied to human beings; and while, of course, here its material sense can be only a symbol, its real signification is by no means fixed or definite. Much is said and written on the elevation of man; and there are few, if any, persons at once free and intelligent, who do not desire it for themselves or their children; yet the notions of what it really implies vary with every variation of character, and are often so vague as to preclude any definite and practical efforts to obtain it.

In some minds, elevation stands for an increase of financial income. A man must be able to procure a better house, more comforts and luxuries for himself, and higher advantages for his children. Especially is this the thought, if he is thus raised above the necessity of labor, and if he is thereby able to enter into what are called the upper classes of society, and join in a life of fashion and expense that were once foreign to all his habits. Others look upon elevation as being lifted into places of trust and power, filling important positions, rising from obscurity into popularity, from seclusion into public notice. There is also the thought of being elevated by means of education. The advantages of school, of college, of professional study, of technical instruction, of lectures and classes on every subject, constitute for some the only factors of true elevation.

There is a medium of truth in all these definitions, yet they are all inadequate. The real difference between the elevation of an inanimate object and that of a man, is that the force which raises the one must come from without, and that which raises the other must come from within. It is an external impulse from the hand of man, were that the ball high up in the air; it is the strength of the wind that whirls the leaf aloft; it is the action of gases that lifts the balloon out of our sight, and the power of steam that heaves the granite from its rocky bed. In a certain way, then, too, may be lifted by external pressure. Wealth may be poured in upon him by some turn of fortune's wheel, and his condition changed from poverty to ease and comfort. Society now opens doors to him that were closed before, and he is welcomed into circles which he had never expected to enter. But is he thus really elevated? Like the balloon, his position in the world is elevated, and, like the balloon, he is himself the same as he was before. The real elevation of which man is capable never leaves him as it found him. It may or may not effect his surroundings; but it will always raise his character and transform him into a better or wiser or nobler man. No one can do this for him; it must be done if at all, by the action of an inward force, enhancing his powers, uplifting his thoughts, purifying his feelings, heightening his aims. For example, suppose that his wealth has been gained, not by gift or accident, or speculation, but in response to the energy of his endeavors and the wisdom of his plans. He has been thrifty, self-controlled, industrious, intelligent, honorable, and has thus gained not only property, but the respect and esteem of his fellow men, who hasten to place him in positions of trust and honor with their confidence. This is true elevation, for his powers have been strengthened, his wisdom has increased, his character has become enriched. Nor is such elevation necessarily connected with outward prosperity. Had misfortune overtaken him in the process, and left him as poor and unknown as before, though his position in the world would have been unchanged, his ability and character would have risen, and he would have become a finer type of man.

One man, through favor, or influence, or interest, gains a high office in political life. Another, without any of these accessories, wins an equal place through his fitness for it, gained by long years of faithful, loyal service and gradual preparation. The former, notwithstanding his official position has undergone no more improvement than the mineral which was dug from the earth. As he was before, so he remains. The latter has become truly elevated, for he has

risen in worth; the force from within has developed his powers and fitted him for higher usefulness. One youth has been put through the various stages of school and college life; he has been sent abroad for culture, and has had done for him all that money and friends can do. Yet, with all this external pushing upwards, he may not have half the true mental elevation of another who without any advantages but what he has earned for himself, is yet a close thinker; a strenuous seeker after truth; an earnest wrestler with mental difficulties; a student, not merely of books, but of men and of nature.

The same is true of moral character. It cannot be really elevated by external force. People may awaken and inspire and help each other by their interest, sympathy, advice and influence, but if the character is to be built up into fair and beautiful proportions, it must be by the personal force of the individual himself. Goodness, truly, "lives like architect; as a huge quarry he" before the architect; he does not let the name of an architect; except when, out of its fortuitous mass, he can combine with the greatest economy and fitness, and durability; some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things within out us, may I may add, all things on us, are mere elements, but deep within us lies the creative force, which out of these can produce what they were meant to be."

## FORESTERS ARRESTED.

A. E. Stevenson, of the Canadian Order and Mr. Rosenbaum of Illinois.

A despatch from Chicago says:—Ex-Supreme Chief Ranger of the Illinois Foresters, H. Rosenbaum, and Deputy Supreme Chief Ranger A. E. Stevenson, of the Canadian Order, were held at the Criminal Court on Tuesday morning on charges of acting as agents of a fraternal insurance agency without a license. This is the outcome of a long and bitterly waged warfare between the Canadian Order of Foresters and the Illinois organization. Matters reached a climax when it was learned that Rosenbaum, who was at that time high chief ranger for the Illinois order was co-operating with Mr. Stevenson with a view to the absorption of the Illinois organization by that of Canada. Rosenbaum was asked to resign, and his resignation was hardly acted upon by the high court, before he and Mr. Stevenson were forming new courts for the Canadian order, which courts were refused a license by the superintendent of insurance for Illinois, because the organization was not under inspection. The members, however, did not cease their work, and were finally arrested on the advice of the Attorney General.

## A GIRL BRIDE

Sent Back to Her Very Old Husband in Toronto—Who Are They?

A despatch from Detroit says:—A pretty 16-year-old girl came into the office of the poor commission on Wednesday afternoon, and asked assistance. She told a remarkable story, if it be true, and she seemed not to have deception in her make-up. She said her home was in Toronto, and that she was married to a 98-year-old man. Soon after she had married, her brother had brought her to Detroit, she said, to get her away from her centenarian "hubby." She and her brother lived at Patrick Mallory's hotel, 13 Brush street, for a short time, and then he went away and left her alone. Her money had quickly given out, and she had been obliged to apply to the poor commission for help. Her maiden name, she said, was Gertrude Robins, and the name of her husband Kidd. The young wife was given a ticket to Toronto, to return to her aged husband.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Toilet Hints.

Corn-meal is excellent for rough and sore hands.

A very good toilet water is made with one quart of deodorized alcohol and one ounce of rose-water.

When the hair is to be washed, the first thing to do is to scratch the scalp gently with a comb, not fine, to loosen the dead skin that may have formed, using also a fine emollient. This is easily done by parting the hair. After this take a piece of flannel, ten or twelve inches square, and rub the scalp in every part with tar soap, dividing the hair as before. Then, with neck and shoulders properly protected with towels, wash the head in hot water, applying more soap, if necessary. Use waters enough to clean the scalp, and to cleanse the hair thoroughly, five or six perhaps, making the temperature cooler every time until the last one is barely tepid. Then wipe well with Turkish towels,—these absorb the moisture best,—in cold weather making them quite hot before using; in summer this is not necessary. When the hair is nearly dry, straighten it out, and carefully dry it out. Then it can be dressed.

For Moth Patches.

This remedy has been well tested and has never been known to fail. One case was of four years' standing. It leaves the skin without a mark or blemish, and as soft and smooth as an infant's. Procure from a druggist a 10% solution of salicylic acid, and in another bottle equal parts of rose-water and glycerine. Use the solution of acid often, every hour if possible, dabbing it on with a soft, linen cloth. The glycerine is to be used morning and evening and will prevent the skin from becoming inflamed. Use the acid until the outer cuticle peels off. It leaves no scar. In addition the system must be cleansed. This is a good complexion beautifier: One part sulphur, one part cream of tartar, one part rhubarb, all powdered and well mixed. Dose for an adult one teaspoonful in a wine glass of water, upon rising in the morning. Take every third day for one month.

Have a Bath Room.

Few old-fashioned houses can boast of a bath room. Yet what a necessity and luxury both the inmates of those same houses are deprived of. For what class of people do manual labor requires a bath room more than the farmer? By necessity he comes in daily contact with the soil, and hard, perspiring labor, and a nice, comfortable bath room is really not a thing unattainable, even in those old-fashioned houses, for there is always some small room that can be fitted up for the purpose at very little expense. At least a good tub-tub, with all of the accessories for bathing conveniently at hand, can be had even if you have to carry the water in pails, and that is better than no tub at all. You can easily have drainage fixed to carry off the dirty water, if you cannot have the water brought in pipes.

Leaks in Tinware.

A housekeeper who has a box of oil paints handy, can use a tube to advantage in stopping small leaks in tinware, such as wash basins, dippers, etc. Squeeze a little flake white over the hole, hang up the vessel and let it dry thoroughly. A broken glass or cup can be mended by coating the edges of the pieces with white paint, pressing together and setting away to dry. It will have a glass which has been used two years since being mended in this way and it holds boiling hot tea on occasion.

Some New Desserts.

Bananas, oranges and nuts are good staple desserts for the winter. Stuffed Bananas are recommended. Purchase the fairest and best looking bananas obtainable. Remove carefully one section of the banana skin, not breaking it off as it is to be replaced, and scoop out the pulp, mashing it fine. For four bananas, add two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar, one cupful of cream whipped and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Mix well, fill the skins and replace the section of skin, tucking, if necessary, with a thread. Pack in tin boxes surrounded with equal parts of sawdust and ice. To prevent the salt water from reaching the inside of the box, wind buttered cheese cloth around the covers and seams of the boxes. Let it stand for two hours and serve each banana on a doily, tying with a white ribbon. The result might be termed a glorified banana.

Orange Apple Sauce.—Pare, core and cut into quarters one pound of apples. Put three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a half-pint of water on to boil. Boil and skim; then add the grated rind of one orange; boil a moment longer, until syrupy like, then add the pulp of two oranges and the apples. Cover the saucepan and cook very slowly, until the apples are clear and tender, but perfectly white. Sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and serve cold.

Orange Pie.—Grate the yellow rind and squeeze the juice of two large, deep-colored oranges, mix well and save out a tablespoonful. Beat to a cream half a pound of butter and half a pound of powdered sugar. Add the yolks of six eggs beaten light and the orange juice. Now stir in the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and pour the mixture into pie plates lined with puff paste. Bake in a quick oven. When done spread with a meringue made of the whites of the other two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the tablespoonful of juice, and set them in the oven to brown. This quantity will make two pies.

Orange Ice-cream.—From a five cent baker's loaf of stale bread cut off all the crust, and grate or crumble the inside as fine as possible. Pour over it one quart of boiling milk, add a quarter of a pound of butter and the same of sugar. Let it stand until cold. Then add the grated rind of one, and the pulp and juice of two large oranges and six eggs beaten light. Pour into a buttered dish and bake one hour. Serve hot or cold.

Every tiny protuberance on a branch of coral represents a living animal, which grows from it like a plant.

Dandelions were in blossom last in week some parts of Ontario.