It was Mr. Vaughan who accompanied the two girls in their exploration of the ancient portions of the castle, and who brought out of the storehouse of his memory innumerable legends, traditions, and veritable histories which enriched every nook and corner of the old building, and fostered the romantic tastes common to the two, who were otherwise so unlike. He could assign a date to every object, and resuscitate the history of its time; conjure up the spirits of the past, and surround his companions—his pupils, as they called themselves—with the atmosphere of the chivalrous and legendary ages.

ed themselves—with the atmosphere of the chivalrous and legendary ages. The isolation of Tredethlyn Castle was a boon to its young mistress. She had many visitors, it is true, but they came at stated times, and made the usual stay "a rest day," and then departed, leaving her time free, not subject to the constant, meaningless interruptions which are the bane of modern "society." There was nothing in her luxurious, stately life of the senseless whirl, the utter mindlessness and soullnessness of fahiotilife of the senseless whirl, the utter mindlessness and soullnessnes of fahiotible existence. Sir Bernard and his daughter might have been a sixteenth century deigneur and chatelaine in their feudal dignity, their tenure of honor and obedience, and their entire absorption in local interests and avocations. The apprehensions of Mother Skirrow were unfounded. Sir Bernard was very kind to his daughter thanks of nothing restored and I am to be made ever so much of. Papa is so busy about it all, here are the Rechard was very kind to his daughter. cations. The apprehensions of Mother Skirrow were unfounded. Sir Bernard was very kind to his daughter's friend, strictly courteous to his fordiga guest: but he was, perians, the only person who had ever seen the two together, and falled to perceive that Blanche was not comparable in external charms with the beautiful, graceful, accomplished digified, and high-spirited Genma to Valdimonte.

Blanche Tredethlyn was not a pretty girl. She had no been the strictly courted and a pretty girl. She had no been the same and far countries and falled to perceive that Blanche was not comparable in external charms with the beautiful, graceful, accomplished digitations to the same to the same to the same to the same to have carte blanche for our dresses, and we really don't know what to do with it."

"I am afraid I cannot advise you," is and moved away from the others, and was looking out of a wincow, standing in one of her hal itually graceful attitudes. Blanche whispercent to the same to have carte blanche for our dresses, and we really don't know what to do with it."

"I am afraid I cannot advise you," is and moved away from the others, and was looking out of a wincow, standing in one of her hal itually graceful attitudes. Blanche whispercent is and I are to have carte blanche for our dresses, and we really don't know what to do with it."

"I am afraid I cannot advise you."

Valdimonte.

Blanche Tredethlyn was not a Valdimonte,
Blanche Tredethlyn was not a
pretty girl, She had no beauty of
feature, except such as might be
found in her dark-grey eyes, which
had unusual depth and nobility of expression, and in the soft, pathele lines
of a mouth which were the impress

lumber room already mentioned.
"I am French," replied Gemma, "by birth, by distant purentage, and by predilection. My immediate ancestors lived in Piedmont, our family is French, as our name once was, but it has been Italianized, as the custom there is. I believe we could compete with Miss Tredethlyn herself, in point of antiquity of race and the vicissitudes of our family fortunes."
"You must tell Mr. Vaughan about it all, Gemma. He is enthusiastic about things of the kind, as cathuslastic as papa and I, and far better

tudes of our family fortunes."

"You must tell Mr. Vaughan about tall, Gemma. He is enthus astic about things of the kind, as eathus-lastic as papa and I, and far better informed, papa says. Only think, Mr. Vaughan, Gemma's family was of old nobility in France, in the days of the Valois, and lost all in the cause of Queen Mary."

"There are some other curious things—old manuscripts, tooks of hours, and you know them all."

"I hope all these things are not heirlooms," said Gemma. "Nobody would ever care so much about them of the dear old castle going into other hands."

"No." said Blauche." Personned.

Queen Mary."

"A good cause, a good cause! I honor their memory, and hold such a family tradition as a great treasure," said Mr. Vaughan.

Gemma smiled. "So do I," she replied; "but it is unsubstantial, and, unhappily, the only one belonging to us. We are French, as I said before, and our name is De Valmont. Ages ago, when Henry II, was King of France, and the Queen of Scotland was betrothed to the Dauphin, the Comte it Valmont was one of the gentlemenir-waiting to the young prince. He was an odd sort of man, and though young and handsome, and in high favor, he suddenly left the court and the world, and went late a monatory. Leaft to the property of the court and the world, and went late a monatory. Leaft to the property of the court and the world, and went late a monatory. Leaft to suffered much in former and later penal days. But it is even more sectioned, I fancy, than Tredethlyn. I "G. y. ys. I shall," returned Blanche. "Gemma and I will go and live there in the court and the world, and went late to the property of the though young and handsome, and in high favor, he suddenly left the court and the world, and went linto a monastery—I don't know where—and there was an end of him. He left almost all his wealth to his younger brother, the Chevalier de Valmort; and he, too, disappeare i, but not, so far as was known or surnised, into a monastery. The brothers had an uncle, with whom their father had quarrelled, and whom they did not know. He livel in Gasconly, when he was not following a sodier. Fortune, and my father is descended from him. This Claube de Valmort was in the service of Philibert of Savoy after the peace, and finally settled in Pleimont, tut not until he had encatyored to trace the fate of his neitheys to whose property he would have been entitled.

and a large price was offered to him for the painting by an agent of the English Government. Just as he was painfully making up his mind to take the offer a friend made him a still more library approach?

painfully making up his mind to take the offer a friend made him a still more liberal proposal."

Gemma looked at Blanche and smiled, and Miss Tredethlyn returned the smile, while a faint flush of pleasure suffused her pale cheek.

Mr. Vaughan interpreted the looks.

"The picture is yours, Miss Tredethlyn," he said.

'It is my father's Mr. Vaughan. You will soon be able to tell us what you think of the painting, which will delight you, I am sure, because it is in keeping with all your pet antiquities about the castle. It is the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Dauphin Francois; and the tradition in Genma's family is that the young pair sat or rather stood for the lortraits, to that they are fact, not fancy. I am so giad to think it is to be here; the castle will seem more like home to Gemma when she sees the painting before her eyes."

"No. My father is going to have it hang in the picture gallery; but it is in London now, being restored and reframed. I fear it will pot arrive in time for my birth ay. There are to be wonderful doings then, you know, and I am to be made ever so much

of to her companion:
"I wish she could be in my place,
though I should not quite like to be in hers. "And wherein is she more fitted for

pression, and in the soft, patheir lines of a mouth which wore the impress of her high birth and gentle nurture. Size was pale, and slight, and small, and her face wore a thoughtful, dreamy expression, which marred its youthfulness, and spoke to the observan, of a mind matured and serious beyond her years.

"Your name is Italian, but your language is French," said Mr. Vaughan to Gemma di Valdimonte a few days after the arrival at Tredethlyn, and when they were examining the lumber room already mentioned.

"I am French," replied Gemma, "by her the mouth of the mouth of the market in the mentioned.

"I understand you perfectly, Miss Tredethlyn."

"Have you not be sent in the soft market in the sent in the s

'No," said Blanche, "Papa has told

shaped. Blanche uttered an exclamation of delight.

tion of delight.

"Oh, papa, I never saw such pearls!"

"They are very fine, my dear, the finest I could get, But how do you like the pendant? He lifted the neck-lace from its case, and hung it over her hand. The pendant was a remarkable jewel, of a fashion which Blanche had never seen. It was a fair balasruby. clear, smooth and red, heartshaped, and laid upon it with a well-feigned carelessness, was one softly snaped, and and upon to with a well-feigned carelessness, was one softly white pearl. The girl gazed at the su-perb jewel, speechless with admira-tion and delight. The first words she

tion and delight. The first words she spoke were:

"It must have cost a fortune."

"Not to me," said her father. "That jewel, Elanche, is one of the ancient treasures of Tredethlyn; but it is not an heirloom, and I always meant that on this day it should be yours."

"Was it—was it, mamma's?" asked Blanche, in an agitated voice.

"No, my child, You will be the first who has ever worn it since it came out of the sea. Mr. Vaughn did not tell you the story, because I wished you

out of the sea. Mr. Vaughn did not tell you the story, because I wished you to see the lewel to-day for the first time. A hundred and flity years ago, on a night of tremendous tempest, a huge mass of the cliff beyond the sea front of Tredethlyn fell, and when the sea calmed, and adventurous bontmen explored the new face of the coast, they found the entrance to an immense cave, whose existence had never been suspected, laid bare. Craggy rocks hollowed into caverus formed its sides, and in their crevices, among

ence had never been suspected, laid bare. Craggy rocks hollowed into caverus formed its sides, and in their crevices, among wisps of scaweeds shells and all the debris of the sea, were found strange, glastly relics of shipwreck and ruin. Many a skeleton could have been formed of the scattered bones, and of the more durable objects, such as metals, some remained in comparative preservation. It was a favorite and dangerous pursuit for some time to explore the crevices of the cave at low water. The people called it the Spaniard's cave, because they found there the remains of a ship's carved figurehead of a Spanish fashion. There was a ready market at Tredethlyn for such waifs as they chose to sell to Sir Hugh, and they were for the most part quite worthless. One of the things they brought to the eastle was a small, but very strong chain, formed of iron links, crusted thick with rust, but not decayed, to which a small iron purse was attached. The thing looked, when I saw it first, not thirty years ago, like a lump of rusty metal, nothing more. No one thought about it, I presume, or if any one had any surmise, took it for an amulet or a religiarry; at all events it lay in Sir Hugh's time and in Sir Dennis', and in the time of all the Tredethlyns presume, or if any one had any surmise, took it for an amulet or a reliquary; at all events it lay in Sir Hugh's time and in Sir Dennis', and in the time of all the Tredethlyns since, unnoticed in the cabinet of shells and stones and mineral specimens which you have seen in the library, until a short time ago, when Mr. Vaughan and I, in re-arranging, the cabinet, found the piece of rusty chain, and se's to work to clean it. In doing so we wrenched some links asunder, and found what we thought was a pebble which had been imbedded in an interstice of the chain. Imagine our astonishment when we dislonged from a coating of rust and dirt, the splendid gem which — here Sir Bernard fastened the pearls on Blanche's neck—"becomes you so well now."

neck—"becomes you so well now."
"Just the same as it is?" asked
Blanche in amazement. Blanche in amazement.

"Just the same, except that it has been in the hands of a clever jeweller, who has furbished it up. By-theway, Vaughan, Jacob on was mightily puzzled by my balas ruby, and very curious about its origin. He says there is no such design known to the jewelworkers now."

is no such design known to the jewer-workers now."

"I dare say not. I wish we could know its history; it is like one of the sentimental, emilimatical, romantic jewers of Queen Elizabeth's time, of which one finds entries in the old re-cords."

While her father and Mr. Vaughan were speaking, Blanche stood, thoughtfully looking down upon the

jewel upon her breast.

"Gemma will wonder at it," she said,
"and she and I will make many a
story out of our own imagination
about the hands it passed through. about the hands it passed through. How long ago is it, papa, since the ship was lost, do you think, and the lady who wore this ruby drowned?"

"tiod only knows, my darling. We can't tell whether it came out of a lost ship, though it is most probable, or whether a man or woman wore and lost it. It may have made part of a jewel'er's cargo, you know."

"What! carefully enclosed in an iron purse? No, no, A lady wore it. And she was handsome and grand! Thank you papa, a thousand times, for your beautiful, be autiful present—and Gemma anyl I will make up our minds about the story of the lady, and tell it to you, when you've time to listen."

Value of the peace, and finally settled in the peace, and the peace of the the peace, and the peace of prisonment in England reached France, the Chevalier de Valmoat left Parls, having, it was supposed, turned the greater part of his wealth into Jewels—It was certain 'that he had purchased a large quantity—and had purchased a large quantity—and he was hever again heard of Clanic de Valmoat of the ment of the wealth of the Chevalier's which could be realized, and the process was preserved among the family records. Whether the Chevalier's which could be realized, and the family records. Whether the Chevalier's whether the Chevalier's ance, and fell a victim to his enterprice or whether he perished at sea, was never known. The old castle in Piedmont in which my father's ancestors were lorn contained, until lately, a painting which the Chevalier's uncle brought from the Hotel de Valmont in Parls, and which my father prized boyond anything in his possession."

"He has been obliged to part with is circumstances are not good," it was a trip of magnificent pearls, and the late of the chevalier's uncle brought from the Chevalier's uncle brought from the Hotel de Valmont in Parls, and the process of the property of the possession."

Blanche Trietthlyn had never look a later does not into in the force of the sale of the sale of this, becomingly. The material is a little by a certain solemnt ity in the seen.

Blanche Trietthlyn had never look a later de so wel. Her dress, pure white, of contract and the realize of companion" the first material ity in the seen.

Blanche Trietthlyn had never look a lower material for the dress, pure white, of contract manufaction. The drow of this, the refined lines and the was known that she was a natural such as the found of thing, but it was the bound it was known that she was first purporent. That she come it is full foreigner. That she denoted with seen.

Blanche Trietthlyn had never look as well-dress, purpore white, of contract and it was known that she was like the sale of the splead of this, borton in the full foreigner. That she mas Miss it is drewed to full foreigner. That she mas

Gemma clasped the chain of pearls around her neck she whispered:
"I have seen a jewel like that be-

"Have you, Gemma? Where?"
"I will tell you another time, or rather I will show you."
There was no more opportunity for the girls to talk just then, each was There was no more opportunity for the girls to talk just then, each was swept away into the crowd of dancers; but many times Blanche caught Gemma's smile of meaning, and it added a new and delightful mystery to the romances which her brain was wearing, even in that busy scene, about the former story of the ruby heart bearing the tear of pearl. And when the ball had concluded, and the guests had retired, when Blanche had been kissed and complimented by her father, and she and Gemma were alone again, she recurred to the subject. But Gemma put it off laughingly. "You are too curlous," she said, "and I am determined to administer a moral lesson to you, by not gratifying your inquisitiveness until I choose. I shan't tell you where I saw a jewel like that, until—until—you must wait even to know until when."

Blanche submitted to the playful

Blanche submitted to the playful Blanche submitted to the playful imperiousness of her friend, and laying the necklace by, they began to talk about the ball.

"What a number of strange faces," said Blanche, "and yet of familiar names; I know every one in the room almost, except the officers, by name, and no one in reality. Did name, and no one in reality.

room almost, except the officers, by name, and no one in reality. Did you enjoy it very much, Gemma? Which of your partners did you like best?"

"I enjoyed it very much," said Gemma, "and I liked Captain Ramsay best. He was much the handsomest man in the room."

"You danced with him early in the night, I think?"

"Yes, and late, too. He begrote.

"You danced with him early in the night, I think?"

"Yes, and late, too. He bespoke the last dance. Which of your partners did you like best?"

"I don't know," said Blanche Tredethlyn, but as she uttered he words she blushed deeply, for she knew her answer was not the truth.

Captain Ruthven Ramsay was one of the bachelor guests of Sir Bernard for whom quarters had been secured at an inn. He was only a captain in a line regiment, with very little to live on beside his pay, and, being the younger son of a family as notoriously poor as it was undeniably distinguished, had no particular expectations. He was indeed about the last on the "young men" list of that searon, on whom the fashionable mothers of society would have looked with favor. But the same could by no means be said of their daughters. The teachings and warnings of fashion must needs have been very deeply and effectually impressed upon any girl, her impulses have been utterly kept down indeed, and her mind very thoroughly perverted, if she did not feel that Ruthven Ramsay was not a man of an everyday kind, but one whose life was livel on a higher level than that of his fellows in general. Certain famous lines about "preaching down a daughter's heart" had not been written in those days, but the thing was done perhaps more easily than now, when daughters are little disposed to bear preaching of any sort; and many a come tic homily had teen administered on the poverty of the Sir Lowis Pamsay in over

sort; and many a come tie homily had teen administered on the poverty of the Ramsays, the utter impossibility of the Sir Lewis Ramsay in esse or the Sir Alexander Ramsay in posse "doing anything" for Captain Ruthven, and thence the anprincipled foily of which Captain Ruthven would be guilty if he should attempt to marry otherwise than for money. Hitherto Captain Ruthven Ramsay had not offered any temptation to such wicked disobedience on the part of the fair students of expediency; he had never been seriously spoken of as the admirer of anyone, and to his aiready considerable claims to female admiration, there had gradually been added that of reputed indifference, even invulnerability.

(To be Continued.)

(To be Continued.)

A Boer Library.

A trooper of the Dublin Hunt con-tingent of the imperial Yeomanry, who was taken prisoner with many others at Lindley, writes a letter from Nootgedacit, which was recently published in a Dublin newspaper. He writes: "Well, here I am in a beautiful barbed wire 'cage' with beautiful barbed wire 'cage' with some 1,500 other unfortunates. Our clothing is picturesque in the extreme. A man with a seat in his pants is as rare as a Jubilee sixpence, and when met with is treated with the greatest deference. Our losses is a little of the state of the sta pence, and when met with is treated with the greatest deference. Our house is a little sty about two feet high, made of mud and roofed with a ragged blanket. Literature has its votaries. There is a fine circulating library, consisting of two copies of the Half-Penny Comie, a year old: three pages from an equally antiquated number of Sketch, and three pamphlets about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, partly printed pamphlets about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, partly printed in English and partly in Dutch. The fact that these well-thumbed pamphlets bear the appearance of having been read and re-read, makes me think Brother Boer knows a good thing when he sees it, and there are a lot of us who would feel all the petter if we lad some of the life. better if we had some of the pills in-stead of the pill literature. How-ever, we keep the 'library' in circula-tion, and like Mark Tapley, endeavor to take as much enjoyment out of the situation as we can."

Low Rates on Gold Coin. Low Rates on Gold Coin.

Immense quantities of gold are shipped nowadays across the ocean, and the danger of loss is so small that the precious stuff may be insured at so low a rate as one-tenth of 1 per cent. It is insured just like so much grain, and the documents, written in old style legal planses, guarantee its safety against all written in old style legal pinases, guarantee its safety against all perils of the seas, including "men-of-war, fires, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettisons, letters of marque, reprisals, takings at sea, arrests and detainments of all kings, princes," etc. Every large trans-atlantic steamship has on board a treasure-room, which is a great steel box built much like a vault on land.

Improved on Marconi. A German professor by the name of A derman processor by the name of Rosenberg has invented a system of wireless telegraphy which he claims is an improvement over that brought out by Marconi. The professor's idea is to reduce the size of his transmitters and received. is to reduce the size of his transmit-ter and receiver so that it may be carried in one's pocket. This would en-able a person, so it is claimed, to walk along the street or sit in his office and communicate with his

There is no index of character so sure as the voice. Disraeli,

Interesting Letter From Ernie Hudson in South Africa.

BRUSHES WITH THE OERS.

Breakdown Camp, near Warm baths, Sunday, Sept. 9th, 1900.

Joseph Riach, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I thought I would write you a few lines to set you know how we are getting along. We had things a little more invely nately, I am glad to say. We formed part of a flying column under B.-P. We left our camp on the 19th and started towards Pretoria, but we only got a gampse of it through the hills, but we saw Lord Roberts that morning, so that more than made up for our disappointment at not going into Pretoria. Lord Roberts reviewed us as we were crossing the railroad track. We thought in the first shells were dropping all around us, but, I am glad to say, none were hit. Their shells were very defective, very few burst properly. We picked up lots of them way we looked as we marched past him that morning, and the way we have to buck up and hold your head just so, when we have a march past at Niagara Camp. Some of us had our coats of In feet that their firing gradually slackened. I did not hear the light of the proper is a feet that their firing gradually slackened. I believe.

erts reviewed us as we were crossing the railroad track. We thought of the way we looked as we marched past him that morning, and the way we have to buck up and hold your head just so, when we have a march past at Niagara Camp. Some of us had our coats off. In fact, I believe we were all in our shirt sleeves, and we were also pretty dusty, and quite a few with the knees out of our trousers. Active service and camp are very different, I can assure you. Well, we were on the Dutchmen's trail hot and heavy. We knew by certain things we saw that they couldn't be over three miles or so ahead of us (this was on the 20th), and our right section guns, numbers 1 and 2, did some splendid work by saving two squadrons of the Rhodesians that afternoon. Colonel Sprekley was killed that afternoon on the 21st we came into action at I'maar River Station, and talk about a lively ride, we had one in the afternoon, just before we came into action. The Dutchmen started to run, and our troops after them, and it was fun and no mistake, everybody riding as fast as their horses could carry them. Through bush and deep sand, over stumps, our guns went at a gailop, and the gunners had to hang on like grim death. Bun Smith was head driver on our gun, No. 5, and he did well except once we struck a stump, about 18 inches through, at the gallop, and you can

death. Bun Smith was head driver on our gun, No. 5, and he did well except sone we struck a stump, about 18 inches high and about six inches through, at the gallop, and you can imagine the result. Well, we had to cross the railroad track, and the way we came out of the bush and across that track and came into action was fine. The people stood with open mouths. I guess they thought

cross the railroad track, and the way we came out of the bush and across that track and came into action was fine. The people stood with open mouths. I guess they thought in pendition was let loose. We dropped you mouths. I guess they thought in pendition was let loose. We dropped some shells into them, so did the pom pom, which was also with us We camped there for the night and left next morning at 7.15. I forgot to say a Boer officer was brought in that night. We shot his horse and he ran about half a mile, then quietly sat down and awaited developments. On the 22nd we made our fastest marching; we made 22 miles in a little over three hours through a very rough piece of country. We caught in proper style as they were retreating through a nek. All our guns, the pom pom, some 15-pounders and the Maxims were blazing away for all they were worth. They must have lost some men, as all our shells burst splendidly. Well, if you could have taken us for a gang of tramps. But the best was to come. Warmbaths, as the name indicates, is a place containing a number of baths, the water for which comes from springs both hot and cold, and is supposed to be beneficial for certain diseases, and we proceeded en masse to avail our selves of what we hadn't had for a long time a warm beth. beneficial for certain diseases, and we proceeded en masse to avail ourselves of what we hadn't had for a long time, a warm bath. The baths are about 6 feet long and 3 feet deep. We filled them and then talk about luxuries, why the marble baths of ancient Rome were not a patch to them. Some of the boys got some soap from a house (I forgot to mention we hadn't seen any soap for quite a while), well, forgot to mention we hadn't seen any soap for quite a winde, well, when we came back to camp again we hardly knew each other, we looked so clean. Nothing happened of any account after that. We marched to Mylestrome, but the Dutchmen evacuated the place before we arrived, and we came back again on men evacuated the place before we arrived, and we came back again on the 27th, and on the 29th B. P. made us all a farewell speech, and if ever a man was heartily cheered it was B. P. We all think the world of him, and as the train pulled out he was cheered again. He handed his force over to Colonel Phamer, as he was leaving. I believe we are now attached to General Paget's column. We were all sorry to separate from B. P.'s column, as we have been with them so long. Last Monday, I believe, it was Labor Day in Canada, the Dutchmen commenced shelling

position, and after that their firing gradually slackened. I did not hear the number of casualties. I believe they were light though, I am glad to say. That evening our gun, with an escort of about 100 British infantry (the West Ridings) left Warm Baths at 7 o'clock, and marched to our present position. We arrived at 10 p.m., and have been here ever since. The reason we came here was since. The reason we came here was that the Boers derailed a train and we are here as a guard while the track and engine are being repaired. There are 114 men here, all told, but we are well entrenched, and if Mr. Boer feels inclined to pay us a visit we will tender him the warmest kind of a reception. We built an epaulment for our gun, on which a Canadian flag is provided. ment for our gun, on which a Canadian flag is proudly flying, so now all we have to do is to attend to our horses twice a day and sleep the rest of the time. We have 11 horses with us. There is just the gun detachment and the drivers here, and Lieut. King, and we are contented to stay here as long as they mind to keep us. The weather is getting uncomfortably hot, and it makes a person feel weary. It seems to take all

camp. The gentlemen of color were

wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, when the rule awakening came, and if you ever saw a scattering, its

if you ever saw a scattering it was there. I don't blame them; at 45 pound shell dropping at your feet is hardly the most polite way of waking a man up. The second was time shrappel, and burst splendidly right over a buach of horses and the

Must Learn Life Spots.

The first task of a Chinese medical student upon entering the Imperial College at Shanghai is to learn the 300 "life spots" in the human body, says the New Orleans Times. Democrat. A "life spot" is supposed to be a place through which a needle may be passed without causing death. The Chinese believe firmly in demoniacal possessions, and their doctors do a good deal of stabbing and prodding to make holes for the purpose of letting out the evil spirits that are causing the sickness. I was called in to see one poor fellow who was dying of jaundice, and counted over 80 punctures in his chest and arms. The Chinese practitioners had furnished the demon with plenty of exits, but he declined to depart. When a criminal is executed the sative doctors are nearly always on hand to secure sections of the body to use in compounding their medicines. A powder made of the thigh bones is believed to be a specific for the disease known to science as "miner's anaemia." which is caused by a par-

anaemia," which is caused by a parasite and easily controlled by pro-Hard to Understand Women. "Oh. you can't please a woman," he said, disgustedly; "it's no use trying." "What's happened now?"

se known to science as "miner's

"I met that pretty Miss Brown in a dark hallway and kissed her. I didn't think she'd mind, you know." "And did the mind?"

"And did the mind?"

"Well, she pretended to be ve angry, so I thought. I'd sn. ... thin down by telling her that it was all down by telling her that it was all a mistake, that I thought she was somebody else."

"And then?"

"Why, then she recangry."—Chicago Post.

then she really was very lieve, it was Labor Day in Canada, the Dutchmen commenced shelling materials our camp at daybreak. Their first shell dropped into a bunch of niggers about 100 yards to the left of our Disraeli. Reading furni hes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes white we read ours.—Locket.

A precedent embalms a principle.—

## THE YOUNG GROW OLD BEFORE THEIR TIME.

When youth shows infirmity, when old age creeps in before its time, when the days that should be the best of manhood and womanhood are burdened with aches, pain and weakness, we know that the nervous system is wearing out and that there is imminent danger of nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or insanity.

How we admire the old in years—crowned with silvered hair, yet erect in stature, faculties retained with vigor necessary to the declingment of the content of the co

vous prostration, paralysis, locomoter ataxia or insanity.

How we admire the old in years—crowned with silvered hair, yet erect in stature, faculties retained with vigor necessary to the declining years—cheerful, bright, grand old age. How lamentable is youthful infirmity, middle-aged enfeeblement, parting of the ways too soon, told by restlessness, starting up violently during sleep, morning languar, tired, fagged, worn-out: trembling limbs, worried brain, mind almess agged, worn-out; trembling worried brain, mind aimless and depressed.

Whatever the indirect cause, the

much and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Fool, used two boxes, and my health' improved so rapidly that ordered twelve more.
"I can say frankly that this treat-

ment has no equal world. While using 1 sing Dr. Chase's Nerve bus gnorts ms I wen littu qu tilud

whatever the indirect cause, the healthy. I cannot recommend it too condition is lack of Nerve Force — highly for weak, nervous people." DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD