

awful, and between twin brothers would be awfully still."

In her eager partisanship, Blanche's language was more concise than elegant, but she wanted Pocahontas to know that she sided with her.

Norma regarded her sister with amusement not unmixed with chagrin. These new friends were stealing away her follower. Blanche was becoming emancipated.

"Any woman who trifles with her happiness, because of a scruple, is a fool," she repeated, dogmatically.

Pocahontas held back the angry retort that was burning on the tip of her tongue, and let the subject drop. Norma was her guest, and after all, what did it matter what Norma thought? But after that she refrained from repeating old stories before her; and of the two sisters, Blanche became her favorite.

As she entered the parlor with smiles and words of welcome, Blanche held out her hands filled with late roses and branches of green holly, bright with berries.

"See," she said, "two seasons in one bouquet. The roses are for your mother. I found them on a bush in a sheltered corner; and as we came along I made Nesbit cut the holly for me. I never can resist holly. That tree by your gate is the loveliest thing I have ever seen; just like those in the store windows at home for Christmas. Only we never had such a profusion of berries, and I don't think they were as bright. Do you think the holly we get at home is as bright, Norma?"

"Oh, yes; it looked always pretty much the same. We got beautiful holly every Christmas," replied Norma, who did not like Virginia to exult at the expense of her native place.

"But not with such masses of berries. Just look at this branch; was there ever anything more perfect? Princess, please give me something to put it in. It's far too pretty to throw away. Can I have that vase on the piano?"

Pocahontas smiled assent. She could have holly by the cart-load, but she liked Blanche's enthusiasm. While the others chatted, Blanche decked the vase with her treasure; then two others which she found for herself on a table in the corner. There were still some lovely rich bits, quite small twigs, left when she had finished, and she once more clamored for something to put them in.

Pocahontas, in the midst of an eager discussion with Thorne and Norma, in which both were arrayed against her, glanced around carelessly. There was a cup and saucer on a small stand near her, and she picked up the cup thoughtlessly and held it out to Thorne. Just as their hands met in the transfer, both of them talking, neither noticing what they were doing, Berkeley entered suddenly and spoke, causing them to start and turn. There was a quick exclamation from Pocahontas, a wild clutch into space from Thorne, and on the floor between them lay the fragile china in half a dozen pieces.

Pocahontas bent over them regretfully. It was the cup with the dreaming Indian maiden on it—the cup from which Jim Byrd had taken his coffee on that last evening. There were tears in her eyes, but she kept her head bent so that no one should see them. She would rather any cup of the set should have come to grief than that one.

She had brought it into the parlor several days before to show to a visitor, who wished a design for a hand-screen for a fancy fair, and had neglected to replace it in the cabinet. She reproached herself for her carelessness as she laid the fragments on the piano, and then the superstition flashed across her mind. Could it be an omen? The idea seemed foolish, and she put it aside.

"Don't feel badly about it," she said to Thorne, who was humbly apologetic for his awkwardness; "it was as much my fault as yours; it's neither of us we're noticing. Indeed, it's more my fault, for if I hadn't neglected to put it away, the accident could not have happened. You must not blame yourself so much."

"In the actual living present, I'm the culprit," observed Berkeley, "since my entrance precipitated the catastrophe. I startled you both, and behold the result! Nobody dreamed of convicting me, and this is voluntary confession, so I expect you all to respect it; the smallest unkindness will cause me to leave this room in a torrent of tears."

Every one laughed, and Pocahontas put the fragments out of sight behind a pile of music books. She could not put the subject out of her mind so easily, although she exerted herself to an unusual degree to prevent her guests from feeling uncomfortable; the superstition rankled.

As they took leave, Thorne held her hand in a warmer clasp than he had ever before ventured on, and his voice was really troubled as he said:

"I can't tell you how worried I am about your beautiful cup. I never had a small accident trouble me to the same extent before. I feel as though a serious calamity had befallen. There was no tradition, no association, I hope, which made the cup of special value, beyond its beauty, and the fact of its being an heirloom."

Pocahontas was too truthful for evasion. "There were associations of course," she answered gently, "with that cup as well as with the rest of the china. It has been in the family so many generations, you know. Don't reproach yourself any more, please—remember 'twas as much my fault as yours. And broken things need not remain so," with an upward glance and a bright smile, "they can be mended. I shall have the cup riveted."

She would not tell him of the superstition; there was no use in making him feel worse about the accident than he felt already. She did not wish him to be uncomfortable, and gladly assumed an equal share of blame. It was extremely silly in her to allow her mind to dwell on a foolish old tradition. How could the breakage of a bit of china, no matter how precious, presage misfortune? It was ill doing that entailed ill fortune, not blind chance, or heathen fate. She would think no more of foolish old portents.

Still—she wished the cup had not been broken—wished with all her heart that it had not been that cup.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A CHINESE POKER SHARP.

But He Was a Good One, and Several Club Men Are Sorry They Met Him.

Some mischievous club men met an innocent-looking Chinaman on Delancey street the other night and took him in tow. They escorted him to take several drinks the pretext of "having some fun." Well he had it and so did the club men.

Once inside the building the Chinaman was made the target for everybody's witticisms. These John endured with patience. Finally the men grew tired of their sport, and somebody suggested that a game of poker be started. Instantly the Chinaman was all attention.

"Me play plokke, he said. "Me have mluch mloney," and he displayed a roll of small bills.

In the hope of having "more fun" John cents and the limit fifty. Quietly the game progressed for a few minutes, John in the meantime showing that he was by no means a novice. At length there was a stout little jack pot on the table and John opened it for half a dollar and everybody stayed in. John drew three cards and so did all the rest, with the exception of one man, who took only one.

For a time there was considerable action, but John stood every raise until the crowd began to get tired.

"Why don't you call, John?" said a player in a bantering tone.

"Me never calle on this hland. Me laise flifty clent."

Of course the thing had to be ended at some time or other, and so John was finally called. With a grin that resembled a slice of watermelon he spread out a straight royal flush of spades, jack high, and raked away the money. Then he rose, and, begging to be excused, went away, although some of the players insisted upon his remaining longer.

"Oh, let him go," said one, "we've had plenty of fun for our money. Let the poor fellow go."

And John went. But after he had gone somebody picked up John's hand and started back in surprise.

"By gracious, boys! George over there had a nine spot of spades in his hand, because he showed it to me. Cal discarded one and I had two others, how now did the heathen get hold of a fifth nine spot? I'll bet he managed to hook up the one discarded by Cal. Let's look and see."

Hurriedly the pile of rejected cards was run through, but there was no nine spot of spades among them. John had needed that particular card in his business, and in some way unknown to his unhappy victims had secured it without detection. —New York Herald.

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Remenyi, the violinist, is to give concerts in this country next season.

Young Joseph K. Emmett will fill the time booked for his deceased father.

Modjeska will return to America next month, and later make a tour of the country.

Charles Windham is going to risk another American tour next season. Its limit is fifteen weeks.

McKee Rankin has a new play written about Abraham Lincoln, describing his presidential life.

It is said that Eva L. Hamilton, who is to elevate the stage next season, made her dramatic debut some time ago under an assumed name.

Henry Irving's son and namesake will make his debut at Garrick's Theatre the coming season as Lord Beaufrey in the "School for Scandal."

Sardou is already at work on the new play he will have ready by next winter for Charles Frohman, and which will have its initial performance in New York.

Mrs. Langtry will begin next season by touring the English provinces. Then she will go to London and have another try at "Antony and Cleopatra," after which she is to appear in a theatre of her own.

The London theatrical season has been ruinous to all but the largest-pursed managers. At the Strand Theatre Willie Edouin has played "A Night's Frolic" to as little as \$12—a fact, incredible as it may seem.

Daly's New York Theatre is being improved \$20,000 worth. The seating capacity is to be enlarged, boxes arranged on the English custom, and the foyers deepened. Mr. Daly will be away from America until December.

James L. Edwards, the actor who died from the effects of morphine, in Chicago, on Sunday, was engaged to play the leading part in "Paul Kaurav" next season. His predecessor in the role was Henry Aveling, whose tragic death from morphine a few months ago will be remembered.

Jemima's Beau.

Jemima, once she had a beau, He didn't mind her name, you know, Although it was so pretty, She had catarrh, and had it so, That he at last was forced to go— The odor was no posy!

If she had been sage in time, she would have taken Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. An offensive breath is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted, if the person has any pride, but to those with whom he or she comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify. \$500 reward offered for an incurable case by World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Man in the Moon.

(9 P. M.)
He—Let's go to walk in the moonlight. It is an ideal night.
She—All right.

(9:15 P. M.)
He—Let's go into the summer-house. The confounded moon does not shine there, at any rate.
She—All right.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well educated Japanese is familiar with only about 10,000 words.

FASTENED BY TWO EGGS.

Ancient Snake Hypothesis Becomes an Actuality in Florida.

A party of Jacksonville mechanics were at work on the Matanzas river some months ago raising a sunken dredge boat. They worked in a small house on the deck. One noon their bill of fare was somewhat strengthened by some wild turkey eggs, which had been found by some of the party engineers had destroyed a heavy dinner they left their dining-room and returned to work. The doors and windows were all open, and the cook did not clear off the table for some time.

In this interval a large water moccasin of nearly six feet crawled on board the lighter, and wriggled into the dining room through the open door, says the Florida Times-Union. In his prospecting tour he climbed the table leg, and here, with a snake's fondness for eggs, he went in for a feast. One of the turkey eggs lay alone by a plate, and the table. In the centre stood a large slipper. After swallowing the lonesome egg, he started for the main supper, and in his artless manner crawled through the handle of the jug. It was rather a tight fit, and he had to stop about half way through on account of the egg, which had enlarged him somewhat. So, stretching forward, he bolted another egg, and thereby fastened himself. On each side of the jug was an egg on his inside, and he practically riveted in position. He was soon found in this peculiar situation by the reporter, who speedily killed him.

The reporter was shown the skin of the snake, with a crease still in the middle from the tremendous pressure, and he was also permitted to gaze on the jug whose handle proved so fatal.

Great Games.

The great American game, baseball, in the States, and the great English game, cricket, in the Dominion, are in full career, and it is apropos to consider what a celebrated pitcher says: Mr. Louis Rush, 49 Preston street, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A., writes: "In pitching ball I sprained my arm; two applications of St. Jacob's Oil cured me." If you want to be ready for the next day, try it.

What Are the Dog Days?

The dog days are coming. The dog days last from the beginning of July to August 11th. The popular theory is that they are so called because dogs then go mad; but the notion is etymologically false, besides being rather less liable to rabies than at other times. "Dog days" is really a translation of the Latin "dies caniculares"—the twenty days before and the twenty days after the heliacal rising (that is, appearance in the morning just before the sun) of the star Sirius, whom the Romans called "Canicula," or "little dog." The ancients attributed a most malevolent influence to this star—our "dog star"—and sacrificed a brown dog to it to appease its rage. If sea would boil, the wine turn sour and dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increase and all animals grow languid. It is unnecessary to say that in the course of some ages Sirius will rise at midwinter, instead of at midsummer. Perhaps some wiseacres, like those who are ready to believe in dog days and new moons changing the weather and similar impossibilities, will then give him credit for the frost and snow.

Ages, Sages, and Wages.

If you have a wife and half-a-dozen daughters, you can keep them well by very simple means. Let them use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is good for women of all ages. You will not need to spend all M. D.'s of a century since, did nothing but to-day. We use Dr. Pierce's remedies. For womankind Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indispensable. The young girl needs its strengthening help at that critical period when she is blossoming into womanhood. The matron and mother need its invigorating and relief from the numerous ills which beset their existence. And ladies well advanced in years universally acknowledge the revivifying and restorative effects of this favorite and standard remedy.

Kissing in Public.

At a friendly gathering a literary man read from a newspaper that recently in Boston a married man was arrested by a policeman for kissing his wife on the street. Bostonians, by a local ordinance made in 1640, enacted that any man "kissing a woman on the street, even in the way of a honest salutation, was liable to fine and whipping." The question was asked: "Well, ladies, what do you think of that?" There was a general explosion of righteous wrath, strongest from the unmarried of the aggrieved sex. A strong-minded woman's righter scornfully observed, "if that's the wisdom of our ancestors, such people should return to the food of their ancestors." "What was that?" "Thistles." All laughed, and she became the lioness of the evening.

Local Items.

Elsewhere in this issue we republish an article from the Hamilton Herald relating to the wonderful cure of a gentleman in that city, who had been pronounced by physicians incurable, and who had been paid the \$1,000 total disability granted members of the Royal Templars. The well-known standing of the Times is a guarantee as to the entire reliability of the statements contained in the article.

Would Live to Do It.

Doctor—Your wife is a very sick woman, sir, and likely to die.
Husband—You needn't worry about her, Doc. She got a new dress the other day and she hasn't tried it on yet.

He—Then you wish to consider our engagement at an end? She—Yes; and if you think I am going to allow you to treat me so when we're married you are very much mistaken.

Rev. Lydia Sexton is the oldest woman preacher in the United States.

There were 12,500,000 banana bunches imported by the United States last year, an increase of 3,500,000.

THE ONE THING NEEDED.

The July Arena contains a number of thoughtful papers. From that of Edgar Fawcett on "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York," we take a few selected sentences: An Englishman of title "would be confronted with a mournful fact in our social life; the men who 'go out' are nearly all silly striplings who, on reaching a sensible age, discreetly remain at home."

"The men (the real grown-up men, who may hate the big ball, but are nevertheless other gay pastimes) watch" the women "with quiet approbation. Many a New York husband is quite willing that his wife shall cut her own grandmother if that re- lative be not 'desirable.'" "Odious at present, that of the Knickerbocker was intolerable the 'I'm-better-than-you' strut the smug, pert provincialism of those former New York autocrats who defined as 'family' from raw Dutch immigrants, there was very little comfort indeed." "Of Londoners we are apt to assert that they grovel obsequi- ously before their prince, with his attend- ant throng of dukes, earls and lords and minor gentlemen. This may be a fact, but London there is a large class of ladies and gentlemen who form a localized and cen- tralized body, and whose assemblages are haunts of intelligence, refinement and good taste." "How many times has the dainty Mr. Amsterdam or Mrs. Manhattan ever met men and women of literary or artistic gifts at a fashionable dinner in Fifth or Madison Avenue? True, men and women of intellectual fame shrink from contact with our noble Four Hundred, and getting patronage at such places, can never be a pleasant mode of passing one's time." "To be a great leader must dispense terrapin, and canvas-back ducks, and rare brands of champagne, in lordly dining-halls, or your place is certain to be secondary. New York is at present the paradise of parvenus, and these occa- sionally commit grotesque mistakes in the distribution of civilities." "We call our- selves free men, and our mines and factories swarm with haggard slaves. We de- clare that to be President of the United States is the most honorable office a man can hold, and our elected candidates (except when they have the splendid self-abnegating ton through a Cleveland) wade to Wash- ington through a perfect bog of venal promises, forget that free trade is one of the first industries of a free people, and that protected trade is the foundation of manufac- ture." "How can we expect that beings who busy themselves with affairs of such poignant importance as whether they shall give Jones a full nod or Brown a quarter of a nod when they next meet him; as whether the Moneybags are really quite the lances of the party, or as whether the latest dinner- party; as whether the latest Parisian tid- dings about bonnets are really authentic or not; as whether His Royal High- ness has or has not actually appeared drawing rooms in a Newmarket cutaway— of this bent may properly heed those ghastly and incessant wants which are forever making of humanity the forlorn tragi-comedy it is?" "Daughters are trained by their mothers to leave no efforts untried, short of those absolutely immoral, in winning wealthy husbands. How many of these fashionable mothers ask more than a single question of the bridegrooms than desire for their daughters? That one question is simply: 'What amount of morals are unsavory, but these prove no impediment.'"

A Consistent Witness.

A story is told of a woman on the witness stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was 30 years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were 30 when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and at not all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

Fall Into Line.

Join the great procession! It marches to victory! It knows no defeat! Inscribed on its banners is the inspiring battle-cry, "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." Its line of march extends across the continent and around the world! A happy illustration of the popularity and success of this world-famed remedy. "Its everywhere relieving pain, inspiring hope, curing disease! For all blood disorders it is acknowledged the safest, the most thorough, the best! The liver and kidneys respond at once to the invigorating touch; through them the whole system is cleansed and built up anew."

If you are sick, indisposed, debilitated, weak, suffering from malarious or other poisons, you'll find the "Golden Medical Discovery" the remedy par excellence to restore you.

Merciless.

Edith—Here is my new photograph. Do you think it does justice?
Eva—I'm afraid it must be confessed that it does.

Sea water is heavier than fresh water because of the salt dissolved in it.

WHAT A WISE WOMAN SAYS

For the Benefit of Her Sisters of This Broad Land.

That orris root has a sweeter and more permanent fragrance than any other perfume powder.

That nothing is so beneficial to the complexion as a bath in cream every night while you stay in the country, leaving it to dry on the face, and for a nightcap a big glass of rich country milk taken just before you go to sleep.

That your diamonds should be washed in boiling-hot suds, rinsed in cold water clouded with ammonia, and dried in jeweller's saw-dust.

That almond meal is better for the face than any soap except castile.

That the woman who never complains gets ten times as much sympathy in her trials as the woman who frets about every- thing, from the shoes that don't fit her feet to the husband that dies and leaves her penniless.

That your dress waists hold their shape better if folded away in a drawer, and are delicious to wear if they are wrapped in perfumed colors.

That the woman of to-day worries more over the shape of the seams in her bodice than over her soul's salvation.

That the useful girl never gets married because she can't be spared.

More Or Less Famous.

Tschalkowsky, the Russian composer, has suddenly become one of the lions of society.

J. Armstrong Chanler, husband of the sensational novelist, Amelie Rives, is suffering from nervous prostration.

Both of Henry Irving's sons have definitely decided to go upon the stage. The younger, Lawrence had originally intended to enter the diplomatic service.

President Harrison, with a party of friends, will go to Mount McGregor during the summer for the purpose of visiting the cottage in which General Grant died.

Premier Honore Mercier, of Quebec, has arrived at Caen. He was warmly welcomed in the city by the Catholic residents, and a banquet was given in his honor.

Rev. Dr. Bridgman, the liberal Baptist preacher, whose name has become known to the entire nation recently, is 56 years old. He is a New Yorker by birth, and his first pastorate was in Morristown, N. J.

Bishop Doane, of Albany, has received double honors while in England. To the degree of LL. D., conferred by Cambridge, Oxford has added that of D. D. The London Telegraph says that no previous American prelate has been similarly honored by both universities.

The Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud are to proceed to Copenhagen about the middle of August, and they will be the guests of the King and Queen of Denmark for two months at the Schloss of Fredensborg, where the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of the Hellenes and the Duchess of Cumberland are also expected.

An East India prince has had a bed made for him in Paris, the mattress of which is a huge musical box, while the canopy is supported by automatic figures which wave fans and frighten away the mosquitoes. Its price was \$25,000, and it would have been cheaper for him to hire two boys to fan the insect away and to lull the sleeper to a deeper repose by the whistling of "Little Annie Rooney."

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the Magazine of History, is a delicate-looking elderly woman, who has been elected to membership in 25 historical or other learned societies in this country and Europe. She is a native of a small village in the hills of Western Massachusetts.

D. C. N. L. 28. 91.

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