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## TRIAL FOR LIFE

قووووووووووووووووووووووو

"Think of all that to-morrow, child; Rose—for of course it was she ad when all the country around shud-shown into the chamber, and Mri ders at my crime, when all the people call down imprecations upon my name, do not you curse one who has nourished you at her bosom, when that bosom is cold in death," said the woman, solemnly.

"Oh! she is mad! mad!" exclaimed

Rose, In dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said: "Mother! mother! try to collect yourself! It is I, your poor daughter Rose, that kneels before you. Do you know me?"
"Ay, I know you well, and I know what I say," repeated the woman, sol-

"Mother! oh, why do you talk so wildly? It is very dreadful! But you are not well!—let me go for some one."
'Yes, you must go for some one. You must go to the castle this afternoon." said the woman, in the same tone of deep

gravity.
"To the castle! I, mother!" exclaimed Rose in surprise.
"Yes; you must go to the castle; and, when you get there, ask to see who calls herself Lady Etheridge."

"The baroness! Dear mother, why do your thougrts so run upon the baroness? What is she to us? Besides, is it likely that she will see me, a poor girl, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees no one?"

"Hush, Rose! and for once obey one whom you have so long looked upon as your mother. It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand to be admitted in the presence of the baroness. Say that you have come upon a matter of life and death, that nearly concerns her ladyship; insist, and she will not venture to refuse you When you stand before Lady Etheridge say that her old nurse, Magdalene Einer—' "Her nurse, mither! You Lady Ether-

eridge's nurse! I never knew that be-fore!" interupted Rose, in surprise. "There are many things that you not knew, my child. But attend Say to the baroness that Magdalene Elmer is dy-

"Dying! Oh, mothr, do not say so! It

"Dying! On, mount, do not say so.

to very crue!! You are not sick in bed

you are sitting up! You are not old
eicher, but have many years of life be-

fore you."
"Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etherndge that Magdalene Elmer, her dying nurse, prays—nay, demands—to see her this night! Tell her that I have a confession to make Tell her that I have a confession to make that she must hear to-night, or never! Conjure her by all she holds dear on earth! by all her hopes of heaven! by all her fears of hell! to come to me ronight! Tell her if she would escape the heaviest curse that could darken a woman's life, to come to me to-night! to come to me at once! There; get on your "Mother-

"Oh! indeed, I fear her wits are wandering! It is not safe to leave her alone!" thought Rose, in distress.

"Rose, will you obey me?"
"Mother, yes, certainly; but let me send some one to stay with you while I "Do as you please as to that, only lose no time on your way to the castle said the woman, in a tone of asperity

that admitted of no opposition to her Rose hastily prepared herself for her long walk, and then stepped into the next door to ask a neighbor to attend her mother until she should return, and then bent her steps in the direction of

CHAPTER III.

Lady Etheridge was sitting alone, wrapped in a love dream, when Mrs. Maberly, her waiting woman, announced that a young person who represented herself to be the daughter of her ladyship's nurse desired audience.

consumption.

warning cough.

cough or cold.

shown into the chamber, and Mrs. Ma berly retired.

"Come hither, my dear," said Lady

Etheridge, holding out her hand and addressing her as she would have spoken to a child. And indeed, Rose, though of the same age as the baroness, yet in the fair, soft delicate type of her beauty, seemed several years younger than Lady Etheridge.

At the invitation she approached and took the hand that was held out to her took the hand that was held out to her and raised it to her lips. It was a natural and instinctive tribute to the queenly presence of the lady.

"Now sit down, my dear. You are the daughter of my nurse?"

"Yes, my lady," said Rose, seating herself in the chair at the same table that had lately been occupied by Colonel Hastings.

Hastings. "And now, my child, tell me what it is

I can do for you."

"I have to prefer on behalf of my mother, an extraordinary request. She prays of your ladyship to come and see her this night," said Rose, reddening.

her this night," said Kose, reddening.
Lady Etheridge looked up with a surprise and inquiring expression.
"My lady, I know it is a very strange message; but I must give it as she gave it to me. She said: "Tell Lady Etheridge that I, Magdalene Elmer, her old nurse, prays to see her lady-ship to night. nurse, prays to see her ladyship to-night. That I have a confession to make, which she must hear now or never. That I conjure her, by all she holds sacred on earth! by all her hopes of heaven! by all her fears of hell! if she would escape the heaviest curse that could blast a woman's life, now and forever, to come to-night, for I am dying!"

"I will go to your mother immediately," said Lady Etheridge, hastily, as she rang a little hand bell that stood upon

It was answered by a page, to whom she gave the order that a plain, closed carriage should be brought round within Rose stood up to take her leave.

"Stop a moment, my dear. You walk-ed from the village?"

"Yes, my lady."
"Then you must not walk back. It would be too much for your strength. Besides, you would not get back before night. You must ride with me, and you will reach home all the sooner."

"I thank you, my lady," said Rose, blushing at the thought of this honor. "I have an engagement that will not occupy me more than fifteen or twenty minutes, while the carriage is coming round. After that I shall be at liberty to go at once. I am expecting Mr. Hastings here momentarily. Nay, my dear, you need not leave the room; but when you hear my visitor's name announced to the company of the com visitor's name announced you may retire to that bay window. You will find some prints there that may amuse you for the few moments that Mr. Hastings will remain," said Lady You Etheridge. And even as she spoke the loor was opened, and a servant announc-

ed:
"Mr. Hastings, my lady." On hearing the name announced, Rose had turned away and stolen off to the window, within the flowing curtains of which she sat quietly waiting. She heard the lady say, in her peculiarly rich and deep tones:
"Light the chandelier, Williams, and

"Light the chandelier, Williams, and show Mr. Hastings in."

And in one moment there was a blaze of light flooding the library, and in the next instant Albert Hastings enterted the room, approached the baroness, raised her band to his lips, and said, gallantly.

lantly: "I am here by your commands, my liege lady, my adored Laura." That voice!

Rose Elmer started and gazed out from her retreat. Yes, there he stood, her own betrothed lover, bowing over

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Statistics show that in New York City

And most of these consumptives might

Yes know how quickly Scott's

Emulsion enables you to throw off a

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

be living now if they had not neglected the

alone over 200 people die every week from

Don't negrect your cough.

gently pushing toward him a packet of papers.

With a look of interest, he took them up, and perceiving their purport, flushed to the forehead with ill-concealed triumph, as he exclaimed:

"The title deeds of the Swinburne estates!—my adored Lady Etheridge! my beloved Laura! your confidence,—your munificence overwhelm me! You—but you never did your own personal worth, nor my love the wrong, to imagine that any mercenary thought mingled with my devotion to you."

"No, Mr. Hastings—no, Albert, I never doubted, or would doubt, the pure disinterestedness of your regard for poor Laura Etheridge."

"And if this peerless Laura, instead of being the Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne, had been the lowest cottage maiden, I should have loved her all the same. She would still have been the queen of my heart."

"The loved of your heart I do believe she would have been," said the lady, with a heaming smile. Then, with a few

she would have been," said the lady, with a beaming smile. Then, with af-fectionate earnestness, she pressed the fectionate earnestness, she pressed the documents upon his acceptance.

He made a strong feint of refusing so vast a sacrifice; but finally, with seeming reluctance, suffered them to be forced upon his reception. Then the interview terminated. With the chivalric courtesy of that period, he dropped upon one knee, raised her hand to his lips,

rose, bowed and retired. arose, bowed and retired.

As soon as she was left alone, Lady
Etheridge rang a bell and summoned the
little page to inquire if the carriage
was ready. Being answered in the affirmative, she said:

"Tell Mrs. Mol. along a bell and a simple statement of the said:
"Tell Mrs. Mol. along a simple statement of the said:

mative, she said:
"Tell Mrs. Maberly, then, to bring me a dark bonnet, shawl and gloves to this room. I am going out."
When the page withdrew to obey, Lady

Etheridge sauntered toward the bay winow, saying:
"Come my dear, I will not detain you any longer.

There was no reply; but on pushing aside the curtains Lady Etheridge found

Rose stretched in a swoon upon the "Good Heaven! how has this happened? Ah, I see, she has had a long walk and probably a long feet, and she looks very delicate. I should have offered her refreshments. How very thoughtless of me not to have done so," exclaimed Lady

me not to have done so," exclaimed Lady Etheridge, hurrying to ring, just as Mrs. Maberly entered the room.

"Ah, Mrs. Maberly—here is this poor child fainting from exhaustion; pray, restoratives and took her lady's place of wine," said her ladyship, going back to the swooning girl and raising her fair head, and beginning to chafe her hands. head, and beginning to chafe her hands.

Presently Mrs. Maberly returned with restortatives and took her lady's place by the fainting girl, and succeeded in bringing her to consciousness. Rose opened her eyes and gazed around with a stony stare.

"Poor child, you fainted with exhaus

again, and passed her hands thoughtfully across her brow, as though trying to dispel some illusion and collect her faculties. Then perfect memory returned, a rush of indignant blood dyed her face with blushes, she made an effort, arose and stood upon her feet

"You feel better now, my child?" said he young baroness. "Yes, my lady, much better," she ans wered, steadily. "You must not overtask you not overtask your

strength so again, my child."
"I will not, my lady. I am quite ready to attend you." You do not look nor speak quite right yet, my dear; you had better rest a little longer."

"I prefer to go now, if you please, my "Indeed, if we were not going to th ick-bed of your mother, you should not leave the castle to-night," said Lady Etheridge

Mrs. Maberly then brought her lady's bonnet and shawl, arranged them upon her lady's graceful person, and handed her gloves and in a few moments they left the room and entered the close carriage to drive to the siller to iage to drive to the village. CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

It was by a soft moonlight that Lady Etheridge entered the street leading to Nurse Elmer's house. The street was very still; for it was the hour at which the hard-working inhabitants usually retired to rest. Lady Etheridge was glad of this; for, idol of the neighborhood as she as, she could scarcely have appeared in the village streets without eliciting some well-meant but annoying iciting some well-meant but annoying eliciting some well-meant but annoying demonstration of regard from the people.

The carriage drew up before the humble, almost squalid habitation of the laundress, and Lady Etheridge alighted,

saying in dismay and sorrow:
"This is the house of my old nurse.
This should never have been, and shall no longer be, her only refuge. She shall henceforth dwell in ease and comfort, please Heaven."

"Lady Etheridge, you know not what

day, an hour, may bring forth!" spoke sepulchral voice within the house. With a shudder of vague alarm, the paroness crossed the threshold and entered the house, followed by Rose. It remained just as Rose had left it five hours before. A smouldering fire in the grate and a flaring lamp on the chimney-piece luridly lighted up the scene. But the woman, Magdalene Elmer, had left the chair and lay extended upon the

left the chair and lay extended upon the bed, attended by a neighbor. "Come hither, Lady Etheridge," spoke the same sepulchral voice, in a tone command at strange variance

the hand of Lady Etheridge, and addressing to her all those tender epithets of love that he had been accustomed to bestow upon Rose? The poor girl did not faint nor exclaim; the blow was too sudden and too heavy; it stumed and benumbed her into the stony stillness of a statue, as she stood there within the shadow of the window curtains. She was cold as ice, her blood seemed freezing in her veins, her heart was sinking, there was a dead weight in her bosom, yet she was unconscious of these sufferings—every sense was aborbed in witnessing the scene at the library table. Again he raised her hand to her lips, with more expressions of passionate love, when the lady, with a playful gesture toward the window, indicated that they were not alone. Then they spoke in tones so subdued that they must have been inaudible, at that distance, to any sense of hearing less preternaturally strained than that of Rose.

With the relative positions of the speaker and the person spoken to.

The hardinger of the darket corner of the count of the stony still-ing there was a dead weight in her bear of the communicate to this lady must be heard by herself only."

And anow, Mrs. Martin, take Rose of the cold are very common; and the person spoken to.

The hardinger of the darket corner of the count of the lady.

"And anow, Mrs. Martin, take Rose of the season chapped hands, chillians, rough, red skin, and other edition, rough, red skin, and other edition, rough, red skin, and other edition, and still the heart of the cold are very common; and Zam-Buk, the homely healer, is in great demand.

Miss E. Brown, of Markham, eays: "I containly think Zam-Buk the finest bailm in the world. I used it tor chapped hands, and it made them as smooth and soft as a baby's hand. My uncle has also tried it and eays it is wonderful."

Mrs. M. A. Doyle, of Wickson avenue. Lady Etheridge was alone with the strange woman who had summoned her. Magdalene Elmer raisel herself in bed, and put aside the dark curtains, so that the light of the lamp shone full upon her own emaciated face and figure, as well as upon the stately form of the baroness sitting near.

"Now look me in the face, Lady Etheridge"

sense of hearing less preternaturally strained than that of Rose.

"I have begged you come here this evening that I may place these documents in your hands," said the baroness, gently pushing toward him a packet of pagers. minous, dark gray eyes to meet the fierce, burning, dilated orbs of the wom-an, and felt a strange, painful, electric thrill shake her whole frame.

"Oh, pray do not look at me so! it distresses me and can do you no good," said the baroness, shuddering.
"Lady Etheridge, you would be astonished were I to address you by any other title than that you now bear, would you not?" you not?" The baroness looked at the speaker

nquiringly, and did not answer.
"Or if not astonished, you would only be distressed at the supposed hallucina-tion of your old nurse; therefore, as yet, I shall only call you by the name to which you have been accustomed."

The baroness could only look and lis-ten intently, being unable to conjecture to what the strange works of the yourse.

to what the strange words of the woman tended, if, indeed ,they tended to any-

thing.

"Lady Etheridge what sort of an education have you received?—Oh, I do not mean as to the polite branches, for I know well that you have all sorts of masters and mistresses for every art and science that is deemed necessary to the training of a young lady of quality but I mean to ask have you received the education that fits, that strengthens, that prepares you to meet trial, sorrow, and adversity; for these are the lot of all; must sooner or later come to every one, even to you, who are styled the Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne?" And here the woman paused, fixing her wild, mournful eyes intently upon

the face of the baroness.
"There is something behind your words woman,' said Lady Etheridge.
"What it is you have to tell me I cannot investe."

imagine."

"I have a story to tell you, Lady Elderidge, and I had best begin at the beginning; but first pour me a little wine from that bottle on the chimney-piece."

Lady Etheridge complied, and when Magdalene Elmer had drunk a glassful, she drew a deen breath, and commenced she drew a deep breath, and commence her story.
"Lady Etheridge, my father was the

game-keeper at Swinburne Castle, as his father and grandfather had been before him . Our family name was Coke. When him. Our family name was Coke. When I was about seventeen years of age, my mother died, leaving to my care one lovely little sister, about ten years old. I became the housekeeper for my father, and the mother of my little sister, May. William Etheridge, the late baron, was then about my own age. He had not come to his title, as his bachelor uncle was still living. The young gentleman was still living. The young gentleman spent all his holidays at Swinburne Casspent all his holidays at Swinburne Castle, and during the season, employed his time largely in woodland and field sports. He was often with my father and the under game-keepers. And he was also a frequent visitor of our lodge in the woods when there was no one present to prevent his talking nonsesense to the game-keeper's pretty daughter,' as I was called. And nonsense, and nothing but nonsense it was: vet it won my silly nonsense it was; yet it won my silly heart, for I was but seventeen. Do not shrink from me, Lady Etheridge. My af-"Poor child, you fainted with exhaustion. You have overtasked your strength. Heart, from me, Lady Etheridge. My affections were won—not my honor. And will swallow a piece of biscuit," said Lady Etheridge, as she held the glass to her lips.

Rose mechanically swallowed a little wine and then gazed around the room again, and passed her hands thought trying the swore solemnly that he never again, and passed her brow as though trying the swore solemnly that he would love any other woman but me, and that he would marry me as soon as he that he would marry me as soon as he came to his titles and estates.

"At length the youth took leave of us

nd went to Oxford. When he returned he still called me 'Maggy,' but he jested about our childish love. And I, who had grown older, began to understand how impossible it was that the future Baron Etheridge, of Swinburne, could ever mar-ry his game-keeper's daughter, and I bore no malice against this young Oxonian, but I retained in my heart a kindly af-fection for my boy lover, as though he had been a creature altogether separate and distinct from this fine young squire (To be continued.)

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

## Plan of the Pacific Coast Securities Company Absolutely Safe

The old idea of "nothing new under the un" is completely put to flight by the Pac-ic Coast Securities Company, of Portland, regon, in handling the stock of the Sea land Copper Company. This company, whose flictors are husiness men of many years. officers are business men of meny years' experience, have perfected a plan whereby the
investor's money is under his own contro
and he does not take the stock until earning
and accrued dividends are satisfactory. A
new booklet, "Something to Set You Thinking," has just been issued for free distribuition, and it is valuable to anyone contembatting investment in corporate enterprises ating investment in corporate enterprise

An old sea captain had a faithful servant named John, who invariably provided a penny roll for his master's reakfast. One morning the breakfast coom bell rang, and on John going in his master groaned and said, "John, I'm very ill. Go tor Dr. Dobson. This is probably the beginning of my last illness." "Indeed, sır," said John, agitatedly; "I hope not. What is it, sir? What does it feel like?" "I am very bad, indeed, John," said his master. "My applications of the control of petite's entirely gone, John; entirely. I can't get through my penny roll." "Eh," said John, very much relieved, "is that all, sir? When the baker came round this morning all the penny rolls were done sir, so I gave you a two-penny one."

He-"I saw you twice on the street to-day and you never even glanced at me."

She—"I never notice a man in that

condition.

wonderful."

Mrs. M. A. Doyle, of Wickson avence, Toronto, says: "My son used Zam-Buk in the first place for chapped hands and cold-sores. He found it so good that we now always keep a supply in the house, and use it for cuts, bruises, burns, etc. It is awonderful how soon ease comes after Zam-Buk is applied to a sore or injury!"

Not only for chapped hands, cold-sores, chilblains, etc., but for cuts, bruises, ulcers, running sores, blood-poisoning, festering wounds, abscesses, pimples and eruptions, etc., Zam-Buk

pimples and eruptions, etc., Zam-Buk is a cure. It also eases the pain and smarting of piles, and stops the bleed-ing. It will be found able to close old nds and sores which have defied

wounds and sores when have deficit all other treatment.

Mr. J. H. Hamilton, of Thornbury, quotes an instance of this. He says: "The first Zam-Buk I obtained was for a friend who had a small sore on for a friend who had a small sore on her temple. It had been treated once or twice by a doctor, and would heal up for a snort time, but would break out again. Zam-Buk healed it up, and it shows no signs whatever of returning. Having had this proof of Zam-Buk's value, I tried it personally for sharp stinging pains which I had in my ankle. There was no outward trouble, but I found Zam-Buk equally satisfactory in this case. I have great faith in it, and think it an excellent balm." For all skin injuries and disenses

Zam-Buk will be found a sure cure Rubbed well in over the parts affected it cures the unatism, neuralgia, sci-atica, etc., and rubbed on the chest eases tightness and aching in cases colds and chills. All druggists set it at 50 cents a box, or it may be obtained post-free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price, 6 boxes for \$2.50.

On Lundy Island

Rising sheer from out the depths of the great ocean, and towering upwards towards the skies, lies a remarkable mass of jagged rock, upon which now dwell few score of inhabitants, who, although their island is not more than twenty miles from the English coast, yet, except n the excursion season, are almost as shut out from their fellows as are the in-habitants of Pitcairn or Norfolk Island But from time to time those rugged beetling cliffs, those upheaved crags and sharp, partly submerged rocks, and those scattered irregular masses of hard lime stone are the scene of grim disaster and

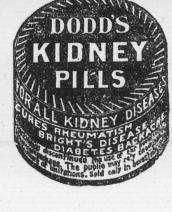
ruin, of the destruction of many a gal-lant ship driven by the wild fury of the elements upon that sullen, ironbound coast, and of vain cries for help from those whom the raging waters are en-gulfing one by one in that widely foaming sepulchre. Or at other times, when the sland is veiled in a dense mantle of island is veited in a dense mantle of impervious fog, so thick and so opaque that it is utterly blotted out from view, a vessel, having lost its reckoning, may, too late to stop its onward course, find itself rushing on to certain destruction, in a few moments with a hoarse crash becoming stranded on those fated rocks, only, if released, to sink down into the most commonplace home. only, if released, to sink down into the depths beneath, a hopeless, helpless

groping its way in the obscurity of the fog instead of anchoring until ead of anchoring until is had wafted away the hall, the powerful veswinds murky sel struck those rocks, and in a moment the Empire is deprived of one of sel the staunchest of her iron bulwarks, and the staunchest of her iron bulwarks, and a fighting ship costing more than a milion sterling is but a useless mass of old iron. And as the spectator, standing upon the cliff immediately above the wreck, looks down upon the dismantled olossus, a thrill of acutest regret an chagrin throbs through the veins at the chagrin throis through the veins at the spectacle of the dire tragedy which has so disastrously deprived the Empire of one of those mailed defences, which, under Providence, keep the jealous foreigner from flying at our throat, or which ns to shield those of our own enable us to shield those of our own and in the process they may also enjoy some new sensations. At the end of three years they will reach the conclusion, which some of their fellow-Tories could mention to them beforehand, that there may be one pit, but only one, more utterly bottomless than an Albany Club sentry organ that by neither a recording party organ that by neither a recording

Sky Scrapers Near the Pyramids. (New York Tribune.)

(New York Tribune.)

The Egyptian pyramids will probably lose much of their magnificent and legendary appearance in the near future. The Egyptian government has given permission for the eroction of homes and hotels in the vast plain stretching from Eskebloh to the Nile and covered with the ancient sphinxes and structures. Already several societies have been formed to avail themselves of the picturesque view of the building of large hotels. All around the pyramids of Ghizch there are to be erected real American sky scrapers from nine to ten storews in heights.



## The Few Pleasures of Farmers' Wives

Country pleasures are much Country pleasures are much sung about by poet and writer, also by numbers of old city men who have made fortunes in the city, who continue to live there and will die there. However, they still talk of the merry days down on the farm, and when with bare feet they paddler around in the streams and brooks, fishing with pin hooks and disporting themselves generally.

They have never gone back to the farm!

A spirit of unrest pervades the farming class, says afe Farm Journal. It starts with the women, wives and daugh ers of the farmers.

In every locality you will find house-holds where the women are restless, dis-satisfied and living under protest, yearning for city, town or village life with a longing that will sooner or later cause the family to move to town. Wo do not have to seek far for the main reason for the disatisfaction among the women.

The paramout cause lies in the selfishness (or perhaps it is just thought-lessness) of the farmer, for as a class the farmer does less for the real hap-

the farmer does less for the real happiness and pleasure of his family than any other class of respectable men in the world. Soon after he marries he speaks of his wife as the "old woman," and she remains just the 'old woman," and she remains just the 'old woman," Upon the women on the farms falls the unceasing treadmill of hopeless drudgery that blights the beauty of maid and matron until a woman of 25 looks 40. What incentive has the farmer's wife to look pretty when in most cases she begins her day's work of household drudgery when the chickens leave their roosts, nor does not end it when they go to roost. On the other hand, she is often the last one to lie down to rest. own to rest.

down to rest.

Her lord and master, be he ever so poor, reserves to himself the right to "knock off" at times. He goes to "cote," to the cross-roads store, or to the neighporing town or city.

These little excursions break in on the monotony of farm life—for in spite of all that is said to the contrary, the life on the ordinary farm, under ordin-ary conditions, is monotonous. In writing this article I meant to ex-

In writing this article I meant to expatiate on the pleasures of farmers' wives. How small a space they take! How easily enumerated! I should say they consist in going to church occasionally in attending a semi-annual pienic or lawn party, and of perhaps a once-a-year visit to some city, when they have the melancholy pleasure of observing how decidedly behind the times they appear to their city cousins. A week's stay in town, possibly, and then back to the routine of the old life.

Now this is not fair to the women and girls of the farms. They recognize the unfairness of the situation and are becoming more dissatisfied each year. Is there a remedy? There should be. The farmer in the first place should en-deavor to help his wife and daughters to make the home surroundings attractive. Women, even of the porest classes, love the beautiful and long for the little refinements of life! In the heart of nearly every woman is the love of the "home beautiful."

There are so many ways of adding to the attractiveness of country homes, many of them not costly, that framers of the most moderate means can do much to help the women in their endea-

most commonplace home.

Around the dwelling houses there are numberless little conveniences that And this fate has recently befallen one of Britain's mighty battleships. Unwisely the "lord of the manor." The day is past forever when

romen on the farms will be satisfied to work fourteen hours for their bread and work fourteen hours for their bread and clothes. The world is moving along.

Let the farmers recognize this fact, and if he wants the wife to keep young and to enjoy life, and the girls and the boys also, to remain under the dear old rooftree, let him pay a visit to the city, and see the city brother spending his time and money in making home attractive to the women of the family.

Output-A Yard a Year.

The weavers were being paid off. Some were paid 8 cents a yard, some 10, some 11 or 12, according to the number of picks in the cloth they had woven—according, that is, to the cloth's fineness.

"Here you are, George," said the cashier. "You have 114 yards at 60 picks—12 cents a yard—or \$13.68 for your week's work. "And a good week's work, too," said

"But I know of weavers," said the cashier, "who only turn out in a year one single yard of stuff. What do you think

of that?"
"I think it's a lie," George growled
"I am alluding," said the cashier, "te
the Gobelin tapestry weavers. These men,
toiling in a Paris factory that the French Government owns, average in the year from one to three yards of tapestry, according to the fineness of the weave and

the intricacy of the pattern.
"These weavers work at hand looms, and they put in the filling, or weft, with a shuttle held in the left hand. The back of the tapestry is towards them—a mirror shows them its other side. Around their looms are baskets of wool of every shade and color—14,000 tones in all, George.

"Skilled as the Gobelin weavers are their pay is no bigger than yours. It averages \$600 a year, or about \$12 s week. But a dollar in France goes fur-

ther than it does here.

"The Gobelia tapestries, requiring years in the making, are expensive. There are lots on sale, George, that \$30,000 would not have

not buy.
"New Gobelins you can never buy. The French Government gives them all away to the great people, the salt of the earth. It was a Gobelin tapestry, you'll remember, George, that France gave to Alice Roosevelt for a wedding gift."

No Need of a Leader.

The society has river always speak of a ride being "led to the sitar," just as though bride could find her own way there blind-