why did you go to see the omnibus conductor, suntis?

"I had asked him to look out for you at the state the yolks ast new-haid eggs you must take the yolks ast new-haid eggs you must take the yolks ast the see that the state of the suntil they thorough of the state of the suntil they thorough of the state of the suntil they thorough of pounds of well-stoned raisins and a pound of pounded sugar and some candled people besides, and the had provided the suntil the pool that the mistate for a quarter of an let them stand to settle for a quarter of an let them stand to set the set with the state of the set with the state of

disturbed for once in their lives; she was too preoccupied to remember them. Even Betsey was perturbed; her rugged face was solemn, and she gave quite as high a jump, and gasped quite as fast and breathlessly as did her mistress when a girl's head was thrust through the open spare room window and a lively voice cried—

"Oh, here you are, at last! I am unpacking, I will come down."
And the next moment Helen herself came out of the porch door to meet them.

"My dear, my dear, how you have frightened me! What happened? Where have you been? There, take me indoors, Helen, I am trembling sadly, I should like to rest."

"I am so dreadfully sorry, Aunt Elizabeth; but really, upon my word, it was not my own fault."

"Kiss me, my love; now that you are

"Kiss me, my love; now that you are here, I mind nothing. Only that conductor increased my alarm. I know so little about girls; they are odd nowadays, quite changed dince my youth. Betsey didn't believe it, but, then, Betsey nover believes anything,

but, then, received you know."

Then Helen, her aunt and Betsey hanging on her words and asking many questions, gave a detailed account of the day's occurrences. She omitted all mention of Mr. Jones' name, however, and slurred over the explanations of how she lost the omnibus.

gave a detailed account of the day's occurrences. She omitted all mention of Mr. Jones' name, however, and slurred over the explanations of how she lost the emibles.

"And you came here in the carrier's cart—how extremely uncomfortable you must have been."

"It was rather joity down the hills, Aunt. Elizabeth."

Aunt Elizabeth and she were having supper. Betsy hovered about them, joining supper. Betsy there are law in the conversation.

"The coarrier is a civil man; he admired my wallflowers so much in the spring—a dark variety, Helen, and particularly sweetscented; would your father care for some seedlings, do you think?"

"He would love them, auntie; so should I."

"I am still thinking of the coarrier, Helen; he and Mr. Jones are so very unlike. It is extraordinary that such an intelligent person as the conductor could have been so mistaken."

"You are too spoiled, Bertie," said Anatasis, shrugging her shoulders. "you, really are. You are getting disagreeable." At thatmoment thechorus of "Killaloo"."

"You are too significance in Marginary that such an intelligent person as the conductor could have been so mistaken."

"Here Betsy made some remark about "He made me hot to thisk of such violent exercise, and I said so."

"You are too spoiled, Bertie," said Anatasis, shrugging her shoulders. "you, really are. You are getting disagreeable." At thatmoment thechorus of "Killaloo"."

"He real betsy made some remark about them to sing it aisy, that song the Marginary that son

"He would love them, auntie; so should I."
I am still thinking of the carrier, Helen; he and Mr. Jones are so very unlike. It is extraordinary that such an intelligent person as the conductor could have been so mistaken."
"Here Betay made some remark about Ananias in an impressive aside
"What mistake did the conductor make, auntie? What did he say about me?"
"Well, really, I can't quite gemember,

auntie? What did he say about me?"

"Well, really, I can't quite remember, my love. You see I was in the stable-yard at the Mermaid Hotel—such a confusing apot, for the horses were loose and so close to me. Though they were quiet at the time and looking hot and exhausted, poor things, it does not do to trust to appearance—I kept my eye on them."

"But what was the mistake?" Helen repeated. "Dear Helen is so determined," Mrs. Mitford was in the habit of saying, "she has such force of character."

"Never mind, love, never mind. It was a mistake, so I will not repeat what might be an annoyance to you. I make a point of forgetting anything unpleasing. Those kind of people do not mean any harm, not at all; but they are not discerning."

These remark wer not likely to arrest Helen's cur oddy

These remark wer not likely to arrest Helen's cur ordey
"I should like to near what he said."
Miss Mitford was of a plastic disposition though she formed her own opinions and preserved them, yet she was always ready to comply with the wishes of her companions.

"Then what she maker, berus? When you are crusty something quite extraordinary must have happened."
"I'm all right, my dear; there is nothing earthly the matter with me. I suppose a fellow needn't make a fool of himself unless it is agreeable to him. I ady Lucy is everything that is correct, but she can't sing— "He didn't say much, Helen."
From behind them came some indignant and isolated words, of which "Shameful"
"Sir Adolphus, indeed"—" grinding the poor"—" an old-dothes man"—" ought to know better"—" respected herself"—" not a word of truth"—were distinguishable. nant sing—

"Her voice was soft and low,
full"
the to to 'not side and the side and

"We larn to sing it aisy, that song the Mar-seillaisy Too long, yous long, the Continent, we learnt at Killaloo."

at Killaloo."

rung out through the room.

"Pretty thing that!" growled the young man—" just like 'White Wings' or Lady Lucy. Sort of thing you never get sick of —grows on you—just suits a night like this."

thia.'

He pointed through the open window to where the moon traced its pathway across the dark, heaving sea—to where the black cliffs towered, standing on guard upon either side of the left chasm in which twinkled the lights of the village.

lights of the village.

Ansatasia did not look at the view, but she looked keenly at her brother.

"Did Troubadour win the Norchester stakes?" she inquired with apparent irrelevance.

"Walk over," laconically.
"Then what's the matter, Bertie? When

"Why did you go to see the omnibus

"The Reades in Pener.

"The service of the position is not believed by the position of the pos

egregious mistake, but how to rectify such errors she realized that she was either too stupid or too old to learn.

Dinner was over—an excellent dinner it had been, such as leaves those who have been happy-enough to discuss it in the best of humors. If the wit was weak among the of humors. If the wit was weak among the party at Newton, the laughter was strong, and there was plenty of it, and the music of laughter is pleasant to hear in a world where it does not always overbound.

A group of men and girls were gathered round the piano, which, with an accompaniment of banjo, bones, and vigorous voices, was degrading its mellifluous tones by leading the popular strains of that curious tune "Killaloo."

Apart from the group at the piano, upon

ous tune "Killaloo."

Apart from the group at the piano, upon the ledge of an open window, Helen's recent acquaintance, Mr. Albert Jones, was seated talking, with rather a listless and condescending air, to his youngest sister, Anastasia.

Austasia.

Don't grumble, Berlie, come and sing," sho was saying; "or, if you won't sing, go and smoke—do something. I saw Lady Lucy looking over here just now; it's rather uncivil of you not to talk to her. You have been so stupid all the evening; you bored her to death at dinner, I saw her

wiew of an emergency in the shape of visitors. She had resumed her song and her occupation when Julia, awed by the stateliness of a powdered footman and excited by the unwonted sight of a gentleman caller, opened the door timidly, and in hushed tones announced—

"Lady Jones and Mr. Jones!"
Their followed some embarassing moments, during which Miss Elizabeth woke up in a bewildered condition I Lady Jones nervously and unintelligibly endeavored to explain the object of her call, stared Helen out of countenance and broke the foreleg of the dainty chair upon the edge of which she had placed herself on her eatry.

Strangely enough the usually composed Helen had momentarily lost her self-possession, but soon regaining it, she found Lady Jones another and a firmer chair, shelpfed lare out with her disclosures, and sustained the conversation until her aunt finally emerged from the land of dreams and became her placid and tranquil self.

"It is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing you, Lady Jones, that for the first moment, I hardly knew you," she apologized. "It seemed so stupid, but unfortunately I loft my spectacles on the garden seat below the magnolia, and without them I am nearly blind, I am indeed."

"My eyes fail me, too, Miss Mitford, but I'm sorry to say I don't wear spectacles, but these awkward pinch-noses which my girls prefer, though they fall from my nose as often as I place them there."

"But I notice that your—ahem—your glasses are suspended from your neck by a chain, which is very convenient; my spectacles frequently get mislaid. It is impossible," with a gentle sigh, "to attach spectacles, but these on the here."

Mr. Jones, to do him justice, was behaving with tact, he looked as though he was in the habit of paying afternoon calls with his mother, and appeared quite athome on the tiny chair in the corner, where he had retreated on his arrival, and from whence, for the first few moments, he was conscious that his eye rested more persistently upon her than was quite in accordance with good manner

Freshing.

He had come for the purpose of inviting her to the ball, and he saw no reason for concealing his purpose, so he immediately approached the subject.

My mother's brought you a card," he said, and then urged her to accept the invitation.

Her smiling indifference to the whole ouestion was rather astonishing to one

question was rather astonishing to one whose desire, opinion or remark usually received the undivided attention of that honored lady to whom it was divulged.
"You don't care for dancing?"...he
hazarded. "Perhaps you don't go to balls?"

own that cloth of gold bud with which abe toyed half-absently while she talked. He wished she would be less unappreachable and more responsive.
"Perhaps," he began again, still searching for a cause for her refusal, "you don't care for a ball out of your own neighborhood? Do strangers bore you?"
"On the contrary—I like change, and therefore a change of face."
"Then, why," doggedly, "won't you come to us?"
"I am sorry," with that formal air of politeness that was artificial, he knew, and which annoyed him, "that I am unable to accept your kind invitation."
"I am most unlucky," he returned, with a smile, "you will accept nothing of mine—not even a lift in my dog-cart."
It was the first time he had alluded to their prior acquaintance, and she blushed a little when he did so, though she answered with that calm sevoir fairs and self-reliance, which seemed to place her at a great distance off and reversed their former position, to his disadvantage.
"Yesterday you were a stranger to me," she said, demurely.
"So is a cabman a stranger, but you drive in his cab all right."
"I had no money."
"I had no money."
"I would have taken out the fare in dances."
"You were very kind," with a mischlevous twinkle in her eyes, "to propose driving me, but you could hardly expect me to trespass upon your goodness by accepting your offer."
"It was no case of trespassing," he returned, answering the twinkle with a laugh, "the cart was there and the empty seat ready for you. Upon my word, I was miserable the whole evening at the thought of your walking home; I couldn't forget it, but it was your own fault."

A very steady and expressive glance from his companion disconcerted the speaker.

"If it wasn't your own fault I don't know who was to blame," he added, with some defiance. "When I was half-way home I nearly turned back to try my luck again with you, but, remembering your face as I had last seen it, I thought it wiser not to try."

"Had you come you would have been too late to find me for I soon met with a—a

with you, but, remembering your face as I had last seen it, I thought it wiser not to try."

"Had you come you would have been too late to find me for I soon met with a—a—carriage in which I drove home."

"Not really? You don't mean it, I thought all the cabs and carts were well on their way back before you left the station."

"You had forgotten the carrier's cart."

He laughed, they were sailing uppleasantly near the wind, he must change the subject.

"So you came in the guise of a parcel, what a fortunate career! I am glad you were spared the walk, though I am inclined to think you deserved to suffer for refusing my escort," then, with a sudden, happy thought, "You pass through pretty country on the way here, don't you?"

"Exceedingly," with a disappointing lack of enthusiasm.

"You do not know the Rivers Meet Vale near here?"

"No, but I heard of it."

"You must see it."

"Yes, I should like to go there."

"It's a perfect bit of scenery. It beats anything I ever saw in any country, and I have done a tiresome bit of knocking about in my life. The rivers come in contact in anarrow valley between a brace of granite tors; there is such a tumult over the meeting of the waters that you can hear the splashing and the roar half a mile off. Bowlders from the cliff have rolled down into the bed of the river, and the water lashes at them all day long and sends up clouds of spray which keep the air cool even on the hottest summer morning. The Osmunda Regalis grows eight feet high on the banks; inland you get a view over the moor, and seaward you can see right away beyond Morte Point."

"How beautiful."

Scenery was a stimulating and stirring topic; Mr. Jones felt that hitherto he had not fully appreciated the beauties of North Devon.

"The morning after the ball we are going to drive up there for a blow," he continued.

not fully appreciated the beauties or Norm Devon.

"The morning after the ball we are going to drive up there for a blow," he continued. "We are all going, a largish party, we shall take lunch and make a day of it. It's rather a difficult place to get at, the roads are exerable. You will come with us, won't you? You would love the Vale and my mother would be so pleased to have you."

Helen's eyes had sunk to the roses on her knee, she hesitated and he eagerly pressed his advantage.

"I will get the carrier's cart if that is the only conveyance you fancy, and if I mayn't

"I will get the carrier's cart if that is the only conveyance you fancy, and if I mayn't drive you, at least I may walk at the horse's head and crack the whip occasionally."

"May I leave it open ?"

"No," he said, boldly, "that is just wat you may not do. I hate uncertainty worse than misfortune. If you will come it will be very kind of you; if you won't I will make up my mind to bear the disappointment."

"I must depend upon my aunt," with an accession of digsety that the young man

an accession of digesty that the young man did not seem to remark.

"I thought it depended on you," he said frankly, "If it depends on her it is easily arranged," and, forthwith, he rose from his chair, quitted his nonplussed-companion, and, turning his shoulder upon her, addressed Miss Elizabeth. He had hardly than turning his shoulder upon her, a licessed Miss Elizabeth. He had hard linished his petition for permission for Hele to join their Rivers Meet picnic before s gratefully accorded.
'Whose picnic is it, Albert," asked Lady

Jones, rising as she spoke preparatory taking leave. "I hadn't heard a word oit. Dear me, I fancy you must have mad a mistake for I do not think we are in

ted."
"It's all right, mother," he replied, mly. "The girls are going and all the sople in the house. It is one own picnic, at its rather premature to talk of it, for the weather's so uncommonly unsettled own here in the West."
When the victors had come the colder. When the visitors had gone the elde Miss Mitford waxed eloquent over their charms and flooded her discourse with their

charms and flooded her discourse with their praises.

"Such genial and friendly people, love; the young man so handsome and so easy. If poor Lady Jones is not quite what we age accustomed to in polish, yet her deficiencies are concealed by good nature. People are sadly unkind about them. Jealousy, love, is at the root of all unkindness. Between ourselves, Helen, I think that nice young man has taken a fancy to you. You have no idea how he stared when you were bidding his mamma good-bye; it was almost uncivil; but then he has such handsome eyes."

eyes."
"'He is very self-satisfied and conceited, said the younger lady with cold delibers

ion.

"Dear, dear, you astonish me, Helen
From you manner and general air I quit
hought—well, well, I really couldn't tel
ou what I did think—old maids are fanci ful."

"I wonder if they are as fanciful as young ones," thought the girl, dipping her sweet face down in the basket of roses before her and smiling rather grimly.

(To be Communed.)

Goodheart's Sudden Change. Returned tourist-Is Mr. Goodheart stil aying attentions to your daughter?
"Indeed he isn't paying her any atten tion at all."
"Indeed? Did he jilt her?"
"No. He married her."

Ladies, if you are suffering from any the ailments peculiar to your sex give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. They will not fail you. Sold by all dealers.

Few lady athletes are more energelic than the Misses Morell Mackenzie. At Wargrave regatta they showed great provess in the double sculling race, one sister ateering, the other sculling. The race was very close, but the ladies carried the day over their men competitors. Some of the sisters also raced in the Canadian cance and gondola race.

gondola race.

Good News: Stranger—Hew do you remember the names of all these workmen?
Contractor—We don't try to. We number them. Chalk the numbers on their breeches.

"I should think the chalk marks would get rubbed off." "If they lose the chalk marks they get no pay, and they all understand it." "Humph! Where do you put the mark" "Right where it will get rubbed off if they ait down."

T. Sidney Copper, the British royal academician, has just celebrated his 88th birthday. He is in excellent health.

German

We have selected two or Croup. three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

En. L. WILLIFE, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup preparation act like it. It is simply migraculous.

Fully one-half

Fully one-half of our customers Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

The Earl of Aberdeen Cannot Beny hi

Nationality.

The Earland Lady Aberdeen and party prived in the city about 10 o'clock this norning, and were driven directly to the Auditorium Hotel. A Press reporter seat the three three and was shown into Auditorium Hotel. A Press reporter seat up a card shortly after, and was shown into the presence of one of the staff, the Earl himself having retired. The reporter was informed that the partyhad reached here in excellent health an I were pleased with their trip. "America," said the gentleman, "is always a source of pleasure to the British traveller."

always a source of pleasure to the British traveller."

But the Earl himself could not be seen. A waiter, who had conveyed something good for the inner man to the noble guest, returned bearing the card which the reporter had sent up. On one side was the reporter's name—the quaint old Scottish name of Jean—on the other side were a few words scribbled by the Earl:

"Will see you at — Your name came up like a sprig-of heather."

After all a "Scot is a Scot the world over."

over."
For the uninitiated be it added that Jean
means "sprig of heather." — Monday's
Chicago Press. The Pasorama a Scotch Invention.

The Pasorama a scotch Invention.

Towards the end of the last century, tabout 1785, a young Edinburgh painter, named Robert Baker, was thrown into prison by his creditors. His cell was underground, receiving the daylight from a hole in the ceiling. For a long time he failed to notice the manner in which the light struck the walls, when one day, receiving a letter, he pl ced t to read it against the light side of the wall. The effect appeared to him so novel and extraordinary that he resolved as soon as he was free to repeat it on large-sized pictures, the light being made to fall from above. The year following he took out a patent for an entirely new contrivance called by him "La Nature a Coup d'Œil," and since called "panorams," for the purpose of displaying views of nature on a large scale. "L' Historie des Panoramas," just issued by the National Printing Press in France, settles the origin of the invention, although the honor was disputed by Provost in France and Breysig in Germany. M. Bapst, however, shows beyond doubt that Barker really discovered the principle of panorama, representing the British flect at anchor off Portsmouth, was exhibited in Leicester square in 1792, the first on the continent appearing in Paris and Berlin in 1800. Next the France and Breitish flect at enchor off panoramas. Competition.

The Fratest Short Run on Ralls.

It is disputed that the fastest train in Great Britain is the Scotch Express. The New York Sun says in answer to a correspondent: "For a short distance four English trains beat ours, and the fastest train in the world is on the Great Northern of England, between Grantham and King's Cross Station, London; the distance is only 1054 miles, but the schedule speed is 54 miles an hour. The schedule speed on the Central's new express is 52½ miles an hour, and the Baltimore & Ohio's 61½ miles an hour.

Brocklyn Life: "Now that you have consented," said the happy young man, "I nust see your paps."
"No," replied the radiant girl. "You nention it to mamma. What she says

In the Restaurant. New York Herald: "Garcon, I've waited there one mortal hour!" said Chappie.
"That's so, sir; but just think o' me.
"Ye been waiting here for 10 years."

Children almost invariably suffer fron catarrh at this season. Do not neglect i until perhaps consumption is developed, bu apply Nasal Balm at once. It never fails to cure.

One Had to Go.

Grand Rapids Democrat: "My cigar has one out," remarked the snake editor.
"Thank heaven," fervently said the horse ditor, "then I will not have to." One of the largest irrigating canals

farms.

Guest—I want a good hearty dioner—plenty of variety. What would you advise? Waiter—Order consomme soup, hash and mince pie. They'll be sure to include everything.

An Albany special says the best figures obtainable to date show eighteen Republicans and fourteen Democrate in the Senate, and 65 Democrate to 63 Republicans in the Assembly.

French electricians find that the best accumulator plates are made of an alloy

ocumulator plates are made of an alloy omposed of 945 parts of lead, 22 parts of atimony, and 13 parts of mercury.

antimony, and 13 parts of mercury.

The Pope's jubilee present to aged Archishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, is a fine medallion of himself, painted on ivory and in a gold frame.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Worrit, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?"

Yone of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves. -The King of Greece speaks a dozen

In Africa there are 500 missionaries and 400,000 converts. An average of 25,000 a year become converted, and in five years more than 200 martyrs have lost their lives there.

There are 1,125 characters in the twenty our books that Charles Dickens wrote. For the first time since the war, there s not a negro in the Virginia Legislature. Prince Oscar, of Sweden, who married Miss Ella Munck some two years ago, lead a very serene existence with the woman of his choice, whom to wed he gave up all rights to the throne.

Chinese is spoken by 40,000,000 people.

Var Jay—We had a splendid time s
the reception last night. Willing—Jus
my luck, always a splendid time whenever
stay away. Van Jay—So the others wer
remarking. ALE

LEOPLE remarking.

The Edinburgh Town Council cided not to sanction the erection experimental trolley line.

Two-thirds of 3,000 persons on the Elgin Watch Works are wom the transparency.

EVERY WOMAN they are organizing.

The Chinese not infrequently condemnprisoner to keep awake until he dies A criminal in such circumstances usually lives nine or ten days.

nine or ten days.

The farmer who closely packs his load of wood is sure to strike the popular chord

David Evans, London's new lord mayor, has just turned 40, one of the youngest mayors London has had, and has been noted for the brevity and sense of his speeches.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

In the mammoth dry goods store;
And he thought of the nights he had held the
hand
As they strolled by the ees-beat shore. He looked at her face, he smiled and bowed; She gave him a vaccant stare, And said, in a voice as cold as ice, "I'll take this four-button pair." —It takes two years to make a bottle

—When a man realizes that he cannot lamous there is some hope that he will sett own and be useful.

—If you have nothing else to be thankfu

OONSISTENT TO THE END.
Young Goitfast was wont to say"We all have got to die;
So while I stay upon the earth
I'll live exceedingly high." So well did he this theory
Of living high expound,
That when he died his feet were all
Of six feet from the ground.
That's what you might call 'cutting
well,' "anid the surgeon as he lanced.si

big boil.

A piano is a moral thing.

Proved in whatever light.

Proved in whatever light.

Proved in whatever light.

The sure to be upright.

Lis sure to be upright.

Jimmy—Pa, I wish I could be a pirate and sail the Spanish main and scuttle ships. Mr. Scrimp—Well, you, just take this scuttle and sail down cellar and pirate some coal from Smith's bin.

A time, in Balenda tore his kenner to — A tiger in Belgrade tore his keeper to pieces. The last words of the poor man were: "It's tough on me, but it'll be the making of the show."

Very Silly.

A lady who, since the memory of the present generation, has been earning her living by writing newspaper and magazine articles and in various other ways, and is therefore quite as much of a working woman as if she scrubbed floors for a maintenance, writes a paper lamenting the degeneracy of domestic help in the United States, and remarks:

domestic help in the United States, and remarks:

We can never have the "perfect service" in a republic.

Dear! dear! by all means this lady should migrate, bandbox and bundle, to Europe and live there, where from the superior heights of writing at a cent a word, more or less, she can look down upon the woman who sweeps up her literary litter and enjoy the "perfect service" which only a monarchy or an empire can yield. Her aristocratic sensitivities are quite too acute for her to tarry longer in her own country, where, as the old man said when speaking to the Sunday school class: "Maybe all these little boys and girls will some day be presidents."

The "perfect service" in the domestic line in America went when women who wanted to introduce foreign ways brought into their kitchen the cap and back door business, and set themselves up as persons of another race than the people who for wages performed their work. Then every self-respecting American, girl fled the kitchen. Joan of Arc was a hostler. What a horrid creature she would have been to this blue-blooded magazine hack!—Chicago Canadian-America.

The Block Pavement Unhealthy. The Block Pavement Unbealthy.

Ottawa Free Press: Western physicians have come to the conclusion that cedar block pavements are prejudicial to public health in those cities where they are in use, as they harbor the germs of typhoid and other diseases. There is talk of tearing up the cedar pavement which have been put down at great expense in Toronto. All over the country the cedar block pavement is being condemned, and the general concensus of opinion is that in those cities which cannot afford granite or solid asphale good briek is about the best material for paving streets. Brick pavements last well, are easily repaired, and no objection can be urged to them on sanitary grounds.

Wanted a Chance.

Long Term William—What did you want to tell that kind lady you were in for a double murder, you petty larceny thief? A. Jay Hallrack—I'm sick of tracts and kill-me-quick cigars; what I want is sweet smelling posies. The Increase of Crime.

Detroit News: The growth of the criminal class, so-called, is a question that has engaged the attention of the professional reformers for some years back, almost to the exclusion of the other subjects of kindred interest. The prison reform congresses that are held every year under the presidency of Mr. R. B. Hayes, of Frement O, and in the presence of Mr.

PRACTICAL JOKES.
The joke that's called "the practical'
Is born of mulish wit
And to some sad and cruel end
Come thou who practice it.

Emperor William is fond of shooting ut because of his withered arm he is not an ecurate marksman. It is with the greatest ifficulty that he can shoulder a rifle. Your friends may not know much, but hey know what they would do if they were

Your friends may not allow more they know what they would do if they were in your place.

But over and above all this the girl baby is a mark of intellect. It has long been noticed that the greatest men leave no male descendants. George Washington left none. Thomas Jefferson had only girls. Andrew Jackson never risked a son. The greatest Democrats of the country have stadily enoughd this safe and conservative reatest Democrats of the country have steadily pursued this safe and conservative policy, the great advantages of which are steadily pursued this safe and conservative policy, the great advantages of which are illustrated by the contrasta presented in other parties. The opponents of Democracy have been obliged to elect two presidents as sons of their fathers or grandsons of their grandfathers—a misfortune which could not have happened had the Democratic precedent been followed.—Elmira Telegram.

Miss Prim—The "young man of the present day makes me tired. Miss Gush—I don't see how that can be, you see so little of him.

Sir Edwin Arnold says he has written

clear explanation to the child

DR.WILLIAMS

There is happiness in pulling the sled us hill for the one you love to ride down again—Ram's Horn. of him.

Sir Edwin Arnold says he has written \$8,000 editorial leaders, each of them averaging over half a column in length. He enjoys editorial work greatly, and is never happier, he says, than pegging away with a pen. He always smokes a pipe when writing.

The London Spectator tells of a clergyman who was addressing children: "Now children," he said, "I propose to give you on the present occasion an epitome on the life of St. Paul. Perhaps some of you are too young to understand what the word 'epitome' means. 'Epitome', children, is, in its signification, synonymous with synopsis." Having made this simple and clear explanation to the children, the Switchman's Journal: There is a man in four town and he is wondrous wise; whene'er he writes the printer man, he dotteth all his i's. And when he dotteth all of them, with great sangfroid and ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely had he been), he doth the good penny stamp, for postage back, put in.

Puck: "Blusher is the most bashfu man I ever knew."
""Well, how on earth did he ever come to get married?"
"He was too bashful to refuse." Her Hubby's Teachings.

New York Weekly: Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of you nusband?

Widow—My dear, if there was any one widow—My dear, if there was any one widow. thing that my poor dead and gone husban insisted upon, in season and out, it was tha I should never put off till to-morrow what could do to-day. The royalties from Moody and Sankey's famous "Gospel Hymns" have amounted to \$1,200,000, every penny of which has gone for ch. ritable purposes.

A dog should only be fed once daily, and hould be allowed an ounce of food for every ound he weighs. EVERY MAN who finds his mental face the physical powers flagging, should take these than the physical powers flagging, should take these these than the physical powers flagging, should take these than the physical powers flagging, both the physical powers flagging, the physical powers flagging, and the physical powers flagging, and the physical powers flagging, and the physical powers flagging to the physical p

There are said to be 20,000 different kinds in butterflies, of which two thirds are

Fremont, O., and in the presence of Levi L. Barbour, of this city, are an forced to bewait the way the world is to the bad. Every year the people will do bad things get ahead of the rers by so many and so many hundred the property of the presence of the property of the

and differentiate them, put them in jai under indeterminate sentences, and do wha and differentiate them, put them in justice in all do what they will, but the professional reformer find the crime wave rolling up in size and violence, now here, now there, now every where, to their confusion.

Figs and Thistles.

Education doesn't make the man. It rings out the gold that God put in him. The devil can sometimes frighten the ord's sheep, but he can't hurt them.

The man who conquers himself fights battle that is watched from heaven.

What do you suppose the angels think of man who is doing his best to die rich?

Ambition is a big ship that often get-recked because it sails without a compass

If you want to help the devil to mak acksliders get up church entertainments.

An Editorial Pet.

Four Years Married.

of butterflies, of which two-thirds are named.

Peat has been found to be an excellent medium for packing all breakable merchan dise, as also for meat, fish and fruit. It has the power of absorbing the fluids that may escape from such goods in transportation.

The cost of the tunnel under the Thames, about four miles below London bridge, is to be \$4,37.5,000. It is to be 1,200 feet in length and twenty feet in diameter, with the crown only eight feet below the bed of the river in its deepest part. The process of construction is to be almost like that of the Hudson river tunnel. YOUNG WOMEN should take them.



Reasons Given by Feeple for Not Geling to Charles.

So you are not going to church this morning, my son;
Ah, yoe; I see. "The music is not good"; that's a pity; that's what you are going to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay, the better music we demand.

"And the pews are not comfortable"; that's to bad—the Sabbath is a day of rest and we go to church to repose. The less we do during the week, the more rest we clamor for on Sabbath.

"The fourch is so far away; it is too far to walk, and you detest riding in a street car, and they're always crowded on Sabsth." This is indeed distressing; sometimes when I think how much farther away; to when I think how much farther away; the haven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the read of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

"And the sermon is so long, always." All these things are indeed to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often queeze into a stuffed street car with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, and hang on a strap by your eyelids for two miles, then are reasons for not going to church does? It develops a habit of lings. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, and you cars, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis bout the "dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground."

A beam and Rolland Bectin Thirty-five Days she had the province of string on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game as acratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a doze missift horns right in my or cars, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis bout the "dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground."

A bisson man Holoscovered Alive After Thirty-five Days and say some and the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis bout the "dandiest game you ever saw played on t

coasts.

All the correspondence from the Vatican at Rome concerning church matters is carried on in Latin.

The latest survey of Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, places the height of that famous mountain at about 19,000 feet.

The fisheries cruiser H. M. S. Constance, built for the Dominion Government by the Polson Company, was successfully launched at Owen Sound yesterday. She will be employed for the protection of the fishing ndustry in Georgian Bay. THE FRENCH AND THE GERMANS. Sir Charles Dilke says that the autumn manocurres of the French army have convinced the country that the old-time efficiency has been recovered, and that France is now in a position to hold her own. Some very able observers are inclined to think, says Sir Charles, "that the satisfac-France is now in a position to hold her own. Some very able observers are inclined to think, says Sir Charles, "that the satisfaction of France in having regained her army makes her good-humored, and is a point in favor of peace; and this view has been supported by setting up and meeting the counter view that the French are excited and will be glad to use their, as they think, perfect weapon or to challenge Germany. But the real danger is not the danger of a challenge. The danger is a danger of an accident, followed by a refusal to apologize or make excuse, and that danger is a real one. Obstinately as I have believed in peace in face of all the rumors of war for many years, I cannot but feel that an Emperor may make a speech, a Duchess or Pretender may pay a mob to smash the windows of an embassy, and apologies may not be forthcoming from the side which ought to make them. President Grevy was able to make excuses—to the King of Spain when a crowd howled at him in Desse in the counter of Germany, in face of a France which has regained its strength, would also probably find himself prevented by German military opinion, in the event of a new fronter incident, from offering such explanations as his grandfather was able to make to France at the time of the Schnaebele affair. On the other hand, we are too ready to think that any war between France and Germany must become a general war in which France and Russia will be opposed to the forces of the Triple Alliance and of Roumania. Is it not more probable that in the event of such incidents happening as alone are likely to produce war, Austria will say to Germany and Russia will be opposed to the forces of the Triple Alliance and of Roumania. Is it not more probable that in the event of such incidents happening as alone are likely to produce war, Austria will say to Germany and Russia will say to Germany and Russia will say to France: 'Neither party has been attacked; this is a mere war for a point of honor: it is a duel; fight it out, and we will not step in '?' When

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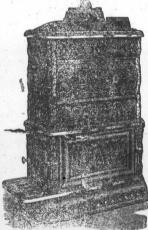
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