

A Transformation.

"Very well, I'll stay," says Terry, slowly. By the way, how modest you and Gerard are!" says Fanny, laughing. "Such a model pair of lovers! I was glad to see you gave him one dance at all events—Oh! you're turning to Mr. Kitts, who has come in, evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. 'Is that you?'"

"It's what remains of me," says Mr. Kitts, weakly.

"You have been—"

"I have, indeed. I've been bleating all around the house after you. There's a big woman in red velvet who says she won't leave the house until she sees you. I do hope you haven't been doing anything—anything criminal, I mean. She looks awfully wild."

"Oh, it's that tiresome Mrs. Burke," says Fanny, with some disgust. "She always will insist on saying good-bye. Such bad taste! It makes all the others go on and, and some of the girls are so enjoying themselves, poor things! Come, take me to her; perhaps I can amuse her out by the armory door."

Meantime, Terry has escaped.

CHAPTER VIII.

The house is quiet enough now. Some of the men have gone to the smoking-room, and all the women have gone to their beds, or, at all events, are supposed to have gone there. Mrs. Adare, passing Terry's room, glances in, and, seeing the girl no farther advanced towards rest than the shedding of her hair, goes in, gets into bed, dresses, and, and the brushing out of her long and lovely hair, seats herself in the nearest chair and begins an exhaustive conversation about the events of the evening.

"Robbie won't be up for another hour," says she, alluding to her husband, who is in the smoking-room with his guests, poor man, though he would far rather be bed; "and you can't possibly finish your undressing under ten minutes; so I'll sit here and talk to you."

And talk she does, as gayly and sleepily as when she was 19, though now I suppose she must be 34 at all events. In the middle of quite an exciting episode that has the woman in red for its heroine, a gentle tap sounds at the door.

"Come in," says Terry, gayly, who under the charm of Fanny's high spirits has entirely recovered her own; and, the door opening, Miss Anson, still in full ball costume, stands revealed on the threshold.

"You, Geraldine, and not even undressed!" says Mrs. Adare, in great amazement. "What have you been doing, you silly girl?"

"Looking for you," says Miss Anson, frankly. "The fact is, I couldn't find you until I saw you. I—it is awful of me, I know, giving way to rather shamed mirth, 'but I am dying of hunger.'"

"Oh, do you know, so am I," cries Terry. "I didn't eat a bit of supper; and now I remember a pie that was at the side of the table, near the top; I wonder if it is all gone."

"Little gourmand!" cries Fanny. There, run down, you two, as quickly as you can, and get something to eat. Time is flying, remember, and there is very little of it left for your beauty sleep; and all those people coming to-morrow, too! If you hurry, I dare say the lights won't be out in the supper-room yet, though I must say Patrick is unrivaled at putting out everything at a second's notice. Take a candle, with you, and light one of the lamps if you find he has been at it again. There, go!"

She stops Terry, however, for a moment. "Let me tie back your hair," says she, catching up a pale-blue ribbon on the table. "With this she draws the girl's soft lovely locks into a loose binding behind her head—such long locks, that fall far below her waist. Fanny, having tied the ribbon, turns her around."

"Oh, how absurd!" says she. "You look like a baby—a little thing of 15."

She accompanies them to the door and sees them safely down-stairs.

"There are a few men still in the smoking-room," says she, "victimizing Robbie, but you go delicately, like Agas, they won't hear you."

Thus she dismisses them with her blessing, but with hardly sound advice, however, as they have no sooner reached the lowest step than they see Larry coming across the hall.

"I don't believe in visions," says that young man, advancing, "and I hope it isn't D. T. But what are you doing here?" He addresses himself to Terry. His eyes, indeed, are fastened on her in admiration, an admiration that rather galls Miss Anson, who fancies herself a good deal. And, considering that she is in her full war-paint still, and Terry in only a little, simple, white dimity gown (loosely made, and without a vestige of lace about it), one should not take her to task too much for her disgust.

But then Terry is so much prettier in the white dimity, with only her face and her youth and her sweetness.

Miss Anson, seeing him, makes a little gesture as if to go back. She catches Terry's sleeve. Terry looks at her as if wondering.

"It is so late," says Miss Anson, in a wailing whisper.

"It isn't a bit later than it was a minute ago," says Terry, making a most extraordinary calculation. "It must be confessed, and I am still hungry. Larry, we want some supper. Come with us and light the lamps, will you? Fanny says she's afraid Patrick has put them all out, and I'm starving."

"Yes, do come, Miss Anson," says O'More. And Geraldine, finding her prudery is completely thrown away upon these two dense Irish people, and her appetite still most healthy, follows them to the supper-room.

Fanny was right. Patrick has been true to his character. All is in darkness. When Larry, with some difficulty, and the burning of a handsome candle, has lit one lamp, both girls entreat him to let well alone, and get them something to eat.

The pie is still in existence, and Terry is delighted with it. So is Miss Anson. But, finding after a while that Terry and O'More have more to say to each other than to her, she rises, gives them a gentle little inclination of the head, and leaves the room.

"Really it is disgraceful the way that girl flirts with poor dear Gerard, and makes love to her cousin. This is her thought as she ascends the stairs to her room. If Gerard could only see her now, sitting there in a mere glimmer of light, in a thin white dressing-gown, talking and laughing with that handsome cousin, he would be less than a man if he bore it. What a pity no one can tell him of it! In all justice his eyes should be opened. If one could see him—"

At this moment (she has reached the corridor above) she hears footsteps approaching, and presently finds herself face to face with Trefusis.

"Has sleep no charms for you?" he de-

mands, pleasantly, stopping to say a word. Here is her opportunity.

"Yes, but hunger had even greater," she returns, laughing. "It is a rather forced laugh. See it thinking of what she shall say next. Miss O'More and I went down about half an hour ago" (it was really only ten minutes ago) "to the supper-room, to see what we could get."

"Yes?" No supper taken at a proper time, I suppose? Well, I hope you got something."

"We got Mr. O'More," says she, demurely. "He took us to the supper-room, and lit the—well—a lamp for us. He was so kind. He wouldn't go away, even though we begged him to do so. He insisted on getting us all sorts of beautiful things, a pie in especial. He is very amusing, isn't he?"

"Very!" What is there in her tone that has changed her from kind to indifferent attention to something that might almost be called anger? And so you got your supper at last?"

"Oh, I did! Miss O'More is still finishing hers—with her cousin. You know he is so amusing."

"Yes," says Trefusis. It is the same answer, in a sense. He hid her good-night again, and continues his way. Miss Anson, in the shelter of her door-way, watches him. He is going to his room, or down-stairs!

Down-stairs, certainly.

He turns the handle of the supper-room door with undue violence, and walks in.

(To be Continued.)

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Should Prof. Garner in his simian studies go so far as to get at the monkey literature, a collection of their tales might catch on.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted to the only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are specially subject.

Mathilde—Mr. Hungerford is a man who thoroughly believes in himself. Elaine—How very fullible he must be.

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Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong."

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CROPS IN ONTARIO.

Prospects in the West Are Decidedly Reassuring.

Stratford.—Since the report of June 7 small fruits suffered from cold, and have only turned out a small crop. Apples and pears promise well, but plums have sustained damage from frost and won't be over half a crop. Wheat on high land holds its own; on low lands has improved slightly. Peas on well drained lands fair to good; on lower lands considerably checked by cold and not quite so good. Oats look to be a fair crop. Barley, very little sown. Potatoes look fairly well, and roots generally look well.

Chatham.—The crops in Kent county give promise of an abundant harvest. Wheat above the average, and is, with hay, ready for cutting. Beans, barley, corn and oats are in excellent condition, and the fruit, fair crop.

Clinton.—Farmers are busy pearing in this district, and the crop promises to be a fair average one. They will be cutting fall wheat in a few days, and this crop promises to be unusually good, and promises the best crop for years. Spring wheat, oats, peas and rye will be fully up to the average, or a little better. Too early to forecast the root crop. Apples and plums will be a fairly good yield.

Galt.—Crops in this vicinity are generally good. Wheat good to extra good. Hay light. Oats light, but may be fair crop with rain. Barley and peas medium. Roots suffering from drought.

Paris.—The crops in North Brant look splendid. Wheat extra good. Hay above average. Barley, oats and peas good crop. Fruit light. Roots suffering from want of rain. On the whole, farmers are satisfied with the prospects.

Strathroy.—The prospects for a good harvest in this vicinity are very encouraging, and should the fine weather continue a large yield is looked for. Fall wheat is good, although some fields are nipped by frost and hurt by hot weather. Spring wheat is not much sown here. Hay is light and troubled with grasshoppers in some places. Oats and barley prospects are good for a large yield. Peas are fair. Corn is looking well, and a great quantity is sown. Apples are above the average. Potatoes are not up to the average.

Exeter.—Fall wheat, a heavy crop; spring wheat, not much sown, but looking good. Oats and barley, extra. Peas, an average. Hay, an average. Corn, looking good. Roots of all kinds, extra. Apples not very good, injured by frost. Other fruits very good, except grapes, which are a failure.

Amherstburg.—The crops in this vicinity are excellent. Hay is particularly an abundant crop. Cherries and berries are nearly all picked, and are good. Peaches, apples and plums promise well. Corn has a good start, and looks well.

Tilburg.—Fall wheat and oats, average. Peas, poor; dry weather. Corn, Barley and hay, poor. Corn, good. Potatoes, an average crop. Roots, good. Fruit, very good.

Norwich.—Fall wheat, average crop. No spring wheat raised here. Very little barley sown. Oats, fair crop. Peas, medium. Oats and peas, both injured by wet weather in May. Corn is late, but coming on nicely. Large crop in apples. Other fruits, moderate yield expected. Hay, good crop. Need rain at present time.

Listowel.—Fall wheat good. Oats and peas, fair promise of abundant harvest. Barley, good but late. Hay is very good, though in some places light. Root and corn crops show abundant growth, and at present give promise of a good yield. Potatoes are a good crop. Cherries and small fruits generally will give a good yield. Apples and plums are not so plentiful in this locality, having been injured by frost. Crops on the whole are good.

Guelph.—Spring wheat, very little sown in this locality. Fall wheat has improved, and will be a good yield, better than an average. Peas and barley will be a good average. Oats heading short, and likely to be light. Roots want rain. Hay being harvested and turning but light, less than an average. Small fruits plentiful. Apples, short crop.

St. Thomas.—Hay nearly all cut; light, about two-thirds crop. Wheat looks well; fall crop with good sample. Oats light; prospects about two-thirds crop. Corn good; should yield average crop. Peas injured by early hot weather; not more than half crop. Potatoes and other roots indicate full average, but rather early to judge yet. Fruits, apples, plums, pears, peaches, 75 to 80 per cent of crop. Raspberries, full average.

Georgetown.—Fall wheat promises a good average. Spring wheat, none sown. Barley very little sown. Oats good. Hay light. Peas good.

Harrison.—Fall wheat, though not so extensively grown as usual, will be a fair crop. Spring grain is good, probably above the average. Hay in many places will be fair, showing immense.

Comber.—The farmers are engaged in harvesting hay, and it is one of the heaviest crops known. Wheat is ripening fast, and cutting will be general. Some old fields were cut yesterday. Yield about average. Oats, corn, barley, peas and other crops were promising well, but are all now suffering for rain. New potatoes are now on the market, and sell at \$1 per bushel.

Ingersoll.—In the surrounding country crops are doing very well, much better than last year. Wheat and oats very heavy and good quality. Peas are fair. The apple and small fruit crops are abundant, and on the whole, the best season that has been for years.

Sarnia.—General outlook for harvest in this vicinity is the best for years. All grains, roots and fruit are looking very well, and unless they ripen too quickly the results will be most gratifying. Hay is the only thing that is light.

Mitchell.—The late rains and warm weather have done much towards reviving crops here. A large breadth of fall and spring wheat grown, and will be about an average. Rye, barley and oats never better. Hay light, but will turn out better than expected. Roots look promising. Fruits, apples especially, fair.

Tavistock.—Fall wheat very good, also all kinds of spring grain exceptionally good. Flux a heavy crop. Hay abundant. Roots of all kinds look well. Apples a fair crop. Small fruits promise a poor crop, although hail and rain did damage to standing crops today.

St. Marys.—On the whole, farm crops in the vicinity are above the average. Meadows not so good and on low land the wet weather injured all kinds of grain crops more or less. With these exceptions, the grain and hay crops are superior to the past few years. Grapes and cherries are a failure, but fruit crops are good. Roots and other vegetable crops are about the average. All around the prospects are excellent for a big yield in farmers' and gardeners' produce.

Simcoe.—Fall wheat is more than an average crop, except in few places where the frost injured it. Oats will suffer some from the long drought, while peas are in many places drying up. Corn, large crop. Potatoes and roots, average. Fruit, fair to good crop.

Aylmer.—Wheat, progressing favorably. Oats, the weather too warm, but rains will

make fair crop. Peas, poor crop early sown, late grown may be better. Barley, not much sown in some localities; fair. Hay, light crop. Roots, crop is in a precarious state, all depending on showers and cooler weather. Fruit in general will be a fair crop.

Lucan.—From all reports received around the vicinity the present appearance of fall and spring wheat will be fully an average crop. Barley, very heavy and promises more than an average crop. Oats and peas also have a very promising outlook for a good average. Hay seems to be very light. Roots are O. K. All kinds of fruit will not be abundant.

Scissors Grinder on a Bicycle.

SARATOGA, July 9.—A novel sight here just now is a scissors grinder who has all the machinery required in his line of business fastened to the handle bars of a bicycle. This enterprising grinder goes from town to town on his wheel, stopping at farm-houses along the route to sharpen knives and scissors, and he does no little amount of business along the way and in each town.

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