

A FEW TELEGRAMS.

Dan Seldon, author of "The Real Reason," etc., etc., was sitting in his den writing. Mrs. Seldon did not, as a rule, disturb him at his work. He was surprised, therefore, when she burst the door open, sat down stormily, and said:

"Dan, I could cry!"

There was an open telegram in her hand. She threw it onto his writing table. He read:

"In town for one day. Coming to lunch with you. Jack, Garriek Club." "Is it?" "and that awful man is coming," said Mrs. Seldon, "we can't have him and Jack together. Jack would never forgive us."

"You must wire Jack not to come, that's all. It's damnable but it can't be helped."

"Dan—when he's only here for one single day—and we haven't seen him for a year!"

"Well, you can't put Travers off at the eleventh hour without any sort of reason."

"Can't I ask him to come tomorrow instead of to-day?"

"Not without some reason."

"Oh, Dan, do think of something clever. Couldn't I wire? Wait, I'll write a wire and show it to you."

Mrs. Seldon sat down with a frown of intense concentration.

"I shan't save coppers over this," she said, and wrote:

"Alas, cruelly disappointed. Must postpone pleasure of seeing you; prostrate with violent cold; will write."

She read it out.

"Now what could offend him in that? Doesn't it sound as true as truth?"

"I am not very fond of avoidable lying, you know," said Dan, gently earnest; "but do as you like."

He was a peculiarly truthful man. He took up his pen rather wearily as he added:

"You must wire Jack it's all right, then."

"Must I?"

"It would be more hearty."

"Very well. I'll be ever so quick and then leave my poor boy in peace again."

Having scribbled and sent off two wires, she went up to dress exquisitely for Jack's critical eye. At a quarter to two Mrs. Seldon was in the drawing room. At ten minutes to two Seldon came down, rubbing his soap fragrant hands, and smiling anticipatively.

At five minutes to two the front door bell rang, and the servant announced—"Mr. Travers!" Mrs. Seldon turned a light lemon color and shot one fatal glance at her husband. Seldon shrugged his shoulders in a savor to his wife's appeal, and sank into a doleful chair. Travers was hearty, happy and intolerable as usual.

Mrs. Seldon, having grasped her husband's position, became hysterically talkative and rather familiar. Seldon had time to whisper to his wife:

"This is delightful! See what you have done!"

"He'll find my wire when he gets home," she said, with a stony face.

"That's all, and I'm done for with Travers—utterly."

"Shall I say I got suddenly better—a wonderful doctor?"

"Both, impossible. He's more than three years old."

"Then I must get that wire out of his house before he leaves this. You must go in a cab, and—"

Jack was announced. Travers had not yet reappeared. In a few hurried sentences Mrs. Seldon apologized for Travers, and explained the situation. She had the mixed joy of seeing Jack appreciate it to the dregs.

The extra place at table had been laid in a moment. The introduction was accomplished, and they all went in to lunch—two of the party with light hearts and good appetites, the other two stricken. Seldon felt that only lies could extricate him, and lies were painfully difficult to him. His only course was to take a cab immediately after lunch, drive to Travers's house, which was luckily not too far, and get hold of the wire by any means which should suggest themselves to his imagination. At the end of the lunch Travers embarked on a long story which every one knew, and sipped his coffee with expansive enjoyment. Seldon remarked he had received a very important wire in the morning, and was obliged to rush out. He hoped to be back long before either of them dreamt of leaving.

Seldon walked slowly to the door, even paused to throw back a little joke, and as soon as the door was closed behind him, rushed wildly into the hall grasped his hat and tore out like a madman.

On the doorstep he narrowly escaped telling Travers's man, who had arrived at that moment with a telegram in his hand.

"That for Mr. Travers?" asked Seldon, with enforced calm.

"Yes, sir. I should have brought it before now."

"All right, Baker." (A sudden inspiration shone on Seldon's face.) "I'm afraid you have had your trouble for nothing. This wire was a little joke of mine which has failed, as it happens. I wanted your master to get it before he left for my house."

He slipped two half crowns into the man's palm.

"Good morning, Baker."

Seldon let himself into the hall again, noiselessly. There was a fine fire burning in the hall grate. He crumpled the telegram savagely and threw it into a cave of red hot coals.

"Confound the thing!"

Then he slipped upstairs. He would have to allow sufficient time to elapse before he reappeared in the dining room. He had said he would not be long. When he got downstairs he found the men still in the dining room, smoking and talking. Mrs. Seldon had gone to the drawing room. He joined them and tried to make up by ample conversation for his previous abstraction. He was succeeding, too, when Travers suddenly drew out his immense gold watch and remarked: "Very odd thing," and finding that he had occasioned a pause, added:

"My man ought to have been around with a wire that he been expecting since 11 this morning—an important wire—very odd."

Seldon saw some millions of beautiful stars. He was glad his wife had been spared that extra agony, and that—what was that? Something was being handed to him on a silver salver. It was marked "On Her Majesty's Service."

"Go on," he said lightly to Jack (who was in the middle of a nigger story), and then tore the envelope with cold fingers. An intimation from the postoffice to say that the name of Travers was not known at the

Garriek Club, and that the telegram had not been delivered.

In her haste Mrs. Seldon had put Jack's name on the telegram intended for Travers and probably vice versa.

Jack had nished with his nigger story and a pause was happening.

"Bid now, I'm afraid," said one of the men—he never knew which. But he made a supreme effort to say:

"Oh, nothing very bad, thanks, I—er—I must see to it. Go on with—er—everything. I'll be back in a moment—must send an answer, you know," and left the room.

"Oh, no answer after all," he said outside the room, to the waiting servant, and when she was gone, he thrust the paper into his pocket, sank on a tall chair, and held his head in both hands.

His mind was dead beat. He got up and went into the drawing room on tip-toe. He felt steeped in crime.

"Madge," he said to his wife, "I give this thing to you—right up, do you understand? I've done my best."

"But you said it was all right. Oh, Dan, how ill you look! There's nothing new, is there?"

He gave a devilish laugh.

"Oh, no, nothing new," he said, mockingly, "only that this has just come," pulling the crumpled paper from his pocket.

"And that's what somebody else's telegram to Travers, and he says he's expecting a particularly important one. Oh, heaven."

"Don't say anything about this other telegram."

It will all come out. There will be inquiries.

"Oh, Dan! Will it mean prison and things? Give me time, and I'll get another lie ready."

"Time! You haven't any, and how many more lies, in the name of goodness, are we to tell to-day?"

"Oh, my darling, only one more. Wait, wait!"

She paced the room. The servant came in with a card bearing the name of Mr. Munro Kirk.

"A gentleman," said the girl, "who wished particularly to see Mr. Travers."

She had left him in the hall, not knowing.

"Take the card and the message to Mr. Travers at once," said Mrs. Seldon, with decision, and as soon as they were alone again, "Dan, this will give us time. Let Travers see his man in the library. You go and bring Jack in here. He may help me to an idea. Come back with him, for pity's sake, and suggest things. Oh, what hideous day!"

Seldon did as he was told. The name of Mr. Munro Kirk was familiar to him, but his brain was too confused to place it.

When he returned with Jack, he sat staring into the fire, only half hearing the wild suggestions of his wife and the heartless amusement of his friend.

Then Travers came in, with his usual radiance. The chap from whom he had been expecting the wire had traced him here on receiving reply to his telegram.

(Mr. and Mrs. Seldon exchanged looks of mute agony.) The interview was ended now; everything was satisfactory. Might he have the pleasure of introducing his friend, Mr. Munro Kirk?

"Pleasure, of course." It was Mrs. Seldon who spoke, collectively, with that loyalty to appearances which clings to woman throughout her tragedies.

Mr. Kirk wore an air of engaging frankness, and a stage ulster.

"You must forgive me tracking down your guests, Mr. Seldon," he said at once and with a full swing, "but the fact is I'm not really to blame." (Mr. and Mrs. Seldon blanched.) "I wrote a dispatch asking him to see me at his own house, in proper style, you understand, but I'm afraid it was never sent, as Mr. Travers was here so I took the liberty of coming straight on, time being uncommonly short."

"Ah, then, Mr. Travers will find that wire awaiting him on his return," said Jack, with a mephistophelian smile at Mrs. Seldon.

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Kirk, "if it had come there it would have been brought on here, you see."

Just then he was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with another missive—"On Her Majesty's Service." She handed it to Seldon. "For Mrs. Seldon," he said feebly.

Mrs. Seldon walked gracefully to the window with a "May I?" and read it with her back turned to the others. Of course it was from the neighboring postoffice again, and regarded the second misdirected telegram. "The list of them I trust and pray," she said to herself, and out aloud: "My guessmaker; don't let it interrupt you, Mr. Kirk, you were saying—"

"You were saying that your wire could not have been sent," prompted Jack; "have you found the explanation?"

Mr. and Mrs. Seldon breathed heavily. There was a moment's pause, which lasted—for them—precisely an hour.

Then Mr. Kirk went on:

"Well, I fancy the explanation is of the simple domestic order. It seems there was a serious—er—say unpleasantness between my landlady and the young person who was supposed to come on me, and she left this morning in high dudgeon, evidently allowing my poor cable to go to Jericho in the fracas. That's the only possible explanation. However, as this little confusion has procured me the pleasure—"

"Will someone open the window?" said Mrs. Seldon, very gently. And real joy, like a great blow, is a physical shock, and she was not robust.

Seldon had developed a feverish friendship for Mr. Munro Kirk. He had a ridiculous habit about telegrams. His wife had to open any that came, and he never sends one, if he can help it. He keeps a boy to take messages.

Counterfeiting not Wicked.

"Holland," in his New York letter to the Philadelphia Press, has the following to say of William Brockway, the noted counterfeiter, now in custody:

"Years ago one of the greatest of the secret service officers of the government declared that Brockway could no more overcome his passion for counterfeiting, excepting when placed behind bars, than the victim of the morphine habit can restrain his passion. 'Counterfeiting,' said the officer, 'more nearly resembles gambling in the permanence of a passion when it once seizes a man than any other of the

evil impulses to which men yield. Once a counterfeiter always a counterfeiter is the rule to which there have been very few exceptions, and Brockway will not be one of these. He can no more resist counterfeiting than he can resist breathing. The only safety for this government is constantly to watch him.'

Superintendent Byrnes used to say that Brockway had a queer moral code. He really believed that it was no sin to counterfeit, any more than it was a sin to smuggle. The statutes made it a crime, but moral law did not make it a sin. The only sin, in his opinion, was in executing a bad counterfeit. If a man was expert enough to put out so good a counterfeit that it would pass for hand to hand, then he did not believe that any one would be the loser, because the counterfeit note was as good as a real one for purposes of exchange. Brockway used to say that it was a good deal more sinful for a man who knew he was a bankrupt to offer a note for discount than to pass a well-executed counterfeit note.

WESTERN DUST STORMS.

They Are Not Pleasant but Some People Say They Are Not Unhealthy.

The dust storms of the "Great American Desert" are not fully treated in the attractions of various new towns issued by speculators. The dust storms of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona—the whole desert section in whatever State—are important factors in the chances for comfort and success of the new settler.

The signs of a coming dust storm are many. The air is electric, a feather will cling to the fingers, the sky is oftentimes gray and streaked, the children in the schools even the primaries, are nervous. Suddenly the bits of paper in the street begin to whirl; soon you will see the dust coming like a rolling storm cloud; the sky is obscured; everything out of doors is on the fly; the slim branches of the scant cotton-woods slash the air, and if you are unfortunate enough to be out of doors, your eyes, nose, and mouth will be filled with alkali dust, while you are striving to make headway against a whirlwind. If you are under cover, you will hasten to drop windows and shades; but the dust is so fine it will penetrate wherever air can.

The pattern of the carpet may be obliterated, and in some of the worst ones in New Mexico an eye-witness has said that drifts have been formed on the floor from one to two inches in depth.

How long does a storm last? Sometimes an hour, sometimes three days—coming with great violence at intervals. We have known one that continued a week, with the exception of one day for a respite. The effect upon a nervous temperament is distressing; there is a desire to hide the head like an ostrich; to creep into some hole, to cover the face so as not to see the wild turmoil of whirling things. The irritability is so great with some persons as to culminate in fits of weeping. This is followed by exhaustion.

It is not improbable that sand storms had an influence in the building of the "cliff dwellings."

A dust storm may occur at any time of the year, but the spring is especially prolific. When the "Kumsin," the wind from the desert, "blows in," be it summer or winter, the worst kind of a storm may ride over its wings.

The huge, cone-shaped mounds of ossified structure, which stretch for miles here and there on the plains, testify to the whirling winds that over a thousand leagues of desert have had their mad sweeps for centuries.

By some, dust storms are considered scavenging. Some think them healthful, as dry just after one, and so it does, on the principle that the tooth feels better when it is done aching. Some think them healthful, as dry earth is a disinfectant, but the injury to the throat, and to the nerves and the disastrous effect on vegetation seems to overbalance this consideration.—New York Times.

Railway Inspection by Bicycle.

A striking feature of the universal adoption of the bicycle is its effect in increasing the amount of personal supervision and inspection given by officials to railways and telegraph lines.

During the construction of the new telephone line between Plainfield and Aurora the visits of the general manager of the Chicago office and his superintendent have all been paid on bicycles. Every yard of the line was in this way personally inspected with ease. A railway superintendent, has designed an inspection car, working on the principle of a bicycle, with four wheels. The weight bears equally on each wheel, so there is no need of a reduction in speed in running over frogs, switches etc. It will run equally well in either direction, and it is claimed, readily attains a speed of 25 miles an hour. It has much the appearance of the ordinary bicycle, having the same adjustable handle bar and a diamond frame. The wheels are 16 inches in diameter, with steel rims and hubs. The tires are faced with rubber, which not only gives a hold on frosty rails but makes the riding comfortable and noiseless, thus enabling the rider to hear approaching trains. The weight is but 50 pounds. For railway superintendents, road-masters, etc., the new car will be invaluable.—New York Times.

A Bet on a Life.

The old English law forced debtors to pay their debts. A remarkable action was brought in 1812 by the Rev. Mr. Gilbert against Sir Mark Sykes. The baronet at a dinner party in his own house, in the course of the conversation on the hazard to which the life of Buonaparte was exposed offered, on receiving a hundred guineas, to pay one guinea a day as long as Napoleon should remain alive. Mr. Gilbert closed with Sir Mark and sent a hundred guineas, and the latter continued to pay the guinea a day for nearly three years.

At last he declined to pay any longer, and an action was brought to enforce the payment. It was contended by the de-

fendant that he had been surprised into the bet by the clergyman's hasty acceptance of it, and that the transaction was an illegal one, seeing that Mr. Gilbert, having a beneficial interest in the life of Buonaparte, might in the event of an invasion use all means for the preservation of the life of an enemy of his country. The jury loyally brought in a verdict for the baronet.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HAMILTON.

Rev. W. H. Wade, Rector of Hamilton's Leading Episcopal Church, Endorses Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

A leader of the Episcopal denomination in Canada, is the Rev. W. H. Wade, rector of the Church of the Ascension. Among the members of this church are many of the most wealthy and fashionable people of the Ambitious City, and beloved indeed is the rector. In his family he has used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and been more than pleased with the good results obtained. The satisfaction has been such that over his own signature he has frankly said to the people of Canada that this medicine is a good thing, and gives the relief that is claimed for it.

One short puff of the breath through the flower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and Blower sent on receipt of three three-cent stamps. S. G. Deitchon, 44 Church street Toronto.

Liked Puddin' Ends.

Sailing vessels in the Australian trade frequently carry only one or two passengers, who share the saloon with the captain and chief officer. Aboard one vessel recently there was only one passenger, and the captain and mate generally contrived to get the most and best of what was on the table. One day there was a roly-poly pudding, with sweetmeats in the middle.

"Do you like puddin' ends sir?" asked the captain.

"No, I don't like puddin' ends, sir," said the guest.

"Well, me and my mate do," said the captain, cutting the pudding in two and putting one half on the mate's plate and the other on his own.—Household Words.

IT IS ASSURED.

It is absurd to try to cure rheumatism with catarrhal, and the ordinary advertised compounds which are recommended for the cure of almost every disease to which the human flesh is heir.

This disease, as all know, is caused by an acid poison in the blood, and can only be quickly and effectually removed by the use of an internal remedy, which will neutralize it, and thus destroy its irritating properties. The ingredients of Smith's American Rheumatic Cure have not been long known, but are recommended by some of the latest English medical works as being to rheumatism what quinine is to ague, an absolute specific. The first dose of the remedy gives perfect relief, and it at once begins the chemical process of neutralizing the acid of the blood. It usually cures in one to three days.

TRAINING FOR A PIRATE.

An item concerning Washington Irving for the truth of which we cannot vouch although it contains a deal of good advice for certain youngsters of the present time, has lately come to our notice. It is to this intent:—

Washington Irving, in his youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experience. He began by eating salt pork; that made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards; that made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture man-o-war, or who desire to go scouting and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate young Irving's example.—Harper's Round Table.

THE SUFFERING OF OLD PEOPLE.

Finds Simple and Quick Relief in the Use of South American Kidney Cure.

The suffering from kidney trouble endured by men and women who are getting a little up in years is often exceedingly distressing. The annoyance and inconvenience caused by a derangement of the kidneys is only too plain to all who have been troubled in this way. How keen the distress is at times from what is known as prostatic trouble in the old, such as enlargement, inflammation and ulceration of the prostate gland. Without any present or after unpleasant effects, South American Kidney Cure gives immediate and lasting relief in all such cases. It is a wonderful medicine for kidney trouble of whatever kind. It is essentially a kidney cure, and boasts of nothing more. But it is a king here every time.

Cavalry Out of Date.

Major W. P. Hall's magazine arguments for the revolver instead of the sabre as a cavalry weapon are regarded as belated by those military experts who think that it makes no difference in modern war what cavalry are armed with. That view may be extreme, but it is not without reason. Modern war means infantry and rapid-firing infantry guns. The dashing cavalryman who was everything in the wars of the Middle Ages, and was highly useful in comparatively recent campaigns, is hardly more than a skirmisher now.

HEART DISEASE YIELDS AN INTENDING VICTIM.

The Wife of Capt. Chas. Muzger. Radically Cured of Heart Disease of Four Years' Standing by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Mrs. Chas. Muzger, Sydney, N. S. "For over four years, I was afflicted with severe heart trouble. Smothering choking sensations, swollen feet and ankles, and pain in left side were my symptoms. I doctored constantly, without benefit, and in fact had despaired of ever again being well. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was at last tried and to my astonishment gave relief inside of an hour. I have now used three bottles and am completely cured. No one can use too strong language in recommending this remedy, as its powers to cure are truly wonderful."

FOLDING BEDS ARE GOING.

The Manufacture and Sale of Them Is on the Decline at the Present Time.

The folding bed, once an immensely popular institution, is losing its grip. Not one is called for now where two or three years ago a dozen were ordered. Factories which three years ago had difficulty in keeping up with orders for folding beds, even by working night and day, are now making other lines of furniture in addition to folding beds, and the folding bed production in all factories is steadily declining.

In these early days folding beds were made for the houses of wealthy people, and were often of mahogany and other expensive materials, and cost all the way from \$150 to \$700. Later hotels and boarding houses were equipped with them, and they gained great popularity for apartments and flats where space is small. But they have gone out of favor.

The accidents which frequently occurred with the folding bed doubtless had some bad influence on its popularity, but this

was not the only disadvantage the multum in parvo furniture had to contend against. The beds are heavy, clumsy affairs, even under the most favorable conditions, many are hard to handle without a derrick or a yoke of oxen, and they are also hard to keep clean.

Another interesting fact manifested at the recent furniture season opening is the increased call for beds of brass and iron. Such beds are practically the only kind sold in England, and they have steadily increased in popularity in this country during the last five years. The demand for metal beds has not yet progressed far enough to make serious inroads upon the market for wooden beds, but furniture men are looking forward to the time when wooden beds will be superseded. Metal beds have the advantage of being easy to handle, easy to keep clean, nor easily marred, and lend themselves readily to dressing up to present a different appearance whenever a change may be desirable. The furniture manufacturers, recognizing the tendency of the times, are offering many new patterns in special bedrooms and dressers to match with metal beds.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on

wash day without boiling or scalding

the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes

them. How little hard work there

is about the wash. How white

and smooth it

leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE

ALWAYS ASK FOR

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