demands Sir Harry,

fingers in his own warm, firm clasp,

and the other wasted hand clutches

at his coat collar with a maniac's

eager, sudden clutch, like a vise.
"George! George!" he gasps.
"George, my boy! Oh. George, don't

go away from me! Don't go away until I see you for a minute-for one

minute, George!"
"No, sir, I won't go away for a
few minutes," George says, quietly. "Lady Damer, I beg you will allow me to speak to him for a minute

or two. I have come from America

my house uninvited!"
"Certainly not. Neither had the burglars; I only followed their example," George says, coolly, standing his ground quite unmoved.
For Sir Harry now, with George's

oking at him-avoiding to look at him as it seems, avoiding to now at anyone's eyes, but gazing restlessly about, with wild, restless eyes, a wild, pallid, miserable face. "I'll tell the truth now, the whole truth, so belo no Board Theorem is the control of the con

help me Heaven! There it is-in

And then he looks up at George for the first time, stares at him with an agonized earnestness terrible to

"It is you-my own boy-George,

wrong-an awful wrong

my own dear son!" he gasps, brok-enly. "But-you'll never forgive me, I suppose? You can't! I've done you

CHAPTER XEVI.

espairingly. "Lord be merciful to me

But as he speaks Sir Harry leaps to

"You shall never leave this house again as long as I am breathing the breath of life," he cries, passionately

"It's your house. George, my son. You have a right, the best right on earth,

to be here. You must stay here and not leave me, George. I've wronged you. but I am making all the atone-ment in my power—"

George! On my knees I ask your

my house uninvited!'

A Pretty Irish Romance. *************************

unworthy, directed toward the feeble, They have tried to impose a claim on her consideration, as she haughting implies; she has resisted this claim and they are defeated.

This is the 'agreeable impression she has desired to make, and which they have the consideration of the constant of the co helpless invalid, with the piteous, longing eyes and working features, and outstretched, nerveless hands. George grasps the poor, bony, pale

they have to suffer. Good night, Gillian!" Anne and her

husband say, hurriedly, in under-tones, pressing her hand.

"Will you not wait until the doctor comes? Will you not say good-bye to Unclé Harry?" Gillian asks, imploringly, looking from one to the other "I don't think he is conscious, denr,"
Lacy says, gently and pityingly,
glancing back at the quiet, prone
form. "But if you are maxious and
nervous, as I dare say you are," he
adds, hestatingly, "I will stay with

you until the doctor comes, if Ludy Damer will permit me." He looks at his aunt stendily as he speaks, and a slight spasm of some repressed feeling crosses her marble-pale, hard, cold face for a moment. "Oh, certainly." she answers, carelessly. "If Miss Deane wishes you to stay a few minutes, I have no objection."

no objection."
"Thank you," he says, formally,
"Will you take my wife home, then,
George, please? I will wait until
Coghlan comes, and he can drive
me back in his trap."

back in his trap.
'You will promise "You will promise me you will not attempt to walk home by the wood?" Anne says, in an earnest undertone to her husband. "Yes. I promise you, dear," he says, softly touching her hand.

Damer passes the wedded lovers by with upraised eyebrows of scornful indifference, and walks toward the sofa on which her hus-

s lying, that you should remain here, my dear, until the doctor comes?" Lady Damer inquires of Gillian, with a sharp, dubious smile and accord

should like to stay, please, "I should like to stay, prease, Gillian replies, quietly, sitting down by the couch once more, when she discovers that the poor invalid's eyes are wide open and feverishly bright and eager, are staring straight before him.

"You are better dear Uncle."

raight before him.
'You are better, dear Unclearry" she asks, softly put-back some thim, seat-red locks of grayish, fair ir off the pareworn temples with loving fingers, and the three standing together talking in undertones, pause

and look back from the doorway.

"Yes! What's the matter?" he asks in a faint, hoarse voice, abrupt-ly. "Eh? What's happened? Who's

Several persons, Uncle Harry," Gillan says, gently. Lady Damer, and Captain and Mrs. Lacy, and-Mr.

Tho?" he demands, struggling wildly to get up, and glaring about with straining eyes blied with enger-ness. "Who dld you say? Gillian!

Help me up, I tell you!"

"Gillan, you are exceedingly wrong
"Gillan, you are exceedingly wrong "But I'll tell the truth now, before I die," the feeble, hoarse voice goes Lady Damer interposes angrily on, standing between her husband and the sight of the others in the room. "Ring for the nurse, please, and leave the room, dear, at once, I respectively."

Did you say George was here? I my y! Gillian! Sillian!" the unhappy eak oud. "Gillian Hely many Gillian? Disn't I hear man erfos aloud ne was here; Gillian? Diffit I hear you say that George was here?"

"He is here, Uncle Harry," Gillian says, firmly, and trying to help him to rise, though Lady Jeannette is standing over him, shadowing him morally and physically, trying to meell him and ill ne him as she has one all the years she has been the And at his son's feet the grav-haired father falls, kneeling humbly for forgiveness done all the years she has been the ruin of his better nature and the tyrant of his life.

"You must not get up. Sir Harry." she says, sternly, staying him with the pressure of her sinewy white hand. "You are too weak and ill to excite yourself in this manner. Gillian"—and her cold, fierce face is like that of an evil spirit in her deadly wrath—"send those friends of yours away instantly, and leave

s weak and she is strong; he is helpless, delirious, beclouded in mind an memory; she is clear-headed, resolute and vengeful.

The contest is all unequal now, as it has ever been, between them;

and she would conquer still at this eleventh hour, but that heaven wills she should not. "I think I will go back and speak him in spite of her." George mut-

to him in spite of her." George mutters, irresolutely.

"Yes, George, you will be doing right." Anne whispers back, earnestly and resolutely, with an encouraging pressure of her hand; and George turns back from the door, comes over to the couch and quietly steps between Lady Damer, and her miserable centile. and her miserable captive.
"I am sorry to see you so ill, sir," he says, gently.

For whatever bitter feelings have burned in his heart, whatever pangs of revenge and hatred and cruel, undescrived shame have stung him like scorpions for the hopeless, endless wrongs this man has done him, they seem to grow dwarfed and mean, revengeful an

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablots. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. "As what?" demands Sir Harry, turning on her with a fierce, menacing gesture and upraised hand, as if to strike her. "Jeannette, you say that, and you know you lie!" he shouts, now roused to frenzy—"I've done you a wrong, a base wrong. I know, and it's lain on my heart heavy, and made me dread the sight of you these long years. Ay, for I wronged you, and I've been a coward and a traitor to you as well as to her—the woman I wronged worse than

not surely desire to be known through the country as your bast-

the woman I wronged worse than "Don't bring her name up! I cannot and will not endure it now," George interposes in a low, agitated voice.
"But I did wrong her worse than

"But I did wrong her worse than any one," Sir Harry persisted, in a vague, wild way, staring blankly at him. "Of course I did! What's the use in talking! She was my lawful wedded wife, and I never let her bear my name, or live in my house, and let her go to America and die there in exile."

"His mind is wandering," Lady Damer says, coldly. "All this excitement is enough to drive him mad!"

"I'm not mad," the unhappy man says, drearily, shaking his gray head in a quiet, hopeless way, for the brief

in a quiet, hopeless way, for the brief flash of anger and strength is over. "My life's been a curse to me; no wonder I took to drinking. Yes; it's all true. I swore I'd tell the whole truth before I died. Everyone must know it now. It's been too long hidden. den. I've been a coward and a fool, and—I've done him an awful wrong— George, my son, my lawful and only son—only child."

"I am your lawful son, and you kept the knowledge from me all my life?" George asks, quivering from head to foot in the effort he is making to be calm. "My mother was your lawful wife?"

"My lawful and only wife," he an-"My lawful and only wife," he answers, in his faint' voice; "ay, my only lawful wife. She was living two years after I married the Earl of Ferrard's daughter," he adds, as if unconscious of the presence of the Earl of Ferrard's daughter. "I was eagaged to her when I met Rose, and when we quarreled and she resented my keeping our marriage a secret, and fled away to America from me, I married Lady Jeannette, because—beauses I was afraid to tell the truth. "You have no right to thrust your-self in here," she says, angrily and sternly, refusing to move an inch. "You have no right to dare to enter For Sir Harry now, with George's help, has struggled to his feet, and is gazing wildly about him, trying to recall his bewildered senses.

"He has a right here," he says at last, slowly and thickly, like a man talking in a dream, holding George tightly with bath, hands but the says are in very searnly with parties and start of the says are in the says and start of the says are in the says and start of the says are in the says and start of the says are in the

recall his bewildered senses.

"He has a right here," he says at last, slowly and thickly, like a man talking in a dream, holding George tightly with both hands, but not leading at his resulting the light of the last of th again, very snarply and sternly.

But there is a convulsive catch in her breath as she speaks, and she puts one hand suddenly against her breast;

"No-no. I'm not mad" he "No-no, I'm not mad," he says, very quietly and feebly; I'm a mis-

erable sinner, a miserable, weak-minded, cowardly fool. But I'm not so neip me Heaven! There it is—in my will. I took good care it should be all plain and square there after I was gone—the truth would all come out. My—will—there—there in my bureau, you see."

The disjointed, vague words ceased, and a sort of film comes over the wild, bright eyes.

"You needn't treuble yourself, Sir Hurry," Lady Jeannette interposes, with a sort of contemptuous pity.

"The truth is known well enough."
But he hardly seems to hear her or see her.

"There it is, over there, in the secret drawer in my bureau!" he goes on in the same disconnected, vague way, pointing one shaking finger at the bureau and apparently not noticing the pulled-out drawers and their scattered contents. "It's been there these five-and-twenty years, and nobody knew what was in it but me!"

"This is most improper—this is most improper—this is most improper—this sameout."

"You knew nothing if you thought is made, cowardly fool. But I'm not made, I wish I was. I've often wished I could go mad, and forget what I could go mad, and forget what I could go mad, and forget what I had one! No, no, it's all gospel truth, Jeannette. It's all written there in my will, and the papers, certificates, and everything."

"Do you mean to tell me, 'Lady Damer and steady—'do you dare to tell me, now on your death-bed as you may be, do you dare to tell me that you linked my name to your disgrace? That you made that treature, the girl whom you picked up in the streets, or the park in Dubing, who was your mistress for a year in lodgings in Wales while you were writing to me, now on your death-bed as you may be, do you dare to tell me, have an in street in my will, and the papers, certificates, and everything."

"Do you mean to tell me, 'Lady Damer and steady—'do you dare to tell me, now on your death-bed as you may be, do you dare to tell me, have on your disgrace? That you made that treature, the girl whom you picked up in the streets, or the park in Dubing. The papers in the series in vain to could go mad, and forget what I had done 'No, no, it's my will. I took good care it should

scattered contents. "It's been there these five-and-twenty years, and no-body knew what was in it but me!"
"This is most improper—this is most shamful!" Lady Damer interposes again angrily and excitedly, as the strain on her nervous system begins to tell. "It's enough to kill Sir Harry! If the doctor were only here he would forbid you to

look of impotent vengeance in her ashy-white face and glittering eyes. "There will be none for you in the hereafter! You coward and traitor, I will never look on your face again!" And she turns away, holding and she turns away, nothing her proud head higher for the dishonor, that has touched her, and moves across the floor with unfaltering step, across the fall and up the staircase, erect and stately in step and bearing as even, though her brain is whirling, her senses forwalking her in the best her senses forsaking her in the shock of the thing she has heard

Her outraged pride is stinging her like a poisoned wound, her blood seems a flame in her veins, though a deadly chill runs through her once or twice; and through all her agony of mortification, her fever of rage and hate, the minor key of desolation wails like a dirge.
"No one! No one, Not one in the world to make my cause their own, and, feel for me in this hour!"

CHAPTER XEVI.

"Bon't do that! Oh, don't do that, for Reaven's sake!" George cries, in keen distress. "I will forgive you. I do now? The wrong you have done me is indelible, and nothing can efface it or alter it, and I must bear and, feef for me in this hour!"

A moan breaks through the dry, repressed composure as she gains the refuge of her own apartments, and turns to lock the door and lock herself in, alone with her pride and misery; but a hand stays her as it shuts the door, a firm supple, white hand touches her gently, entreatingly, lovingly, as it never dared to touch her before, and Anne Lacy, in a suppliant alter it, and I must bear it like a man. But you must not kneel to me, sir. I forgive you what I have to forgive, and I hope you will forgive yourself." "Never," he answers, in a hollow voice but cuffering his son's strong arm to raise him find place him in his chair. "I'll never as long as I live forgive myself. I've wronged you basely, and you are not the only one that I've wronged, cruelly and foully, through my folly and cowardice! Twe been a traitor and a fool!" he moans, despairingly. "Lord be merciful to me he answers, in a hollow

efore, and Anne Lacy, in a suppliant attitude humbly implores her to sof-Per her presence.

"Dear Lady Damer! Dear Lady hamer! Do speak to me! Do let me come in and wait on you as I used to do"—she begs even with tears.

"I'll bear anything you can say to me. I know you must be very angry with me, but I loved him so dearly, and I'll be such a good wife to him, and love him, and help him so well, that you will forgive me at last! Do let Patrick come in and speak to you! Do let us come er her presence "Amen!" George says fervently, taking his hand, "And now, sir, I must say good-bye to you for the present, I will come and see you to-morrow, if I may; but it is late now, and volume." his feet with a sudden fevered strength, holding his son's hand, his eyes gleaming, his voice strong and clear for a, few minutes.

in and speak to you! Do let us come in and speak to you! Do let us come in for a few minutes at least, Lady Damer, and tell us you will try and fewrive us!" orgive us! The humility of this appeal in Anne's fervent Irish accents, tender, passionate and persuasive, soothes the desolate woman with her insulted pride burning like a fire in her breast. thrilling her through with keen physical anguish.

It soothes her and pleases her and gives her strength to repulse with

"It seems to me," interrupts Lady Damer's sharp, sibilant voice, in coldly-snearing accents, "that it is poor atonement to publish the shame of a man's birth far and wide. It would be kinder of you, since you have kept the secret so long, to keep it still. George Archer does gives her streng gives her streng action."

Stops to and Work Laxative Brome-action keep it still. George Archer does price 25 cents. Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets oure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay.

scorn the affection and loyalty that might be hers.
"Was it from the assertion that

you heard Sir Harry make just now in his delirium that you found and acity enough to follow me to my own rooms, and thrust yourself into my presence?" she demands, drawing herself away from Anne's touch with delibourte eligibities. presence?" she demands, drawing herself away from Anne's touch with deliberate disdain.

"It was certainly from what I heard just now that I ventured to follow you, in the hope that you would care for my services or my faithful friendship." Anne says, falteringly, but calmly and hon-"I neither care for nor require either, as you know quite well," her ladyship retorts.

Anne draws back with a sigh.

"Will you allow your nephew to speak to you for a few minutes, Lady Damer?" she asks, as patiently and gently as before. "I will go downstairs and tell him. He is waiting beales the control of the cont

go downstairs and tell him. He is waiting, hoping that you"——
"He need neither wait nor hope," she answers, implacably. "I want nothing of that weak-minded ingrate except what I want of you wour absence."

Even yet Anne persists in her t is strange, even to how she yearns to win a for her own words of hu-

(To be Continued.)

A RELIABLE OFFER

HONEST HELP FREE TO MEN.

We are authorized to state by Mr Carl Kunz, Second and Brady streets Davenport, Iowa, that any man who is nervous and debilitated or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from overwork, excesses or abuse, such as nervous debility, exnausted vitality, lost vigor, unnetural drains and losses, lack of development, etc., can write to him in strict confidence and receive. FREE OF CHARGE full receive. ceivc, FREE OF CHARGE, full instructions how to be thoroughly

Mr. Kunz himself was, for a long mr. Runz nimseli was, for a long time, a sufferer from above troubles, and after trying in valu many advertised remedies, became almost entirely discouraged and hopeless. Finally he confided in an old clergyman, whose kind and honest advice enabled him to speedily obtain a perfect and him to speedily obtain a perfect and permanent cure. Knowing to his own sorrow that so many poor sufferers are being imposed upon by unscrupulous quacks, Mr. Kunz considers it his duty, as an honest man, to give his fellow men the benefit of his experience and seek that the sufference and seek the sufference are sufference and seek the sufference and seek the sufference are sufference as sufference and seek the sufference are sufference as sufference and seek the sufference are sufference as sufference as sufference as sufference are sufference as sufference are sufference as perience and assist to a cure. Having nothing to sell, he asks for no money, the proud satisfaction of having done a great service to one in need, he rightly considers an ample reward for his trouble. If you write to Mr. Kunz, and follow his advice, you can really upon being council and upon a been rely upon being cured and upon abso

hat secreey as well.

Address as above, enclosing a stamp. No attention will be given to those writing out of kile curiosity, therefore state that you really paged a give

The Meanest Man in Kansas. Not long ago the wife of a West ern Kansas politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the gar den. He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off and it body knew, what was in it but me!"

"This is most improper—this improper—this is most improper—this improved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the owns, and it is not in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he west to the owns, and it is nike jeans and went back to work. Presently he west to the owns, and it is nike proved to be a silver quarter. He

A TORONTO MAN.

The Mr. Jardine Referred to Lives in the Oueen City.

Well Known Throughout Canada as one of Canada's Commissioners to the Paris Exposition—His State-ment is a Very Valuable One and has been Read with Much luterest.

Toronto, March 17.—(Special.) — Mr. J. G. Jardine, whose statement as to the wonderful curative and tonic properties of Dodd's Kidney tonic properties of Dodd's Kidney Pills has been published in many of the papers, is a resident of this city. His home is at 305 Craw-

the Canadian Commissioners to the Paris Exposition two years ago, and performed the onerous duties of that office with honor to himself and credit to his country.

It is to his experience in the French capital at this time that

Mr. Jardine makes particular reference in the published statement in which he says:
"During my stay in Paris I felt

many times quite run down owing to the complete change and to the worries and work of our business there. I suffered not a little with backache, with general feeling of depression, and I found Dodd's Kidney Pills invaluable.

"I had learned the value of this

medicine before going to Europe as I had it very successfully for backache which I found it relieved almost instantly. So when I went to Paris I was careful to take with me some of this my favorite rem-

edy. "Every time I was threatened with a return of the trouble I used a few Dodd's Kidney Pills, and can say they did not disappoint me. They are the best medicine I know of to tone up the system generally and they do certainly relieve backache

What Mr. Jardine has said is amp-

WHY WOOLENS VILL RIHN

Sir, I have just come rodal my- they were theroughly

Yes, sir, you have. Yes, but I sent what I usually

send in such cases.
What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out;
I find you usually send her the same

I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands?

But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assuire you, madam, that it hands are in a nice plight, too! I can assuire you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands. Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it.

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam. Lecturer

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Ed-inburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool yery property of soda upon wool very graphically. "After mentioning how strong al-

"After mentioning how strong al-kali, such as potash and soda, dis-astrously affect cotton, linen and wool, he says:
"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our lospi-tals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and varm as the old blankets were, and whether the blankets were genuine or not. [They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that the the transfer of the second of t blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon if the public are satisfied with that there was cotton mixed with the wool, and the question was as for Sunlight Soap—octagon bar—we to separating the two, because

self to tell year that you have a solutely spond a pair of charless than 25 the time dires and each on me. fore, a cli on the device it using code, I took a bit of blanket and Surely you are mistaken, madam!

I am not mistaken. I sent round the wool got enten away by the a good strong soap to wash out sold, and of skeleton—a sort lused what you sent me, and the skeletons of what they were the skeletons of what they were fluit are ruined, sir, and it's your fault;

I took a dit of of blanket and part it in a vesse, with so a, and one of the rord gively were a good strong soap to wash out sold, and a re was left behind the cotton as it and of skeleton—a sort of used what you sent me, and the problem of the original blanket result is that my blankets are just the per bloom offects of naing causafult! tic materials, which, when employ ed strong by themselves, affect woodlen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the wooller

fibre. Now, I went to tell you that we neighbors have had a talk over the matter, and we are not going to have our clothes and hands ruined have our clothes and hands runed in this way. Several of our neighbors who know have prove it to us that Washing Soda, Potash, thioride of Lime, and "soap suistitutes" are most injurious to clothes and hands. "Free alkali" in soaps is practically the caustic sola that burns the clothes. Why, you dare not keep caustic soda ha at in canister; it must be in an earthen jar, or it will even corpode the tin! Now, it's for you to provide us with pure soap without free alkali, or we must find it elsewhere.

Madam, you enlighten me! So many soaps are advertised as pure.

many soaps are advertised as pure that I really took little heed to any difference between them.

I have one, however, that has medical certificates of its freedom from free alkali. It is guaranteed pure; and the makers offer \$5,000 reward to any one who can prove it is not pure, and further, I am authorized to return the purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint.

complaint.

Let me see it! Why, Sunlight
Soap! It's a beautiful clean, freshlooking soap, and this octagon
shape is very handy. Give me five

Note by the grocer.—This whole neighborhood is using Sunlight Soap now. I have no more complaints. I have no room in my store now for recitory converting of all of the reference of the state of the st resinous concoctions of alkali

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS: HER RIGHTS STATED.

***** It is a satisfaction to record the verdict of a Tennessee jury in the case of Miss Frances Copass against the trustees of the Hall-Moody Institute of the village of Martin The plaintiff had been engaged as a teacher. The trustees took it into their heads to discharge her not upon any reasonable or even colorable ground, but because "she colorable ground, but because "she had more gentleman callers than they thought she should have." They complained also that she "went too much into society." At Dresden, the county seat of Weakley county, 12 men, high-minded men, with none of the pettiness of the Martinian busybodies, gave the young woman a verdict for the amount for which she sued. Thus the demands of hisshe sued. Thus the demands of justice and gallantry were satisfied, and there is the sound of chuckling along the banks of the Obion. We hope that the "gentlemen callers" attended the trial in a body, and we shall be disappointed if they didn't escort the winning winner home in triumph, crown her with flowers and surround her with candies. she sued. Thus the demands of jus

What a set of crabbed curmudge-ons those trustees must be. The only possible excuse for them is they were jealous of the press of young fellows. What has a hulking school trustee to do with the recreations of a teacher so long as they are seemly? There is a kind of school teacher that all her pupils love and all the village swains sigh for. Tom, Dick, and Harry are at fists drawn over her. The privilege of seeing her home from the sociable, the tab-leaux in the church basement, the fair for the benefit of Rescue Hook and Ladder No. 1, is carely coveted. of crabbed curmudge At the dick, and Harry over her. The privilegoner her home from the sociable, the leaux in the church basement, the fair for the benefit of Rescue Hook and Ladder No. 1, is eagerly coveted. The young farmer bites his thumb at the clerk in the grocery; but the old philosophers who play checkers forever in that grocery shift their cuds and look wiser than ever and reckon that the station agent has the best chance. The high school who is altogether too so the best chance. The high school who is made and one-half inches wide. The smallest bands are worth 24 cents per gross, while the medium-sized bands sell at from 4s to 96 cents per gross wholesale. Larger sizes cost from \$1\$ up to \$6\$ per gross.

"The greatest consumers of rubber bands are druggists and grocers. They use the smallest and medium sized bands in place of twing the properties of the control of the properties of the control forever in that grocery shift their cuds and look wiser than ever and reckon that the station agent has the best chance. The high school principal, who is altogether too young and frivolous for his place, the local young bucks think, is much the local young bucks think, is much certified. He has a sort of ex-office right to pay attention to the beauty. Bold and waggish young men suddenly show a burning interest in education. They slick themselves up and go to visit the school, and wish they hadn't when they shuffle in rather shamefacedly and the children snicker. Perhaps the teacher blushes, but she gets even before the afternoon is over by asking the visitors if they will not make a few remarks to the children. She doesn't dare to ask them if they would like to ask any questions. She has an intuition that about every unmarried man in the town would like to ask her just one question.

When she strolls out for exercise or to botanize, it is remarkable how quickly the grocery clerk finds that I he has a pound of codfish or a knit-

to botanize, it is remarkable how quickly the grocery clerk finds that he has a pound of codfish or a knitting needle to deliver in the part of the town where she goes. The village butcher, a fine figure in his white frock or blue, is sure to happen along in his wagon. Ten to one the young in his wagon. Ten to one the young farmer is hanging around in the woods; and the high school teacher lies consciously to himself by pretending to believe that he is taking a walk for the purpose of studying clouds. The innocent enchantress has bewitched the village. Sunday afterneous when the village. noons, when the villagers take their pleasure walking to the cemetery and What Mr. Jardine has said is amply there in this city whose experiences have been and are being published from day to day. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly without an equal as a medicine for those who are "tired out," "run down," or "used up."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have been endorsed most heartily by all classes.

back, half the people are saying nice things about her and the other half the grand the other half in the sale of the week. And puts every cent of her is wages on her back. The airs of some people! What the mon see in her is nore'n I sent find out," etc., etc. So love that you couldn't borrow a flatiron or a cup of sugar to saye your life.

But the schoolmistress flourishes in back, half the people are saving

spite of her foes. The young men swear by her. As for the tongues of frumps or the malice of old fogies of Trustees, a jury will attend to them. —New York Sun,

RUBBER BANDS.

Process of Making is Simple and Business Large.

(Washington Star.) "The little elastic rubber band that is nowadays used in various businesses in place of twine seems simple sort of thing, but there are few, if any, of the multitudinous articles made out of rubper, for which there is such an enormous demand, especially in the United States," remarked a wholesale dealer in rubber bands in New York to the writer the other day. 'In this country the number of rubber bands sold in one year amounts to about 400,000 gross, or 57,000.-000 single bands. At least 60 per cent, of the goods are made in New York and the rest are produced in factories located in New Jersey and New England. In New York ther are a half dozen factories devote partly or exclusively to the manu-facture of rubber bands.

The process by which the bands are made is simple. The rubber in a are made is simple. The rubber in a liquid state is molded, into tubing of sizes suitable for forming the small and medium varieties of bands. When the tubing is ready for use it is put into a rapid running mathematical states. chine, having knives, which cut or slice the rubber into bands. The larger bands are cut by machinery from flat sheets of rubber and joint-ed together with the aid of heat

for putting up small packages. The late flat and expensive bands are used by court officers, lawyers, bank-ers and merchants for filing documents and papers. No rubber bands are imported into this country, but a few American rubber bands are exported to the West Indies and South American countries."

Cheap Excursions to California.

For the meeting of the Independnt Order of Foresters at Los geles, April 29th, cheap round trip rates will be in effect via the Chicago, Culion Pacific & Northwestern line.
Rate from Toronto \$62.00, and proportionately low rates from other points in Canada. Three through trains daily from Chicago, with Pullmans, tourist sleepers and free clining chair cars. Select the coming chair cars. Select the best route, affording finest scenery and quickest time. Choice of routes re-turning. Full information and spec-ial folder of this exquision can be obtained from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 King street cast, Toronto

Tom-I don't think I'll ever get up chough courage to ask you to marry me. You know 'faint heart never won fair hady."

Belle (blushing)—B-but "I'm a brun-