

CROSS PURPOSES

"Are you inclined to have a look around the place?" he inquired, in a meek voice, when Mrs. Austin seemed to have finished the Times. He waited for her answer with some anxiety. Suppose she should have changed her mind, or forgotten all about it! Experience, it is true, had taught him that women were flatteringly compliant when they had to deal with the young owner of Culverdale Manor. Frank's propositions were invariably applauded by his feminine listeners, and he knew very well that if he were to suggest to any girl in the neighborhood that they should ascend Mount Everest together, she would say it was a delightful idea, and would take his arm to start off at that moment. Frank had never found women capricious. Though he was as ready as any other man to say *Souvent femme varie*, in point of fact, in his little flirtations, it was always Mr. Francis Leicester who changed very quickly, and the girl who showed an unnecessary and sometimes reproachful constancy. According to experience, Frank should have had no misgivings when he reminded Mrs. Austin of her promise. But he instinctively felt that his experience was not likely to be of much service to him on this occasion. "You said you should like it—there isn't much to show you, but will you come?" he asked with simple directness.

Mrs. Austin looked up at the little boy, their talk of the evening before had not made a deep impression on her, and she had almost made up her mind to spend the morning in writing letters. When Frank spoke, she had just reckoned up the most tiresome of her correspondents, and had decided that she might hope to possess an easy conscience by lunch-time. But as she met his eyes she remembered his anxiety to amuse her, and checked the answer which was on his lips. He was a nice, hospitable boy, this son of Fanny Leicester's, and if he wanted to do the honors of his home he should have his way. Her letters could wait, and she would see Frank's old china in the morning and his little rita in the afternoon.

"Will I come?" she repeated. "Of course I will come. I shall be delighted." And she rose instantly, with a sweet readiness which filled Frank's soul with a tumult of delight. It was speedily obvious that the young man knew very little about the things he had undertaken to show. He was vaguely proud of his heirlooms because they were heirlooms. It pleased him to think that he inherited as a matter of course what other people were so anxious to buy. His old oak had been carved for the Manor-house; his old cups and dishes had belonged to generations of dead and gone Leicesters. That was enough for him. He remembered the names of a few of the portraits, and in one or two notable cases could even tell the artist, but his remarks, as a rule, were not instructive. "Oh, I recollect that one," he would say, with a glance of recognition, "used to hang in the little room out of the gallery upstairs"; or it might be, "Do you see that queer old fellow up there? I remember I was awfully afraid of him when I was a little chap; I thought he walked." Sometimes he confined himself to a simple expression of opinion. "That's a comical get-up—doesn't she look as if she'd got a duster and a feather on her head? Do you suppose that a cap, now, or a hat?" But curiously enough, his ignorance did not affect Mrs. Austin unpleasantly. She did not feel as if Frank were an outsider, but rather as if the connection between him and the people on the walls was close enough to justify a disregard of mere book-knowledge about them. She had learned more names and dates in a couple of days than Frank had acquired in his life, but he claimed kindred with the portraits in the very look and attitude with which he confronted them. There was a young scire of more than a century earlier who might have been his brother, Mrs. Austin called his attention to the likeness, and Frank, with his handsome head thrown back, stood gazing at him in a glow of suddenly-awakened friendliness. "I wonder who he was?" he said. "Suppose he turned out to be a namesake of yours?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the young fellow answered. "Is he really like me?" And, without waiting for a reply, he went on, "I'm idiotically ignorant."

"Don't call yourself names," said Mrs. Austin. "You certainly are ignorant, and it is very disgraceful, but I rather like it. People who know too much won't let one make any discoveries or imagine anything on one's own account. Now you leave me quite free in that respect."

Frank smiled rather ruefully. "It that is all you want, I am perfect."

They went upstairs, and there he had rather an easier part to play, as she could appreciate what she saw without his explanation. He was eager to fit keys into locks for her, and would readily have broken open any obstinate door which resisted his efforts. Certainly if the future was to be for Gilbert South, the present time was Frank's, and he made good use of it; for, before that journey of discovery was over, the house was peopled with beautiful memories. There was Mrs. Austin pausing at the top of the stairs, and smiling at a grotesque head which grinned from the door of an old cabinet; Mrs. Austin intent on a dingy bit of tapestry, and triumphantly discovering Rebekah at the well—Mrs. Austin laughing at putting him aside when

he failed to unlock a great oak chest, and turning the key with her slim white fingers—Mrs. Austin looking out from an oriel-window across the sunlit oaks and chestnuts of the park with a tranquil far-seeing gaze. There was more to remember of this; for in the act of turning away, she stopped short, "Oh, there's some beautiful old china," she said; "I must have a look at that! Don't you care for these things, really, Mr. Leicester?"

"No, I don't know—I mean yes," said Frank. "Don't you think they are women's things?"

"Women's things? Don't be so scornful," said Mrs. Austin, with her quiet smile.

"That isn't scornful," he answered, slowly. "I meant—'he paused, and looked at her, at the brown oak paneling and her head, at the blue and white old china, at her lifted hand as she put back a cup. The sunshine, slipping through the leaves which waved outside, brightened the picture with capricious touches of gold."

"Well—you meant? I am waiting."

"Why," said Frank, "what good are these things to me? I don't understand 'em, you know. I can read the papers and go over my balliffs' accounts just as well without two blue plates and an old teapot in front of me. But when you stand there it's different—they seem to be all right, somehow."

Mrs. Austin met his gaze with a little touch of laughter just at the corner of her mouth. "Upon my word!" she said, "I didn't know that I was in such perfect harmony with an old teapot. Well, it is something, no doubt, to be able to adorn the leisure moments of life—when the balliff is away!" Frank would have protested, but she checked him with a quick little movement of her head. "Are you going to explain yourself? Don't; an explanation is enough to spoil the most beautiful thing that ever was. Besides, there is no need."

"No," he answered with a laugh, "I don't suppose there is."

Mrs. Austin ended by enjoying her morning in a very bright, simple fashion, and feeling a little as if she and Frank were a couple of children engaged in some delightful piece of mischief. Frank had certainly hampered a lock, broken a little saucer, lost one key on the floor of a dark cupboard, and mixed up the remainder in hopeless confusion. He knew there were some queer old dresses somewhere—remembered having seen them as a boy—and in the search for them he took Mrs. Austin into all sorts of shadowy corners, and made interesting discoveries of old brooms and brushes and dusty books. On one shelf he found some toys, shabby with ill-usage and long neglect. He stood looking at these for a moment, bewildered to find that he had forgotten them so utterly and remembered them so well. He stooped to touch a little painted water-cart and then shut them all into the darkness again with a lingering smile. At last he came upon the old brocades and laces of which he was in search, and looked anxiously to see whether they would please his companion. "Are they right?" he said, "or don't you care for them?" As soon as he was satisfied on this point, he would have tossed them all over the floor for her inspection, if she had permitted it. "Look like private theatricals, don't they?" he said, when he was bidden to stand one side.

"Oh, isn't this lovely?" she exclaimed, without heeding his question. He considered the pale delicately flowered silk with a puzzled face. "Lovely? Isn't it rather queer and—'and—washy?" he said at last.

"Oh, that won't do at all!" Mrs. Austin replied, smiling up at him. "That isn't what we say about such things nowadays. We must educate you."

"Well," said Frank, with a flash of inspiration; "I think I should know better if I saw it on." Mrs. Austin shook it out daintily to let the light fall on it, and he looked from the silk to her face, and back again. All at once he seemed to see what she would look like in it; a tall slight figure in the quaint old gown. "Yes," he said, with sudden conviction, "I see now, it's beautiful."

"You are a promising scholar," she replied. "What were you saying about theatricals just now? But these things are too good for theatricals—too real for such little candlelight shams."

"Not a bit too good—if you would act!"

She shook her head. "Not even to wear this dress! Though that would be delightful."

"Do," said Frank. "Why not? I'd get myself up like my friend downstairs—the man over the library chimney-piece, you know. Would that be right with these yours?"

It was Mrs. Austin's turn to call up a picture, and she raised her eyes to his face. "Oh yes, I think so. We should be in the same half century at any rate, quite near enough for private theatricals."

"Oh, I say!" Frank exclaimed. "Half a century!"

"Well, I admit it would be an awkward interval in real life," said Mrs. Austin, smiling. "But I think it might do on the stage."

"Let's try it," said Frank, with his face aglow.

"No," she answered, very gently and decidedly. "Why not ask Miss Vivian?"

"Tiny!" The suggestion called him out of an enchanted world into his every-day existence, and he had to check himself lest he should say something ungracious.

"She would look charming in some of these things," said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully.

"I dare say she would—I mean, I'm sure she would. Well, we can think of that any time."

"And do you think we can join the others any time?" his companion inquired. "I should say we had better bring our investigations to an end, and look for them. Your mother will think we are lost."

Frank attempted no remonstrance; and she laid everything back in its place with a charming dexterity, only pausing once to look at some old lace. He watched her, still with the shadow on his face which had come when that mention of Tiny's name reminded him of more than Tiny.

They went downstairs, but could find no one. "My mother is having more than an hour's gossip to-day," said Frank. He turned to a side window and looked out. "And the others are playing lawn tennis."

Mrs. Austin provided herself with a parasol, and they went across the lawn to find the players. Tiny Vivian had enjoyed her morning very well, though she had been conscious that Frank and Mrs. Austin were a long while going round the house. She had not, however, got beyond the feeling that it was very good of Frank, and she came to meet the pair with a bright face of welcome. "Coming to play?" she said, gaily.

"All right," said Frank; and he turned to his companion. "You will, won't you?"

Mrs. Austin shook her head. "No, I can't play. No—don't offer to teach me; it's very kind of you, but I'm too old to begin now."

If he was disappointed, it was only for a moment, for in a moment he felt that he would rather not see Mrs. Austin rushing about after balls, eager, excited, flushed. Tiny might, of course, be not Mrs. Austin. "It isn't that!" he said, in answer to her smiling refusal. "You could learn anything you liked, but you are quite right—it would not be worth your learning." And he went away with long steps to fetch her a chair. When he came back, Gilbert South was describing something to Tiny in his soft voice, and Mrs. Austin stood a little apart, studying the old house with tranquil eyes.

Frank brought the chair, and an Indian shawl of his mother's, which he had picked up in the hall. "Will you have this on?" he said. "No? Then I'll put it over the chair. It's a very ugly chair." Frank had never been in the habit of eyeing his furniture so discontentedly.

"It's very comfortable," said Mrs. Austin, giving a touch to his arrangement of the drapery which seemed to make it exactly right. "Now I won't keep you from your game."

"Look here, Frank," said Tiny, lightly touching his arm with her little sunburnt fingers, "leave me out this time. You play with Mr. South."

"No, Miss Vivian, that won't do," Gilbert protested. "You've been describing Mr. Leicester as a champion player, and I'm not going to be pitted against him for you to laugh at my clumsiness."

"You're not clumsy," Tiny replied, quite simply.

"Thank you," said Mr. South, with a little bow. "But I'm a beginner, you know, and you have undertaken my education. Suppose you let me learn a little by looking on."

"Come then, Tiny," said Frank. After all, he had had his turn. It was only fair play to make way for the rival who was also his guest.

Gilbert strolled across to where Mrs. Austin sat, and threw himself on the

Lumbago's Misery Ceases, Every Aching Muscle Cured

JUST RUB ON OLD-TIME "NERVILINE."

Not necessary to drug inside! That awful stiffness that makes you yelp worse than a kicked dog will be cured—cured for a certainty, and quickly, too, if you just rub on Nerviline.

Rub Nerviline right into the sore spot, rub lots of it over those tortured muscles, do this and the pain will go. You see Nerviline is thin, not oily. Therefore it sinks in, it penetrates through the tissues, it gets right to those stiff, sore muscles and irritated nerves that make you dance with pain.

You'll get almost instant relief from muscle soreness, stiffness, aching joints, lameness or rheumatism by rubbing with Nerviline. It's a soothing liniment, and doesn't blister, doesn't burn or even stain the skin.

It's the most harmless cure in the world for Lumbago, Back Strain or Sciatica. It takes away the ache at once and ends your misery quickly. Now quit complaining—don't suffer another day—Nerviline, that good, soothing old-time liniment will limber you up mighty quick. Get busy today, the large 50c family size bottle is the most economical, of course, the trial size costs but 25c. Any dealer anywhere can supply Nerviline.

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grass at her feet. "Upon my word," he said, "I'm not sorry to rest a little. I've taken a good deal of exercise this morning."

Mrs. Austin smiled, and watched the game, though she did not understand it sufficiently to appreciate Frank's skill. She was interested in the two agile figures merely as a picture—a pretty picture in the autumn sunshine.

Gilbert, at her feet, leaning on his elbow, seemed as if he also were watching the two figures, but in reality his eyes were fixed upon a third, a tall, slender girl, fair, graceful, swift, playing battledoor and shuttlecock in the stillness of a summer evening, close by an old red brick wall, on which peaches were trained.

Above the wall a thin rank of trees rose against a clear sky. There was an arch over the garden path, a tangle of climbing roses, delicate leaf-sprays, and clusters of loose white flowers, under which the girl would go when the game was over and the sun gone down. And beyond the battressed wall, where the elm boughs were stirring in the cool evening air, were the great world, beginning at the ivy-grown garden gate and stretching away to unknown distances—to India, for instance, which lay waiting for a young fellow who was to do the most remarkable things. It was wonderful only to think of the sights he was to see, the strange faces, the strange skies, before he came home bronzed and bearded, to stroll once more along the grassy walks and find the clustered roses of a later year hanging white in the twilight. As he left the garden for the last time that home-coming had been almost as vivid and real as the tender pain of parting. Afterwards it faded away into a dim picture, and as such pictures are when what was to have become an actual future is put aside and marked, "It might have been." But now, while he lay on the turf, watching Tiny and Frank, it rose up before his eyes as clearly outlined as of old.

It could never be. The heads of the household were dead; the old home was broken up; the house was sold. Gilbert had a vague remembrance of having been told that a retired tradesman, who plucked himself on growing big pipe-smoked, had taken the place and improved it immensely. However long his life might last, it could never hold that happy home-coming, as a here, to the old garden, and the girl who was to wait for him there.

He raised himself a little, and turned to Mrs. Austin, who was leaning back against Frank's Indian shawl. "Do you remember," he said, "how we used to play battledoor and shuttlecock at West Hill?"

She looked down at his uplifted face. "Yes," she answered, in her tranquil voice, "I remember"; and after a just perceptible pause, she added, "perfectly."

"That perfectly" disconcerted him a little, and checked a sentence on his lips. As a rule, it is not a perfect but a discriminating memory which we desire to find in our friends. Gilbert desired himself whether there was a touch of irony meaning in her words, or only a frank simplicity. It was a very long while ago," he said, "it was a safe remark to make, and not an original one. Yet something in his accent made it sound almost like an entreaty."

Mrs. Austin smiled. "It's a very long while ago. These young people were in the nursery then, I suppose, and now their turn has come round."

"Do we only have one turn?" said Gilbert, looking down and touching the end of the shawl which trailed on the turf, or dry turf.

"Ah, that can't say!" she answered, lightly. "How can I tell what Fate may have in store for you? I fancy you are younger than I am now."

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "But tell me—am I much changed?"

Her eyes rested on him in smiling scrutiny. "No," she said; "I think you have changed very little indeed."

"You are right," he said, after a pause. "I am very little changed. And you?"

"What do you think?"

South quitted his lounging attitude, and sat up. "That's a question I can't answer. You are changed, and yet I fancy you are not changed. You were only a girl, you know."

"And now I'm an old woman!"

He winced as if the words hurt him. "Don't say that! Not even as a joke!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she retorted. "I remember now I am a year and a half younger than you."

An Old Alarm Clock.

At Schramberg, in the Black Forest, there is a respectable alarm clock that warned sleepers it was time to get up when Charles I. was King of England. This was made in 1680, and it is deemed a remarkable piece of workmanship. In form it resembles a lantern wherein is a lighted candle, the wick of which is automatically clipped every minute by a pair of scissors. The candle is slowly pushed upward by a spring, which also controls the mechanism of the clock, and at the required hour of waking an alarm is sounded, and at the same time the movable sides of the lantern fall and the room is flooded with light.

The Difference.

Case and Comment says that at a recent meeting in Hampton one of the speakers told of a colored witness who was rebuked by the judge for the constant repetition of the phrase, "also, and likewise." "Now judge," replied the witness, "there's a difference between those words. I'm gwine to explain. Yo' father was an att'ny and a great one, wasn't he?" The Judge assented, somewhat placated. "Well, judge, yo' an att'ny also, but not likewise. See, judge?"

Corns INSTANT RELIEF Drop Out

Paint on Putnam's Corn Extractor tonight, and corns feel better in the morning. Magical, the way "Putnam's" eases the pain, destroys the roots, kills a corn for all time. No pain. Cure guaranteed. Get a 25c bottle of "Putnam's" Extractor to-day.



THIS PLANT IS A THIEF.

Dodder Steals All the Digested Food of Its Clover Neighbors.

Possibly he's too lazy to feed himself or it may be that he came from a family of criminals and can't overcome his heredity. At any rate he's a robber, a thief and a plunderer. None of these names is too severe, and if you doubt it ask the farmer who knows him for the damage he does every year to the clover and alfalfa crops. The plant is the dodder.

Perhaps we can forgive the dodder for not preparing for his own food, for he has nothing to prepare it with. Nearly all plants have chlorophyll, the substance which makes plants green and digests the food which they take from the ground and the air. The dodder has no chlorophyll.

So it has to turn robber to live. After the seed springs from the ground the dodder vine reaches out until it touches some other plant, clover, for example. It attaches itself to the clover stem by its tiny rootlets and begins to eat the food which the clover has taken and digested.

After a while the root withers and dies, and the vine keeps reaching out for more victims, binding them together with its tiny threads. You probably have seen the small, pale, bell-shaped flowers climbing over a field of clover.

Once dodder gets a hold in a clover field the farmer's only escape is to cut clover and dodder alike and burn the crop. And the farmer believes this death none to horrible for the little robber vine.

RAILWAY MEN AT THE FRONT

Of the twenty clerks in the C. P. R. offices in Calgary, 16 enlisted when the war broke out. Some of them have got promotion; some have been wounded; but the spirit they displayed has been noticed in the western press. Indeed, the railway men of the country have done nobly in responding to the call. In England over 200,000 railway men are at the front; in Canada, possibly 6,000 in all have gone forward—a splendid record considering our railways and general population. The result of such depletion is found in the greater number of female clerks employed in the Dominion. We go not see, as they see without surprise in the Mother Land, thousands of women doing the outside work of the railways—dressed in overalls, many of them, cleaning engines, cleaning stations, acting as porters and wheeling barrows, acting as ticket agents and telegraph operators. We will hardly come to that but the value of women in the clerical domain has gone up very appreciably indeed. It is urged in England that the women workers' attire for greater convenience in many of the avocations they pursue. Many have not waited for the discussion in the press about the matter, but have voluntarily parted with external femininity. The situation is not so acute with us, but the call, in all clerical departments is for female clerks.

Irritable Nerves Restored and Health Regained in a Simple Way

The man or woman who is run-down, not feeling up to the mark, perhaps irritable, nervous or sleepless can well afford to learn about the wonderful results the newly discovered blood-food is giving the folks that use it.

There is wonderful power in this new blood-food, and every weak, pallid person can be quickly nourished back to health that uses it as directed.

After each meal, with a sip or two of water, you simply take two little chocolate-coated tablets, sold in all drug stores under the name of "FERROZONE."

The effect is noticeable at once. You feel happier, brighter, more contented. That old-time feeling of weariness departs—you forget your "nerves" and no longer get irritable or cross over trifling annoyances.

There is a reason for this change and that reason consists of the fact that Ferrozone contains blood-making materials you can get in no other way.

Ferrozone makes the blood tingle and sing with new vitality. This ensures lots of nourishment and strength being supplied to every part of the body.

Wonder the eyes brighter and the cheeks radiate color and happiness? With abundance of strength, a keen appetite, good digestion and plenty of sound sleep—all the result of Ferrozone—you quickly feel as if life held new charms and pleasures.

Anaesthetic for the Teeth Wanted.

There is no local anaesthetic that will penetrate dentine, which forms the principal part of a tooth. That is why dentists hurt teeth so much when drilling holes in them for fillings or when grinding them down for gold crowns. Any one who will invent something that can be put on a tooth to render it insensitive for ten minutes without injuring it has a fortune awaiting him.

Cocaine and novocaine, which are used as local anaesthetics in other parts of the body, have no effect upon the teeth, as they cannot penetrate the hard tissue of which these are composed.

LONDON SCARES

Men, it has been well said, think in herds. It will be seen that they go mad in herds, for innumerable instances can be given of a whole people suddenly taking off the trammels of reason and running wild under the delusion of some impending calamity.

A panic terror of the end of the world spread over London in 1736 by the prophecy of the famous Whiston, who predicted that the world would be destroyed on Oct. 13 in that year. Crowds of people went out on the appointed day to Islington, Highgate, Hampstead and the intervening fields to witness the destruction of London, which was to be the "beginning of the end."

Again in the year 1761 the citizens of London were plunged into excitement by two earthquake shocks, and the prophecy of a third, which was to destroy them altogether. The first of these shocks was on Feb. 8. Public notice was directed to the fact that there was exactly a month's interval between the two shocks, and a crack trained fellow named Bell was so impressed with the idea that there would be a third in the forthcoming month that he completely lost his senses and ran about the streets predicting the destruction of London on April 5.

As the awful day approached the excitement became intense, and great numbers of credulous people resorted to all the villages within a circuit of twenty miles, there to await the doom of London. Hampstead and Harrow were crowded with panic-stricken fugitives, who paid exorbitant prices for accommodation in these secure retreats. Such as could not afford to pay for lodgings at these places encamped in the surrounding fields.

As is usual in panics, the fear became contagious, and hundreds who had laughed at the prediction a week before packed up their goods and chattels when they saw others doing so and hastened away. The river was thought to be a place of great security, and accordingly all the available merchant vessels and barges were packed with people, who passed the night between the 4th and 6th on board, expecting every moment to see St. Paul's totter and the towers of Westminster, Abbey rock and fall amid a cloud of dust. But on the following day the greater part of the fugitives returned, convinced that the prophecy was a false one. A few months afterward Bell was confined in a lunatic asylum, where he died.

Great consternation was caused in London in 1524 by a prediction that on the 1st day of February the waters of the Thames would overflow the whole city of London and wash away 10,000 houses. The prophecy was implicitly believed, and many families packed up their goods and removed into Kent and Essex. As the time drew near the numbers of these immigrants increased. In January droves of workmen might be seen, followed by their wives and children, trudging on foot to the villages within fifteen or twenty miles to await the catastrophe. People of a higher class were also to be seen in vehicles bound on a similar errand.

By the middle of January at least 20,000 persons had quitted the doomed city, leaving nothing but the bare walls of their homes to be swept away by the impending floods. Many of the wealthier class took up their abode on the heights of Hampstead, Highgate and Blackheath, and some erected tents as far away as Waltham abbey on the north and Croydon on the south of the Thames.

On the fateful morning the wondering crowds were astir at an early hour to watch the rising of the waters. It was predicted that the inundation would be gradual, not sudden, so that they expected to have plenty of time to escape as soon as they saw the waters rise beyond the usual mark.

The day grew older, and the Thames flew on quietly as of yore. The tide ebbed at its usual hour, flowed to its usual height and then ebbed again, just as if twenty astrologers had not pledged their word to the contrary.

Blank were their faces as evening approached, and as blank grew the faces of the citizens to think that they had made such fools of themselves. Night set in, and the obstinate river would not lift its waters to sweep away even one home out of the 10,000. Still, however, the people were afraid to go to sleep. Many hundreds remained up till dawn of the next day, lest the deluge should come upon them like a thief in the night.

On the morrow it was seriously discussed whether it would not be advisable to duck the false prophets in the river. Luckily for them they thought of an expedient which allayed the popular fury. They asserted that by an error they had fixed the date of this awful inundation a century too early. The present generation of cockneys were safe and London would be washed away, not in 1524, but in 1624.—London Family Herald.

Tavern Heroes.

The Marquis of Granby bears a title that swags from many a tavern sign-board all England over. London alone has some half a dozen. Yet this popular soldier, who commanded England's troops in Germany during the Seven Years' War, was the target of some of "Junius'" most bitter invective. The secret of his popularity lay in the fact that Granby was always a soldier's general who not only led them well in the fight, but also cared for their comfort in the camp.

The first inn to bear the marquis' head as a sign is said to have been opened by one of his own guardsmen at Hounslow. Apart from Wellington and Nelson, the marquis comes easily first among England's tavern heroes.—London Chronicle.



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