she was whirled around in a whirl of excitement!

And when the evening's amusements had ended Molly scored once when John pushed his way to the front and claimed his right of seeing her from the park to her father's cottage gate. She was irritable and moody. John had never known her so before, and it was with a heavy, aching heart that he kissed her good night. Nor was the unhappiness of his mind diminished when for several nights after she refused to take her customary walk with him.

At length the climax came, and one evening, after he had succeeded in inducing her to come with him over the hills, he received the dread ultimatum which he had almost expected would fall. Molly was frank. She avowed shyly that she did not and could not love him and then, with a pretty, disdainful toss of the head, declared that she would be glad if he did not worry her any more. John took the blow quietly, but the agony of soul he suffered no one but himself knew.

Then grave whispers and nods and winks passed around from house to house in the village. There were talks in bated breath of secret meetings at night, and of Molly and the young squire being seen together. And John would be questioned, but he never answered. His sorrow was for himself alone—so he would tell himself—it could not be shared by the curious. It was his wont to go and sit by the sea, and there find a sort of melancholy satisfaction in the low wail of the billows as they broke in at the foot of the cliffs. As for Molly, after one final attempt to reclaim her, John avoided her. To have met her would have increased the inconvenience of both, and in his case would have opened afresh the wounds but hardly healed. In the months that followed the whispers took an uglier form, and Longville delighted its soul at last in a village scandal.

And so Molly went away and left her poor old father sorrowing.

There was only one who ever defended the fair name of Molly when it was made a byword with the young roughs of the place, who loafed outside the village inn or at the roadsides. John was never known to have become so incensed as when one evening in his hearing one of these thoughtless youths mentioned inappropriately Molly's name and coupled it with a foul epithet. Then he thrashed the young lout within an inch of his life.

After awhile the sad incident was forgotten—at least until Molly's return to her home again. Then trouble began anew. She was very much altered, and the roses had faded from her cheeks. In tearful sorrow she would sit and nurse her baby all day long.

The last act in the tragedy came when one day Molly's father received a note from the hall. The steward brought it round, and as Molly's father was growing old and feeble and his sight waning the steward read the note aloud. It was a formally worded epistle giving the poor, old, sorrow stricken parent a month's notice because the squire felt that it was "not conducive to the morals of the village that people of Molly's stamp should be harbored" in the midst of his cottagers. Needless to say Molly's father was almost broken hearted at the thought of leaving the house he had occupied for so long, while as for Molly herself her distress was too piteous for words.

One morning not long after John stepped down the old roadway, his face haggard, but the expression firm, resolute and determined. He presented himself at the door of Molly's cottage and was admitted. It was only a look they exchanged, and the floodgates were opened again, and, having sobbed on his shoulder awhile, Molly gradually recovered herself, while John, with a choking sensation in the throat which he tried in vain to keep down, avowed: "I have always waited for you, Molly. I knew you would come back to me."

"But I can't. You forget that is his," and she pointed in her anguish to the cot wherein the babe was slumbering peacefully.

John didn't turn his head to look, but he took Molly in his arms again.

And love was consummated in service.—London Sun.

The Newest Stationery.

The latest fad in paper is a sheet the size of the envelope, which goes into its envelope without folding. In the usual correspondence size—that small size used for a hurried note or invitation—the style goes very well, but when it comes to larger sizes stationers say it will not take. In this connection it is reported in the New York Herald that the most popular style is a sheet of paper which folds in half and fits into an envelope which has a square flap. This style comes in billet, note and letter sizes, and the envelopes are graduated to match. The favorite colors are white, cream asure, regimental gray and bond blue. The fancy tints of pinks and heliotropes, yellows and greens, though carried to meet a certain demand for them, are considered in poor taste.

A very dainty little machine is made for weighing letters, useful to a woman with a large correspondence or to a business woman who must needs send letters inclosing samples or circulars.

Smooth Roads and Traffic.

The increase of efficiency in vehicles having a smooth surface on which to travel is very great. Perfect rails are a necessity for the steam engine, and a smooth roadbed is essential if high speed is to be obtained. The motor carriage, which has already become an established fact abroad, depends for its efficiency on good road surface. The bicycle gains enormously in ease of propulsion, in speed and in adaptability to new fields of usefulness by having good roads. About these three there is no dispute, but it seems necessary to prove by argument, illustration and statistics that carriages, wagons, trucks, carts and all other vehicles are equally benefited by a smooth traveling surface.—Exchange.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

All the evidence is now in in the Luetgert trial at Chicago, and the lawyers will continue talking for a week.

The coroner's jury in the Paul Fink case at Waterloo has returned a verdict of death from unknown natural causes.

Thomas Nulty of Rawdon, Que., was found guilty of the murder of three sisters and a brother, and sentenced to hang on May 20.

A farmer named King is under arrest at Caven, Ireland, charged with murdering his wife, his two children and his mother-in-law.

William R. Foster, jr., the defaulting attorney of the Gratuity Fund of the New York Produce Exchange, sailed from Havre for the United States Saturday in custody of detectives.

"Virginia Bill" Friley, an old citizen of Elliott county, Kentucky, aged 80 years, and his wife, about 75 years of age, were murdered last night at their home and robbed of $1,200. No clue.

Since James Allison has been executed the Children's Aid Society will take definite steps to secure the remaining Allison children. If the parents do not want to let them go the society will seek to get them by the aid of the law.

CASUALTIES.

Edward Munn, a farmer living near McIutosh Mills, was instantly killed by a load of wood overturning on him.

Latest reports say that 20 persons were killed and 50 injured as a result of the recent earthquake at Ballkeer, Asia Minor.

John Bickell of Hamilton was struck in the stomach by an iron bar at the Canada Screw Works, and died from the effects of the blow.

IF LOVE WERE OTHER THAN PERFECT.

If love were other than a perfect thing,
Love were no gain, but only all a grief,
And better were to check its blossoming
Ere one poor bud could struggle into leaf;
To kill it in the spring.
If love were other than a perfect thing.

If love were other than most sweet of all,
Love were the bitterest gift of bitter fate,
And better were to spurn beyond recall
Its magic cup more perilous than hate.
Its sweetness were but gall,
If love were other than most sweet of all.

If love were other than the love of you,
Love were a poverty, and nothing worth,
And all the task that memory had to do
Would be to loathe the hour that gave it birth.
Love were not sweet nor true
If love were other than the love of you.

But love is love, and you are you, and I
Am I that dare to love you with a will,
Knowing that love is perfect, true and high,
And always greater than its greatest ill;
Knowing it cannot die,
Since love is love of you, and I am I.

—J. Colmore in Woman's Journal.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

There could be no doubt about it. Molly had been a different girl since she and John Lock had been "keeping company." At least this was what the village gossips declared, and surely no one would have the temerity to contradict authorities so well informed. And the village gossips had spoken truth this time. Molly, the pride of all Longville, the pretty country girl whom nature had endowed with a superabundance of animal spirits; Molly, the fascinating coquette, had been subdued, and John Lock, the village carpenter's son, had conquered. At least that was what all Longville thought.

John in himself, although boasting no ancient lineage, was, as the laborers termed him, "a cut above the ordinary run." Somehow without having had any educational advantages he had developed a strong love for books, and when the day's work in the little carpenter's shop was done he would go out into the soft summer eve, and a brisk walk over the hills would bring him to the rugged cliffs by the sea. Here he would throw himself down, and as long as the red shoots of the setting sun gave light over the land he would read with rapturous intent, and when at last it had disappeared in a blaze of color in an opalescent sea he would watch the stars and talk learnedly of their distances and of what constellations they formed part.

The good people of Longville could never quite understand John. He would astound them with his enthusiastic descriptions of fleeting clouds, would bid them hear a poem in the constant roaring of the sea and tell them that there were new worlds, of which they knew nothing, in pictures and books. But John was genial and kind hearted, and so, although his personality eluded definite analysis by them, they yet recognized him as the village favorite for the humbler and maybe more useful qualities of good fellowship and unselfish courage.

It was little wonder that when Molly and John commenced "keeping company" that Longville should talk. Never two persons had less in common, so far as temperament and tastes were concerned, and yet somehow, for a reason which even old Mrs. Knight, who had seen two generations of village courtships, could not explain, these two people of opposite dispositions were destined to share life's storm and sunshine together.

How they came to be engaged I cannot say. There was a meeting of the two, when the usual cheery "Good night, John," and "Good night, Molly," ceased to have the old prosaic significance. The untamed, restless little heart of Molly beat convulsively, and the roses on her cheeks burned a deeper hue when that evening John stopped her and insisted on her talking with him. I was not there, so that of what was said I am unaware.

This much, however, all Longville soon knew—that John Lock and Molly Lane had become sweethearts. How the good wives enjoyed standing at the doorway of their cottages and discussing the probabilities of a village wedding and what it involved! These good souls would have made the devious, sinuous track of these two lives much straighter and more direct than it was fated to be.

No event is too wonderful to become familiarized with, and so it was that the wonder ceased, and Molly and John for months pursued their pleasant way, dreaming the old love dreams common to youth since the world began. It was true that sometimes John imagined "his Molly" was restless and scarcely contented. She seemed to sigh for new opportunities of conquest. The old spirit, which he thought dead, reared its head again and gave warning of, although it never actually broke out in, open rebellion. Then John would be troubled and would search his generous, simple heart in the hope of discovering some excuse for the discontent which only too obviously was smoldering in his sweetheart's mind.

One week in the midsummer of the following year Squire Hurst's only son came of age, and the event was celebrated with great eclat by the whole of the inhabitants of the village. The lovely old park surrounding the hall was thrown open, and numerous were the al fresco attractions provided to amuse the assembled guests. The sports of the day terminated with a grand villagers' ball, at which the heir to Longville Hall himself was present. There had been many a rumor that Harry Hurst had been "a gay young spark" in his time, but tonight all ugly memories were lost in the pleasure and excitement of his presence among the common folk at the ball.

All seemed happy save one, and that was John. In spite of his best attempts to suppress it a great pain was at his heart—almost as severe as a physical one—as he saw his Molly being claimed for dance after dance by the squire's son. How she seemed to enjoy the distinction, too, as with flushed cheeks

A QUARTETTE OF BELGIANS.

LIVING MEN WHO HAVE MADE NAMES IN THIS GENERATION.

Emil Charles Wauters, the Foremost Portrait Painter; Eugene Ysaye, the Artist Who Links Past and Present; Maurice Maeterlink, Compared With Shakespeare, and Maurice Buls, the Brussels Statesman.

Emil Charles Wauters is a crane in Paris. He is, perhaps, the foremost portrait painter in Europe, and his orders are so numerous that he cannot possibly fill them. Wauters was once a historical painter and spent the best part of his young days in trying to fix upon canvas his conceptions of historic scenes, but his genius, while great, did not seem to bring the rewards it deserved. When, however, he lowered his fancy and began to paint the faces of living men and women, people flocked to his studio and presently he

WAUTERS. YSAYE.

had more than he could do. M. Wauters has painted a portrait of Miss Lorrillard which is famous. Among the women he has painted are the Princess de Chimay, Miss Sharon, of San Francisco, and the Comtesse de la Forest Divonne. His first painting was hung in the Paris exposition of 1878 and won one of the eight medals of honor. It was "The Madness of Hugo van der Goes," a scene from the early history of Flemish painting. His "Mary of Burgundy" is owned in Philadelphia and was the last work he did before abandoning the historic field. His portraits possess the merit of being excellent likenesses in perfect colors.

Eugene Ysaye stands in manner and accomplishment as a link between us and the last great masters of the French school. As an artist Ysaye is a potentiality that can be discussed without calling in the aid of makeshift comparisons. He is in the true sense of the word a famous popular artist, and only players such as he, Vieuxtemps and Rubinstein, with their great sympathetic, sensitive souls, responsive to every kind of emotion and prompt and generous in their giving out, can be really popular players. It was Vieuxtemps that discovered Ysaye at a concert in Antwerp, and after hearing him play embraced him and called him "my son and star of my school." Vieuxtemps also persuaded the municipality of Liege, Ysaye's native town, and the Government of Belgium to grant Ysaye a stipend. Ysaye was born in the humblest circumstances and his rise as a violinist is the wonder of the musical world. Whence came his genius no one can say, for the members of Ysaye's family for generations have been stolidly unsympathetic for art and phlegmatic. As yet he has not composed, but the potentiality is there and there is no doubt that he will give competent expression to his thought.

Maurice Maeterlinck is compared with Shakespeare, even by his enemies. This brilliant Belgian is only 30 years old, and if he lives he will do much better work when he grows older. English critics did not know the power of Maeterlinck until "Princess Maleine" had been translated into English and Beerbohm Tree had introduced "L'Intruse" to a London audience under the title of "The Intruder." Then it was suddenly discovered that Maeterlinck had English blood in him. Whatever may be the merits of the controversy, one side of which claims the Belgian genius to be English, there is no doubt that he is easily the first among living writers. Already there are Maeterlinck and anti-Maeterlinck factions, and the young lawyer of Ghent finds himself a storm center of literary opinion. His method may be described in the words parallelism, symbolism and suggestion. He has used realistic means to bring out romantic situations. Here was a poet and a symbolist who took Paris by storm. The French claimed him at once, but he laughed at them and insisted that he was a Belgian. Then all the vitriol of the gazettes was poured upon him, but Paris still admires him. Few men have done better work.

Maurice Buls, the young Mayor of Brussels, may be accounted one of the greatest Belgians, for he has shown statesmanship of the highest order. He is a lawyer who takes a keen interest in poli-

MAETERLINCK. BULS.

tics and, of course, in municipal politics, which is not, in Europe, what it is in this country. To young Mr. Buls belongs the credit of putting down with an iron hand a socialistic revolution which but for him would have placed Belgium in the hands of some of the most rabid socialists in Europe. In 1893 Brussels was the center of a great strike. The movement spread from city to city, and even the King—who has socialistic ideas himself—and the civic guard openly sympathized with the workingmen. The socialists were certain of victory, when young Buls called in the guards from the country and instructed them to shoot down every socialist, striker or civic guard who refused to obey the law. M. Buls has escaped death by assassination several times, but he yet lives, a real patriot and one of the big men in Belgium. He has a contempt for the socialists and their programme of equality, and he is strong enough to put a check upon this stream of unhealthy social growth in Belgium's capital.

PNEUMATIC TUBES.

How They Are Used to Carry the Mails in New York City.

A great saving of time has been effected in New York by the use of the pneumatic tubes to carry the mails from the post-office to its sub-stations. New York's tube is eight inches in diameter, and the mails travel through it at a speed of thirty miles an hour, the capacity thus being forty or fifty times greater than that of the largest tubes in use in Europe. Two parallel lines of tubing are laid side by side at a distance of from three to eight feet below the surface of the street, and the line is 3,750 feet long. The two tubes are connected by a loop at the Produce Exchange, one being used for outgoing and the other for returning mail.

Power is furnished by a compressor at the main station, which delivers air at seven pounds pressure to the square inch to the outgoing tube. The air flows with an increasing velocity and decreasing pressure (the result of its elasticity) to the sub-station at the Produce Exchange, where its pressure is about three and

PNEUMATIC MAIL.
(The receiver and transmitter.)

three-fourths pounds to the inch. From the sub-station it returns by the second tube to the main station and passes into a receiving tank, at which point its pressure has fallen about to that of the atmosphere. The suction of the compressor is connected to this tank and the air is thus caused to circulate continuously through the circuit of tubes.

In order to make use of the current for transmission purposes a light cylindrical metal shell called a carrier is placed in the tube. It is fitted with two packing rings, which prevent the passage of air and cause it to move forward in the tube at the same speed as the current. As the current of air is never interrupted from the time the compressors start in the morning until they are shut down at night, it was necessary to devise some apparatus by which the carriers could be placed in the tubes or removed from them at the start or finish of their journey without interrupting the flow of air. This is accomplished by a transmitter and a receiver at the main station and another transmitter and receiver at the sub-station.

The straight tubes are made of cast iron, carefully bored and reamed to a smooth finish. The bends, none of which are less than eight foot radius, are made of seamless brass tubing, eight and three-eighths inches internal diameter. The carriers are made of a plate of sheet steel one-thirty-second of an inch in thickness, which is rolled into a cylinder, riveted and soldered. The front cover is dished to receive a filling of felt, which is covered with thick leather and forms a buffer to cushion the shocks to which the carrier is liable. The shell is seven inches diameter by two feet long and is kept from direct contact with the tubes by two bearing rings, one near each end, made of a fibrous woven material. These act as packing and afford a satisfactory sliding contact with the tubes. Their life is limited to about 1,000 miles.

NEW FRENCH COINAGE.

Roty's Design for the Silver Pieces to Be Issued in January.

The new coinage ordered by the French Government some time ago, with the idea of substituting something more artistic for the clumsy head of the Republic now in use, will begin to appear in January next, with the silver 50-centime piece designed by the sculptor Roty.

The same design will be used for all

Face. Reverse.
FRENCH NEW FIFTY-CENTIME PIECE.

silver coins, but no date has been yet set for the issue of 1-franc, 2-franc, and 5-franc pieces, and it will be a long time before the features of Napoleon III. and Louis Philippe will become unfamiliar to those who handle French money.

The artists' designs have been subjected to discussion and criticism for nearly a year, and M. Chaplain's sketch for the gold coins seems not to have received yet the final modifications. The delay with the design for the copper money has been increased by the proposal to change the character of the coinage, which has only recently been rejected. The 50-centime coin, whose design is here reproduced, is very nearly of the same size as our 10-cent piece.

Naval Telephones.

The new British battleship Caesar has been fitted with a new system of patent loud-talking naval telephones, the invention of Alfred Graham. The instruments have been tested by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Rear-Admiral Rice, Admiral Superintendent of the Portsmouth Dock Yard, and several naval officers. The new system has been adopted for connecting the conning tower with all the casements on the starboard side, while for the port casements the ordinary voice tubes are used. In using the new telephone for speaking to any given number of places it is only necessary to displace one shutter. Articulation is perfect, and messages may be heard at the distance of 10 feet from the receiving instrument. It is claimed that Mr. Graham's invention will not be affected by the noises occasioned by machinery or gunfire, whereas ordinary telephones are so injured by heavy gunfire as to become useless. The two systems of communication are to undergo a severe test when the ship is commissioned for the Channel squadron.

A Five-Legged Frog.

Five-legged frogs, dead and stuffed, are worth $21 apece, according to a French court's decision. A fish vender of Lucon found one and took it to the druggist's to be stuffed. While they were discussing the price of the operation the druggist's cat ran off with the frog, but her master found it later and presented it to the Nantes museum. The fish vender thereupon sued the druggist for filching the frog and recovered 105 francs damages.

It is reported at Pretoria that a Government inspector has discovered a diamond mine near Pretoria. The diamonds are said to be similar to the Kimberley diamonds.

The request of the Bell Telephone Company for permission to increase their rates in the leading cities of the Dominion will shortly come up for a decision by the Government.

The young white girl recently discovered among a band of Indians near Pierre, South Dakota, has been identified by Mrs. Turton of Cannington Manor, Moose Mountain, as her long-lost daughter.

Henceforth the recording of water rights under the Irrigation Act will be administered by the Northwest Territory Department of Public Works at Regina, instead of as heretofore in Calgary and Ottawa.

Word has been received at Ottawa that a carload of reindeer, being sent to Vancouver from New York, has reached Prescott. Out of a carload of 85 only six are now alive. The cause of death is attributed to the change of climate.

Found Her Lost Daughter.

Winnipeg, Feb. 7.—Five years ago the little daughter of Mrs. Turton of Moose Mountain disappeared and could not be traced and the mother's efforts to locate her were futile, until recently, Rev Mr. Sproule of Pierre, N.D., who had heard of the case, found a white child in possession of a wandering tribe of Indians. He had the child photographed and on receiving the picture Mrs. Turton and her neighbors at once recognized it as her daughter. The girl, who is now nine years of age, is on her way to Winnipeg.

James Warnock of Galt Is Dead.

Galt, Feb. 7.—James Warnock, proprietor of the Galt Edge Tool and Axe Factory, died at his residence here about 8.15 o'clock Saturday evening, after an illness of about two weeks' duration. Deceased, who was widely known and highly esteemed by business men throughout Canada, was born in Scotland 78 years ago, and has been a resident of Galt and vicinity for 65 years. Mr. Warnock was a public-spirited citizen. A widow, two daughters and one son are left to mourn his departure.

Edward Nunn, a farmer, living near McIntosh Mills, Ont., was instantly killed Saturday morning by a load of wood overturning on him.

The body of H. O. Fitzgerald was found in the Welland Canal at St. Catharines. It is believed he fell through the ice on his way home.

John Bryan, a workman on the new bridge now under construction at Belcell Station, fell off the scaffolding into the Richelieu River and was drowned.

The schooner Charles A. Briggs, bound for Philadelphia from Portland, struck on a rock at Nahant, Mass., during the storm, and is fast going to pieces. The crew of five men were all lost. The body of one unknown man was washed ashore.

At Niagara Falls, N.Y., W. G. Cates, general agent of the New York National Building & Loan Association, and also manager of the Niagara Falls Metal Sign Company, was walking on the tracks and had stepped aside to allow a freight train to pass, when the Lehigh express struck him and hurled him 95 feet, breaking his neck and ribs.

SINCE THE TROLLEY'S COME TO TOWN.

Ring out the loud hosannas and do the job up brown,
For at last we have a trolley a-running through the town.
The farmers stop their haying and wonder at the sight,
For the way the cars go scooting is a revelation quite.
Their clanging and their buzzing all other noises drown,
For they make an awful racket a-running through the town.
The old town doesn't seem the same. It's mighty bright and gay,
And every one can celebrate its resurrection day.
'Twas buried many years ago, and buried good and deep,
But now it has awakened from its Rip Van Winkle sleep,
And every hour of the day the cars run up and down,
And every one is tickled now the trolley's come to town.

There's two new barns a-going up, excitement everywhere,
And a mild form of paresis seems to permeate the air.
The benefits to be derived have surely taken root,
While real estate has risen to fifteen cents a foot
And all the wimmin folks have bought a brand new muslin gown,
For they're bound to cut a figure now the trolley's come to town.

—Hartford Times.

AN EERIE EPISODE.

It was at a masquerade at Galinberti's studio in one of the old Roman palaces. There were music, the tripping sound of dancing feet, laughter and the unintelligible hum of conversation mingled in a gay medley.

Carson, an American, a new arrival in the city and a stranger to that colony of sculptors and painters, had been accidentally separated from the friend who brought him in the crowd shortly after his entrance to the ballroom.

He was wandering listlessly among the merry maskers, quite regardless of their gibes and laughter at his expense. Tired at length of his aimless peregrinations, he turned aside from the glaring lights and heat to the shade and coolness of the balcony.

The wide casements at the end of the room were open and gave an unobstructed view of the kaleidoscopic scene within. A divan near the balustrade offered a place for repose, but it was not until he was seated that he was aware of the presence of a lady. She occupied the farther end of the divan and was partially concealed by the drooping tree ferns and palms with which the balcony was decorated. She moved slightly in her nest of tricolored cushions, and her fan fell with a slight clatter upon the stone floor.

Carson picked it up and gave it to her with a courteous bow. She thanked him, speaking in English, with just the slightest Italian accent.

"I fear that I am intruding, signora," he said.

"Not so. The balcony is free to all who come. There can be no intrusion."

She reached up her hand as she spoke and pushed aside the feathery branches that swayed between them. Then he saw that she was young and very fair to look upon.

Her face was decidedly English. She wore an indescribable swathing garment of soft texture that was gathered up closely about her neck and fell to her feet in long, clinging folds—strongly suggestive of a Bernhardt costume. Two beautifully shaped arms were bare to the shoulder, and the small hands that lay in her lap looked as though they had been modeled in wax.

She leaned back, resting her head upon the stucco pillar, her fan waving languidly to and fro.

"Permit me," said the American, taking the dainty lace and ivory trifle from her hand and fanning her gently.

She smiled a gracious assent, and then began talking.

It was so warm in the ballroom and one grew so tired dancing, she said. Did the gentleman dance? Perhaps he was not acquainted with many ladies—a stranger in Rome? Was he an artist or a sculptor?

"Neither, signora. I am an attache."

"From what country—England?"

"No—America."

"America! Ah, that marvelous land!"

She chatted on in an open, friendly manner until a bevy of tired dancers invaded their retreat. Among them was his friend Tarro.

"Great heavens, Carson! Where have you been? I have looked everywhere for you. Everybody is unmasking, and it is time for supper. No doubt you are starving. Come, I have secured a table, and you are to meet some charming women. What have you been doing here all alone? It was exceedingly stupid in us to get separated."

"I have not been alone," replied Mr. Carson. He glanced around, but the lady was gone.

"Not alone? Why, who was with you?"

"The lady. Did you not see her when you came?"

"A caprice, my dear boy. I saw no lady. No, you sat there mooning, staring in a most sentimental manner at that Moorish lantern hanging over there. Come along. They are waiting for us."

They lingered long over their supper. There were merry, high pitched talking and much laughter, but Carson was not in a state of hilarity. His restless, bored glance wandered over the assembly, and once he started and turned sharply in his chair at the low voice of a woman who, with her escort, passed close beside him.

Tarro tried to rally him on his abstraction, but his brow contracted fretfully, and he nervously fingered a spray of flowers that lay by his plate. He was not sorry when the ball was over and he found himself on the pavement outside of the palace.

A cab was waiting, but without knowing why he declined to accompany his friend, saying he preferred to walk to his hotel. He sauntered slowly, with bowed head, absently staring at the dim shadows cast by the waning moon. As he was passing across the Piazza de Farnese he heard a low voice speaking:

"So we meet again!"

He halted. She, his new acquaintance, was beside him.

"Signora! You here at this hour and alone? Where are your friends?"

She smiled. "You will walk with me to the street below, will you not?"

"Certainly. But your friends—their carelessness is criminal."

They walked through the square and down several streets almost in silence. Presently she stopped before the entrance of a house.

"Here, signor!" she said.

Almost simultaneously she swayed forward and caught his arm, at the same time uttering a smothered cry.

"You are hurt!" he exclaimed anxiously. "You have twisted your ankle on those wretched stones."

"I fear so." She pressed her hand upon her bosom and looked into his eyes with mute appeal.

"You cannot walk." He stooped and gathered her up into his arms. "I will carry you. Which floor?"

"The fourth," she replied, her face flushing as the light of the early day fell upon it.

A drowsy janitor answered his ring. He ascended the first flight of stairs without pausing, carrying her as a nurse might a child, happy at the delicious touch of her bare arms against his neck as she clasped him.

On the second flight ascent was not so easy. Her weight grew heavier, and the head that had now fallen on his shoulder pressed like a ball of iron, her arms were relaxing their clasp and lay against his neck with startling coldness. She seemed to be letting herself go, and at each step grew heavier in proportion.

He was no longer carrying a lissome maiden, but something burdensome and horrible—something that was bearing him down and suffocating him with a sensation as though his chest was bursting.

On the third landing he felt her slipping.

"Signora," he faltered.

He sought to renew his hold, but the burden, now a dead weight, slid from his arms, and she fell with a heavy thud to the floor.

"What noise is this?" called a masculine voice in Italian.

Carson began a hasty explanation to the man, whose head protruded from a partially open door.

The man came forward and bent over her.

"She does not belong here," he said. "She is a stranger. She is pale as death. Unfasten her clothing. She must have fainted. Where is the janitor? The fool! He never is here when he is needed. Call him, signor, and send for a physician." His hasty hand broke the knot of ribbon that confined her bodice. With a wild exclamation he instantly loosened his hold on her dress and started backward. The full throat and white bust were exposed. There were deep bluish purple bands around the throat and a gaping dagger wound, dark with coagulated blood, on the snowy bosom.

Their cries aroused the janitor, who hastened to call the police. Presently he returned, panting up the stairs, accompanied by an officer. Carson drew aside the curtain, and the bright light of day fell upon the body.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the policeman as he saw the dead woman.

"Can you identify her?" asked Carson.

"Yes," returned the man. "She is the woman who was found murdered on the Corso night before last. How came she here?"—M. M. Halm in Argonaut.

Hebrew Texts of the Old Testament.

The most ancient Hebrew manuscript of any part of the Bible is in St. Petersburg and dates no earlier than the tenth century. More than 2,000 copies of the Hebrew Old Testament have been compared, and very few variations have been found. This is accounted for by the fact that from the time when the Hebrew canon was formed, and even before that time, very strict rules were laid down for the scribes who copied the Bible. The lines and letters were counted, and each copy had to correspond precisely with the one from which it was taken. They calculated, for instance, that there were 5,245 verses in the Pentateuch, 22,206 in the whole Bible and 78,100 letters in Genesis. All of these rules and calculations were called the Massorah tradition, and about the tenth century the college of rabbis of Tiberias, on the Euphrates, decided upon a standard Bible, or "authorized version."

The Hebrew consonants alone had been written down up to that time, the pronunciation being a matter of tradition. Now a system of vowel signs was devised, fixing the sense in many instances. The vowels are just as important in Hebrew as in English; so it is easy to see how necessary this reform was. The English consonants b r d may be read board or bread, or bored or braid, and if they occurred in a sentence without the vowels we should have to guess by the connection which vowels were necessary. It is possible that after a text had been adopted all older manuscripts were destroyed, or more probably were neglected because of their defects, and hence they have altogether disappeared.—Review of Reviews.

Trees and the Air.

According to a reliable computation, a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men—as many as a dozen or a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in the course of 24 hours is estimated at 100 gallons, and a single square yard of leaf surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can decompose about a gallon of carbonic acid in a day.

FOR MEN OF WAR.

Lord Strathcona has been gazetted hon. lieutenant-colonel of the Victoria Rifles of Montreal.

The Marquis of Lorne has been gazetted honorary lieutenant-colonel of the 15th Argyle Light Infantry.

Notices are issued that all permanent and city corps of militia are to keep a stock of ammunition on hand ready for emergencies.

It is given out officially at Madrid that the Cuban war has cost $248,000,000, besides arrears due from the Cuban treasury amounting to $40,000,000.

POLITICS—CANADIAN.

The financial statement of Nova Scotia shows $853,698 as the year's expenditure. There is a deficit of $21,458.

The election of Mr. H. Leduc, M.P. for Nicolet, has been contested, the necessary deposit having been made.

On April 1 Ingersoll, which is at present a customs outport under Woodstock, will be raised to the dignity of chief port of warehousing.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier informed Mr. Foster that the bill ratifying the contract with Mackenzie and Mann would be introduced on Tuesday. Until then no details would be forthcoming.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

It is denied at Quebec that Rome has censured Bishop Labrecque of Chicoutimi for issuing an edict against Le Soleil.

Modern Treatment of
Consumption
The latest work on the treatment of diseases, written by forty eminent American physicians, says: "Cod-liver oil has done more for the consumptive than all other remedies put together." It also says: "The hypophosphites of lime and soda are regarded by many English observers as specifics for consumption."
Scott's Emulsion
contains the best cod-liver oil in a partially digested form, combined with the *Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda*. This remedy, a standard for a quarter of a century, is in exact accord with the latest views of the medical profession. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.
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Send for prices.
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Such should be the Shoe—created to protect it from the rough roads of life. But many feet to-day are slaves to the shoe, because their owners will not consult their feet, when buying footwear. Here is a shoe would give a springy foot-step even to old age, because in the building of the sole no peg or stitch under the foot destroys its elasticity. It is a foot conforming shoe, and every variety of feet has been considered in its construction. Goodyear welt process—Same as hand-made at half the price. Stamped on the sole $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 per pair.
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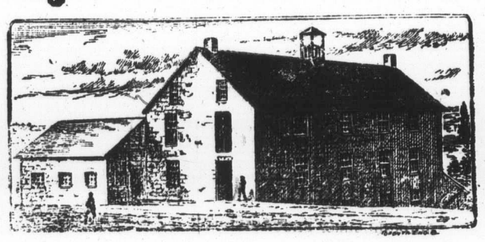
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DISEASED MEN CURED
THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. SELF ABUSE is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:
VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.
ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; diffidence, want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.
CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL
SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.
VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks.—I. L. PEMERSON, Ionia.
EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."
SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. F. M., Jackson.
17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.
READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you blotches, pimples, weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion. Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE.—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.
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