Somewhere the thing we long for Exists on earth's wide bound, Exists on earth's wide bound, Somewhere the sun is shining When winter nips the ground. Somewhere the flowers are sprin Somewhere the corn is brown, And ready unto the harvest To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers And weary men lay by The burden of the daytime, And wrapped in slumber lie. Somewhere the day is broaking, And gloom and darkness flee; Though storns our bark are toss. There's somewhere a placid sea

And thus, I thought, 'tis always, In this mysterious IIIe,
There's always gladness somewhere
In spite of its pain and strife;
And somewhere the sin and sorrow
Of earth are known no more,
of earth are known no more, mewhere our weary spirits Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us Shall all have passed away, And doubt and fear no longer Impede the perfect day. O brother, though the darkness Around thy soul be cast, The earth is rolling sunward And light shall come at last. -Alfred Capel Shaw, in Good Words

## THE CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

"One word, my father, and I will trouble thine ears no more, since for thee my voice shall be silent forever. When the time has come for thee to die, and thou dost pass, as the white men say, up 'into the heavens above, and thy sight returns, and thou art once more a man, then turn thee and cry with a loud voice: 'Mazooku, son of Ingoluvu, of the tribe of the Maquilisini where art thou, O my dog? come thou and serve me.' And surely, if I still live, then shall I hear thy voice, and groan and die, that I may pass to thee; and if I be already dead, then shall I be there at thy wide sures than earliest. This then will all the there are the side of the state of side even as thou callest. This thou wilt de for me. O my father and my chief, because lo! I have loved thee as the child loves her who suckled it, and I would look upon thy face again, O my father from the olden time, my chief from generation to genera-

'If it be in my power, this I will do The great Zulu drew himself up, raised his spear, and for the first and last time in his life gave Ernest the royal salute—to which, by-the-way, he had no right at all—"Bayette! Then he turned and ran swiftly thence, nor would he see Ernest again before he went.

"The pain of death was over." he said.

As the sound of his footsteps grew faint Ernest sighed. There goes our last link with South

Africa, Jeremy, my boy. It makes me very sad, and sometimes I think that, as he says, it is a pity we did not go under with Alston and the others. It would all have

Thank you," said Jeremy, after reflect; "on the whole, I am pretty comfort able as I am."

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. CARDUS ACCOMPLISHES HIS REVENGE. Mr. de Talor owed his great wealth no to his own talents, but to a lucky secret in the manufacture of the grease used on rail-ways discovered by his father. Talor pere had been a railway guard till his discovery brought him wealth. He was a shrewd man, however, and on his sudden accession to fortune did his best to make a gentleman of his only son, at that date a lad of fifteen; but it was too late, the associations and habits of childhood are not easily overcome, and no earthly power or education could accomplish the desired object. When his son was twenty years of age, old Jack Talor died, and his son succeeded to his large fortune and a railway-grease business

which supplied the principal markets of This son had inherited a good deal of his father's shrewdness, and set himself to make the best of his advantages. First he placed a "de" before his name, and assumed canting crest. Next he bought the Ceswick Ness estates, and bloomed into a country gentleman. It was shortly after this latter event that he made a mistake and fell in love with the beauty of the neighborhood, Mary Atterleigh. But Mary Atterleigh would have none of him, being at the time secretly engaged to Mr. Cardus. In vain did he resort to every possible In vain did he resort to every possible means to shake her resolution, even going so far as to try to bribe her father to put pressure upon her; but at this time old Atterleigh, "Hard-riding Atterleigh," as he was called, was well off, and resisted his advances, whereupon De Talor, in a fit of pique, married another woman, who was only too glad to put un with his vales in

only too glad to put up with his vulgarity in consideration of his wealth and position as a country magnate.

Shortly afterward three events occurred almost simultaneously. "Hard-riding Atterleigh" got into money difficulties through over-gratification of his passion for iorses; Mr. Cardus was taken abroad for the best part of a year in con abroad for the best part of a year in connection with a business matter, and a man named Jones, a friend of Mr. de Talor's staying in his house at the time, fell in love with Mary Atterleigh. Herein De Talor saw an opportunity of revenge upon his rival, Mr. Cardus. He urged upon Jones that his real road to the possession of the lady lay through the pocket of her father, and even went so far as to advance him the necessary funds to bribe Atterleigh; for though Jones was well off, he could not at such short notice lay hands upon a sufficient

sum in cash to serve his ends. The plot succeded. Atterleigh's scruples were overcome as easily as the scruples of men in his position without principle to back them generally are, and pressure of a most outrageous sort was brought to bea upon the gentle-minded Mary, with the result that when Mr. Cardus returned from abroad he found his affianced bride the wife of another man, who became in due course

the father of Jeremy and Dolly
This cruel and most unexpected bereavement drove Mr. Cardus partially mad, and, when he came to himself, there arose in his mind a monomania for revenge on all concerned in bringing it about. It became the passion and object of his life. Direct-ing all his remarkable intelligence and energy to the matter, he early discovered the heinous part that De Talor had played the heinous part that De Talor had prayed in the plot, and swore to devote his life to the unholy purpose of avenging it. For years he pursued his enemy, trying plan to achieve his ruin, and as one failed, fell back upon another. But to ruin a man of De Talor's wealth was no easy matter, especially when, as in the present instance, the avenger was obliged to work like a mole in the dark, never allowing his enemy to suspect that he was other than a friend. How he ultimately achieved his purpose the reader shall now learn.

Ernest and Dorothy had been married about three weeks, and the latter was just beginning to get accustomed to hearing herself called Lady Kershaw, when one morning a dog-cart drove up to the door, and out of it emerged Mr. de Talor. Dear me, how Mr. de Talor has changed

said Dorothy, who was looking Has he grown less like a butcher ?" asked Ernest.

The fat cheeks were flabby and

changed. The fat cheeks were flabby and fallen, the insolent air was gone, and he was so shrunken that he looked not more than half his former size.

"How do you do, Lady Kershaw? I saw Cardus ad got some one with him, so I drove round to pay my respects and congratulate the bride.—Why, bless me, Sir Ernest, you ave grown since I saw you last! Ah, we used to be great friends then. You remember how you used to come and You remember how you used to come and shoot up at the Ness' (he had once or twice given the two lads a day's rabbit-shooting). given the two lads a day's rabbit-shooting).

But bless me, I hear that you have become quite a fire-eater since then, and been knocking over the niggers right and

left —eh?"

He paused for breath, and Ernest said a
few words, not many, for he disliked the
man's flattery as much as in past years he

used to dislike his insolence.
"Ah," went on De Talor, looking up and pointing to the case containing the witch's head, "I see you've still got that beastly thing that your brother once showed me; I thought it was a clock, and he pretty well frightened me out of my wits. Now I think of it, I've never 'ad any luck since I

saw that thing."
At this moment the housekeeper Grice came to say that Mr. Cardus was ready to see Mr. de Talor if he would step into the

Dorothy thought that their visitor turned paler at this news, and it evidently occupied his mind sufficiently to cause him to hurry from the room without bidding them good-When Mr. de Talor entered the office

he found the lawyer pacing up and down "How do you do, Cardus?" he said auntily. " How do you do, Mr. de Talor?" was

how do you do, Mr. de lalor? was the cold reply.

De Talor walked to the glass door and looked at the glowing mass of blooming orchids

"Pretty flowers, Cardus, those, very Orchids, ain't they? Must have cost you a pot of money."
"They have not cost me much, Mr. do Talor : I have reared most of them.

"Then you are lucky; the bill my man ves me for my orchids is something gives me "You did not come to speak to me about orchids, Mr. de Talor.

orchus, Mr. de Taior.

"No, Cardus, I didn't; business first, pleasure afterwards—eh?"

"Ycs," said Mr. Cardus in hissoft, jerky way.

"Business first, pleasure afterway.

Mr. de Talor fidgeted his legs about.
"Well, Cardus, about that mortgage You are going to give me a little more time

I hope?"

"On the contrary, Mr. de Talor, the interest being now eight menths overdue, I have given my London agent orders to foreclose, for I don't conduct such business

myself."
De Talor turned pale. "Foreclose! Good God, Cardus! it is not possible, on such an old friend too!"
"Excuse me, it is not only possible, but a fact. Business is business, even where old friends are concerned."
"But if you foreclose, what is to become of me Gradus?"

of me. Cardus ?" of me, Cardus?"
"That, I imagine, is a matter for your
exclusive consideration."
His visitor gasped, and looked like an unfortunate fish suddenly pulled out of the

water. Let us recapitulate the facts. I have years lent you sums of money secured on your landed estates at Ceswick's Ness and the neighborhood, amounting in all "— referring to a paper—" to one hundred and seventy-six thousand five hundred and thirty-eight pounds ten shillings and four bence; or, reckoning in the overdue interest, to one hundred and seventy-nine thousand and fifty-two pounds eight shillings. That is so, I think

Yes, I suppose so, Cardus." "Yes, I suppose so, Cardus."
"There is no supposition about it. The ocuments prove it."
"Well, Cardus?"
"Well, Mr. de Talor; and now, as you

cannot pay, I have instructed my London agents to commence an action in Chancery or the sale of the lands, and to buy in the property. It is a most desirable property O Cardus, don't be 'ard on me an old man now, and you led me into this

" Mr. de Talor, I also am an old man; if not very old in years, at least as old as

'I don't understand it all, Cardus.' "It will give me the greatest pleasure to explain. But to do so, I must go back a little. Some ten or twelve years ago, you may remember," he began, sitting down with his back to the light, which struck full on the wretched De Talor's face, "that a firm named Rastrick and Codley tool out a patent for a new railway-grease, and set up an establishment in Manchester not far from the famous De Talor house, which was established by your father."

"Yes, curse them!" groaned De Talor Mr. Cardus smiled. "By all means By all means curse them. But what did this enterprising firm do, Mr. de Talor? They set to work, and sold a grease superior to the article manufactured by your house, at about eighteen per cent. cheaper. But the De Talor house had the ear of the markets, and the contracts with all the leading lines and Continental firms, and for a while it seemed as though the new house must go to the wall; and if they had not had con-siderable capital at command they must

siderable capital at command they must have gone to the wall."

"Ah, and where did they get it from? That's the mystery," said De Talor.

"Precisely; that was the mystery. I shall clear it up a little presently. To return; after a while the buyers began to find that Rastrick and Codley's grease was a better grease and a cheaper grease, and as the contracts larsed the commanies the contracts lapsed, the companies renewed them, not with the De Talor house but with the house of Rastrick and Codley.
Doubtless you remember."

Mr. de Talorgroan edin acquiescence, and

he lawyer continued : "In time this state of affairs produced its natural results: De Talor's house was shopped up, and the bulk of the trade fell into the hands of the new firm."

"Ah, I should just like to know who they really were—the low sneaks!"

"Would you? I will tell you. The firm of Rastrick and Codley were—Reginald Cardus, Esq., Solicitor of Dum's Ness."

Mr. de Talor struggled out of his chair, looked will be strucked.

ooked wildly at the lawyer and sank dow again. "You look ill; may I offer you a glass

The wretched man shook his head. "Very good. Doubtless you are curious o know how I, alawyer, and not otherwise onnected with Manchester, obtained the monopoly of the grease-trade, which is, by-the way, at this moment paying very well. I will satisfy your curiosity. I have always had a mania for taking up inventions, quite quietly, and in the names of others. Some-times I have lost; on the whole, I have made lafgely. But whether I have made or lost, the inventors have, as a rule, never nown who was backing them. One day one lucky day, this railway grease patent was brought to my notice. I took it up and invested fifty thousand in it straight off the reel. Then I invested another fifty thousand. Still your firm cut my throat. I made an effort, and invested a third fifty housand. Had I failed, I should then have I had strained my But fortune favors the brave, Mr. de Talor, and I succeeded. It was your firm that failed. I have paid all tcher?" asked Ernest.
"No," she answered; " but he looks like grease concern is worth, after paying

a worn-up butcher about to go through the Bankruptcy Court."

"Butchers never go bankrupt," said Ernest, and at that moment Mr. de Talor came in.

Dorothy was right, the man was much changed. The fat cheeks were flabby and De Talor looked at him in amazement.

market."

De Talor looked at him in amazement "So much, Mr. de Talor, for my

in the grease episode. The failure of your firm, or rather its stoppage from loss of trade, left you still a rich man, but only half as rich as you had been. And this, you remember, made you furious. You could not bear the idea of losing money; you would rather have lost blood from your veins then covering from your yours. veins than sovereigns from your purse When you thought of the grease which had melted in the fire of competition, you could have wept tears of rage. In this plight you

have wept tears of rage. In this plight you came to me to ask advice."

"Yes; and you told me to speculate."

"Not quite accurated Mr. de Talor. I said—I remember the words well—'You are an able man, and understand the money-market; why don't you take advantage of these fluctuating times and recoup yourself for all you have lost? The prospect of gain tempted you, Mr. de Talor, and you jumped at the idea. You asked me to introduce you to a reliable firm, and I introduced you to Messrs. Campsey and Ash, one of the best in the City."

"Confound them for a set of rogues!" answered De Talor.

"Rogues! I am sorry you think so, for I have an interest in their business."

"Good heavens! what next?" groaned De Talor.

De Talor. Well, notwithstanding the best efforts of Messrs. Campsey and Ash on your behalf, in pursuance of such instructions as you from time to time communicated to them, and to which you can no doubt refer if you please, things went wrong with you Mr. de Talor, and year by year, when your balance-skeet was sent in, you found that you had lost more than you gained. At last, one unlucky day, about three years ago, you made a plunge against the advice, you may remember, of Messrs. Campsey and Ash, and lost. It was after that, that 1 began o lend you money. The first loan was for ifty thousand; then came more losses and fifty the re loans, till at length we have reached

the present state of affairs."

"O Cardus, you don't mean to sell me up, do you? What shall I do without up, do you? What shall I do without money? And think of my daughters, 'ow will they manage without their comfort? I Give me time. What makes you so 'ard on me?

on me?"
Mr. Cardus had been walking up and down the room rapidly. At De Talor's words he stopped, and going to a dispatch-box, unlocked it, and drew from a bundle of documents a yellow piece of stamped paper. It was a cancelled bill for ten thousand pounds in the favor of Jonas de Talor, Esquire. This bill he came and held

efore his visitor's eyes. "That, I believe, is your signature," he said, quietly, pointing to the receipt written across the bill. De Talor turned almost livid with fear

and his lips and hands began to tremble.
"Where did you get that?" he asked.
Mr. Cardus regarded him, or rather all
round him, with the melancholy black eyes that never looked straight at anything, and

yet saw everything, and then answered:
"Among your friend Jones' papers.' You
scoundrel!" he went on, with a sudder change of manner, "now perhaps you begin to understand why I have hunted you down step by step; why for thirty years I have waited, and watched, and failed, and at last succeeded. It is for the sake of Mary Atterleigh. It was you, who, infuriated because she would have none of infuriated because she would have none of such a coarse brute, set the man Jones on to her. It was you who lent him the money with which to buy her from old Atterleigh. There lies the proof before you. By-the-way, Jones need never have repaid you that ten thousand pounds, for it was marriage-brokage, and therefore not recoverable at law. It was you! I say, who recoverable at law. It was you, I say, who were the first cause of my life being laid waste, and who nearly drove me to the mad-house; ay! who did drive Mary, my betrothed wife, into the arms of that fellow, whence, God be praised, she soon passed to her rest

her rest."

Mr. Cardus paused, breathing quick with
suppressed rage and excitement; the large
white eyebrows contracted till they nearly
met, and, abandoning his usual habit, he cooked straight into the eyes of the abject creature in the chair before him. "It's a long while ago, Cardus; can't you

forgive, and let bygones be bygones?"
"Forgive!—yes, for my own sake I could forgive, but for her sake, whom you first dishonored and then killed, I will never forgive. Where are your companions in Atterleigh is there; I did not ruin him, because after all he was the author of because after all he was the author of Mary's life, but his ill-gotten gains did him no good; a higher power than mine took vengeance on his crime, and I saved him from the madhouse. And Jones' children, they are here too, for once they lay beneath her breast. But do you think that I will spare you?—you coarse, arrogant knave—you who spawned the plot: no, not if it were to cost me my own life, would I forego

one jot or tittle of my revenge!"
At that moment Mr. Cardus happened to look up, and saw through the glass part of his door of his office, of which the curtain was partially drawn, the wild-looking head was partially drawn, the wild-looking head of Hard-riding Atterleigh. He appeared to be looking through the door, for his eyes, in which there was a very peculiar look, were fixed intently upon Mr. Cardus' face. When he saw that he was observed, he

"Now go," said the lawyer sternly to the prostrate De Talor; "and never let me see

"But I haven't any money; where am I to go?" groaned De Talor.
"Wherever you like, Mr. de Talor; this is a free country, but, if I had control of your destination, it should be—to the devil!"

The wretched man staggered up. "All right, Cardus ; I'll go, I'll go. 

In another second he was gone, and Mr. Cardus was left thinking, among other things, of that look in old Atterleigh's eyes which he could not get out of his mind. Thus did he finally accomplish the revenge to which he had devoted his life.

CHAPTER XLV.

MAD ATTERLEIGH'S LAST RIDE. A month had passed since Mr. de Talor ce of the man whom Providence had inted to mete him out his due. During this time Mr. Cardus had been busy from morning till night. He was always a busy man, writing daily with his own hand an almost incredible number of letters, for he affairs by correspondence, but of late, his work seemed to have doubled.

In the course of that month the society in the neighborhood of Kesterwick experienced a pleasurable sensation of excitement, for suddenly the De Talor family vanished off the face of the Kesterwick world, and the Ceswick Ness estates, after being advertised, were put up for sale, and bought, so said report, by a London firm of lawyers on behalf of an unknown client. The De Talors were gone, where to nobody knew, nor did they much care to inquire that is, with the exception of the servants whose wages were left unpaid, and the tradespeople to whom large sums were owing. They inquired, vigorously enough, but without the smallest result; the De Talors had gone and left no trace, except the trace of bankruptcy, and Kesterwick knew them no more, but was glad over the

nsation made by their disappearance.
But on one Saturday Mr. Cardus
usiness seemed to come to a sudden stop He wrote some letters and put them to g

to post, and then he went to admire his "Life," he said aloud to himself, "sha be all orchids now; my work is done. I will build a new house for Brazilian sorts, and spend two hundred pounds on stocking it. Well, I can afford it."

This was about five o'clock. Half our later, when he had well examined h flowers, he strolled out Titheburgh Abbey way, and here he met Ernest and his wife who had been sitting in their favorite spot. "Well, my dears," he said, "and how

are you?"
"Pretty jolly, uncle, thank you, and ho are you?"
"I? Oh, I am very jolly indeed for an

old man; as jolly as an individual who has just bid good-by to work forever should be," he said.

"Why, Reginald, what do you mean?"

"Mean, Dorothy, my dear? I mean that
I have wound up my affairs and retired on
a modest competence. Ah, you young
people should be grateful to me, for lêt me
tell you that everything is now in applepie order, and when I slip off you will have
no trouble at all, except to pay the probate
duty, and that will be considerable. I never
quite knew till a week ago how rich I was;
but, as I said the other day, everything I but, as I said the other day, everything I have touched has turned to gold. It will be a large fortune for you to manage, my dears; you will find it a great responsibility."

bility."
"I hope you will live many years to "I hope you will live many years to manage it yourself," said Ernest.

"Ah, I don't know, I am pretty tough; but who can see the future? Dolly, my dear girl," he went on in a dreamy way, "you are growing like your mother. Do you know I sometimes think that I am not far off her now? you see I speak plainly to you two. Years ago I used to think—that you two. Years ago I used to think—that is, sometimes—that your mother was dust and nothing more; that she had left me forever; but of late I have changed my ideas. I have seen," he went on, speaking in an absent way as though he were meditating to himself, "how wonderfully Providence works even in the affairs of this imperfect world, and I begin to believe that there must be a place where it allows itself

imperfect world, and I begin to believe that there must be a place where it allows itself a larger development. Yes, I think I shall find your mother somewhere, Dorothy, my dear. I seem to feel her very near me sometimes. Well, I have avenged her."

"I think that you will find her, Reginald," she answered; "but your vengeance is wicked and wrong. I have often made hold to tell you so though some. often made bold to tell you so, though some times you have been angry with me, and I tell you so again. It can only bring evil with it. What have we, poor creatures, who do not understand the reasons of things, and can scarcely see an inch before our noses, to do with vengeance?"

(To be continued.)

"While the Lamp Holds Out to Burn, In the discussion of Mr. Balfour's Bill respecting line fences between farms the rejudice of county and township coun ils against absentee owners of uno lands was mentioned. It was said that local feeling would utilise the proposed Act to force the fencing of vacant tracts, and thus put an absentee to expense. To us it seems that the local feeling is entirely right and sound. The county and township councils would receive power to levy specia taxes on unoccupied tracts if our system of taxation were not radically wrong. The absentees are speculating in the unearned increment, i. e., in the work and outlay of increment, i.e., in the work and outlay of wealth-producing farmers. The value added to vacant land by adjacent settlement goes to reward holders who positively injure the neighborhood. They pocket as speculators a profit which becomes a tax for all time on those who make the land productive. An effective remedy for the grievance of farmers in this respect would be to take all municipal taxes off improvements and put them all on the value of land minus improvements. When farmers land minus improvements. When farmers get their eyes wide open they will combine to impose land taxes in such a way as to destroy land speculation.—Toronto Globe.

An Oppressed Son-in-Law. They tell a good story of a man in one of the surrounding towns who came home towards midnight decidedly the worse for wear. He might have fared pretty well had he not worn his hat to bed. This gave him away. "John, said the offended wife, "why didn't you take your hat off? "S'h!" said John. "I'm all right; how'self?"
"You are not all right, John. Why didn't
you take off your hat?" "Sh!sh! my
dear; da'sh all right. I thought first would take it off, but was 'fraid I might wake up

our poor mother. Plainly Inherited "Papa," said fond mamma, "do you know that Bobby told me a deliberate story to

What's that?" said papa, lookin sternly at Bobby; "a story? Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell stories?" (Bobby didn't know). "The lions and tigers eat 'em up. You musn't tell stories, Bobby; it's wicked."—Harper's

A Good Catch. Charley (to his pretty cousin)—Do you know, Maud, I understhand that the beautiful girl with Thmith ith baiting her trap for me? Pretty Cousin—Indeed? What kind of

Punch, Brothers, Punch. Bobby was at church for the first time, and, after he had dropped a nickle into the contribution box, he turned to his mother and whispered audibly

trap is it, Charley—a mouse trap?

" Ma, that man didn't ring up my fare.

As to Spring. As to spring.

Ethereal spring has sprung: A few patches of snow still linger in the upper canyons, but the hillsides are spangled with buttercups and violets, and the sheep are frisking several frisks on the green turf o thousand hills .- Heppner (Oregon) Gazette

Seven years ago Henry Whittaker, of Syracuse, N. Y., was divorced from his wife, the mother of five children. He then married a widow, who had seven children by him. She died, and Whittaker entered nto correspondence with his first wife, wh was in England, effected a reconciliation rought her over here, and married her A Pennsylvania farmer who blew out the

gas in a Chester hotel noticed just as the flame was extinguished a little green tag attached to the burner. He got into bed, but his curiosity to know what was on that tag led him to get up again, light the gas, and look. He saw printed on the tag: "Do not blow out the gas, or it will cause immediate death." By the will of the late Alexander Adam

paper manufacturer, of Aberdeen, the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church of Scotland benefits to the amount of \$50,000. Frances Hodgson Burnett is now 34 years of age, but looks much younger. A nine-foot coal vein has been struck near the surface at Greeley, Cal.

The death by drowning at Sierra Madre, Cal., of F. W. Gould makes the fifth sonsecutive case in which the eldest male ember of his family has perished by It is printed that the highest salary paid Methodist ministers in the New Hampshire Conference is \$1,500 and the use of a parsonage, while the average, including

ouse rent, is \$600. In boring a well near Pine Grove, Esme ralda county, Nev., steam of a temperature hot enough to cook patatoes was struck at a depth of sixty feet below the surface.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashion and Other Interesting Gossip the Week.

Women Braver Than Men.

I was talking with a dentist the other day, and, much to my surprise, he informe me that women underwent dental operation much better than men. He said he vastl preferred women patients, because they were less trouble, submitted more easily to what was necessary to be done and bore the little hurts necessary to such operations with greater fortitude. "A woman has much more endurance," he said. "As soon as ou begin to operate on a man's tooth he begins to fidget and shrink, and every time you touch a tender spot he wants to jump out of his chair. His conduct makes the operator nervous and tired. The average woman, however, will sit through a whole afternoon of drilling and filing and ham-mering at her teeth like a major. You are mering at her teeth.like a major. You are able to do more satisfactory work for her, and feel less fatigued when you have finished. A female generally gives a somewhat louder scream than a man when she has a tooth pulled, but she approaches the forceps more bravely and is not so apt to have the toothache scared away by the sight of the dentist; as is so often the case with the nation of the male persussion." the patient of the male persuasion.' The Day of Little Women.

It has at last come. The day of little romen. All the fashions tend to make women. All the fashions tend to make women look taller, all the Pompadour styles are being revived, and the coquetish ess of that era adapts itself to the small vomen. Beautiful giantesses are not the ogue, and the time of the tiny creation has come at last. Of course she triumphs—a little woman could not resist that; of course, gawky, horsy, and all other abominable adjectives that can be applied to big women, are in her possession, and she delights in using them. She goes in for being immensely innocent, and would seem to have followed the advice given in a French journal, of which this is only re-

nembered:
"Look confident and indifferent, express "Look confident and indifferent, express, yourself simply, and with a voice as sweet as possible; be keenly alive to everything that passes, yet appear absent-minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything, quote nothing; seen everything, appear ignorant; heard all, always express surprise; desiring everything, ask for nothing. Be light hearted; preserve your beauty be indulgent, to attract sympathy. D not force wit, always listen attentively; be charitable for your own satisfaction. See things at a glance; judge quickly and think more quickly still in order to keep a clear head.

Perils of Showing Off. The showing off of a child's accomplishments is a very hazardous thing to undertake. We should all of us soon become sorry prigs if we accustomed ourselves to exhibiting our latest acquirements every time some one appeared who was not acquainted with them. The temptation is almost too great a one, it is true, to ask the happy papa and mamma to resist. That the baby who a few months ago could hardly speak at all should now be able to replay after thyme after the classic. The showing off of a child's accomplish more than the state of the classic Mother Goose is certainly a very wonderful thing, and it is very hard for the happy happy parents to realize that it is a miracle whic has taken place sooner or later with every ometime baby in the land. But if the sometime baby in the land. But if the ittle songs must be repeated for company it makes a great difference with what motive the child is led to go through with hem. If you say to him: "Wouldn't ou like to tell this lady about the poor ittle pussy cat who fell into the well?" it nay happen that we can get it out without having any other feeling aroused than one of friendly human sympathy. But if you say: "Come and let this lady see how well you can say, 'Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,'" you give him a distinct and too easily learned lesson in vanity and self-

The Week's Fashion Notes. Apple-green and chestnut-bronze are the favorites among the many combinations of

green and brown. Mousse-green and heliotrope is anothe of these combinations that are pretty, as is a dress with dark heliotrope velvet skirt and overdress of Havana brown cashmere. silver and gray lace around the foot, in a few loops upon the basque and laid over the cuffs and revers.

Heliotrope, which includes all shades of Heliotrope, which includes all shades of purple from mauve to violet, is the rage. Costumes, bouncts, stockings, corsets and silk underwear are in all shades of it. Cloth jackets made in sailor style are dull purple in hue, and heliotrope gloves have broad stitchings of purple on the backs. It has even invaded the province of the masculine fashions. Full suits of silk underwear in heliotrope are displayed, and the scarfs and mufflers show the prevailing violet hue.

Miss Kate Field does not believe in Lady Haberton's "reform dress." Sover to London for one of the skirts," put it on and went out for a walk to rain. She tried to hold the It began to rain. She tried to hold the garment up out of the mud, but couldn't. It was worse than the ordinary dress. When she got home it was terribly bedraggled, and she sold it next day to a second-hand dealer. It began

The project of having Japanese ladies adopt European dress has met with much opposition on the score of expense. Some economists have drawn an alarming picture of the increased cost to the nation, but an English observer in Japan points out that the present style of dress permits extrava-gance, as Japanese ladies have been known to pay \$900 for a small collar of old native embroidered in colors.

Black lace dresses are more popular than ever and are being made up in great num-bers for the new season. Many of these though very pretty, are quite inexpensive The black underdress of silk, satin, or tripes of satin and moire, is always quitplain, save for a narrow pleating at the foot. The French imitation of Chantilly is the favorite lace, and the favorite pattern has longitudinal stripes with flower pat-terns between; but the Florentine guipure is its rival in popularity, and the fisher-net tulle with broad leaf figures upon it is also much used.

The tailors are making for spring covert coats of dark green cloth, with strap-ped seams, double-breast and turn-ower collar covered with velvet. These will be worn late in the season with any brown, ecru, green or black dress, or with black esses, and are even thought suitable for putting on over wash dresses in the country, A variation upon this is to have the jacket single-breasted, with Suede, colored, just showing at top and bottom. The standing collar is of fawn color, but out-side this is the rolled over-one of green velvet. These are richly braided with black tubular braid.

Spring parasols show handles as long as These handles are mos alpenstocks. These handles are most fashionable with large silver rings at the end. Full moire bons, to match the parasol in color, are tied at the handle, and one of narrow ribbon at the top just below the family. The properlies of the parason is an incompanion of the property of the The prevailing shape is an improved Mauresque style, flatter than the canopy tops of last year. Embroidery on crepe lisse, especially brown on eeru, is mall flowers, is used as covering over satin, and there is a gathered and scalloped

lace border. Black grenadine parasols are over red and pistache green, with a frill of lace and a light wood handle. Applique embroidery on creamy white mull is on dressy parasols for midsummer, and many of white satteen with a gay border and a vine or scattered flowers in the centre.

Women who have long throats have adopted a pretty fashion of wearing a wide velvet band about the throat, edged on each side with Roman pearls. This is fastened in front with a white daisy formed wholly of real pearls or enamelled; in the heart of the daisy is a diamond dewdrop. There is also a revival of the old fashion, twenty years old, of a diamond cross or star being hung around the neck by a thin, flexible thread of gold. Massive dog collars set with gems still hold their place.

Among the lengthy lists of beautiful allwool fabrics is a pretty white chuddah cloth with fine arrete or herring bone weave, and a pretty way to trim the basque, sleeves, panels and the border of drapery is with the soft, flat white silk braid that comes sleady was the soft of the soft omes already made into open patterns of carving width, requiring only to be sewed varying width, requiring only to be sewed upon the gown. Another trimming is one used to decorate many light wool dresses in colors as well, is the rich white silk cord and silk gimp which appear this season in every imaginable device from the simplest narrow Grecian border work to the most elaborate and intricate appliques in arabesque patterns. A pretty fancy is to use these silk cords to form the whole outer side of the sleeves, laced back and forth and showing the bare arm between.

CURRENT TOPICS

It is said that wrinkles are due to the gradual wearing away of the flesh under-neath the skin, because it has too little or the wrong kind of exercise. Wrinkles of the face usually take a downward course, due tace usually take a downward course, due to washing and wiping the face; therefore, wash and wipe upward. To fill the cheeks that are growing hollow this is recom-mended: Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois skin will do-and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care to raise the teeth from the leather. exercise, it is claimed, will restore to youthful plumpness the most hollow cheek.

It is well known that the great Shaks peare was unhappy in his domestic rela-tions, and escaped from them as much as he could by living nearly all his life in ondon, while his wife remained at Strat ford. This old scandal is now revived, with the addition that Mistress Anne Shaks the addition that Mistress Anne Shaks-peare was a very stingy housekeeper, a spoor cook and kept a miserable table. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, is the resurrectionist who claims to have dis-covered these important facts in the Bacon cipher story. Perhaps Mistress Anne's chief sult was that she was not her huscipher story. Perhaps Mistress Anne's chief fault was that she was not her hus-band's equal. But that she honored his memory is proven by her request that she be buried by his side.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mahommedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the the Scandinavians, the Try Pitties of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zen-davesta and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is not older than the seventh century of our era. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the eleventh century and are the most recent of these seven Bibles. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations; their author lived and died in the seventh century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethicopolitical duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B.C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson and Whitney that they are not older than eleven centuries B.C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B.C.

UNTIL the death of the late Bishop, the Bishopric of Jerusalem was jointly under the protection of Prussia and England. According to the terms of the agreement between the two Powers the right to nominate should be alternate. It was Prussia's turn when this last vacation occurred. For various reasons Prussia re-used to exercise her right and she has Gray grows in favor for carriage and afternoon costumes. These are usually of faille francaise combined with velvet and land, retired from the compact. It has fo with soft shirred vests or plastrons of crepe de chine, either pink or blue. Some of the more extravagant ones have a trimming of continue the Bishopric, and acting in continue the Bishopric, and acting in continue the Bishopric, and acting in continue the Bishopric. junction with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London, he has appointed the Venerable Archdeacon Blythe, late of Ran-goon, to the vacant see, under the title of "Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem and the

"Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem and the East." To make up for the withdrawal of the Prussian Fund, and to bring up the income to £1,500 (\$7,500), the Church Missionary Society and the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews have each placed £300 (\$1,500) a year at the disposal of the Bishop. In addition to this the Bishop is in receipt of his pension as a retired chaplain of the Indian service. The consecration will take place at Lambeth The Bishop will have jurisdiction over Egypt, Syria, Bagdad and Cyprus. He will reside at Jerusalem.

Sure Cure for the Measles.

One of the most remarkable pathologica cases on record has just occurred at Perigneux. A patient in the hospital suffering from measles jumped out of one of the windows at 4 o'clock in the morning, and windows at 4 o clock in the morning, and fell a distance of four or five yards in the garden. He was at the time at the period of the strongest eruption. Awakened by the pain caused by his fall, he walked about in his night-shirt for some time, the hermometer standing at 8 degrees believe freezing point, until he succeeded waking the concierge, when he returned to bed. The next day his complaint had entirely disappeared. This mode of cure, however, is not generally recommended by the faculty.—Galignani's Messenger.

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported Ontario—Almonte, G. S. Chesterman urniture, etc.; Farmersville, C. Kincai, grocer; Guelph, W. M. Hepburn & Co poots and shoes; Kemptville, George Codwoollen manufacturer; Kincardine, Joseph Parr, hotel; Markham, Crawford & Co. tanners (failed); Toronto, Thomas Houston y Co., wholesale woollens and tailors rimmings; Woodstock, W. G. Boyes books and fancy goods.

Teddy's Idea.

Teddy's papa always gets his " shaves at the barber's shop in town, and so the little boy never had happened to see the operation of shaving gone through with additional grandpa shaved himself; and Teddy watched him for the first time with wie open brown eyes.
All at once he cried out:

"O mamma! mamma! gram'pa's brush ing frosting all over his face." Early Sowing in the Northwest

Calgary Tribune, March 26th: "Ploughing and seeding in the neighborhood of High River commenced last week. This s nearly three weeks later than last year. " Some people have no teeth and can'

a mouthful of his leg.

J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, left an

TELEGRAPHIC SU MAYR.

On Friday, April 1st, two Ingered hotel seepers named Marsden and Murry were each fined \$50 for violation of the cott Act.

Wm. Keene, a young immigrant who came out on the Parisian, while on his way to London, Ont., fell off the train near Pointe Claire and sustained a compound racture of the skull.

David Pike, well known as an hostler at

he hotels around Zurich, attempted to commit suicide by sutting his throat with a razor in bed yesterday morning at the Commercial Hotel, Dr. Buchanan was called and sewed up the gash. He will likely On Saturday afternoon Mr. Goo Weir a

wealthy farmer living on the 12th concession of East Nissouri, about four miles, from Thamesford, hanged himself in the barn with a leather line. He was discovered and cut down, but the doctor says his case is hopeless. The cause is believed to be the loss of some money and family Mr. J. L. Northrup, a breeder of thoroug!

bred cattle, of Westfield, N.Y., was taken to the General Hospital, Montreal, on Saturday, having been badly burned through the burning of a railway car. Mr. through the burning of a railway care.

Northrupibought a thoroughbred bull from
the Pope Farm, at Compton, Que., for
\$5,000, and was on his way home with it
when the accident occurred. It is supposed
that the car took fire while some one was smoking. The car was totally destroyed and the bull roasted to death.

A painful accident happened at St. Francois, Que, on the Temiscouata Railway. The foreman had taken out a short piece of fuse for a blast, when a man named Caron took a match and set fire to it. The forenan shouted to him to throw it away in the snow, but he would not do it, thinking he could hold it. His boasting was soon punished, for the fuse exploding, carried off ne of his hands, which could not be found, nd mutilated the other as well as his face Amputation of both arms was performed. Hopes are entertained that one eye will be left to the poor cripple.

The Queen received the local officials and the chief English colonists at her villa at lannes on Saturday.

Lord Hindlip, formerly Sir Henry All opp, a member of the brewing firm, is ead. He was 76 years of age. The Russian Government has placed at

he disposal of the police £37,000 to be used in unravelling the Nihilist conspiracy. It is reported that Emperor Francis Joseph will go to England during the Queen's Jubilee if political affairs permit of his leaving Austria.

The fine Roman amphitheatre at Poli, Austria, on the Adriatic, suddenly col apsed yesterday and fell into an immerse chasm which opened on the site. From this chasm vapors are emitted. The Pope has sent a confidential com-nunication to the Prussian bishops, in vit-ng suggestions as to the feasibility of

establishing a nunciature at Berlin Prussia, or one nunciature for the whele of Bermany. Saturday brought forth three ghastly reminders of the Richmond Hotel disaster at Buffalo, in the shape of three charical bodies dug out of the ruins, one, that of Lizzie Welch, a servant girl, the other without much doubt that of Robert S. Boyd, of Boston, and the third thought to

be that of Katie Kent, a servant. The that identification can only be partial A most shocking tragedy took place at Conshatta, La., on Saturday afterneon resulting in the death of J. H. Scheen and A. C. Brown. Brown had become it corsed against M. A. Cockerham, a son-in-law of Scheen, on account of some lustress crouble, and had been seen on the streets stouble, and had been seen on the streets Saturday afternoon inquiring for Cocker-nam. Finding him at Scheen's store, pistols were drawn and they began fair upon each other. Scheen received a sleet in the mouth, which passed through at d broke his neck, causing instant death. Brown received a shot in each arm, and after promiscuous firing on both sides the men left the store. Young John Scheen seized a double-barrelled gun and fined upon the retreating form of Brown, who an to a store about 100 vards distant and

Death of Lady Strangford-Her Adventer

ous Career and Charitable Wools. The death is announced of Emily Aline, Viscountess Strangford. She died at sea while on her way to Egypt. She was the cloped a love for adventure. became famous through the publication of two volumes of travel in the East, describing a journey which she and an clder sister undertook for the purpose of exploring Egypt and Syria. The sisters were absent three years. They braved dangers and privations, and both were rewarded for their courage by the recognition thay received from eminent scientists. Viscountess Strangford's death deprives the poorer classes in London, Eastern Lucepe and Egypt of one of their best friends. This accomplished lady, since ler has-band's death, has devoted herself to the organization and administration of some of rganization and administration the hearth and admirable charities in the most useful and admirable charities in the most useful and admirable charities in the most useful at Caira the world. The Victoria Hospital at Caira was her latest creation. She gave with open hands and had the secret of making open manus and mat the secret of making others give. She sacrificed health, abandoned the society which she had adorned, and impaired her fortune all for charity's sake. She died on board the Lusiteria in the Mediterranean on her way to Part Said to compare your beginning. o open a new hospital.

Applauding in Church.

It is becoming a not unusual occurrence in ity churches to appland the minister when e makes a particularly strong point or iscloses some fine thought. In the course fiscioses some me thought. In the Gursa of Dr. Ryckman's recent sermon on the neese question his remarks clicited guite a cew taps of applause; but last night Rev. Louis Beaudry, in the Dundas Street Centre Methodist Church, was actually lapped.-London Advertiser.

The Beecher Monument Fund in Brook-yn has now reached \$3,629.76.

Mrs. Lemuel Clute, of Ionia, Mich., is fined to the house with injuries inflicted commed to the nouse with injuries inhelted by a big rooster, which flew at her the other day, knocked her down, and followed up his advantage with beak and clavs until Mrs. Clute's screams brought the hired girl with a pail of water and a store book. Fifteen-year-old O'Brien Atkinson; sen of Col. John Atkinson, of Detroit, has just completed a horseback ride of 1,324 miles. On Nov. 4th he started alone from his home to go to St. Augustine, Fla., for his health, and he reached there March 1st. He never the other back of the started alone from his health, and he reached there March 1st. He never the other back of the Sunday and always attacked. avelled on Sunday, and always attended nurch when he could.

" My husband is a very absent minded man, said Mrs. Slowboy. "He very often takes one thing for another." "I know it," said Mr. Badman. "I saw him taking a hot toddy last night and he said he took it for

The exercises of the Salvation Army are classed as "shows" in Nevada City. Col. The classification came about through the action of the Army in charging a small admission fee in order to keep out the hood-ums, whereupon the authorities at once

equired them to take out a license. A painful rumor comes from London o the effect that Mrs. Oscar Wilde wears get them, while others who don't want them have them thrust upon them," was ne nether garment belonging by right to be apostle of sweetness and light, and Smith's remark when a canine tried to take what is worse, deserves to wear it. Thus are the mighty fallen.