

MY NIECE MINNIE.

He came the next day, but Minnie was not able to see him nor the next, nor the next. The poor girl's nerves had received a shock from which they could not easily recover. But soon the strength of her constitution reasserted itself, and she became her own bright self once more—how bright, how strong, how beautiful! She was a constant source of admiration to me, who had never seen any one like her, so full she was of health, energy, life gaiety. Why, my quiet little house seemed transformed as she ran singing up and down the stairs, making the place seem full of sunshine! And how willing she was to go for long walks, to hunt up pretty flowers or anything uncommon for me to copy for my painting, in which she took the deepest interest!

and then he said, in an abrupt tone which I had never heard him adopt before. "Minnie—I mean Miss Pomeroy—is out." "Yes," I answered, as calmly as if my heart was not beating so heavily that I feared its pulsations might almost be heard. "This is the day the Indian mail arrives, and she went to meet the postman, who always gives up her letters, although he will give no one else theirs. But he likes Minnie—every one does; I never saw any one so irresistibly charming as she is." "You are right," he said fervently; and somehow, although I should have been disappointed had it been otherwise, his ready enthusiastic praise sent a chill to my soul. "She is indeed irresistibly charming," he said, and she is looking more than usually beautiful to-day. I met her in the town," he added, in answer to my look of inquiry. "I—I had a short walk with her, and she bade me tell you the main was late and she might have to wait half an hour or more for her letter."

spoken of him over and over again, and— "My speech was out short by a clear ringing laugh. "Lord Brightens! Lord Brightens wanted me to go with them this summer; but he is such a dreadful old fellow! Do forgive the language, auntie; remember that the very happiest girl in England cannot be expected to think of 'presents and prizes.'" "My darling, I am so glad," I returned fervently—"she never comes so that now you will be settled quite near me."

The other day a man was seen to throw a poor tad out of his garden from among the potato vines, where he himself was busy picking lady bugs off the leaves. He had just got nearly rid of the potato bugs," he said, and now he supposed these spotted things were come to finish what they had left. He did not know that the lady bugs are voracious devourers of the larvae of other insects while harmless themselves; or that the food is the very best of insect destroyers, and should be carefully protected in all gardens. The worst insect enemies we have are those that work in the darkness of the night or of the soil, and it is of these that the tad makes his meal—being ever on the watch, when the sun is obscured and the air damp, to catch every one his quick eye sees; never missing his aim. Even a house-fly cannot escape the lightning-like dart of his tongue. There is no harm in the tad; his services are wholly good. He is not so neat and handsome as birds, and does not sing, but there are points of interest in his behavior, and points of beauty amid the inequalities of shape and color. Children should be taught to see and know this. Toads do more of good than of the bad, and with much of their apollonian. Some English gardeners buy toads, and take pains to provide them with known caves of retreat, safe from the steel of the hoe or the grass hook. A few years ago a Tribune correspondent encouraged children to do this, and he says his trees and vines have been exceptionally clear of insects since, and are vocal with their creatures' varied calls and answers when rain is approaching.

independable. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. I would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. B. Weidman, Ont.

There are in Paris more than 30,000 people who make their living out of rag-gathering and burrowing in the ashbins of the city, and many more who are dependent directly on the rag industry. They are organized and knit together like any co-operative or industrial society, and are divided into two great classes of workers—diurnal and nocturnal. The nocturnal breed begin to ply their work at about 11 o'clock. They may be seen going up some street carrying a huge basket on their back, and with a lantern in one hand and an iron hook called a crochet in the other. They walk smartly along the gutter, looking keenly about their feet, and now and then stooping to pick up the crochet and pitch it into the gutter or basket. They stop at every dust-box, and after ransacking it to their heart's content, proceed on to the next. The weaker and younger members of the fraternity walk in pairs, and the rag-gatherers have regular beats on the streets. When a chiffonier wishes to retire he sells the good-will of his business to his successor before he gives up his medal. Every master-chiffonier has a number of pickers attached to him. He pays them by piece-work. The daily earnings of the craft vary from 25 to 40 cents. Youth's Companion.

Whether from swampy land or stagnant pool, or from the deadly fumes of city sewers, malarial poisons are the same. Ayer's Ague Cure, taken according to directions, is a warranted specific for malarial disorders.

Advertisement for ELV'S GREEN BALM CATARRH, featuring a circular logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments like eye pain, earache, and throat issues. The text includes 'Heals the Sore', 'Restores the Senses of Taste', and 'TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER'.