## Sweet Miss Margery

Her cheeks were flushed, a light of eagerness was in her eyes. Margery could not see for tears; she slipped her hand into the tiny hot one, and whis-pered the words that Lord Court spoke; , deeply moved, she turned and left

CHAPTER XVI.

Two days passed, and the earl an-nounced his intention of going down to his tenants at the end of the week. They were two peaceful, pleasant days, and Margery found much to occupy her. She would have remained in her own room during her spare moments if Lady Enid would have allowed it; but with pretty tyranny the invalid refused any such concession, and so Margery brought her painting into the boudoir. Lady Enid seemed never tired of watching her as she sat bending over her canvas, and every now and then she would touch her brother gently, and by a sign call his attention to the girl's beauty. Mar-gery liked Lord Court. She was pleased at the graceful deference he showed her, and happy because of the joy his presence brought to Lady Enid. He was a most agreeable companion; his wanderings about the world had provided him with a fund of anecdote and information; and Margery listened delightedly to his voice, though her heart would sink at times at the memory of that other who had spoken of the same scenes. She found that the earl was an artist of more than ordinary ability, and was grateful to him for his many hints, entering into long discussions with a zest that delighted Lady Enid. The earl too found it a strange are earl too found it a strange pleas-ure to listen to her, and he would start a conversation simply for the sake of hearing her speak, and to watch the ever-changing expression of her sweet

He gave himself up now entirely to his sister. his fears were banished, her own hopefulness kindled his, and the delicate flush that appeared on her white cheeks led him to believe that her strength was returning. Margery too shared his eager delight in Lady Enid's recovery; yet amid it all she could not repress a vague feeling of discomfort sometimes, and alarm would rise until the court of the cour bidden when she looked up quickly and saw the unspeakable sadness in Lady Enid's face; but she kept her fears to herself, and indeed dismissed them as fancies when she heard the brother and sister laughing and chatting together.

Lord Court was absent a week: but he sent despatches dany to town, with ham-pers of flowers and fruit. The two girls vere ardent lovers of flowers, and Margery would flit about arranging them till the room was scarcely recognizable. On the day of the earl's return she be-

gan the pleasant task of decorating; and, when all the vases were filled, she turned to Lady Enid with the great clusters that reaches that remained in her hand. "Shall I send these up to Lady Meri-vell, Enid?" she asked—by Lady Enid's special desire she discarded the title

when speaking to her friend and mis-"Aunt Hannah!" Lady Enid laugned.

"Oh, she cannot bear flowers, Margery! She would declare that we wished to kill her if we put them in her room!"
Margery buried her face in the flowers,
"How I pity her!" sne said, slowly.
"To me they are as life itself. Yet, do comes to me that we are cruel when we

cut the blossoms off so ruthlessly-they die so soon." She gazed admiringly at a small, deli-

cate white rose as she spoke; it looked so desolate without its setting of green leaves. A curious fancy seized her—was not her life like this poor flower's, separated from all she loved?

the invalid girl. darling." she said, gently; "flowers are sent for our use; and, after all, we die as they do." She paused a little, and put those if you will. Nugent loves flowers as we do. Ask Morgan to give you some glasses, and arrange them on his table, will you?"
"Of course! Why did I not think of

before?" and, gathering them in her hands, Margery went swiftly from the

disappeared, a strange yearning look on her face. "If that only might be," she murmur-

ed to herself, "I could go in happiness, I think." She looked toward the door, and her eyes suddenly gleamed with joy. "Nugent," she cried, "you have come back! How good of you to be so early!" Lord Court bent and kissed her.

'Where is Miss Daw? You are alone.' Lady Enid saw his eager glance. "She has just left me to put som flowers in your room. Oh. Nugent, how sweet they are! I breathe the country air again in their seent."

As you will breathe it in reality, dar, ling, soon. What does Fothergill say! "I am progressing lowly," Lady Enid replied, in a quiet voice, though the flush on her cheeks deepened; "it. be another week yet. Nugent, before ean think of starting."

"A week will soon pass," the earl responded, tenderly, not noticing her labored manner—"a week, and then, Enid. my darling, we shall return to the home where we were so happy, to the haurts you loved! My life shall henceforth be spent for you and with you, as of old."

Lady Euid put her hand on her bro-

ou do not dread it?" she whispered. "All dread is gone-it is buried in the post," he answered, firmly, looking itno

Lady Enid sighed, and Margery enterred the room as he released her hand.
"You have been putting some flowers in my room, Miss Daw; that is kind of

"I did not know you liked flowers, Lord Court," she answered, with the grawe smile that never brought any light to her eyes. "I will remember in future."
"I like all that is beautiful." he said, "I like all that is beautiful." he said, involuntarily; then, turning to his sister—"Enid, let us celebrate my return.
You have not driven out for weeks. Can you bear the fatigue to-day?"

"Yes," replied Lady Enid, with gleam of delight. "I shall enjoy it." "It is a lovely day," went on the earl.
"I long to drag you from this gloomy room—a drive will do you good, I am

Margery knelt for an instant beside

the couch.

"Are you quite sure?" she whispered.

"Will Doctor Fothergill——"

"He has urged me to go many times,"
Lody Enid interrupted, kissing ner; "so

India interrupted, among arrival and jut on your hat."

Margery went with a light heart, and in a few minutes followed the slight fig. ure on its straight padded board to the luxurious barouche. Lady Enid's couch was placed in the carriage, for she was compelled to retain her recumbent position; and, with a heart full of pity. Margery took her seat beside the inva-

London was very full, considering that the shooting season had commenced, and many people came to the side of the carriage either to bow or to offer their greetings to Lady Enid. To all of these acquaintances Margery was introduced as "my dear friend," and her heart swell-ed with gratitude to Lady Enid for her delicacy and consideration. Lord Court, though he was busy talking, lost none of the varying expressions that passed across her face. Gradually it was coming a pleasure to him to be near this girl whom his sister loved; he recognized the rare beauty of her nature, her ir born refinement and her pride and her grace won from him attentions that many another woman had sighed for m vein. Margery was always gratified his courtesy, though his growing admiration was lost on her. She sat back in the carriage listening to the conversa-

tion, speaking only when addressed.
The earl had judged rightly drive seemed to have brought new life his sister. She chatted gayly, breathing the soft air with avidity, and his hope rose higher and higher as he gazed at he animated face. They had turned into the park, which was filled with carriages and equestrians; and Margery, who had been only once before in this part of London, grew interested in watching the groups of people passing to and fro.

Lord Court's eyes wandered from his sister's face to hers, and a sense of peasuch as he had never felt in the pa four years crent into his heart. four years crept into his heart. Lad Enid saw his eyes turned on Marger and she smiled to herself a happy little smile; she felt that these two would be friends, and the thought pleased her. Just as they were turning to leave park, a gentleman rode up to the riage and entered into conversation with the earl and Lady Enid. Margery sat back and let her eyes and thoughts wan-der. She watched, with a smile on her face, two children struggling for a doll, heedless of the voice of their nurse; then suddenly the smile faded, and her heart seemed to stand still. Beneath the tree to their right a party of riders was just moving on—a woman between two men, followed by two grooms. Margery's cheeks blanched, and her hands trembled, she knew that graceful form only too well. It was Vane Charteris.— Vane Charteris, with the smile of content, the glow of perfect happiness on her lovely face; and beside her rode Stuart Crossie. Margery had looked but once, yes she saw only too well. Vane had turned with a smile to her lover; and he, bending close to her, was murmuring world the tenderness of which might have guessed by the earnest gaze that

Margery drew back in her seat as they passed; it was a moment of hitter az-ony. She had thought herself schooled to meet sorrow, that sue was and love and firm, that she had cast out all love and despair from her heart and filled it with despair from her heart and filled it with sent for our use; and, after all, we die as they do." She paused a little, and then went en, "I will tell you where to put those if you will. Nugent loves flowers as we do. Ask Morgan to give your some grisses, and arrange them on the hard the ha ceived her, insulted her, wrecked her life at its very beginning, brought back the tumultuous joy of that evening in Weald Wood, the never-ending sorrow ands, Margery went swiftly from the com.

Lady Enid lay back very still as she is speared a strange yearning heal of his face had broken down all the barriers that pride had beer setting up dur ing these past weeks, and left her as weak as before!

Turning to speak to her. Lord Court

"Something is troubling her." he thought, "She is too young, too fair to look so distressed." Ignoring her apparent faintness, he gave his orders to the footman, and they were driven home.

Margery all that evening was quiet, almost depressed. She knew she imight have remained in her own room, had she so wished, but she shrunk from being left alone with her thoughts, from the confession of her own weakness; and the confession of her own was night. Left, Find, who full of the table of the confession of her own room, had so with a great place of the confession of her own room. she contession of her own weakness; and she sat with Lady Enid, who, full of the pleasure of her drive, chatted and laughed gayly, not noticing her friend's changed manner, But, though it escaped changed manner. But, though it escaped her, it was quickly detected by her bro-ther; and the pale face of the young girl, the unspeakable depth of sadness in her eyes, touched him with deep sym-pathy. He came easily and gracefully to her rescue. He took the book from her hand when Lady Enid asked her to read, with a playful remark as to Miss Daw's needle-work progressing slowly, and he alone saw the slender figure leaning back wearily on the wide window-ledge, her wearly on the wide windowings, he work forgotten in her thoughts. He exerted himself to chat to his sister, and then, knowing that her evening was never complete without music, seated himself at the piano and filled the room with the melody of

a rich baritone voice. Margery listened awhile: then the sighing sadness of the music proved too much for her, and, stooping to kiss Lady

Enid, she retired to her room.

The night-hours passed slowly and heavily; she could not sleep. Her mind was haunted by the vision of two forms with the radiance of a great happiness in their eyes. Was London so small that she must be tortured by their faces wherever she went? And her secret-

would not that be discovered? They had not seen her to-day; but who could tell whether she might not meet them again? She felt low-spirited and disheartened for a time, then grew gradually easier in her mind. In a week perhaps they would leave London, and down at Court Manor she would have down at Court Manor she would have peace, if not happiness. Comforted by this thought, she fell asleep just as the gray dawn was breaking, her troubles forgotten for the time in dreams. For the next three days life went on as it had before Lord Court arrived. Margery took her solitary walks, in the

square garden, secure from all fears there, and Lady Enid declared herself much better. As the end of the week drew near, Margery felt her heart light-en. Only a few hours more and she would be safe for a long time!

"Have you your canvas and al! the necessaries for our pictures, Nugent?" asked Lady Enid, on the afternoon of the day before that fixed for their departure.

"I have one or two little commissions to execute this afternoon," returned the earl; "then I shall be quite prepared work."

for work."
"Let us go with you; it is a lovely "But the fatigue!" he said, warningiy.

"Remember, Enid, there is the journey to-morrow." "I should enjoy it," Lady Enid mur-

mured, a little plaintively.

"Then come by all means, my darling."

With a beating heart Margery put on her hat; fain would she have stayed at home, but she could think of no excuse, and she did not like to spoil Lady Enids pleusure. She shrunk from the idea of seeing those two faces again, and the

chance of being recognized.

The earl was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

"Enid has sent me for you, Miss Daw," he said, hurriedly; "but I was most anxious to speak to you for a minute alone. Tell me honestly, do you think she wishes this journey to-morrow? Sometimes I fancy I see a hope less longing in her eyes, and it almost makes my heart ache."
"Indeed, Lord Court," Margery an

swered, earnestly, "I am sure Lady Enid lives in the very thought of going to her old home. She has talked of it so often. Please do not distress yourseli I have seen that look in her eyes, too but I do not think it means more than a longing to be well."

She put out her hand timidly, and he raised it to his lips. Their eyes met for an instant, and he

saw again the deep sadness in hers.

"Enid is waiting," he said, "let us go

to the carriage.' This time they drove through streets, and Margery forced herself to talk and smile, though she was trem-bling with fear. If her smile died away suddenly, and if her voice had not the true ring, it was only the earl who remarked it. Lady Enid, lying back on her couch, was too interested in all that was passing to see the effort and notice the constraint.

At last all the commissions were exe cuted, and it was with a sigh of relief that Margery found the carriage was rolling homeward.

"Shall I ever learn her sorrow?" the earl wondered, as they bowled along, noting her sweet face. "It is only one who has suffered as I have who looks as she does—yet that is impossible in her young life."

Margery met his carnest, questioning gaze; the color rose to her cheeks and she was about to make some re-mark, when suddenly, to her amazement, the earl leaned forward and pulled her on one side; then followed a sharp shock to the carriage. Dimly she saw a huge impending mass above her, and heard voices raised in alarm; then her senses cleared, and she saw the earl standing in the street, the footman be side him, and a crowd of people hurrying forward.

"There is no damage," said the earl, getting into the carriage again-"at least, none to us. You are not burt?"

"Is all right. She told me so herself, with a smile, just this minute

Margery bent over the couch. "Then she "weived you," she said hurriedly, looking u, with blanched checks, "for she has fainted."

CHAPTÉR XVII. The clock on the mantel-piece struck eight in clear silvery chimes; Margery paused in her walk to and fro in the bouldoir, and looked at it. Three hours boudoir, and looked at it. Three hours since they had returned, and carried Enid's poor fragile form to the bedroom, her face as white as death itself. The agony of Margery's suspense was unbearable; she had been alone, listening for, yet, she scarcely knew why, dreading to hear Doctor Fothergill's step on the stair. All thought of self was banished now; she could think only of the sweet angel-woman who had been a spirit of goodness to her, and of the look of speechless grief on the earl's face as he carried his sister into the house. Down stairs, in another room, a man was sitting with head bowed forter's couch, after placing her there, and dropping into the chair beside the fire, had never moved during the three weary heard the docto hours that passed. He slowly descend the stairs; yet be, like Margery, dared not approach him be-cause of the unspeakable dread that was in his heart, and he heard the street door close with a slight shudder at the fears that possessed him.

It was not till the door was gently opened that he roused himself from his trance of despair; then, raising his head, he saw Margery, pale and agitated, standing before him. "Enid wishes for you," she said faint-

He started to his feet in an instant. "You have seen her?" he murmured.
"No," Margery shook her head. "I
will come after you; she has asked for
us both, and —" She stopped—her voice

failed her.

The earl pressed his hands over his the community of the comm eyes, and followed her from the room. Lady Enid was lying back on her pll-lows, very pale and faint. She could not move her hand as her brother entered; but she saw the look of pleasure that illumined her face. He bent lover her and heard her voice come only in a whisper, and then with a painful

"You are better, Enid?" he murmur-



FOR WASHING DISHES FOR SOFTENING WATER FOR DISINFECTING SINKS CLOSETS, DRAINS ETC. HADE IN CANADA

EW. GILLETT COLID TORONTO-ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

ed, hoarsely. "Oh, say you are better, my darling!"
"I shall be soon, Nugent," she answer ed. "Have you seen Doctor Fother-gill?" ed.

He shook his head and he thought he saw a look of pain gather on her face.
"I am sorry," she said faintly, "for I must tell you myself."
"Tell me what, Enid?" he asked, his

voice almost inaudible in its huskiness. She did not answer at once, but, after while she raised her weak hand and

passed it over his brow.

"Nugent," she faitered, her tones a little clearer, "I want you to give me a promise, dear."

"Need you ask for one!" he answered, pressing her hand to his lips, then clasping it firmly within his own.
"I want you to be a friend to Margery; she has no one, and I love her.

Nugent my dardling, do not look at m like that—there is no hope. Oh, don't cry, my own dear brother! Listen! 1 have deceived you"—her voice grew fainter—"I have been growing weaker and weaker every day. This is the fin-ish."

The earl had sunk upon his knees; his face was almost hidden. Lady Enid's hand, wandering over his hair, touched his eyes—they were wet with tears.
"Don't, don't! Oh, Nugent, you break

was up again in an instant, his grief repressed by an iron will.

"You promise?" she said eagerly. "I promise all you ask," he answered "I promise all you ask." he answered.
"Oh, why can not I die instead of you?"
"You must live and keep your promise," Lady Enid whispered; then she closed her eyes for a minute; and, in despair, he beekoned to the maid to moisten the pale lips.

The heave tashes were raised, and the girl's eyes smiled again.
"I have one great, great wish," she nurmured, faintly.
"It is granted. What would I not do for you, Enidy"

(To be Continued.)

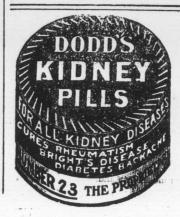
His tone was intensely eager.

'No, no," Margery answered, quickly, but Lady Enid—"

All druggists, grocers and general stores sell wilson's Fly uine Wilson's.



MRS. ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR She is the wife of the senator from Tennessee and one of the women of the congressional circle who find Washington's torridity endurable while their men folks have to stand



THE TONIC OF VICTORY. Army Surgeons Say It Acts Alm as an Anaesthetic.

Bonnette, a French army surgean attached to the Thirty-ninth Artillery, writes in the Presse Medicale of the extraordinary indifference to the pain of operation manifested by the soldiers operation manifested by the soldiers of Napoleon while the great conqueror was sweeping victoriously over Europe. While the defeated soldier is full of imwhile the defeated solder is full of imaginary terrors, subject to panic, madness and treason, the conqueror on the other hand is intoxicated with success, says the New York Medical Journal. othing, not even the morbific microbe, can resist troops who believe themselves to be invincible.

Victory is the most powerful of restoratives and the deepest anaesthetics.
Legless members of the Old Guard crowding into an ambulance would at sight of the Emperor rise on their stumps to salute him. After Eylan Larrey operated uninterruptedyy for 36 hours and he verorts how the actions hours, and he reports how the soldiers seemed unconscious of their own trou-bles, lost in thought of the glory of their leader, and maimed as they were lending their best aid to fellow pa

At Borodina Larry disarticulated the shoulder of a colone, who immediately set out for France on foot, where he arrived after three months walking. Af-ter fording the Beresina, a river in Rus-sia, General Zayonchek. 75 years old, had his kneecap shattered by a bullet; Afampatation was performed in three min-utes in a violent snowstorm and in bitterly cold weather, yet the white-haired officer was placed in a sledge and taken to Vilna, where he died at the age of 86 years. Many similar anecdotes are told by our Civil war veterans.

"RAZOR-ESCKS."

Circus Huskies Who Generally Stand in With the Gambling Fraternity.

The razor-backs are stalwarts. Their business is conductive of brawn. Their work of pitching and starting camp keeps them in condition, and they are enlisted from a class of society to which enlisted from a class of society to which the Donnybrook Faid would host strong-ly apparl. A mix-up is for them mere diversion, and though they disappear after their duties are performed and may be found sleeping under the edges of the claves, yet key sleep lightly. The slogan, "Hey, Rube" awakes them into instant and s-renuous activity. These words are a battle-cry and bring prompt and effective response. The razor-back work in entire harmony with the gambles, and supply for them the slow of force which occasionally becomes neces-

KITTEN? WELL, YOU WON'T



er's hand, four days after the stork broage, what to the New York 200. For the next few months "Billy" will Billy" will cuff his romp around his cage, cuff his other, citty, on the head as she sleeps, and then he'll begin to show signs of wanting to climb the bars. How will he be kept from doing

it? That is the question that puzzles the keepers. Kitty, who is 18 years old, has borne 20 baby leopards, but nost of them tried to climb before their legs were strong enough and were fataly injured in falling. You can rub neses with "Billy" now, as he lies in your hand, but you would-n't care to do it a year from now, if he lives. He will be a huge, gaunt, stealthy leopard then, and hungry most of the time.

SIR JAMES WATSON'S OPINION.

He says that the commonest of all disorders, and one from which few cape is Catarrh, Sir James firmly lieves in local treatment, which is best where Catarrhozone is used; it is a miracle worker, refieves almost instantly and cures after other remedies fail Other treatments can't reach the diseased parts like Catarrhozone because it goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrh-ozone is free from cocaine, it leaves no bad after-effects, it is simply nature's own cure. Accept no substitute for Ca-tarrhozone which alone can cure C:t-

MADAME CURRIE'S IDEALS. (Montreal Herald)

Mms. Currie, who has been called the cleverest woman in the world, has been seeking through a London house agent a "little die house in, rural England not far from London with a garden in which a little girl could play." It seems the dector have ordered change of air for the little girl in question, a small person who is the apple of her mothers eve and of far more account than all the rodium in the universe.

Mms. Sklodowska Currie is still a young woman, just over forly. Her features are distinctly Polish and her forehead is unusually wide for a woman. She is tall and well built, and her manners are a triffe distant; some call her austere. Her hair, innocent of puffs, or rells, owing nothin to tong or curl pins, is her crewing lory.

Schety, especially Parisian society.

ing nothin to tongs or curi pins, is her crewing lory.

Scclety, especially Parisian society, tried to lure her into its centre, but the more it seeks her the further she fices from it, and now society is getting tired of pursuing and leaves her alone,

Arthur—Why is it, fairest Evangeline, that when I am with you the hands on that clock seem to take wings and fly? Stern Voice (at the head of the stairs) -Without wishin' to be impertinent, young man, I simply want to observe that them hands hain't get nothin' on the ones on our gas meter. Judge.

who was on her first visit. "The large red building is the barn." "Oh, yes; and the little buildings around it are the barnacles, are they?"—Buffalo Express.

## SEVEN YEARS PAIN FROM ACUTE N. URALGIA

Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia is not a disease—it is only Acuraigia is not a disease—it is only a symptom. It is the surest sign that your blood is weak, watery and impure, and that your nerves are literally starving. Bad blood is the only cause—good.rich, red blood its only cure. There you have the real reason why Dr. Williams? have the real reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia. They are the only medicine that contains, in correct proportions, the very elements needed to make new, rich, red blood. This alone reaches the root of the trouble, soothes the jangled nerves, and drives away the nagoing, stabbing pain, and brace up your health in other ways. Mr. Brennan, an ex-sergeant of the 2nd. brace up your health in other ways. Mr. M. Brennan, an ex-sergeant of the 2nd Cheshire Rgiment, now a resident of Winnipeg, Man., says: "While serving with my regiment in India on a hill station. I contracted a severe cold which brought on acute neuralgia, at times lacting for three weeks. I was contactly engineering the station. stantly suffering almost every month in the year for over seven years, the pain being sometimes so severe that I wished I was Gord. On my return to England I seemed to get no better, though I spent large sums of money for medical advice and medicine. Then I came to Canada, and about a year ago saw the advertisement of Dr. William Pink Pills in a Winnipeg paper. Al-though I had begun to think my com-plaint was incurable I told my wife that I intended giving the Pills a fair trial. I was suffering from terrible pains when I began taking the Pills, but before the word how was finished the pain began to disappear, and under a further use of the Pills it disappeared entirely, and I have not had a twinge of it during the past year. Only those who have been afflicted with the terrible pains of neuralgia can tell what a blessing Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills have been to me, and you may be sure I shall constantly re-

ommend them to other sufferers. These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six bottles for \$2.50 from The D. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Out.

THE NEVA ICE PALACE

THE NEVA ICE PALACE.

The use of ice for architectural purposes is a part that has been carried to a high state of perfection in Labourious Countries, and some almost in the feats have been accomplished. The constructed wholly of ice, says the "Scientus branch of industry."

Probably the most remarkable building constructed wholly of ice, says the "Scientific American," was the palace built of the Neva by the Casina Anne of Russis in 1789. The first attempt to construct this building was unsuccessful, as the slabs of ice were too thin, and the sand squared with great care, and laid on one another by skilliful masons, who contented the joints with water, which immediately froze. The building, when completed was if feet long, 17 1-2 broad and 21 high. It was of but one storey. The faceade contained a door surmounted by an ornamental pollment, and six which were all of ice. A lelaborate balustrade, adorned with statues, are along the top of the facade, and another balustrade surrounded the building antrances to the inclosure were fanked with pillars tsupportling urns, the latter containing orange trees, whose branches, leaves and flowers were all of kee. Holiow pyramids of ice on each side of the building contained lights by night. The grounds were furlier address that in maltout on his back. A stream of water was thrown from the elephant's trunk by day, and a flame of naphtha by night. A tent of ice contained a hot bath, in which persons actually bathed. There were also several cannons and mortars of ice, which were loaded with bullets of ice and discharged. The interior of the building was complete tea service, etc., all made of ice.

## HAVE YOU HEARTBURN?

It's quite common with people whose digestion is poor. Immediate relief follows the use of Nerviline, Stomach is strengthened, digestion is made perfect, lasting cure results in every case. Use er be without it because every type of stomach disorder is conquered by a few doses. One 25c bottle of Nerviline ways convinces. Sold everywhere for the past fifty years.

> HE'S PROSECUTING SHCE MACHINERY TRUST.



He is the United States Attorney in charge of the case in Boston against the shee machinery trust—"the meanest trust of all."

GRAFTING HUMAN ARMS.

Dr. Victor Lespinasse, the next spec-ialist of Northwestern University, de-clares that he believes the grading of less and arms on human belogs will be an accommissible for it a shore time. lets and arms on numan beings will be an accommissived here by a short time. He has been successful with such operations on animals for the past Jenr, be says, the arteries being spliced in such a way that the blood chroniation goes on perfectly. Of course a limb that is "alive" must be available, and also a subject who is willing to be operated on—but the other conditions are all ready "Pretty handsome barn, don't you think?" said the member of the attention.

think?" said the member of the city group, who had been on the farm be-fore. "Which is that?" asked the one who was on her first visit. "The large red building is the barn." "Oh. yes;