Sweet Miss Margery

day, Margery. I tossed and moaned alone—longing for, yet dreading Nu-gent's return. At last he came, and I heard the end—the agony in his face and voice would have wounded you to the quick, Margery. The woman was indeed lice's wife, and when Nugent reached Noe's wife, and when Nugent reached the Gill, he found everything in the wild-est confusion. The man and wife had had an interview, in which he informed her that Lord Court knew the truth; and this so incensed her that she drew out a revolver and fired at him. Fortunwoman, finding herself bat-fled. Roe told Nugent story of his miserable life. His wife had deserted him, destroyed his whole career. He described her as a desperate character and thoroughly his words were true; for, Margery, it was discovered that she had gathered together all the treasures of the Gill, and would have eloped that very night with a man who had served her as groom during her stay there.

Nugent seemed turned to stone when "Nugent seemed turned to stone when all was over; it almost killed me to see him wandering about listlessly, all happiness crushed out of his life. Then I spoke to him and tried to persuade him to go abroad, to leave Court Manor for a time. At first he would not listen to me; but, after awhile, the idea seemed to please him, and he went, leaving me alone and miserable, and I came here ostensibly to be under the London doctors. I have seen him only for a few days together in the four years that have passed since that time; but his letters of late have been brighter, and I live in the hope that he will return to as he was before his life was cloud-

"It is a sad story," murmured Margery. She had risen and was leaning against the broad chimney-board. Trickery and deceit-who knew better than she how bitter, how terrible they were? Did not her heart beat in warm sympathy for this man, with his wounded heart, his life spolled by false vows? The story brought back the agony of by gone days; it paled her face and made her hands tremble.

Lady Enid saw the distress she had d, but attributed it to the girl's

sympathetic nature.
"Dear Margery," she said, gently, "do not look so sad. You have a tender heart, dear; I am sorry I told you." "I am glad." Margery nurmured, "for it binds us closer together. What suffer-ing there is in the world!"

Sometimes it seems too great for us "Sometimes it seems too great for us poor mortals; yet, Margery, this world is not all; we have a source of peace, a "Comforter in our greatest trials. You know these lines—

I know not what the future hath Of marvel or surprise, Assured alone that life and death

His mercy underlies."
"They are beautiful!" Margery ansered. "But it is hard sometimes to be them."

"I do not think I should have lived "I do not think I should have lived through my trouble if I had not known the truth of them. You have health—whilst I—" Lady Enid gave a little sigh. "I am selfish—cruelly selfish!" cried Margery, roused by the pathetic sound. Lady Enid stretched out one small hand and drew Margery to her. "You have a sorrow of your own too!" she said tenderly. "Ah, yes; I have seen—I know it! Kiss me, Margery! Some day, dear, perhaps you will tell me what it is, and if I can, with all my heart I will help you."

Margery knelt beside the chair for s

ily: then she rose. When the footman appeared with the when the rootman appeared with the lamps, Margery turned to the piano. She had a sweet, sympathetic voice; but, though Miss Lawson had taught her music. Margery had had no singing lessons until she came to London to be companion to Lady Enid Walsh. Then. hearing her one night, the young invalid een charmed, and insisted on Margery's receiving lessons and studying un-She made rapid progress, for she loved

"What will you sing, Margery?" asked Lady Enid, leaning back, watching her young companion's graceful form with loving eyes.

She played a few bars; then her voice

filled the room with melody.
"Sweet is true love, though given in vain,

And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain; I know not which is sweeter—no, not I.

"Love, art thou swet? Then bitter

Sweet love that seems not made to fade er, and Margery stood beside

forced lightness; the misery of her own lost love was almost choking her.

"It is very beautiful," said some one standing in the doorway.

Margery rose quickly, and her eyes

rested on the figure of a tall, well-built man with a keen, dark face, a tawny-brown moustache hiding the mouth, and eyes of such liquid beauty that not even the long scar on the forehead could mar

Lady Enid uttered a cry of delight. "Nugent-my brother! Oh, thank Ilea-ven! I am so glad-so glad!"

Lord Court had left the door, and was bending over the slight figure of his sis-ter. Margery, with tears of sympathy in er eyes, turned away, and was leaving the room, when Lady Enid noticed her

"You can picture the misery of that any, Margery. I tossed and moaned lone-longing for, yet dreading Nushi's return. At last he came, and I hard the end—the agony in his face and though my sister's letters. Let me thank you in both our names for thank you in both our names your kind attention to her."

"My small services merit no thanks," Margery responded simply. "I would do all in my power for Lady Enid, for I

ove her."
She moved forward and kissed the lips Lady Enid upheld to her; there was a flush of delight on the pale face of the invalid, a glow of unalloyed happi-

sess in the lovely brown eyes.

"Ah, Nugent, it is like a gleam of sun-shine to see you again! Where have you come from?" "From Italy. I paused only one day in

Paris—I was eager to see you, my darling." Lord Court drew up a chair to his sister's side, and took her hand in his. You are looking better, Enid," he ad1-"That is due to Margery then. I am

so happy with her."

"Miss Daw is a most successful physician," the early remarked, smilingly. "I give place to a better," Marge v re-plied; then, with a sweet smile, she left

"Is she not sweet, Nugent?" crie l Lady Enid. "It is the most beautiful face I have

arrival was passed by Margery principal-ly in her own room. She felt that the brother and sister had much to speak and she shrunk with natural delicacy from intruding. She employed her morning in writing a long letter to Miss Lawson and painting some hand-screens for Lady Enid.

The afternoon sun tempted her to go out, and she wandered round the garden in the square, ignorant that a pair of dark eyes were fixed admiringly on her slight graceful figure and on the wealth of red-gold hair gleaming in the sunlight. It was a dreary plot of ground to call a garden—the trees were begrimed with the smoke of the city, the flower beds were faded and dull, the very earth was hard and cold-looking—yet all its dreariness was lost in Margery. She paced its paths nearly every day; but she did not see her surroundings — her mind was too full of thought. In her mo-ments of solitude her memory claimed her, though she was struggling hard to forget—the pain of her lost love was go back to those two days standing out clear and distinct from all other days— the day of happiness unspeakable and the day when the sun had shone on the hot dusty lane and she had heard the words that drove that wonderful happi ness from her tender young heart for ever. She was content, gratefully tent in her present life, for she had peace and affection; but happy, she whispered to herself, she could never be

Her letters to Miss Lawson were Her letters to Miss Lawson were cheerful and chatty, but the governess put them aside with a strange sensation of pity. She felt that there was some great sorrow, a sorrow which Margery must bear alone, that none could alleviate. She was gratified at the success of her pupil; and from her sister, Mrs. Forgill, she heard of the warm friend ship that already existed between Lady Enid Walsh and her companion. The girl's heartfelt gratitude pleased and touched Miss Lawson, and she was glad to know that her judgment of the maid's Park or Hohen Castle, both Court poscharacter had been right, that Margery sessions; to me, however, it is far more deed was the warmest feeling in Mar-gery's breast just now; she could not thank her governes enough for assisting her at a time when she most needed assistance. To have stayed at Hurstley would have been worse than death she told herself. As she crept away in the freshness of the morning she took her farewell of all that ha been dearest and best to her, and. with a courage born of despair, faced the known future unfalteringly. Reuben Morris had accepted with little surprise the news of her hasty departure; he knew that Miss Lawson loved the girl in her quiet way, and would watch her, and her speed to be gone matched own plans, for the vessel started three days earlier than he had expected, and there was no time to be lost.

Margery traveled up to the great city, silent and corrowful, her hand glasped in Reuben's, with Miss Lawson by her side. Not till she reached the docks, which she had pleaded to be allowed to accompany Reuben, did she learn that Robert Bright, too, sailed away from the old country in the same ship, and the news was the last drop in her al-"Love, art thou swet? Then bitter ready overflowing cup of grief. She spoke a few words to him, urging him to stay; but, when she learned that her me.
Oh, love, if death be sweeter, let me die.
was silent: it was impossible—it could never be. So the two men went togeth away.

Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay—

I know not which is sweeter—no, not I.

Alt is too sad!" cried Margery with forced lightness; the misery of her own lost love was almost choking her.

Margery stood beside Miss Lawards away. Then in silence they retraced their steps; and Margery was launched upon the world. Her secret was safe. Hurstley chattered of her as in Australia, with Reuben lost love was almost choking her. Morris and her lover; but Miss Lawson's lips were closed; she kept her

promise. CHAPTER XV.

Margery was waiking slowly to and fro in the square garden, buried in her thoughts, when a firm step coming toward her made her raise her head, and handsome and undeniably soldierly in the sunlight.

"I am sent after you, Miss Daw," he said, raising his hat with a smile that lit up his plain face. "Enid is pining for you, and thinks you will be fatigued with so much walking."

Margery laughed a little silvery laugh

"Margery," she called softly, "you must not go:" then turning to her brother, she said, "Nugent, this is Margery "Lady Enid does not know my capable." "Lady Enid does not know my capable." "Lady Enid does not know my capable." "I am a coun-

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF SKIN DISEASE

After 20 Years of Intense Suffering.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s. pooriest, and others leprosy, commencing our my scatte; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most aktitude to slowly but sussely extended until a lowly but sussely extended until a lowly but to envered my entire mencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could de, with the help of the most aktitud dectors, it slowly but sussely extended until a year age this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. Fer the last three years I have been unable to de any labor, and suffering intensaly all the time. Every morning these would be meanly a dustroad of the second of the se

"We hereby certify that we are acquired with the aforesaid Hiram E. Carpente knew his condition to have been as a We believe his statement to be true in particular." L. B. Simmons & Son.

Counseler-at-taw, all of Harderson, N. Y.
The above remarkable testimonial was written January 18, 1880, and is republished of the permanency of the cure Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter Wrote from his present home, 610 walnut 85 So. Lausing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the perolasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Since this cure was made by the Cuticura Remedies, they have made their way to gvery part of the civilized world. A 32-page book-let describing humors and affections of the skin will be mailed free to those destring further information by the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Boston, U. S. A.

me; but I am quite ready to go to her. Lord Court turned and kept pace be

side her.

"I can see walking is a pleasure to you," he remarked, easily. "I have been watching you, Miss Daw,, and have been struck by the very un-English nature of your carriage, you bear yourself like an Andalusian. There is something peculiarly ungraceful in the Englishwoman's walk."

"I think high heels have a great deal to answer for," Margery responded, the color just faintly tinting her cream-white cheeks. "I have been seriously alarmed at the shoes I have seen since I came to town; it must be almost like walking on stilts.

"They are for show, not use," said the earl, smiling. "What a beautiful sky! It reminds me of the sunsets we used to see at Court Manor. My sister, I dare say, has spoken to you of our old home, Miss Daw?"

"Lady Enid is never tired of dwelling on its beauties, she seems to love it so

"I nave not seen it now for years," the earl said—and Margery saw a shadow cross his face; "but its memory is very dear. In point of beauty and value abruptly, "Miss Daw, do you think it would make Enid happier if she return-

d to the manor for awhile?"
"Yes," Margery said, simply; "I am sure of it. She is so good, so sweet, that she never complains; pining for a glimpse of the country, and think she would grow stronger out of

"What a selfish brute I have been! muttered the earl to himself. "Poor child—poor Enid! Thank you, Miss Daw," he added quickly. "I will speak to her at once, and make arrangements to start whenever she likes. But you you do not object to leave London's

"I?" questioned the girl. "No, Lord Court, I have no objection; it matters little to me where I am." He cast a quick, carnest glance

"You are young to say that."
Margery flushed; she had spoken

Margery flushed; she had spoken un-reflectingly, and she regretted the words as soon as they were uttered. "And wrong," she said, with bored lightness. "I shall enjoy the change; and anything that makes Lady Enid happy is a great pleasure to me."

Lord Court was silent: but he read Lord Court was signed; but he read her assumed manner rightly. He knew Margery's history well; still he felt instinctively it was not her orphan state alone that had caused such a remark. Margery was unaware of his covert she picked two or three leaves

from the trees as she passed and arranged them in a cluster with an artis-"You are an artist, Miss Daw," the

earl observed, as they approached the paint a little, but only flowers,"

she returned.
"I used the brush a few years ago,"
Lord Court said; "but I do nothing
now, and, with the exception of a few Egyptian sketches, I have no drawings opened the gate as he spoke;

then, suddenly meeting the full gaze of her wonderous eyes, he said almost in-"I think I will paint you, if you will allow me."
"I will sit to you most willingly,"

Margery returned, smiling, "but only on condition that you make a picture of Lady Enid." "It is a bargain!" he cried; and Mar-

felt a thrill of pleasure in his

happiness because her beloved Nugent would be near her.

"Let us go and tell her at once," she said, turning her lovely face, flushed with pleasure, to him. "Ah, you will see my words were right last night! You will be a better physician than I could ever hope to be."

The earl made no reply, but followed her across to the house. At the door of Lady Enid's room Margery paused.

"It will gladden her more coming from you," she whispered; and she hurried away. you," she whispered; and says, away.

Lord Court watched her disappear, the room.

"Have you found her, Nugent?" asked Lady Enid, fixing her brown eyes upon

him.

"Yes," he answered, drawing a chair
to her couch and looking at her pale
fragile form with a dull pain in his
heart. "We have been talking together,
Enid, and we have made two arrangements which we hope will please you.
The first is for all us to go down to
Court Mayor as come as ever you like The first is for all us to go down to Court Manor as soon as ever you like. The second is for me to paint your portrait and your friend's—Margery Daw. Does that please you, darling?"

Lady Enid raised her hands to her eyes—her face was hidden. She made no reply; and her brother leaned over ther and kissed her tenderly.

"My sweet Enid." he murmured. "My proor little one. How selfish I have

poor little one. How selfish I have

feen."

Lady Enid let her hands drop.

"Selfish—you selfish. Nugent? How can you say so, when by this very proposal you sacifice your own wishes? No, my dear brother; I can not accept it."

"But it is my wish, Enid. It will be like a glipmse of peace to see the old place; and, back in her own nest, my darling will grow stronger, please Heaven."

"Nugent," she said slowly, "I will go; but, first, will you do something for me?"

"Then, dear, I wish you to visit Drake Park and Hohen before we start for the manor. It is our duty indeed, Nugent. Think. You have not been near your property for so long that the tenants do not even know you. Will you do

"But I thought you would like to go straight to the manor," the earl said, slowly.
"I would rather wait and go with you

dear, and then we can commence the portraits without further delay. I shall be so glad to have a picture of my sweet Margery. Ah, here she is! What plots have you two conspirators been hatching? Come, confess!"
"Do they not please you?" inquired Margey, kneeling for an instant beside

"Please me? Nothing on earth could

riesse me? Nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure; but I want Nugent to postpone the journey till his return from the country."

The earl moved to the window, and was standing with folded arms. His face wore a puzzled, almost distressed expression.

pression.

"My sister, Miss Daw," he said, quietly, "is desirous I should visit my other
tenants before starting for Court Manor; and I am satisfied she is right. I have not been down for years; but it will not take me long, and then—"
"And then," finished Lady Enid, with

feeble smile—"then good-bye to dreary, loomy, dusty London, if—if Doctor Fothergill consents."
"Enid," Lord Court said, going to his

"Enid." Lord Court said, going to his sister's side, "what do you mean? Has Fothergill been frightening you? Ah, I knew there was something that made you hesitate! Speak, tell me at once!"
"Nugent, my darling"—and Lady Enid imprisoned his strong hand in her two frail ones—"forgive me! I have been tempted to tell you, and then the thought of buoying you up only for bitter disappointment has stopped me. This is it, my darling." There was a little catch in her breath which he did not notice in his anxiety, but which did not notice in his anxiety, but which did not escape Margery, who had risen, and was standing at a little distance, with his hands clasped tightly together. "For some time past Doctor Fothergill has been hopeful that by undergoing certain treatment I shall be cured—that is, negrially cured—walk by myself. that is, partially cured-walk by myself, that is, partially cured—walk by myself, be no longer the great baby I am now; and—and I have agreed to try it, for I do long for health, to be as others are. Now. Nugent. you know my secret— you have wormed it out of me. I did not mean to tell you; but I have been compelled. So you see, darling, I can not leave London while I am under his care. In a little while I shall know whether the treatment is successful or not. I have kept this even from Mar-gery."

(To be Continued.)

Sell Your Cold for \$1.? You surely won't stop at a dollar bill to cure that horrid, sniffeling cold? Go to any druggist and get "Catarrhozone" and your cold will be a thing of the past. There is almost witchery in the swift way Catarrhozone kills colds. But when you consider the penetrating, healing and antiseptic qualities of Catarrhorone, perhaps it's not so wonderful, Certainly there is no remedy half so prompt for colds and catarrh as Catarrh-ozone. Refuse a substitute and insist on

having only "Catarrhozone."

HOW "LLOYDS" BEGAN IN 1688.

Primarily "Lloyds" is a corporation employed in marine insurance and having a world wide agency for the collection of marine intelligence. Incidentally other insurance is taken. "Lloyds" had its origin in the enterprise of Edward Lloyd, a London coffee-house keeper, whose place, opened in 1888, became a resort for ship owners and ship captains. So much was learned of marine matters and so general became the interest in this information, that in 1892 an office was opened in Lombard street, and shortly afterwards Lloyd's News, a paper issued three times a week and devoted to shipping news, made its appearance.

Adverse criticism of the paper by the British Government, coupled with a demand for an apology for an item of news which appeared in the paper, decided Mr. Lloyd to discontinue the publication. The insurance feature of "Lloyds" originated from a method of mutually insuring or 'underwriting' each other's shipping risks by the owners frequenting Lloyd's establishment. Their method of doing was was to subscribe or "underwrite" their names to a document which stated the amounts that each was willing to give in event of diaster to the risk. HOW "LLOYDS" BEGAN IN 1688. their names to a document which stated the amounts that each was willing to give in event of diaster to the risk. The present system of "Lloyds" does not differ in any essential particular from the method employed at the biginning, but it is much better organized and the business has been vastly increased in volume. Its radius of operation now practically covers the whole world.

The sea kale used as food in China words.

By this promise she knew she would bring happiness to the young sister—

foot in width and 45 feet in length.



FRENCH RULES OF ROADS.

Change Being Made to Agree With English System.

It is only a week since France adopted the Greenwich meridian and London time, and now our good friend is paying us the compliment of charging its roll of the since the same and the same friend is paying us the compliment of changing its rule of the road to agree with ours. For some time past a commission composed of delegates from the various Ministries and from all the great clubs and leagues concerned, has been engaged in considering various questions connected with traffic, and on Monday night they announced their decision as follows. The most radical and important alteration is in the century-old system of keeping to the right in France. The new rule states: "Drivers of vehicles of every description ers of vehicles of every description and those riding or in charge of domestic anomals must keep to the left in crossing and to the right in overtaking and passing"

This rule will not come into force for a vear in order to allow time for

This rule will not come into force for a year in order to allow time for it to become known to the public by newspaper reports and placarding at all the mairies and prefectures throughout France. A second rule, which will certainly appear somewhat odd at first glance, is the suppression of speed limits for motor cars, which is now fixed at twenty miles an hour in onen roads and fourteen in thorin open roads and fourteen in thor-oughfares. Experience has finally demonstrated that these restrictions could not be enforced in practice, could not be enforced in practice, and only gave rise to unjustifiable prosecutions and annoyance to motorists. The new code says: "The driver of a car must always be complete master of his speed. His pace must never be such as to cut up the road or damage anything connected with it." This is somewhat vague, and will probably call for more precise explanations, as chauffeurs may, under its provisions, be charged at

any moment with causing damage by undue speed. any moment with causing damage by undue speed.

A third rule, for the first time, points out the rights and duties of foot passengers, who hitherto have never been compelled by any article of any code to leave the road clear. It is now stated that they must always leave the route free at the approach of a car, which must give warning of its coming by concerted eignals. In towns a motor car must blow a deep-toned horn, and a motor-cycle a shrill one whilst bicyclists ring bells. This is a most sensible arrangement, as anybody living in Paris can testify.—Paris Correspondent London Standard).

It is a fact beyond dispute that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has killed a bushel of house flies. This is more than could possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

HOUSEHOLD VIRTUES OF TURPENTINE

After you fully realize the worth of your household you will always want a good supply of it. It will have its appointed place beside the soap bex and washing sods, and perhaps you will reserve a special bottle of it for the medicine chest.

bex and washing soda, and perhaps you will reserve a special bottle of it for the medicine chest.

It is a safe and simple remedy for many acute and chronic aliments. It gives quick relief to burns and as a lotion for corns and bunions it has no superior. When applied externally it is good for rhe-imatism and sore throat and proves a cuick restorative in convulsions of fits when a teaspoonful diluted in water is given internally. The odor may be disagreeable to some, but when cooked on the stove during an epidemic of contagious disease it acts as a disinfectant and preventative.

Most housekeepers have yet to know that, it is good for exterminating moths ad nivernin. Drop a trifle into simil paraffin envelopes and place these here and there in the bottom of drawers, chests, wardrobes, etc. Garments laid away in them will be entirely safe during the summer, and a thorough airing will eradicate the strong odor in the fall or winter. It will also keep ants and bugs from the closets and storerooms.

As a cleanser its virtues are more generally known. A spoonful of it in a pail of boiling water is excellent for cleaning paint and a lesser quantity in the suds on washing day will lighten the laundry labor. When applied lightly with a woolea, cloth it makes a fairly good furniture polish, removing dust and effecting stains. For removing paint stains in clothing it has no equal. A few grops added to the ink and mucilage bottle will prevent mold and clotty sediment. A cupful of turpentine added to a gallon of whitewash to be used for the chicken coop will destroy vermin and will kill disease 2 crimis.

When in and a lesser quantity in the suds on washing day with equal parts of kerosene and alcohol it makes a good machine oil. It softens and removes rust from room and is practically the only thing to be used for mixing pigments and softening ropy paint and garnish.

One woman find it especially useful in cleaning her gas stove from rust and dripmings. It is less expensive than stove polish more early handled, and not so

A WARM HOME RULER. Joseph I. Ryan, Secretary of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, said at the seciety's office in Bradway. New

York:
"Arthur Balfour, the one-time Premi
"Arthur example once was in a great hu "Arthur Balfour, the one-time Premier, for example once was in a great hurry to get to England from his post in Ireland, and there being no regular steamship for some days, he proposed to cross over on board a cattle boat.
"But in the man from whom he sought information he found a Home Ruler of most ardent views.
"Can I cross aboard to-night's boat?" asked Mr. Balfour.
"No, ye can't thin," said the Irishman.

"No, ye can't thin, said the Fish man.
"And why not?"
"Because 'tis a cattle boat.'
"Never mind that. I'm not particular.'
"The home ruler gave a little laugh.
"No. Mr. Balfour,' he retorted. 'I
dare say ye're not, but the cattle are."

SUMMER DROWNING CASES.

Dozens of cases of drowning have occurred during the past few weeks, and uany more will be added to the list be-

fore the summer is over. Quite a good deal of mystery sur-rounds many of these cases, as swimmers sink and are gone without a strug-gle. The old fallacy about "going under for the third time" receives a severe jolt in these cases, for the body goes under and stays there.

Two cases serve to show that a great deal remains unknown about drowning. A young man camping with friends at one of the Northern lakes dove from a boat. When he faited to come up his friends went to the rescue, and after several hours' hard work restored him to conscious ress. He remem-bered starting to dive, tat had no recollection of any struggle in the water or any feeling of strangling. In fact, he could not recall striking the water, having apparently lost consciousness be-

striking the water. City. A lady was in shallow water feeling perfectly well. A swimmer touched her on the arm as she passed and she lost consciousness and very much surprised a little later when she came to on the beach to learn that she bad been recsued from drowning. Everything was a blank from the moment of contact with the swimmer until

restored to consciousness on the beach.
In both cases some sudden violent reaction occurred in the circulatory system causing syncope. Possibly, a large number of those drowning do so in the same way, instead of, as is popularly

Supposed, succumbing to "cramps."
One thing is apparent to any one who has passed several years without swim-ming, and that is that the ability to swim suffers great deterioration with-

out practice.
Good swimmers are surprised at the short space of time it required to comexhaust themselves when com pletely exhaust themselves when com-pared to what they were able to do a few years before. This unquestionably accounts for some fatalities, the lack of practice, indulgence in tobacco and per-haps alcohol being fatal to one's staying

People contemplating swimming any considerable distance are exposed to great danger if several years have passed since they were in the water. While no one who has once learned to swim can ever forget how, it requires a pretty constant practice from year to year to keep up one's efficiency.—From Report of Cincinnati Board of Health.

SHEEP.

Adelaide Gosset's "Shepherds of Brit-ain" tells us that a lame was ourned ative by a farmer in recent times to de-liver his flocks from a spell which he believed to have been cast upon them. And that Professor Rhys knew a very old woman who told him that she re-marketes seeing a live sneet burned. old woman who told him that she remembered seeing a live snear burned as a sacrifice. A lady contributor states that tambs had been sacrificially o urned, whether alive or not she does not say, within living membory in the list of Man on May Day. The author, as well as one of her contributors, believes that the name collie is taken from the black faced Highland sheep, which were fornerly called collies or colleys; hence the dogs which drove them came to be called collie dogs, now abbreviated into collies. It may astonish some southerners to learn that in Shetland, during the winter, when the pastures have become bare of grass, the s.T.Op, and for that matter the ponles also, feed large yupon seawed; but this is not so much to be wondered at when we remember that human beings sometimes eat the same food on the west coast of licland. One of the greatest enemies of the shepherd is an eagle, when he takes to lamb sating, which very many eagle do. The eagle is the most voraclcus of glutions, and the best chance for the shepherd to take his revenge is when he weathers on a bird gorged to the beak with drowned mutton. Then the prince of the air and the mountains may be knocked senseless with the staff. In return for the pleasure of reading her book we offer the author the following information relating to sheep: As is well known, there is no bad habit of which it is more difficult to break a dog than that of chasing sheep. In many cases all that one can do is to destroy the dog. The next neighbor of the re-viewer had a pack of hounds, one of which became a confirmed and apparently incurable sheep runner. Its master had also a fine flock of Shropshire sinep and selecting the largest and most powerful ram he coupled the delinquent to it and turned them into the large grass field. Much alarmed at being attached to its canhe companion, the ram galioped furiously round and round the field, dragging the reluctant hound after it until both lay down thoroughly exhausted. Nothing would induce the hound ever to look at a sheep

A Successful Horseman

Never allows his horse to suffer pain. He always uses Nerviline which is noted for curing stiffness, rheumatism, swellings and strains. Nerviline is just as good inside as outside. For crecolie and internal pain it's a po marvel. In the good racing stables Nerviline is always used,—because it makes better horses and smaller veterinary bills. Twenty-five cents buys a bottle of Nerviline; try it.

THE TIME TO DIE

"My dear," he feebly said, after they had permitted her to go to him after the operation, "I shall not recover. They think I will, but they are mistaken. I fee! it. I am going to die."

"No, no, John!" she cried. "Don't say that! You mustn't die! I havent' a

thing that is fit to wear to a funeral!"