In a few minutes they were trying their strength. Sir Frederic soon found his opponent knew what he was about, and roused himself to exercise all his skill, which was of no mean order. Nevertheless, but for one or two oversights on Carrington's part, he would not have risen, as he did, the winner of all pound note into the bargain.

"You would be a foeman worthy of one's steel," observed Morton, as they strolled out on the terrace before the club to smoke a last cigar, "if you kept your attention fixed on your game; but you made one or two mistakes.

"I know I did. My hand is out. I'll come all right with a little practice. You must give me my revenge."
"With great pleasure. When?" asked

My movements are very uncertain "Let us dine together quietly to-morrow," said Morton, "if you will give me the pleasure of your company, and we will have a trial of strength afterwards." "Thanks; I shall be very happy." A little more talk of cards and billiards, and then after a brief pause, Carrington asked: "Who was that pretty woman in grey you were talking to on the links to-day?"

"It must have been Mrs. Fane."

"Mrs. Fane? Who is she—a widow?"
"A grass widow; rich, charming, spirituelle, everything a woman ought to be, except that she is encumbered with an unreasonable husband, who will neither enjoy his own good fortune, nor clear out of the way and let some more sen sible fellow have a chance."

Carrington smiled, grimly.

"A dog in the manger, ch? I fancy I have met this man Fanc in India. He commands a corps of irregular cavalry, doesn't he?"
"I know nothing about him. Prob-

ably you have met. Our Indian Empire is a big place, yet everyone seems to run against everyone else there."
"I should like to speak to the lady if it is not intrusive to ask for an intro

to present you. But do not mention the husband. I fancy she does not care to have him brought to her notice—a case

of mutual repulsion, I fancy."
"She does not look like a repulsive woman," said Carrington, thoughtfully, as he flicked the ash from the end of his

No, not exactly; quite the other way reund," returned Morton, with a laugh that somehow jarred upon his compan-

on. "Well, if you are on the links to-mor row about 12 o'clock," said Sir Frederic, "you will meet the whole party. Mrs. Fane is going to watch her friend, Miss Onslow, play against myself. I'll intro-duce you to them all. Mrs. Fane gen-erally has a sort of confidential friend with her, to do propriety, and that sort of thing. The present incumbent is a capital, jolly old woman, a sort of relation of mine. Oh, you are going? Well, good night, we'll try our luck tomorrow," and Morton turned back to the club to see if he could find any other

Carrington, left to himself, strolled Carrington, left to himself, strolled along the beach by the light of a splendid moon, thinking, dreaming, hoping perhaps, though his memory was generally more active than his imagination. warm appreciation of such beauties as are offered by a glorious night—the music of murmuring waves, the still grandeur of the starry heavens —and wandered on in a vague reverie rather than consecutive thought, till the striking of a distant church clock warnrather than consecutive the ed him to return to his hotel.

Mrs. Bayley, though fresh and smiling outwardly, was internally bored and dis-appointed with the result of their first day in St. Cuthberts. They had had only an hour or two of Sir Frederic's company on the whole. He had beer quite taken up with that stupid golf. It was all very well his saying that his old boyish love of the game had revived. She (Mrs. Bayley) shrewdly suspected that he had backed some of the players, and hence arose his interest. He not too lucky, and might seriously di-minish his supply of ready money. Mrs. Fane only proposed to stay a week, and he should not throw away a chance, and it was such a chance to have Mrs. Fane all to themselves in that sleepy little out-of-the-way corner. If only the rich grass-widow could be moved to use the information Mrs. Bayley was willing and able to bestow, she might free herself from the loosened, yet still hampering fetters of her unfortunate marirage, and form an alliance which would give her rank and assured position, and really not a bad husband, as husbands go.

So she mused as she stood in the So she mused as sne stood in the pleasant window of Mrs. Fane's sitting-room, waiting for that lady, who was putting on her hat, in expectation of Sir Newton's arrival to except them Frederic Morton's arrival to escort them

by little folk.

pale children is magical.

"Those who lie down with the dogs, eh? You know that graceful proverb. You dined with a brace of professors yesterday, didn't you?"

yesterday, didn't you?"
"A brace—a trio! I never was more bored. We had the humanity man, and the Greek professor, who succeeded Dr. Methvin, and they talked quite over my head. One of them had a terrific My head. One of them had a terrine accent! I was almost provoked with Mrs. Fane, she was quite interested and animated, and asked all sorts of questions, and the old creatures—at least two were old—semed ready to eat her up; she is such a puzzling woman. I never know when she is in earnest; wasting her money too, as she does. She sent off a cheque this morning for £200—I saw it myself—to that designing woman, Mrs. Riddell, who used to be with her, for the Girls' Refuge she worries herself about. She really wants a husband to guide her."

a husband to guide her."

"What hideous waste of money!" cried
Sir Frederic, laughing. "But here she
comes. Mrs. Bayley has just been
abusing you for enjoying your dinner
yesterday, and for talking over her head. I suspect you did not give her a chance with either Herr Professor."
"I do not believe you, Sir Frederic!"

returned Mrs. Fane, smiling, as she but-toned her glove. "I assure you the din-ner was charming; and the humanity professor is an old dear! His profound book-learning seems only equalled by his ignorance of the world; and he said

such quaint, original things."
"Well, I honestly confess I did not care for the conversation," said Mrs. Bayley, with her accustomed good-humored candor-candor was her line, "But the mere material dinner was excellent The doctor gave us a glass of really good port wine, which is not to be despised, in my opinion. Good port is very rare now," and Mrs. Bayley laughed in her pleasant, hearty way, as she often did in the pauses of her speech, which had just enough Scotch accent to give

raciness to a good story.

"What will you say to your diligent employe," said Morton, bending an admiring glance on Mrs. Fane, "if I have found and captured the bold intruder of your story?

"Have you, really? How, and where?" asked Mrs. Fane, with some interest.
"He sat next me at the golf dinner last night, and we had a game of billiards after; then he confided to me his wish to make your acquaintance, and as old Leslie Morton, who seems to know him, said he was all right, I shall, if you will permit me, present him to you. I be-lieve he has been walking about the links since daybreak, lest he should lose a chance of meeting you. Another admirer added to your long list, Mrs. Fane."

"Admirer!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Admirer!" she exclaimed, laughing.
"I never saw eyes express doubt and
disapprobation more distinctly. It is
this that has aroused my curiosity. How
can I have offended him?"

"Clever fellow!" cried Sir Frederic "He knows how to make himself interest-ing! But if you are ready, let us come on. I fear Miss Onslow will be waiting

The weather was still fine, but the

The weather was still fine, but the sky was more overcast, and the shadows of slow-sailing clouds gave variety to the aspect of the bay:

On their way to that portion of the ground called "The Ladies" Links," they overtook Miss Onslow, who was accompanied by her uncle bijness on orthus. panied by her uncle, himself an enthueach day since she was his guest to in-structing his niece in the mysteries of

the game.

As they grouped themselves to see Aliss Onslow strike off, a tail figure came up from the beach between two sand hills and approached them; but it was not till he had put his ball safely into the first hole that Sir Frederic exclaimed

"Ha! you have come to see this excit-"Ha! you have come to see this exciting match? I assure you I expect to be shamefully beaten. Mrs. Fane, allow me to present my friend, Colonel Carrington. Mrs. Bayley, Golonel Carrington. Mrs. Bayley understands the game and will expound its complications. Now, Miss Onslow, for No. 2. Capital! Well driven!" and the combatants moved to the next, hole followed by Dr. Methyin the next hole, followed by Dr. Methvi

and Mrs. Bayley.
"I am glad to have an opportunity of explaining to you that my intrusion the day before yesterday was involuntary," said Colonel Carrington. "The guard opened the door, and—"
"You were in the lion's den," put in the state of the said o

Mrs. Fane, with a pleasant smile, as he Mrs. Fane, with a pleasant smile, as he paused. "Pray, do not think it necessary to apologize, or, if you will, address yourself to Mrs. Bayley, who is more disposed to uphold her rights than I am."

She looked with friendly frankness into his grave eyes, instinctively seeking to desperse whatever prejudice against herself might exist in his mind, and entered the pause of the world, and general attractiveness, to the grim to little uneasiness to observe that him no little uneasiness to observe that be could be a rival, or, if he were, a formulable rival to desperse whatever prejudice against herself might exist in his mind, and en-deavoring to recall his face and figure deavoring to recall his face and figure to her memory. She had met so many people, she had had sentimental, platonic friendships with so many men, that it might be possible her new acquaintance had been the friend of someone who had quarrelled with her, though in truth is chief hope of retrieving his fortunes lay in his chance of appropriating hers. Hitherto he had felt himself compelled to play a waiting game, but now events rey eyes that looked into hers did not change or soften as he replied:

"It is a sound principle to uphold one's

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites

and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone,

and so put together that it is easily digested

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

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The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin,

belongs to others. Rights overlap sometimes, you know."

the generosity. Mrs. Bayley—somehow he did not take to that frank and lively

times, you know."
"Not often," he returned, and they walked on a few paces in silence, which Mrs. Fane broke by asking:

"Is this your first visit to St. Cuthberts?"

"It is. I came with an old friend, a man of this country, who is an enthusiast in golf. The attraction of the game "Yes, I am told there are men here who spend their lives on the links. I of little adventures at Naples and rengannot understand it" cannot understand it."

"There is a certain fascination in the effort to win anything," said Carring-ton. As he spoke, their eyes met, and Mrs. Fane was startled, even annoyed, at the new expression in his—and at the effect it produced on herself. A sud-den glow, a gleam of sudden resolution, lit up the deep-set windows of his soul, and sent a thrill of apprehension through her weight

"Come on!" said Morton, waving his come on: said Morton, waving his driving towards them. "It is mortifying to see how indifferent you are to the splendid play going on under your eyes! Miss Onslow is beating me hollow—three holes up."

Methvin, in high delight. "Now, then, Sir Frederic, it is your turn. You must go on; there are others behind us." They all kept together for the remain-der of the game and talked only of the

game. Finally, to the great exultation of her uncle, Miss Onslow came off vic-"Suppose," said Dr. Methvin, "we walk on to the flagstaff and go down on the sands. The wind has gone round to the east, and is rising. We will have a view of the waves beating over the castle rocks. I am afraid we shall have a wet

day to-morrow."

"A terrible prophecy," axclaimet Mrs.
Fane, "but I have a French novel, so am forearmed.'

Still conversing with the ex-professor she walked on over the short, elastic turf, Carrington keeping at the other side, so that it was impossible for Sir Frederic to approach. When the flag-staff was reached, they all grouped round Dr. Methvin, who pointed out some of the dangerous reefs, and then Mrs. Bayley said:
"We had better go homewards, the

the duct Mrs. Fane and Miss Onsle

"The latter is least fatiguing."

but I am not overjoyed."
"Ah, some people grow enamored of India, and find the restraints of English

society intolerable."

"I assure you we are stiff enough in

"Indeed! I fancied everything was

Frank Bayley, a nephew of mine, who was for some time at a station on the

frontier—forgot the name of the place—the stories he tells about the goings on

of the men—and women, too, for that matter—are enough to turn your hair gray; mine has become a shade or two

(To be continued.) THE RAKING OF THE GREEN.

Two of Our Original Village Improve

ment Organizations.

Many years ago there was observed a

nique custom in the little town of

Guilford, Conn. On one day in the fall of

he year the women of the town assem-

wooden rake, decorated with her fav-

bled on the village green. Each carried

aking of the Green.

banquet celebrated the occasion.

While this was not the first charter-

the country, it was probably at that time

the most enthusiastic, and had perhaps the largest attendance, writes H. D.

Ward, in Woman's Home Companion,

New Haven, Conn., can rightly claim the first effort in village improvement, while Stockbridge, Mass., should be re-

dembered as offering the second.

More than a hundred years ago James

Hillhouse, of New Haven, organized what he called the "Public Green Association." He raised \$1,500 for grading the green

ard for planting elms. One man is said

to have donated five gallons of rum for this purpose. James Hillhouse was also United States senator for 20 years. Al-

most every one had forgotten what he did at Washington, but no one is ever

ikely to forget his services in making the city of New Haven classic by the beauty of Nature's Gothic architecture. beauty of Nature's Gothic architectu The whole country owes him a debt

gratitude that can only be paid by planting elms in his memory.

Good Guess.

(Philadelphia News.) "That William Jones who came in for reatment a little while ago," said the aspital attendant, "didn't give his oc-

"What was the nature of his trouble?"

asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine.

DODD'S

KIDNEY DISE

ed Village Improvement Association

whiter since I listened to him."

rington?

wind is getting disagreeable."
"Very disagreeable, indeed," cried Mrs. Fane, as a sharp gust caught a light shawl she was trying to wrap round her and nearly carried it away.

"Allow me," said Sir Frederic, endeavoring to lay hold of it; but Carrington

had it already in his grasp.

"Allow me," he said, with grave emphasis, and not seeming to hear Morton, he wrapped it carefully round ias owner, with a touch of authoritative decision in his care, that partly amused, partly piqued her, and made Morton vow to himself aht the grim Indian should pay for, his cool aduacity at billiards that for his cool aduacity at billiards

"If you don't mind a deep descent we

can get upon the sands at once, and be sheltered by these hillocks."

He led the way, gallantly assisting Mrs. Bayley. Miss Onslow, accustomed to the ground, tripped lightly down; but when Mrs. Fane found herself on the odge of some huge rough stones, which edge of some huge rough stones, which lay at the foot of the little eminence, Carrington again stepped before Morton with an indescribable air of decision, saying quietly, "Take my hand," and she did so, smiling to herself. Mrs. Bayley, turning to see how matters were going on, noticed the little by-play, and compared to the little by-play, and compared to the little by-play, and compared to the little by-play. ressed her lips with a confirmed dislike f the bold stranger, whom she resolved nost firmly to rout and unmask. therefore attached herself to Mrs. Fane in her homeward wolk, and proceeded to ross-examine the for.

"Pray, have you any relations in the south of England? I knew some Devonshire Carringtons years ago."
"No, I have not," rather shortly.
"Then there are the Herefordshire

Carringtons, rather an ol dfamily—per-haps you belong to that branch?"

"I can't say I do." "Ah! There was a rich old Bombay merchant of that name who died lately and made a curious will, leaving hi money to some stranger. Did you know

have heard of him.' "It must be a great bore having hosts of cousins," said Mrs. Fane. "Oh, do you think so?" cried Miss Onslow. "I dote on some of my cousins! Then Aunt Julia and Uncle Methvin are

lightful." "I suspect," said Sir Frederic, "there s something in yourself that attracts he better part of even crusty cousins." "I am afraid that is nonsense."

Here, being close to the hotel, Carring on thought it wise to say good morn "There is something original about your friend," said Mrs. Fane, as she parted with Morton at the door; "bring

him to coffee any evening you like." CHAPTER II.

Confident as Morton was in-his powers of pleasing, in his superiority in looks, youth. knowledge of the world, midable rival. In truth, Sir Frederic Morton's affairs

to play a waiting game, but now events were pressing. He must lose no time in persuading her to give him a conditional well, my dear Mrs. Bayley, what profound problem occupies your mind?" grip of what is justly theirs."

"Provided they do not clutch what ceed. It was impossible that she could e indifferent to him. It suited her intolerable pride to fence herself rou tolerable pride to fence herself round with platonic affections, but let things only come to a crisis, and she would soon make up her mind; he must have a consultation with his ally, Mrs. Bayley. However, as a sort of acknowledgment of the money he had won from Carrington, he felt obliged to introduce him at Mrs. Fane's unceremonious "at-homes." Here he was silent and unobtrusive enough, but as he sat with half-closed eyes, lulled by sweet sounds, when Mrs. Fane and Miss Onslow played or sang, he was wetching with keen observation the was watching with keen observation the aspect of the society into which he had been unexpectedly thrown. Violet Onslow, he decided, was an ordinary young lady—less sharp and more kindly than

widow—"not to be trusted," was the verdict of his instincts; but Sir Frederic Morton excited his strong aversion as he King of Dancers Clodoche, is Dead !

Paris—Clodoche, the last of the giants of the dance, is dead. Reaching the height of his fame in the days of the Second Empire, in his later years he kept a small restaurant on the outskirts of Paris. He was a melancholy person, and very uncommunicative. His only distraction was fishing, in which he was the people of the poorer class, that one that likes to feel that it has a right distraction was fishing, in which he was Paris-Clodoche, the last of the giants of little adventures at Naples and ren-contres at Rome; and though there was profound and pleasant repose in Mrs. Fane's way of speaking to him, might not that arise from too complete a mut-ual understanding? Was it possible a woman so long sep-strated from her bushand would be proof and very uncommunicative. His only distraction was fishing, in which he was arated from her husband would be proof against the sustained attentions, flat-

a great adept.
Clodoche belonged to a remarkable quartette. The other members of the band were Flageolot, La Comete and Normande—all, of course, assumed names. The two latter were dressed as women the others retained their measurements. teries, arts of so accomplished and good-looking a man? Yet she ought to be true to herself, if not to the husband who had deserted her. One had a right to expect a high standard in women— even while he thought so, a wave of in-dignation swept over his heart, women, the others retained their mascu-line attire. When they appeared for the first time at the opera ball, in the windignation swept over his heart, as Mrs. Fane raised her eyes to Morton's, with a smile so sweet, and so confiding, that Carrington could have put her in a pentitentiary on the spot. Still, he had an ingrained sense of justice, and told himself the next moment that had he been the reter of 1865, they achieved an instant success. They were voted the most humorous thing in humanity that had yet come out. The gay assembly at the ball—just then at the height of its glory—were convulsed at the drolleries of the four. The pseudo "danseuses" next moment that had he been the recipient of such a glance he could amply forgive the infidelity. Nevertheless, the surpassed themselves in their unexpected and brilliant effects. They seemed to be able to do everything with their legs except to stand quietly upon them as ordinary mortals did. dangers surrounding so attractive a wonan were too clearly visible. He longed he suspected of being a gambler and a scamp. It was too bad of any man to All Paris Flocked to Them.

scamp. It was too bad of any man to have deserted such a woman, when she must have been a mere girl. What had Mabille, proprietor of the celebrated gardens which held the same place in her life been 'since? He would watch and try to discover if she were true and high-minded, or a merely frivolous, light-Paris as the rendezvous yelept Cremorne did in London about the same period, engaged the magic four on the spot. It high-minded, or a merely irrivolous, lightly-conducted coquette.

Brooding over these ideas, he was almost startled by Mrs. Bayley, who brought herself and her knitting to a was a happy stroke of business. All Paris flocked to see them. The rotunda, in the centre of the grounds, was packed seat beside him.
"I suspect I have roused you from a with smart society to witness the as-tonishing gyrations of the quartette. Such was the vouge, of Clodoche and pleasant doze," she said, smiling be-nignly on him.

"Far from it; I have been enjoying his merry men that their performance continued even after the outbreak of the continued even after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and when, to the far-seeing eye, the gay capital stood in danger of being invested. It was dancing have just sung. I was keenly awake."
"So you are the reverse of the weasels upon a volcano with a vengeance.

When the public had liberty to return

they sleep, on dit, with their eyes open, and you wake with your eyes shut." to its old amusements, the "cancan" lived again in favor, but it took a new "Ah, people learn to be very indolent in India. You have been a long time in India, have you not, Colonel Carturn. Instead of a quartette of men. women were brought in. They had an equal though different kind of success. There arose numerous stars of the danc-"Yes, a long time."
"It must be very pleasant to find yourself in England—I should say Great ing halls, Finette, Alice la Provencale and the wonderful artiste Rigolboche, otherwise Marguerite la Huguenote. The Britain—again."
"I have no objection to Great Britain; dance continued for some years, but dwindled in popular appreciation. It was half strangled, if not killed outright,

by the cake-walk.

Cakewalk a Time in Favor. each evening to see the competitions for the cake, sometimes danced by real negroes. Every one was trying to lear Paris went mad when the cake-walk

dead with its most brilliant exponents.
There is a sort of public dancing to-day in Montmartre, at the Bal Tabarin, and Pills is di orite color, and each was dressed in white dec'ed out with colored ribbons. It was a cay of fete, and it was called "The Raking of the Green."

Then with song and laughter and with many a jest this band of women cleaned the village green of all the leaves and refuse and dirt of a year's accumulation. When the job was done they adjourned to the Town Hall, where they adjourned to the Town Hall, where they are rejuised by the sudden assault but there is less grace, less art and more vulgarity than in the old time. The sets of eccentric quadrilles are composed of no illustrious names in the annals of the dance—rather the hired performer, who takes but scant quadrilles are composed of no illustrious for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medici co., Brockville, Ont. were joined by their husbands and brothers and the village fathers. A public the nicety and poetry of her

movements. Paris Still Home of Dance. Yet Paris is, in some sense, still the home of the dance. The clever performer, be she Spanish or English, is certain of applause and of a considerable following. Wonderfully shaped and wonderty, and she has many would-be rivals both in beauty and person and in beauty of pose.

In delicate tropical fruits long distances.

The experiments have been made by a

of pose. of pose.

Some trans-Pyrenean damsel, of raven locks and lustrous eyes, with all the rich, warm coloring of the southern type, makes her debut upon the "cafe-concert" stage and the boulevards are at her feet. Such things happen every day in a form roce or loss accentuated, and for a The success of the new system means. more or less accentuated, and, for a brief hour, the new queen of dance flutters in an atmosphere of adulation. Yet there are a few outstanding names to

THREE UNIQUE PASTORATES.

would sally forth at midnight with a band and gather a large crowd from the public houses. He found it an excellent | which passes by insensible degrees into way to attract outcasts, but the police objected, so he did away with the band, secured a big drum and made more noise alone than the whole band had done. His efforts were effective. Often with his drum he gathered 1,500 persons after

1 o'clock at night. "There would often be 200 or more present in various stages of intoxica-tion," he says, as he tells of the work. "I kept them all quiet by getting them me to the platform and make a sort of a drunkards' chorus for the hymns.

A publican who used to come to the meetings told us in his way that he wanted very badly to sing. I asked him to the platform and in a few minutes he was giving us a first rate version of the

The pastorate of Rev. E. Schnadhorst of the Congregational Church at North Bow, England, is out of the ordin-

ary, in that he has preached a half ary, in that he has preached a half century without a penny of cost to the church. He is a man of means and his days could have been spent in leisure, but he preferred to use time, money and energy in the cause of humanity. The result is that he has been styled the "Bishop of Bow," and is the best-known man in the east of London. Now he is to retire, and regrets that he is not a younger man that he might show what he thinks of church work of to-day.

"If I were a younger man," he says, ********

to something more than a one-ma

Scarcely out of his teens when he attracted large crowds by his preaching in Ireland, Rev. A. A. Ramsey, now the pastor of the Congregational Church at East Dulwich, London, has reached his ministral inhibit or the retire of the confidence of of the c East Dulwich, London, has reached his ministerial jubilee and is to retire. As a young man he roved from place to place, marked as a coming man in religious life. He settled at Gloucester, then went to Hackney and in 1872 went to Dewsbury to take charge of Trinity Chapel, where the Congregationalists of London, looking for a man to establish a church on the summit of the incline leading from Peckham Rye to Dulwich Park, found him. He had a "sardine box," as he called it, for a church, it being but a small iron building. In three months the congregation had burst forth from the "tin," and three years later he preached in one of the finest church structures of London. During his 19 years with this where the Congregationalists of London of London. During his 19 years with this church of his own creation, he has received over 1.200 members and his con gregation has given for various purposes \$200,000. It is said that no one can worship in Mr. Ramsey's church without feeling that he has been hushed into a great silence, and the whole service is one of restfulness.

"Hard work, simple faith and faithful preaching of the Gospel," is the way one of the church officials characterizes

ALL WEAK WOMEN.

Will Find New Health and Strength in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The weak woman can depend upon it that her blood is out of order, for if her blood is rich and pure she will be strong, healthy and happy. Bad blood is the cause of nearly all the aches and pains from which women suffer. Keep the blood rich and red by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pfils and suffering will not exist. Mrs. James R. Kratz, of Jordan Station Onthes tested the value. the cake, sometimes danced by real negroes. Every one was trying to learn as far back as possible and to shoot his legs as far forward as possible in emulation of the extraordinary performers. Then the cake walk died. Some said it was because it was objected to in drawing rooms by the young American ladies who have always ruled over Paris society, or, at least, have been able to obtain a great deal of social influence.

From the negro dance fashion went to Spain, whence emerged the matchiche, which was followed by the kraquette and by the liquette. No doubt to-morrow they will invent another edition of the extraordinary performers. Then the cake walk died. Some said it was obecause it was objected to in drawing to look upon my case as hopeless when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To my great joy before I had taken the pills a month they began to help and by the time I had taken eight boxes every symptom of my trouble had left me and I was omce more enjoying perfect health and strength. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as and by the liquette. No doubt to-morphy in the will invent another edition of the dance in "ette."

Fashions change. The public dance is chance to recommend them to my dead with its most brilliant apparents to the commend them to my

There is a sort of public dancing to-day in Montmartre, at the Bal Tabarin, and at some of the night restaurants, but it is no longer of the kind that made choregraphic greatness in the past. The foot is still lifted above the dancer's head—sometimes a hat goes tumbling of the head of a spectator surprised by foot is still litted above the dancer's anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, rheuma-head—somethmes a hat goes tumbling off the head of a spectator, surprised by the sudden assault—but there is less grace, less art and more vulgarity than sold by all medicine dealers or may be in the old time. The sets of eccentric had direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes

PACKING FRUIT IN PEAT.

Important Discovery Made by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The Department of Agriculture is much interested in a highly important fully endowed creatures appear, from time to time, at different places where they still thin the light fortistic terms. It they still trip the light fantastic to at fantastic hours of the morning. La Belle Otero is reckoned a Parisian beau-been found of the problem of transport-

day which one can quote as standard ex-ponents of the art. which is known as Yellow Dutch peat. Pineapples, bananas, mangoes, sapotas, and other delicate fruits have been taken is the title given Rev. A. Stanley Parker, for two years in charge of the mission work at Central Hall, Plunstead, England. When working at Barrow he would sally forth at midwich at the perfectly fresh and sound conditions. perfectly fresh and sound condition.

Peat, as is commonly known, is vege-

table matter more or less de The less perfectly decomposed lignite. eat is generally of a brown color, that which is perfectly decomposed is often black. Now, moist peat, it has for some time been known, possesses a decided and powerful antiseptic property. This is ascribed to the presence of gallic acid and tannin.

It is manifested not only in the perfect preservation of ancient trees, and of leaves, fruits, and the like, but sometimes even of animal bodies. Thus, in some instances, human bodies have l and perfectly preserved in peat, after the lapse of centuries.

Hoots, Toots! (Toronto News.) There is nae luck aboot the house, There's naething clean ava. The dirty dishes stand untouched. For my gude wife's awa'.