

A BE WILDERING ACQUAINTANCE.

Egerton Farrant gazed at the scene before him with little curiosity.

In his travels he had seen a spectator at various dances; he had seen the Oriental dancers, and the graceful French and Spanish waltzers, and the Italian tarantella, and the Scotch Highland fling, and the stately Virginia reel, and an Indian war dance, but never before had he witnessed the revels of Terpsichore among the inmates of a lunatic asylum.

It was a large, brilliantly illuminated hall; the floor was perfectly waxed, the music exhilarating, and the nurses and invited guests made violent efforts to render the occasion a happy one.

Farrant was particularly attracted by a girl who sat across the room opposite his seat against the door. She was a pretty young girl, with a delicate, oval face and a Madonna sweetness of expression in her deep blue eyes and sensitive mouth.

"I wonder if she is sane," said Farrant to himself. "Nothing wild about her; rather a melancholy face, however. A nurse was leaning against the back of her chair a moment ago, so I suppose she must be a patient."

But Farrant had jumped to conclusions too hastily; the nurse had by no means allowed to malign a destiny to Edith Monroe. Like himself, she was a guest.

His eyes traveling rapidly around the room, fell upon Farrant, whose position was a little isolated from the other guests.

"Look at that poor fellow by the door," she said to a lady seated next to her. "Do you think he is a patient?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes, I know he is," said Edith positively. "I saw Dr. Jackson bring him in, and the doctor keeps his eye on him, and speaks to him now and then. How despondent he looks! He is handsome, isn't he? And young. How tragic it is! Ask him to dance with me. There can't be any danger, or he wouldn't be allowed to come," said she impulsively.

"She crossed the room and stood before Farrant. "Do you want?" she asked gently, her oval rising a little.

"I shall be delighted if you will give me the pleasure of dancing with you," said Farrant.

Edith, hardly knowing what she was saying, wanted to beg you to return to the asylum.

"I can't go back, I'm sorry, as you wish it," she said.

"Why do you know in the end you will be obliged to go back, so why not go now?" Edith asked Edith, wondering why she was asked to go back to the asylum.

"I hate to say this to you, but I know you are one of the inmates," said Farrant. Edith gazed at him compassionately.

"Poor fellow!" she thought. "I will not refuse his idea, he might become dangerous."

So they talked, playing at cross-purposes. They passed the point where another road ran into the main one, but no one was to be seen coming either way.

"Please wait for me here a moment," he said to Edith, as he forced a way through the undergrowth. She complied with his request, having no opinion, as he could easily overtake her a second time.

"I say, Jackson, it's lucky I recognized you. One of the patients at the asylum has escaped; the girl you were telling me about—Miss Howard?" cried Farrant, excitedly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Jackson. "Where is she?"

"On the other side of the hedge." The doctor jumped from his buggy and made his way through the hedge. Edith had sunk down on the side of the road, worn out, but when she caught sight of Dr. Jackson she sprang up and came flying toward him, half laughing, half crying.

"Oh, Dr. Jackson! I am so glad to see you," she cried, as she caught his hand. "I thought she had loved him!" Farrant muttered.

The doctor looked at her amazedly. "The escaped lunatic," she whispered. "The escaped maniac! Yes! Where is she?" cried the doctor, looking eagerly up and down the road.

BABY BABY BABY



CUTICURA RESOLVENT is so pure, sweet, and wholesome that it can be taken with pleasure and benefit.

It ever was reduced to an absolute science, it was upon this occasion. On the one hand, some 6,000 Boers on the defensive, armed with the handiest quick-firing rifle known to modern times.

A light broke on Dr. Jackson, and he flung back his head, bursting into violent laughter. Edith and Farrant watched him anxiously.

"It's all a mistake!" he cried, between convulsive gasps.

"I mean to say," interrupted the doctor, "that while all this party of three have hitherto been considered level-headed, clever people, I think recent events make it desirable that they should be put into straight jackets."

"Miss Monroe, let me introduce my old-time schoolmate, Mr. Farrant."

"I think you might have told me," said Edith, resentfully. "You frightened me nearly to death."

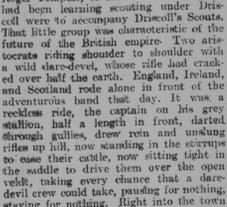
Then, struck by the absurdity of the whole thing, she fell to laughing.

Slap Kranz, August 1.—At last the blow has fallen which shattered the Boer cause in the Free State. There may be a few skirmishes with scattered bands on the mountain gorges beyond Harrismith, but the backbone of the republic has been broken beyond redemption.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carters Little Liver Pills. (Must Bear Signature of) PURE BLOOD HEADACHE.



On the night of the 28th of July, Colonel Harley, chief staff officer, 8th Division, led two companies of the Scots Guards in a night attack on De Villiers' Drift, which was to clear the way and capture the whole of the Boer camp.

The movement had been well and carefully planned, and was neatly and expertly executed. The Boers were taken by surprise, and were driven from their positions.

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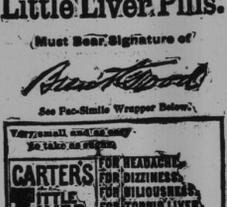
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after month, would have been able to make to month a boast. There are possibly the last lines I shall ever write in connection with the 8th Division. My own is done, for my health is sadly broken, and I shall follow this to England. But if I cannot march home with them, when they come back in triumph to receive from a grateful country the praise which has been lavished upon them, as far as I am concerned, I shall have no more to do with the 8th Division.

CATARH OF THE NERVES.

It has been a name of my own. There is no such term in the Medical Text Books as Catarrh of the Nerves, but it is the best I can think of under which to classify the following train of symptoms.

During the seventeen years I have been studying and treating catarrh in its many and various forms, I have found many whose system was much run down. No organ of the body was working properly, the blood was poor in quality and deficient in quantity, so much so that it did not nourish and tone up the nervous system properly.

Do you get giddy? Is your mind dull? Is your memory poor? Do you easily despair? Do you have headaches? Do you easily excite? Do your temples throb? Do your hands tremble? Do your muscles twitch? Are you easily irritated? Are you always anxious? Do you always tremble? Is your temper irritable? Do you faint frequently? Do you have sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Does not sleep refresh you? Do you forget what you read? Do you have horrible dreams? Does the least thing annoy you? Do you have some of the above symptoms many days to each week, cut out and send to me, when I will take pleasure in answering your letter to the best of my ability. Dr. Sprague, B. A., English Catarrh Specialist, 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston.

TRAPPING OF PRINSLOO

The Story of General Rundle's Final Coup.

Slap Kranz, August 1.—At last the blow has fallen which shattered the Boer cause in the Free State. There may be a few skirmishes with scattered bands on the mountain gorges beyond Harrismith, but the backbone of the republic has been broken beyond redemption.

The Boers never dreamed that it was possible for our troops to move with such machine-like precision as to hit Rundle's camp on the night of the 28th of July. It was a narrow, rocky, and almost impassable path, but our troops had been ordered to take it.

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