WINGED MISSILES.

The cutting of veneers is now done by electricity.

Steamboats will soon be running on the Sea of Galilee.

The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed.

A woman at Lexington, Ga., has a pet rattlesnake. Of course she has no visitors.

Floral jewelry is the rage, and the artists in gold and silver have reproduced all the beautiful flowers.

France is a careful tax gatherer. There the government assesses a tax of 2 per cent on all bets on horse races.

A St. Louis justice has decided that a young woman is bound to return the gifts made by a rejected lover.

It has been discovered that Sitting Bull could play the accordion. This will reconcile many people to his death.

Eiffel of tower fame is going into politics. He is the workingmen's candidate for the assembly from one of the districts in Paris.

President Carnot believes in the power of peace. He contemplates the entire demolition of all the fortifications around Paris.

A court item says Queen Victoria's favorite dish for dinner is well-done beef, with which she usually takes a glass of champagne.

Governor Russell is known in Boston as the "man on horseback." He rides to and from the state house every day on a prancing steed.

The Atchison Globe says: Whenever you hear a man say that all men are alike it is an apology for some very contemptible scoundrel.

There is a wide difference between the statesmen and the politician, but the average man is slow to see it, but in time he does see it.

France must do a good deal of business by sample and solicitation. The Commercial Travelers' society of France, founded ten years ago, has 7,500 members.

Mrs. Garfield is said to have the largest correspondence of any woman in the country. All of her husband's friends seem to think it is their duty to write to her.

The Puritan spirit still lingers up in the east. A photographer in Springfield, Mass., has been arrested for doing business on Sunday after being warned to close.

Leo XIII is an able financier and has accumulated considerable wealth. Of course it will in time all go to the church. The pope is also a poet and a man of many gifts.

Palatka, Fla., has a dog that loves to travel by rail alone. When the train comes along he boards it and rides to the next station for the priviledge of walking home.

Raising a hew and cry is symbolic of the cause and effect of a woodchopper accidentally strike his foot with an ax.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. ⑤

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

"LIKE A FROST-BLIGHTED FLOWER,"

The fair young sufferer perishes, and often from causes unknown to the world, but superficial judgment, founded on appearances, takes this form of expression, "died of quick consumption," while in nine cases out of ten it should be, "died from carelessness." Mothers, look to your daughters. Daughters, look to yourselves.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound will restore you to health and happiness. It is a positive cure for all those weaknesses and ailments incident to women. Every Druggist sells it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

Send stamps for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

DRINK LION COFFEE

A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.

Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

The Waiter Girl.

She comes, she comes upon my yearning sight,
Like friendly beacon shining thro' the night,
What tho' thy hands and feet be large—thy head
And countenance alike be fiery red;
My joy at seeing you is past control—
Thou token of plenty to my famished soul!
She comes to learn my lightest whim or wish,
And murmurs—
"Souporfish?"

Daughter of Erin, skittish are thy ways,
Perchance my meal you'll bring some of these days.
O, why procrastinate? Why, why go slow?
Art waiting for the ham-and-eggs to grow?
At length she comes again upon the scene
And beams upon me with a smile serene;
Like champagne bottle popping out its cork
She shoots out—
"Beeforpork?"

O, fair one, tho' no drinking man am I—
I fain some mild, light beverage would try.
Not only hungry am I, but athirst;
And I could drink until my hide would burst.
O, for ice-water, milk or lemonade,
Some cool drink bring me, oh; thou lovely maid!
At last she sees my signal and far off
Shouts at m—
"Teorcoff?"

Come, come, thou shy, coy maid, hear my appeal—
Have I come to the end of this, my meal?
Is this small ration all I am to draw?
Must famine's tooth forever at me gnaw?
You think I've had enough—not so—not so!
Ah, little of a boarder's wants you know!
If you'd but listen—if you only would!
She answers—
"Pieorpud?"

—Boston Beacon.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

The little silver column in the thermometer was gradually mounting toward the nineties, the leaves hung motionless in the furnace-like air, and the scent of the perfumed swaths of newly cut hay pervaded everything, as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple-tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square pocket-handkerchief of yellow silk.

"Phew!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much. I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"So'd I, if I wasn't workin' for days' wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the fragant billows of green with a fork which gleamed like serried lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich landowner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please?" said he.

"Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish I could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a makeshift bridge formed by a fallen cedar tree. Far down in the green crosslights and glinting reflections of the glen he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing, and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her, out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooning—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on.

The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked at it with a complacent sense of proprietorship as he went around to the backdoor, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. The roomy kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white-board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kitty came running out of the front room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be asleep and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser-shelf. Asleep!"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down, but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely it isn't 12 o'clock yet."

"It don't lack many minutes of it," said the squire gloomily, looking at the big, wooden clock, whose fat, black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebulae of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. My head aches, but I don't take to my bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hay-field he naturally expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and keep for if it ain't to see that meals is reg'lar and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame-winged pigeon, "but I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty (to the child), wash these potatoes in the sink as quick as you can, and trim the beets, while I run out for some kindlings to hurry up the fire."

A minute afterward he could hear the quick strokes of the hatchet and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to haying-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulantly, "as if everything hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing shrewdly over the top of the tin potato-pan, "why don't you go out and split the kindlings and let mother 'tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley quickly, as she touched a match to the mass of crumpled papers under the grate.

"Where's the last *Gazette*?" snarled the squire, ignoring Kitty's query.

"Oh, Titus," cried the wife, "I've just set fire to it! I supposed, of course you'd read it—it's a week old today, you know."

"Of course," said Squire Sadley, "I might have known without asking! It's waste, and fling away, and burn up in this house. There an't nothing safe where an extravagant woman's concerned!"

"Mother an't extravagant!" said Kitty.

"Where's them peas I brought in this morning?" sharply demanded the squire, looking around him, with Argus eyes.

"There isn't time to shell them now," said Mrs. Sadley, timidly.

"Time—time!" repeated her husband. "Of course there an't time, if you sleep away your life on that there sofy. I mean to have it taken away tomorrow. It's a deal too handy. What's the use o' my plantin' the earliest peas in market, and hoein' and brushin' 'em, and then goin' out afore sunup to pick 'em, if my folks han't life enough to cook 'em?"

"I'll have 'em for supper," said Mrs. Sadley, with a little tremolo in her voice.

"No you won't, neither," said the squire. "I'll send 'em over to Neighbor Barton's. His wife's got some snap in her! I declare, it's clear discouragin' for a man to be dragged back all the time by a shiftless wife!"

A big round drop plashed down into the frying-pan which Mrs. Sadley was just preparing to receive sundry slices of well-cured-ham which she had been cutting; she made no verbal reply, however.

"Eh?" said the squire; "why don't you say something? Sulking, I s'pose, as usual?"

At this poor Mrs. Sadley burst into tears.

"No, Titus," said she, "I an't sulking. But I feel awful bad today, and it don't take much to upset me. It's all true what you say. I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature, and I don't blame you for gettin' out of patience. But if I hadn't worked so hard all these years—"

"Oh, yes, there's always some excuse," growled the squire; and taking a stray "sample number" of a paper, he went out to sit in the honeysuckle shade.

"I can't stand that roasting fire," said he.

"Then," said Kitty, the enfant terrible, "how do you suppose mother likes it?"

In an instant, however, her fickle childish attention was diverted.

"See!" she cried; "there come Cousin Mary and Mr. Dallas over the hill! Oh father, they're engaged. Did you know it?"

"Yes," absently answered the squire, intent on his paper.

"I was in the parlor that night; it thundered and rained so hard," said Kitty, with a twinkling eye, "and they didn't know it. And I heard them talking to each other. And he called her his darling love——"

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "A reg'lar case o' spooning."

"And she said he was her dearest, dearest one," added Kitty, the circumstantial.

"Young fools!" snapped Squire Sadley.

"Father," said Kitty, leaning on his shoulder—she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of the stern despot—"don't all lovers talk so?"

"They're fools for their pains if they do?"

"Didn't you love mother when she was a girl like Cousin Mary? Didn't you say just such things to her?"

The squire moved uneasily in his chair under the calm, searching light of Mary's eyes.

"I might ha' done," he owned at last. "I s'pose I was just as great an idiot as other folks be."

"I don't see why people ever leave it off," said Kitty abstractedly. "Was mother a pretty girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the squire, almost angrily, and he got up and walked around to the old wooden bench beside the well curb.

Had Kitty's mother been a pretty girl? Yes, that she had—rose-cheeked and limpid-eyed, with a laugh sweet as the note of a thrush, and the lightest foot in a Virginia reel of any girl in the neighborhood. "And now, I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature," she had said, in the faint, weary accents, looking at him out of the dim, faded eyes; "and I don't blame you for getting out of patience." Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"I don't know," said the squire, staring at heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I most think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots o' hired help about the farm, and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius o' twenty miles around Kingsley church. And to look at her now!"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute!" he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they an't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinkin' of all these years. Leave off loving her? I han't never left it off. I love her now, bless her faithful, patient soul, as well as ever I did; only I've fell into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't."

He kept his word.

"Engaged, Mary? Is it really a settled thing?" said Mrs. Sadley. "Oh, I hope you'll be happy. I hope, after twelve years of marriage, dear, Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a faint color glowed on her ordinary pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work so as to spare me? And there is such an easy, spring-upholstered sofa in the hall in place of the lumpy old lounge, and there's one of the hay-hands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style next week, and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonsense, you know! And yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Poor soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad!" said Mary. "But you deserve it all, Cousin Eunice."

And the newly betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand. For what else could so have changed the squire?

They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: "Good in all, and none all good."—*Amy Randolph in N. Y. Ledger.*

Longstreet and the Scots.

The New York Highlanders, a volunteer regiment which served with conspicuous distinction in the war, has a new name on its roster; the recruit is no less a distinguished commander than Gen. Longstreet, the Confederate. He was elected at the recent visit of the regiment to Knoxville. After his election he told of his first meeting with the "Scots." He said he was about to meet an attack and inquired of an aide who was making the charge on his line on the left. The aide answered: "Those Irishmen with the Scotch caps." "I asked him how they were fighting," continued the General, "and he said: 'Can't you hear the racket?' I could. Just then a squad of men came running from where the engagement was the hottest, and I asked the Lieutenant in command if there was any serious fighting going on, and where they were going. 'Going,' echoed the Lieutenant, 'to the rear. This is no fit place for any man.' From that time my estimation of the Scotch bugs rose 100 per cent."

The Education of Children.

I think that all mothers must console themselves with the fact that no system of education can be absolutely perfect. Neither are we nor our children perfect. One thing should never be lost sight of; that we are educating children to be men and women, not to be children.

We can do no better than to develop them into what nature has intended them to be; we cannot successfully make them what we should prefer. Let us accept our children as the kind of people they are by nature. Do not let them feel that their faults are uppermost in our minds when we think of them. The person who is happy surely faces the world at a great advantage; the person who is unhappy often has doubts and suspicions and bitternesses. Let us try to give our children the advantage of happiness, and, though we have no personal motive, we shall surely not go unrewarded.—*Harper's Bazar.*

In the Pacific coast states, at least, the potato crop has not been a failure. In some parts of southern Oregon from 30,000 to 40,000 pounds of potatoes have been raised from a single acre.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Author of "Monica," "Mona Scully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII. CONTINUED.

"You will remember not to start when you meet me," he continues, issuing his commands with insolent assumption of authority over the dainty Dora, who up to this, has been accustomed to rule it over others in her particular sphere, and who now chafes and writhes beneath the sense of slavery that is oppressing her. "You will meet me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I shall be clad in my cousin's light overcoat, the one of which Miss Delmaine was graciously pleased to say she approved yesterday morning."

His eyes light again with a revengeful fire as he calls to mind the slight praise Florence has bestowed in a very casual fashion on his coat. Every smile, every kindly word addressed by this girl to his cousin, is treasured up by him and dwelt upon in secret, to the terrible strengthening of the purpose he has in view.

"But if you should be seen—be marked," hesitates Dora faintly.

"Pshaw—am I one to lay my plans so clumsily as to court discovery on even the minutest point?" he interrupts impatiently. "When you meet me you will—but enough of this; I shall be there to meet you in the lime-walk, and after that you will take your cue from me."

"That is all you have to say?" asks Dora, anxious to quit his hated presence.

"For the present—yes. Follow my instructions to the letter, or dread the consequences. Any blunder in the performance of this arrangement I shall lay to your charge."

"You threaten, sir!" she exclaims angrily, though she trembles.

"Let it be your care to see that I do not carry out my threats," he retorts, with an insolent shrug.

The next day, directly after luncheon, as Florence is sitting in her own room, touching up an unfinished watercolor sketch of part of the ground round the castle—which have, alas, grown only too dear to her!—Dora enters her room. It is an embarrassed and significantly smiling Dora that trips up to her, and says with pretty hesitation in her tone—

"Dearest Florence, I want your advice about something."

"Mine?" exclaims Florence, laying down her brush, and looking, as she feels, astonished. As a rule, the gentle Dora does not seek for wisdom from her friends.

"Yes, dear, if you can spare me the time. Just five minutes will do, and then you can return to your charming sketch. Oh"—glancing at it—"how exactly like it is—so perfect; what a sunset, and what firs! One could imagine one's self in the Fairies' Glen by just looking at it."

"It is not the Fairies' Glen at all; it is that bit down by Gough's farm," says Florence coldly. Of late she has not been so blind to Dora's artificialness as she used to be.

"Ah, so it is!" agrees Dora airily, not in the least discomposed at her mistake. "And so like it too. You are a genius, dearest, you are really, and might make your fortune, only that you have one made already for you, fortunate girl!"

"You want my advice," suggests Florence quietly.

"Ah, true; and about something important too!" She throws into her whole air so much coquetry mingled with assumed bashfulness that Florence knows by instinct that the "something" has Sir Adrian for its theme, and she grows pale and miserable accordingly.

"Let me hear it then," she urges, leaning back with a weary sigh.

"I have just received this letter," says Mrs. Talbot, taking from her pocket the letter Arthur had given her, and holding it out to Florence. "I want to know how I shall answer it. Would you—would you honestly advise me, Flo, to go and meet him as he desires?"

"As who desires?"

"Ah, true; you do not know, of course! I am so selfishly full of myself and my own concerns, that I seem to think every one else must be full of them too. Forgive me, dearest, and read his sweet little letter, will you?"

"Of whom are you speaking—to whose letter do you refer?" asks Florence, a little sharply, in the agony of her heart.

"Florence! Whose letter would I call 'sweet' except Sir Adrian's?" answers her cousin, with gentle reproach.

"But it is meant for you, not me," says Miss Delmaine, holding the letter in her hand, and glancing at it with great distaste. "He probably intended no other eyes but yours to look upon it."

"But I must obtain advice from some one, and who so natural to expect it from as you, my nearest relative? If, however"—putting her handkerchief to her eyes—"you object to help me, Florence, or if it distresses you to read—"

"Distresses me?" interrupts Florence haughtily. "Why should it distress me? If you have no objection to my reading your—lover's—letter, why should I hesitate about doing so? Pray sit down while I run through it."

Dora having seated herself, Florence hastily reads the false note from beginning to end. Her heart beats furiously as she does so, and her color comes and goes; but her voice is quite steady when she speaks again.

"Well," she says, putting the paper from her as though glad to get rid of it, "it seems that Sir Adrian wishes to speak to you on some subject interesting to you and him alone, and that he has chosen the privacy of the lime-walk as the spot in which to hold your *tete-a-tete*. It is quite a simple affair, is it not? Though really, why he could not arrange to talk privately to you in some room in the castle, which is surely large enough for the purpose, I can not understand."

"Dear Sir Adrian is so romantic," says Dora coyly.

"Is he?" responds her cousin dryly. "He has always seemed to me the saneest of men. Well, on what matter do you wish to consult me?"

"Dear Florence, how terribly prosaic and unsympathetic you are to-day!" says Dora reproachfully; "and I came to you so sure of offers of love and friendship! I want you to tell me if you think I ought to meet him or not."

"Why not?"

"I don't know"—with a little simper. "Is it perhaps humoring him too much? I have always dreaded letting a man imagine I cared for him, unless fully, utterly, assured of his affection for me."

Florence colors again, and then grows deadly pale, as this poisoned barb pierces her bosom.

"I should think," she says slowly, "after reading the letter you have just shown me, you ought to feel assured."

"You believe I ought, really?"—with a fine show of eagerness. "Now, you are not saying this to please me—to gratify me?"

"I should not please or gratify any one at the expense of truth."

"No, of course not. You are such a high-principled girl, so different from many others. Then you think I might go and meet him this evening without sacrificing my dignity in any way?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed little Mrs. Talbot rapturously, nodding her "honorable" head with a beaming smile, "because I do so want to meet him, dear fellow! And I value your opinion, Flo, more highly than that of any friend I possess. You are so solid, so thoughtful—such a dear thing altogether."

Florence takes no heed of this rodomontade, but sits quite still, with downcast eyes, tapping the small table near her with the tips of her slender fingers in a meditative fashion.

"The fact is," continues Dora, who is watching her closely, "I may as well let you into a little secret. Yesterday Sir Adrian and I had a tiny, oh, such a tiny little dispute, all about nothing, I assure you"—with a gay laugh—"but to us it seemed quite important. He said he was jealous of me. Now just fancy that, Flo, jealous of poor little me!"

"It is quite possible; you are pretty—most men admire you," Florence remarks coldly, still without raising her eyes.

"Ah, you flatter me, naughty girl! Well, silly as it sounds, he actually was jealous, and really gave me quite a scolding. It brought tears to my eyes, it upset me so. So to tell the truth, we parted rather bad friends; and, to be revenged on me, I suppose, he rather neglected me for the remainder of the day."

Again Florence is silent, though her tormentor plainly waits for a lead from her before going on.

"You must have remarked," she continues presently, "how cold and reserved he was towards me when we were all together in that dreadful haunted chamber." Here she really shudders, in spite of herself. The cruel eyes of Arthur Dynecourt seem to be on her again, as they were in that ghostly room.

"I remarked nothing," responds Florence icily.

"No—really? Well, he was. Why, my dear Florence, you must have seen how he singled you out, to be attentive to you, just to show me how offended he was."

"He did not seem offended at any one, and I thought he was in particular good spirits," replies Florence calmly.

Dora turns a delicate pink.

"Dear Adrian is such an excellent actor," she says sweetly, "and so proud; he will disguise his feelings, however keen they may be, from the knowledge of any one, no matter what the effort may cost him. Well, dearest, and so you positively advise me to keep this appointment with him?"

"I advise nothing. I merely say that I see nothing objectionable in your walking up and down the lime-walk with your host."

"How clearly you put it! Well, adieu, darling, for the present, and thank you a thousand times for all the time you have wasted on me. I assure you I am not worth it"—kissing her hand brightly.

For once she speaks the truth; she is not indeed worth one moment of the time Florence has been compelled to expend upon her; yet, when she has tripped out of the room, seemingly as free from guile as a light-hearted child, Miss Delmaine's thoughts still follow her inclination.

She has gone to meet him; no doubt to interchange tender words and vows with him; to forgive, to be forgiven, about some sweet bit of lover's folly, the dearer for its very foolishness. She listens for her footsteps as she returns along the corridor, dressed no doubt in her prettiest gown, decked out to make herself fair in his eyes.

An overwhelming desire to see how she has robed herself on this particular occasion induces Florence to go to the door and look after her as she descends the stairs. She just catches a glimpse of Dora as she turns the corner, and sees, to her surprise, that she is by no means daintily attired, but has thrown a plain dark waterproof over her dress, as though to hide it. Slightly surprised at this, Florence ponders over it, and finally comes to the bitter conclusion that Dora is so sure of his devotion that she knows it is not necessary for her to bedeck herself in finery to please him. In his eyes of course she is lovely in any toilet.

Soon, soon she will be with him. How will they greet each other? Will he look into Dora's eyes as he used to look into hers not so very long ago? Arthur Dynecourt read her aright when he foresaw that she would be unable to repress the desire to follow Dora, and see for herself the meeting between her and Sir Adrian.

Hastily putting on a large Rubens hat, and twisting a soft piece of black lace round her neck, she runs down-stairs, and, taking a different direction from that she knows Dora most likely pursued, she arrives by a side path at the lime-walk almost as soon as her cousin.

Afraid to venture too near, she obtains a view of the walk from a high position framed in by rhododendrons. Yes, now she can see Dora, and now she can see too, the man who comes eagerly to meet her. His face is slightly turned away from her, but the tall figure clad in the loose light overcoat is not to be mistaken. He advances quickly, and meets Dora with both hands outstretched. She appears to draw back a little, and then he seizes her hands, and, stooping, covers them with kisses.

A film seems to creep over Florence's eyes. With a stifled groan, she turns and flies homeward. Again in the privacy of her own room, and having turned the key securely in the lock to keep out all intruders, she flings herself upon her bed and cries as if her heart would break.

* * * * * *

Not until her return to her room does Dora remember that she did not get back the false letter from her cousin. In the heat of the conversation she had forgotten it, but now, a fear possessing her lest Florence should show it to any one, she runs upstairs and knocks at Miss Delmaine's door.

"Come in," calls Florence slowly.

It is three hours since she went for her unhappy walk to the lime-grove, and now she is composed again, and is waiting for the gong to sound before descending to the drawing-room, where she almost dreads the thought that she will be face to face with Sir Adrian. She is dressed for dinner, has indeed taken most particular pains with her toilet, if only to hide the ravages that these past three hours of bitter weeping have traced upon her beautiful face. She looks sad still, but calm and dignified.

Dora is dressed too, but is looking flurried and flushed.

"I beg your pardon," she says; "but my letter—the letter I showed you today—have you it?"

"No," replies Florence simply; "I thought I gave it back to you; but, if not, it must be here on the table"—lifting a book or two from the gypsy-table near which she had been sitting when Dora came to her room early in the day.

Dora looks for it everywhere, in a somewhat nervous, frightened manner, Florence helping her the while; but nothing comes of their search, and they are fain to go down-stairs without it, as the gong sounding loudly tells them they are already late.

"Never mind," says Dora, afraid of having betrayed too much concern. "It is really of no consequence. I only wanted it, because—well, because"—with the simper that drives Florence nearly mad—"he wrote it."

"I shall tell my maid to look for it, and, if she finds it, you shall have it this evening," responds Florence, with a slight contraction of her brows that passes unnoticed.

To Florence's mortification, Arthur Dynecourt takes her in to dinner. On their way across the hall from the drawing-room to the dining-room, he presses the hand that rests so reluctantly upon his arm, and says, with an affectation of the sincerest concern—

"You are not well; you are looking pale and troubled, and—pardon me if I am wrong, but I think you have been crying."

"I must beg sir," she retorts, with excessive *hauteur*, removing her hand from his arm, as though his pressure had burned her—"I must beg, you will not trouble yourself to study my countenance. Your doing so is most offensive to me."

"To see you in trouble, and not long to help or comfort you is impossible to me," goes on Dynecourt, unmoved by her scorn. "Are you still dwelling on the past—on what is irrevocable? Have you had fresh cause to remember it to-day?"

There is a gleam of malice in his eyes, but Florence, whose gaze is turned disdainfully away from him, fails to see it. She changes color indeed beneath his words, but makes him no reply, and, when they reach the dining-room, in a very marked manner she takes a seat far removed from his.

There is a sinister expression in his eyes and round his mouth as he notes this studied avoidance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The chief chemist of the London Gas Company has succeeded in making from the refuse of gas retort a perfect emerald. The cost of making the gem, however, was many times greater than that for which a natural stone could be purchased at a jeweler's.

"Why so pale and wan, fond dove. Prithee! why so pale?" "Well, if the truth must be told, I have the most villanous cold a man ever had." She only smiled a confident and happy smile—and brought down her bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

In Greece the senators get $100 per month and the deputies $50.

I have tried Salvation Oil in my own case for neuralgia and experienced much benefit from its use. It's very penetrating and always gives relief. J. S. LEWIS, Manufacturer Boots & Shoes. 54 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.

In France members of each house receive the same—$5 per day.

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In Germany members of both houses receive about $2,50 per day.

"Guide to Health and Etiquette" is a beautiful illustrated book. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., send it free for two 2c stamps. The ladies appreciate it.

In Belgium each member of the chamber of representatives gets $85 a month.

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, pales into nothingness before the story it will tell you itself, of its perfect quality, if you give it one trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

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Will be pleased to learn that a collection of twenty of the finest scenic views in Wisconsin and Minnesota may be obtained, free of postage, by the sending of an address and fifty cents (in postage or otherwise) to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

P. S. As the supply is limited, early application should be made.

In Portugal the peer and commons are paid the same sum, which is about $335 a year.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

The difference between a man's mind being turned on politics and his mind being turned is not such a very, very vast one.

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I feel it my duty to inform others of my success plating spoons, castors, jewelry, etc. The first week I cleared $36, and in three weeks $118.50. By addressing W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. Six months ago I was poor, I now have a nice home and bank account all the product of $3 invested in a Plater.

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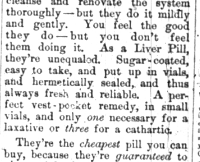
In Italy the senators and deputies are not paid at all, but they are allowed traveling expenses and certain other privileges.



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