

Peculiar To Itself

In what it is and what it does—containing the best blood-purifying, alternative and tonic substances and effecting the most radical and permanent cures of all humors and eruptions, relieving weak, tired, languid feelings, and building up the whole system—is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla

No other medicine acts like it; no other medicine has done so much real, substantial good, no other medicine has restored health and strength at so little cost.

Allen Mortals.

Think for a moment of the narrow limits of our knowledge! Sixteen hundred millions of featherless bipeds, more or less, are picking up a living, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, on this pretty planet of ours; and what infinitesimal proportion can you really unveil the secrets and gauge the virtues and the happiness. How many people do you know intimately enough to say whether their lot is, on the whole, enviable or the reverse? Every human being is a foreign kingdom to every other. We make a short excursion into their minds; we touch at a port here and there; and we say glibly that we know them intimately. We know not how many dark corners are carefully hidden away from all strangers, and what vast provinces have never been reached in our most daring travels. How, then, can we judge one another? Such utter ignorance of our neighbor's thoughts and motives should make us wondrous charitable.

A Heart Story.

Folsom, S. Dak.—In these days when so many sudden deaths are reported from Heart Failure and various forms of Heart Disease, it will be good news to many to learn that there is a never failing remedy for every form of Heart Trouble.

Mrs. H. D. Hyde, of this place, was troubled for years with a pain in her heart which distressed her a great deal. She had tried many remedies but had not succeeded in finding anything that would help her until at last she began a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills and this very soon relieved her and she has not had a single pain or any distress in the region of the heart since. She says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the greatest heart medicine I have ever used. I was troubled for over three years with a severe pain in my heart, which entirely disappeared after a short treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Latest Electrical Novelty.

Down near Atlantic City, N. J., there has been in successful operation for several months an experimental trolley road minus the trolley. More astonishing still there is no third rail or storage battery to be seen on this unique bit of road. Without any apparent means of obtaining the all-important electric current, motor cars will draw a 200,000-pound load on this road. Of course, the secret of it all lies in the application of a new system. Every sixteen feet a point of connection is established midway between the rails where a metal button projects above a box through which passes the powerful current carried along wires in a subway. A person might step on this button and one of the rails at the same time and not receive a shock, but as the car passes over, a powerful magnet underneath attracts the button and in raising it establishes the circuit which supplies the motor with enough of the essential fluid to propel the car along the sixteen feet of track to another point of contact. The saving of expenses in installation and maintenance over that of the old systems, the freedom from overhead wires which so seriously interfere with the fighting of fires in the cities, and the immunity from fatal shocks which it insures are factors which will no doubt bring about its rapid adoption.

Conflicting Evidence.

The Widow—I wonder why Minerva was called the goddess of wisdom? The Bachelor—Probably because she wasn't foolish enough to marry. The Widow—Then why was Solomon, who had a thousand wives, called the wisest man?

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, and other ailments.

Science AND Invention

Gravel will shrink eight per cent; gravel and sand, nine per cent; clay and clay earths, ten per cent; loam and light sandy earths, twelve per cent. These figures are useful in making estimates for such work.

Among the innumerable experiments with liquid air two are particularly curious. A ball of india rubber immersed in it becomes as brittle as glass, but a ball of lead, in the same circumstances, acquires elasticity, and will rebound like rubber.

French statistics show that a total of 238,703 horse-power from the falls of the Alps is now used for generating electricity. The electric power serves the following: Aluminum works, 22,536 horse-power, other metallurgical factories, 20,485; chlorate of potassium works, 9,000; calcium carbide works, 104,466; sodium chlorate works, 13,500; transmission of power and lighting, 38,727; various industries, 19,980.

It is reported from Johannesburg that a new and unexpected source of wealth has been discovered in the territory of the late Boer republic. Near the eastern border of the Transvaal, on the edge of the lofty South African plateau, three valuable lodes of tin ore have been found, and the deposits are apparently so extensive that predictions are heard that the new colony may prove to be as rich in tin and copper as it is already known to be in gold.

The human body changes its temperature very slightly under any conditions of heat or cold, but a Russian naturalist finds that the body temperature of insects is practically that of the atmosphere. It usually rises more slowly than the air, though more rapidly when the air is very moist. When the insect begins to move, the temperature rises rapidly, and may reach about 38 degrees C. (102.2 degrees F.) Below -0.5 degrees C. insects remain motionless, and the wings are not moved until the temperature reaches about 12 degrees C.

The latest new form of dirigible balloon, invented by L. J. Anderson, of London, has two elongated gas-bags of the same shape and size placed side by side, like the two hulls of a catamaran boat. The car is suspended beneath, being equally supported by both balloons, and the driving propeller is placed behind their rear ends, and half-way between them. In experimenting with a model having balloons seven feet long, the inventor finds that this form of airship possesses advantages in steering and in maintaining a straight course. He is constructing a full-sized apparatus with balloons 70 feet long, to be driven by a 50-horse-power electric motor.

After forty years of agitation, led by Liverpool merchants, the British government has just sanctioned the use of a weight of fifty pounds in place of the standard "hundredweight" (112 pounds), and "half-hundredweight" (fifty-six pounds). The reform was demanded because the immense quantities of cotton, corn, tobacco and other American products landed at Liverpool were calculated by the sellers in pounds, while the buyers were compelled to reckon in "hundredweights," which did not represent the number of pounds that the name implies. It is claimed that the reform will save a great amount of time and labor and prevent many errors. It is also regarded as an entering wedge for the introduction of the decimal system in England.

QUEER USES FOR CEILINGS.

Men Have Employed Them as Substitutes for Savings Banks.

Some time since a Liverpool gentleman died, as it was thought, intestate. No will could be found, and the next of kin had already entered into possession when the decorators, in whose hands the deceased's old house had been placed for renovation, came across the long-sought-for document, pasted on the library ceiling, where it had been hidden from view by a layer of paper, which had been placed there by the eccentric testator himself.

The celebrated Beau Brummel, during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors, so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

For a far different reason did a certain Yorkshire gentleman of the last century, mentioned by Mrs. Gaskell in her "Life of Charlotte Bronte," have his ceiling paneled with mirrors. Ardently devoted to the sport of cock-fighting, he continued to the last to enjoy his favorite pastime, and even when on his deathbed his room was the scene of many an exciting fight, which, lying on his back, he saw reflected in the glass overhead.

Another invalid whose tastes were certainly more aesthetic was a gentleman who died lately at Munich. Confined for many months to his bed, he gratified his love for art by having his ceiling papered and covered with his most treasured pictures, which he in his younger days had acquired. These were changed from time to time for others in his collection, which in their turn were contemplated with delight by the crippled connoisseur as he lay stretched on his couch of pain.

During a police case heard a year back at Tottenham the prosecutrix told the magistrate that she had taken the prisoner in out of charity and had permitted her to remain. This the prisoner denied, saying that she paid 2s 6d a week. "You only paid 2s," reported the other, "and that is marked on the ceiling." This novel idea of converting a ceiling into a rent book evoked a roar of laughter in court.

An eccentric Brighton pedagogue was wont to use the ceiling of his schoolroom as a blackboard. It was covered with a casing of blackened and polished wood on which the doctrine, by means of a long, chalk-pointed

rod, used to draw geometrical figures and diagrams while discoursing on the subtleties of Euclid. This unusual proceeding was but the practical application of a quaint theory of his that the elevation of the pupils' eyes induced sharpness of intellect.

Much annoyed at the barefaced manner in which the photos of his friends and acquaintances that were scattered in profusion about his rooms, were appropriated by his many visitors, a gentleman well known in Parisian society hit upon the ingenious device of having them affixed to the ceilings of his flat. Three large rooms are thus decorated, and that callers, should they desire, may obtain a clear view of the portraits, opera glasses of special construction are supplied.

When in 1893 Mlle. Forrester gave a dance at her house in Paris the ceiling of the ballroom was so constructed that at given intervals it discharged upon the dancers a fine rain of white rose, cherry blossom, jockey club and other scents. This pleasing surprise was likewise prepared for his guests by a wealthy Russian nobleman, who, however, heightened the effect by having the ceiling exquisitely painted with the flowers whose essences descended upon those beneath.—London Tit-Bits.

HOW ZOOS GET WILD ANIMALS.

Bait Used by Recruiting Agents and Travelers.

Getting recruits for the zoological parks is not by any means the easiest thing in the world, though the authorities themselves do not bear much of the trouble in this connection. The work is mainly done by travelers and natives of countries from which the wild beasts come, from whom the various zoological societies of the world buy, except when the purchases are made from professional wild-beast dealers.

Some of the latter employ regular recruiting agents, whom they send out whenever they receive orders which they cannot execute with stock they have in hand. If the park authorities order an African lion of a dealer and the dealer has not a suitable beast on hand recruiting lions in Africa begins at once and continues until a good specimen has been obtained.

The different methods by which the various wild animals are captured in their native state are interesting. Lions are generally caught by being tempted to thrust their heads through nooses of strong cords composed of twisted hides. Pieces of meat are used for bait, but frequently the hunters have many days of hard chasing before the lion can be persuaded to try the noose. When he does the cords are pulled quickly around his throat, stifling him, and other stout cords are then bound around his legs. Restoratives are then administered to revive the animal, whose efforts to free himself from the noose have brought on exhaustion, and he is carried away and put in a specially constructed cage for shipment.

Tigers are more savage than lions and can rarely be captured when alone and on the sly. Recruiting is accordingly carried on among the cub, the parents being killed and the young, left without protectors, being easily caught. The cubs readily accustom themselves to captivity.

Perhaps the most difficult of all wild animals to capture is the giraffe, says the New York Times. In addition to being very rare, giraffes are exceedingly timid and are very swift-footed. There is no special way to capture a giraffe, as almost every way has been tried, and all have been almost equally unsuccessful. The method which has occasionally resulted in a capture is by using a long cord, at each end of which is a round weight. This cord is thrown by the hunter in such a manner as to wind around the animal's legs, either bringing it to the ground or rendering it incapable of escaping before it is made a prisoner. Most of the giraffes in captivity have been caught by chance when young.

A House Divided. Most persons have had the experience of walking with a friend out of step and trying to shift just at the moment when the friend also makes the attempt. This is an instance of thwarted harmony much like that which appears in a story told by V. C., of an elderly couple. They were childless and had never been united by the bond of other lives linked with their own. So they were always in a state of well-bred disagreement.

On the subject of meals they disagreed thoroughly, and each usually suggested a dish for the Sunday dinner which the other did not approve. One Saturday the man came home from market with a basket. "You needn't worry about to-morrow's dinner any more, Maria. I've got it." "And so have I, George. You were so undecided—"

"Undecided? I told you what I wanted." "Well, I mean you didn't decide as I did. So I bought a goose." "Why, so have I. I told you I'd like a goose." "Well, now we are agreed for once, anyway." "Yes, and I suppose we'll have cold goose and stewed goose for the next two weeks."

They relapsed into their usual silence. Sunday forenoon the wife asked, "Do you want a little quince in the apple-sauce with your goose?" "Your goose, you mean?" "No, I don't. It seemed so absurd to have two geese in the house that I sent mine to Aunt Jane."

"What! I sent mine to Uncle Joe!" "Dressed for a Long Walk. Mrs. Malaprop—I walked twenty-five miles yesterday. Mr. Parlor-mop—Did you wear a pedometer? Miss Malaprop—Oh, no, indeed—just a short skirt.—Harvard Lampoon.

Temporary Opinion. The Fiancee—The idea of his thinking that I am unworthy of me. The Confidante—Yes, but you needn't argue the matter with him. He'll discover his error in time.—Brooklyn Life.

Some women have so much powder on their faces that they can't see their own faces. Some men have so much powder on their faces that they can't see their own faces.

STORY OF THE MUFF.

Once Its Color Betokened the Rank of the Wearer.

"Do you know that the color of a muff once betokened the rank of the wearer?" said a furrer to a Philadelphia Record man as he stroked a beautiful seal-skin muff. "In the days of Charles IX. no lady could have worn this fur, for black was decreed by the King to be the badge of the common people and the court followers were restricted to the colors.

"Muffs have gone through more styles than it would seem possible to invent for such a simple article of convenience. It has been long and narrow, like a sheet, and, again, large and round. At the beginning of last century the test of size was to try the muff in a flour barrel. If it went in without much trouble then that muff was too small to be really fashionable. At the present day almost anything is proper, but those enormous cylinders would certainly draw much attention. One of the most curious styles was that of Louis XIV., called the 'chapeaux mauchons,' because they were made to convey little dogs in.

"The muff when first introduced was the exclusive property of the nobility and originated in Venice. These muffs were very small and consisted of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur and the openings fastened with rich jewels. Such arrangements came in during the early part of the seventeenth century, but in the previous century the ladies frequently carried a piece of rich fur, which they used either as a muff or a neck piece.

"The muff reached its highest point in the reign of Louis XV., when the productions were exquisite. Then fashion declared for a cloth muff instead of fur, and the furrers made a great uproar. They petitioned the Pope to excommunicate the wearer of a cloth muff, but to no purpose. Finally some ingenious merchant bribed the headman to carry a cloth muff on execution day. The women shrank from such association and the fur was the day. We now associate the muff only with cold weather, but in the old days it was a regular part of woman's dress and was carried in all weather. As late as 1830 a muff and a straw bonnet were not deemed incongruous."

Savage Athletes. In this age of athletics one might think that no people ever showed so much interest in feats of muscular might and skill as those who have perfected football; but modern games, and even the games of the Greeks at Olympia, may have been more than matched by the sports of peoples who are now held in little esteem. A writer on the Canary Islands gives an account of their athletic training which makes even the college giants of to-day seem weak and effeminate.

The Canary Islands were subjected by Spain about the time Columbus discovered America. The conquest was due solely to the superiority of European weapons, and not to better skill and prowess. The native soldiers were trained athletes, developed under a system which held athletic sports an important business, like military drill. Spanish chronicles have left us accounts of the sports of the islanders. From babyhood they were trained to be brisk in self-defense. As soon as they could toddle the children were pelted with mud balls, that they might learn how to protect themselves. When they were boys stones and wooden darts were substituted for the bits of clay.

In this rough school they acquired the rudiments of warfare which enabled them, during their wars with the Spaniards, to catch in their hands the arrows shot from their enemies' cross-bows.

After the conquest of the Canaries a native of the islands was seen at Seville who, for a shilling, let a man throw at him as many stones as he pleased from a distance of eight paces. Without moving his left foot he avoided every stone.

Another native used to defy any one to hurl an orange at him with so great rapidity that he could not catch it. Three men tried this, each with a dozen oranges, and the islander caught them all. As a further test, he hit his antagonists with each of the oranges.

Fishhook Cactus. Many a traveler in desert lands, when in danger of dying from thirst, has been saved by the plant known as the water or fishhook cactus, says the New York Commercial. During the moist season it stores up a large quantity of water for the subsequent dry one, when all the ground is parched with heat and only channels filled with stones mark the course of former rivulets. So well has this cactus provided for the safety of its precursors that it is no easy task to obtain it. The exterior skin is more impenetrable than the toughest leather, and, besides, it is protected with long, wiry spines curved into hooks at the end, yet so strong and springy that if a large rock be thrown against them they remain uninjured. If the spines be burned off one may, by long and tedious effort, cut through the rind with a stout knife; otherwise nothing but an axe will enable them to get at the interior of this well-armed plant. When the top is removed and a hollow made by scooping out some of the soft inner part it immediately fills with water, cool and refreshing, though a blistering sun may have been beating upon the tough skin above it all day. The water, when first obtained, has a whitish or smoky tint, but when settled is as clear as crystal.

Doing His Best. "Have you ever made any effort to do your fellow man any good?" "Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is a well-known fact that money widely distributed can accomplish but little. In order to exert its full force and achieve great works it must be concentrated."

"Well?" "I have been doing my best to concentrate as much of it as possible."—Washington Star.

A Query Answered. Laura—We have no infallible formula for removing a double chin. Consult some man who says he can shave himself in the dark.—Baltimore News.

THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

I have seen a wondrous picture of "that old sweetheart of mine." Of the girl whose soul is fairer than the world's most sacred shrine; And the long months seemed as nothing, for I heard her softly sigh, And once more I was her lover in the happy days gone by.

And I stood there gazing on her as a soul from outer space Gazed through the gates of heaven on an angel's deathless face; All the world around forgotten; all the past a mystic dream; With the old love burning in me and its passion all supreme.

Every nerve within my being seemed a harp string tuned to love, Trembling with the music learned from Israel above, As I stood there in the silence with her fair face close to mine, And my tired spirit longing for the days that were divine.

Slowly faded the ship of evening out into the sea of night; Slowly into darkness faded all save memory's holy light; And the dream of life was ended. But the stars of memory shine Through the soul's wide-open windows on "that old sweetheart of mine."

THE CONSEQUENCE.

THE doctor looked into the woman's brave eyes and slowly pronounced her sentence.

"The operation must take place within a few days or—"

"Or what?"

"It may be too late to operate at all."

"And—I will get through it safely?"

"I hope so."

"You are not sure. You think there is a risk?"

"There is always a risk in every operation," he answered evasively.

"Tell me the truth, doctor; I can bear it."

The old man looked into the desperate eyes and put his hand gently on the woman's shoulder.

"You are a brave woman. I will tell you the truth. This operation will be a very serious one—in fact, there is only a chance that you will survive it. But there is a chance, and for the sake of it you must not lose heart."

"Couldn't I wait till next month—just for a few weeks longer? It surely would not make any difference if it was postponed till then."

"My child," the doctor answered, "if I postponed it for a few weeks, for even one week, you will lose your chance of recovery. Besides, you will suffer such agony that your life will be unbearable. Let me advise you, and make up your mind to go through it immediately."

"Within the next few days. You must go into the hospital to-morrow to be prepared for it."

Then he explained the arrangements he would make for her, and after listening in a dazed, half-stupor fashion, Elizabeth said "good-by" to him, and wearily went out in the cold and darkness of the December evening.

She drove alone in a hansom with tears running down her white cheeks, and her heart rebelling at the cruel hand of Fate that had so unsparringly dealt her this blow. Had she deserved it? Was this trial sent to her because she had set one man upon a pedestal and worshipped him to the exclusion of the whole world? Or was it because she, like a fool, had thrust away with laughing eyes the happiness that had been held out to her, and the gods had guessed it was only a freak, and were punishing her because she insolently played with the best thing they had to give? Six months ago, when David Moore had started to tell her how dear she was to him, she had stopped him with a laugh, and had warned him that it would be wiser to wait till he returned from abroad before he decided that she was the "only woman in the world." She did not know why she had done it; why, when her heart was craving for his love, she had coquetted and warded him off. But right down she knew that it was for his own sake, to give him a fair chance of seeing other younger, more beautiful women, before she let him tell her that she was the best of all.

"I'll be back in six months, Elizabeth," he said, holding her hands, tightly, and looking into the sweet gray eyes. "I'll come straight to you. You will listen to me then; you will then believe that I am in earnest." And so he left her.

And now the six months were at an end; for that morning a telegram had come telling her of his arrival in England, and to expect to see him to-night.

She had lived every hour of her life in these months for David; everything she did was for his sake—was to please him. And now, when the time had really come, and he would be with her in a few hours, she must gather up her strength and send him away without a word of love, without a sign of regret.

It was because the pain had waged so fiercely through the night that she determined to go to a doctor to beg for something to give her relief, for the time at least. She had gone, and had had her sentence pronounced.

Although he had not actually said so, Elizabeth guessed that even if she did survive the operation she would always be a weak, delicate woman. And in her great love she decided to sacrifice even an hour of joy—she could never bear to be a drag on David, she must send him away again without explaining the reason.

When she arrived at the house where she lived in Kensington, she turned down the lamps under their red shades and told the maid to put more coal on the fire. She decided to postpone her preparations for her illness until after her visitor had gone. She would only have time now to prepare herself for the scene she must go through with him.

After she had some tea she went to her room. The frock she had chosen to wear was lying on the bed. It was a soft blue silk, and was very simply made. Quickly she put it back into the wardrobe and took down one that was just sufficiently old-fashioned to be dowdy.

"Molly said I look twenty in blue and thirty-five in black," she whispered, as she laid it on the bed.

Then she unstuffed her hair. She remembered some one saying, "To part the hair in the center either makes a

woman look much older or much younger than she actually is. I think, Elizabeth, that it makes you look much older."

Taking up the comb, she carefully made a parting down the center of her head and twisted her hair into a tight knob at the back.

The reflection that the mirror sent back to her made her shudder.

Then she put on the dowdy black frock. Ugh! she did look plain and old and commonplace. No man could make love to a woman who looked like that. And of all men, not David Moore, for she knew so well that he liked a woman to be good to look at.

Having finished her strange toilet, she went down to her sitting room, and waited. Fifteen minutes later her visitor came.

Elizabeth saw him start and the surprised look in his eyes as she held out her hand to him and asked coolly how he had enjoyed his trip.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" he said, quickly, without answering her, and looking anxiously at the face that had changed almost beyond recognition since he last saw it.

"No, no! Why should I be ill?" "You look so white and—"

"Old," she finished. "Well, I am six months older you must remember since you went away, and I am not the type of woman who wears well."

"Is anything the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"What should there be to trouble me? I never do anything but have a good time. I love excitement, and all that sort of thing."

The man looked as if he was not sure he had heard aright.

"No, Elizabeth continued. "I am not really different, but you have been accustomed to fresh young faces lately, and so poor mine seems old and withered in comparison. But please don't waste the time in discussing my appearance. Tell me how you enjoyed your visit."

"Fairly; but I was so anxious to get back to London to see you again that I did not think much about it. You know why I wished to be here by the 15th, Elizabeth?"

She looked as though she was trying to remember.

"Darling," he went on, coming close to her, "you have not forgotten that you said you would listen to me when I returned. You know, without any words, that you are the dearest woman in the world to me, and that I wish you for my wife."

"Your wife!" she echoed, with a sneering laugh. "Thank you, no. I must decline the honor."

"Elizabeth!" and his face went white as he held her hands tightly, "what do you mean?"

"Just that," she said. "I decline the honor."

"Then," and he dropped her hands and turned away. "I had better go. I was a conceited fool. Forgive me. My love for you has carried me too far."

Even in the half-lit room, Elizabeth's face looked strangely white as she put her hand to her side and leaned back in the cushions.

But she laughed again.

"Ah, it does not matter. You will forget it as readily as I will. And perhaps, after all, it was my own fault. But you must always allow for a woman's changing affections. It is a woman's way, you know."

"No, I did not know," coldly.

"Why not? She may vary her frocks—why not her affections?"

"For heaven's sake, don't talk like that. You might be a heartless flirt by your tone."

"I hardly think I am that, for your sex does not interest me sufficiently. But I am a woman of the world, and not a silly, love-sick girl."

"I never imagined you to be a silly, love-sick girl, any more than I thought of you as a 'woman of the world,' as you put it. Perhaps it will amuse you to hear that I was foolish enough to think you were—well, altogether different."

"Yes, it is rather absurd," she answered, driving her nails into her left hand as she stood up and held out her right one to him. "Good-by. There is no need to extend this interview. Besides, I am busy to-night. You will excuse me."

He took her hand and held it tightly, as he looked into the tired gray eyes.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," he whispered, "what does it all mean? Have you nothing left to say to me?"

"Yes; forget me as soon as you can. And—you will lose your beauty sleep if you don't go quickly."

He dropped her hand and went out of the house.

Her acting had been a success, too much of a success, for not only had she gone away with the idea that she was indifferent to him, but she had forced him to despise her for her levity. Yet, after all, it was better thus; it would be less difficult for him to cast her out of his heart.

She certainly did look plain. Yet her appearance had not made any difference to him. Ah! that look of concern in his eyes when he asked her if she

was ill. Why couldn't she have told him? It would have been so sweet to have had his loving sympathy!

And if her operation was to be as serious, and the result as fatal, as she feared, was there not some way in which she might, before it was too late, wipe out the false impression she had made to-night? She could not bitter the thought that he would think bitterly of her—afterward. Surely it would be some comfort to him to know the truth then. Yes, he must be told. She would write a letter and be destroyed; if she died, it would be delivered.

"I have sent you away from me," she wrote, "and am now breaking my heart because I will never look into your face again. David, to-night I acted a part to you. I forced myself to be cold and false. I made myself a fright to prevent you telling me of your love. I knew that if you did so I would not have the strength to resist you. I did not want you to guess that I cared. I wanted you to think me a heartless flirt—to despise me—anything, rather than you should regret or have a heart-ache."

"To-day my doctor told me that I must go under the knife within the next few days. He said that there was a slight chance, but in my heart I know that, if I do live, I will be a weak, sickly woman. But I don't believe there is a chance, so I want to tell you how dear you are to me before it is too late. I love you as only a woman can love a man who represents everything that is good and strong and true to her. For nearly two years I have waited to hear you say what you said to-night. Six months ago I prevented you because I was not quite sure; I thought it would be wiser for you to wait until you returned. I could not realize that the glory of your love should be showered on me. I thought it fair for you to see other women before you offered your life to me."

"David, I want you to understand how desperately hard it was to refuse to listen to you to-night. It was the greatest sacrifice I have ever made in my life, and I prayed for strength to do it. My whole being revolted at the part I set myself to play, although I felt it was best for you—now and afterward. Can you forgive me, David?"

She then rang for her maid, and, after explaining about what was to happen to her, she gave her the letter and said what she wished her to do with it.

No surgeon can ever be quite certain to what length a disease has spread until he starts to use the knife, and oftentimes he finds it more or less serious than he anticipated.

So it was that when Dr. Sanders commenced to operate on Elizabeth Trent he was agreeably surprised to find that, instead of her case being most complicated, it was merely an ordinary one.

"She will be all right now, nurse," the great surgeon said after the operation. "Fortunately, it has not been so serious as we feared. It is a decidedly interesting case, and she will pull through splendidly with careful nursing."

It was two weeks later when Elizabeth asked her maid if she had destroyed the letter she had given to her the eve of the operation.

"Destroy it, Miss Elizabeth?" the woman answered. "I thought you said to post it if you lived."

"Oh, Harmon! You surely have not sent that letter?"

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth. I have. I thought you wanted me to destroy it if anything happened to you, and to post it if you got safely through the operation. I waited until last night to make sure that you did not have a relapse, then I thought it was time."

Before Elizabeth could answer, a nurse came in with a florist's box in her hand and a bright smile on her face.

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