By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days,"
"A Family Affair," Etc.

"Sailed! What ship!" I exclaimed, turn

ing to Grant. Viola sails for America next week. Some friends of her mother's live in New York;

she goes to them." I walked across to Viola. "Why do you gof' I asked, fiercely. She seemed to tremble at the change in my voice. I repeated the question.

"I am too near-too near to England," she said, in a low, pained voice.

"Too near to me, you mean?"
"Yes! There must be thousands of mile: between us." I stamped in my rage. I was tried past endurance. Her one thought, her only wish, seemed to be that of avoiding me.

"Go!" I cried, "and may I never gaze again on your false, fair face! Go! and carry with you the memory of the life you have ruined, the hopes you have blighted, the love you have thrown away! Go!"

I turned on my heel, but in the small mirror over the fireplace I saw Viola rise, pale and tottaring. I saw Grant place his arm round her and support her.
"I cannot bear it," I heard her say. "I can bear all for his sake, except his re-

proaches. Eustace, when I am gone let him know all. Not until I am gone. Julian, fare well!

I turned at the last words. Viola was passing through the doorway. I sprang forward, but Grant cheezel ms. The tears were roiling down his cheeks, "No," he said. "Leave her. No good

can be done. You will kill her if you see her again. Julian, leave the house for an hour; they will be gone by then. Trust me -believe me, it is better so," "But I am to be told everything?" "Yes, when she has left England."

"No, now! Tell me now! Whatever it may be that divides us. I can sweep it away. I can hinder her from going. I can bold her to my heart and keep her. Speak! If you are sworn to keep her secret awhile, for my sake, for her sake, break that yow, and let me know everything this moment!

He laid his hand on my shoulder, "Ju-lian, my poor fellow," he said in voice full of feeling, "if you have any hope, abandon it. No love, no power on earth can bring Viola back to you!" His words seemed to turn my beart into

lead. I said no more, but, obeying his request, left the house. But I waited at the roadside for the carriage to pass; I would catch one more glimpse of Viola before she left me, as Grant predicted, forever. At last the carriage passed my. Viola

saw me; our eyes met. Her look was one of hopeless, yearning misery. She made a faint movement as if about to stretch out her arms, then in a moment passed from my gazs. And this was our farewell! Conquering the impulse which urged me

to rush after the carriage, our my wife from it, and swear she should not leave me, I turned away and struck down toward the Here I wandered about until late

night. Then, weary and muserable, I

Grant, with a face full of anxiety, was awaiting my return. I threw myself into a chair, buried my face in my hands, and, I believed, sobbed. The disappointments of the day, the threatened hopelessness of the future, bad completely broken me down. I felt as a man must feel who is on the verge of suicide.

"Eustace," I cried, "can you give me no

"My poor boy, it would be cruel to de-

ceive you—none!"
I groaned, "Let us go away," I said,
I groaned, "Let us go away," I said, "Come with me to England—to London. I sha I go mad, and throw myself over the cliff if I stay here!"

The next morning we started for England,

CHAPTER X. "IT HAS BEEN A DREAM, LET US FORGET IT."

Curious as it may seem, I pressed Grant no more to make a premature revelation of the mystery. His warning words, his solemn assertion that I had nothing to hope for, when joined to the remembrance of Viola's grief and persistency in seeking to avoid me, had exercised a great effect upon me: so great that I began to dread the promised disclosure. Until it was made, I

could at least tell myself that some day matters would come right. The look I had seen the last in Viola's eyes haunted me day and night. The last words I had heard her "Julian, farewell!" rang in my ears Both look and words told me that she love! me, but told me that hope ess misary was to be our lot. No wonder I began to to postpone the knowledge of the worst!

We went to an hotel in London. I was

moody and miserable-a cheecless companion to the man to whom I now clung as for support and strength. Somehow, Eustaco Grant seemed to be the only creature to whom I could turn in my trouble for sympathy and ail. He was very good to me in those days. He was more than a friend, more than a brother. But, in spite of the compassion which I knew he felt for me, no word which encouraged the faintest hope passed hus lips. Sympathy is precious, Lut I wanted bope.

The days went by until I guessed that Viola's departure must be near at hand. I grew nervous and sleep'ess. Wild thoughts of flying back to France and seeing ber once more shot through me. To see her touch even her hand once more, be ore I learned the fatal secret which I had by now brought myself to believe would part us

"When does she sailf' I asked Grant

abruptly one night. 'The day after to-morrow,"

"From where?" 'From Havre,

In forty-eight hours she would be gone In forty-eight hours I should know why she

had left me. "Eustace," I said, "before I learn what there is to learn, there is something I should like to do. Viola is my wife. Whether she has acted rightly or wrongly, I shall soon know; but I must make some provision for her future."

"Yes," said Grant. "That you should most cartainly do."

'Come with me to my solicitor's to-mer row. I will give him instructions."

Grant nodded; so I wrote at once an

made the appointment.
I resolved to do all I had purposed doing before Viola laft. By this act I could at least show her that, whatever the pending revelation might be, I loved and trusted her. I told Grant of my intentions, and wondered he expressed so little surprise at what, under the circumstances, might be

well called generous, if not quixotic.
"It will be just and fair," he said quietly. "Do it, as you suggest, at once."

The next afternoon found us at my solic itor's. The large tin box, labeled "Julian Loraine, Esq." was pulled down, dusted and opened. The notes which, two years ago, had been taken respecting the settle-ment were looked up and produced. It was arranged that Grant should be one trustee; and my solicitor, in whom I put great faith, the other. All was to be done with as little delay as possible. I smiled sadiv, parhaps

bitterly, as I thought it was to be done for the sake of one who was eager to put thousands of miles between us.

I was looking through some papers, among which I found one indorsed "Copy of Julian Loraine's will." I drew it out, opened it and held it toward Grant. "See," said, "there is my title to all I posses What a difference those few lines made to me at the time! Now, little good, after all, they have done me!" Shortest will I ever read, Mr. Grant,

said the solicitor. "If every one made so simple a will as that, lawyers would starve." Grant, without much show of interest, took the paper in his hand and ran his ey Suddenly he stopped short, and over it. stared at it like one who sees a ghost. Never before had I seen a man's face and bearing so changed in a single second. I was positively frightened.
"What is the matter?' I cried.

He turned to the solicitor. "Will you leave us alone far one minute!" he said; only one minute?"

The solicitor looked surprised at the brusque request; but. nevertheless, courteously vacated the office.

Grant seized my arm with a grip of iron. What does it mean-thisf' he asked, in voice full of wild excitement. As he spoke, he laid his forefinger on the words

adopted sou!" "Mean! It is English. It means what it

'You are not that man's souf'



"You are not that man's son,"

"No more than you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubed to correct the error. Perhaps, as my origin is a humble one, I was ashamed to do so," I added, with a faint laugh. He took no notice of my self-deprecation

"Tell me all about yoursel"—as short as possible, but pass over nothing." So in a few words I told him the story which, years ago, Julian Loraine had told

How I was born in mid-ocean, and in curious way established some sort of a claim on Mr. Loraine. My tale was but balf finished when Grant left me, and I heard him in the outer office shouting for telegraphic forms in a way which scandalized the decor ous clerks. He wrote two messages racilly, threw down a sovereign and asked for some one to go at once to the telegraph office.

Then he seized me by the arm.
"Come!" he cried; "all that trash"—
meaning the business papers—"can wait. Come with me."

He swept me out of the office like a whirlwind, down the stairs into the street. He shouted for a cab, and in a moment we were tearing at full speed toward our hotel. Had I not guessed that something deeper, something concerning my own fate lay un-der his excitament, I should have thought that Eustace Grant had suddenly gone mad. No; I knew that he had made some discovery which wrought a great change in everything.
"What it it? Tell ma," I said.

"I cannot. I cannot speak. Wait one

"Tell me that it means good to Viola and

He grasped my hand." "Julian," he said. "it means everything." I sank back speechless. For a minute or

two I was willing to rest content with this bold assertion and ask no more questions. I said no more until we reached the note. Grant carelessly threw money to the cabman, passed his arm through mine, and led me to our sitting-room at a rate which made us the observed of all. Once there, he grasped both my hands and shook them vigorously. Then he left me.

In a minute he was back again. He hold two latters in his hand. He gave me one. "She wrote this," he said; well, and was to have been given you when

von had learned all," I snatched it and would have opened it. "Stop a moment," be said. "This one is a letter which on her death bed Viola's mother told me to give her daughter on her twenty-first birthlay. Your wife real it in Mr. Monk's office while she was waiting for you and while I was talking to Mr. Moak. When you read it, picture her feelings, and you will understand everything."

Grant turned away and toft me alone with the letters.

Which should I open first? Viola's, of course. Sad though it might be, it would contain some word of love which would be precious to me. I kissed it and tore it open.

"DEAREST-You will read this, knowing Had we not met-had you even believe i me mithless to you. I could have carried the dreadful secret to the grave, and you at least might one day have found You have forced yourse f happy again. the truth from me, and the truth shows you that this letter is an eternal farewell. times I thought, when years and years have passed, we might meet again. Dearest, it can never by. Even that hope is denied us. Julian, fate has been cruel, and seems even crueler now that you must share the sorrow and the shame. Farewell."

I laid the letter on the table and opened the second packet. Another letter in a woman's writing; also two long narrow strips of paper. I read the letter.

"MY DAUGHTER-If I am dead, this will be given you on your twenty-first birth lay. The name unter which I pass is not my own. I am the wife-you are the daughter -of Julian Loraine, of Herstal Abbey, Somersetshire. How he treated me, why I left him, are matters upon which I need not speak. He was a flend in human shape. I shall never see him again. He does not know whether I am alive or dead. I tell you this, not that you may seek him and claim the right of a daughter, but that you may shun and avoid any one bearing his wicked name. He is rich, but riches do not bring bappiness. Live your own sweet life, marry a good honest man, and let your true name, or the relationship you bear to the man who so cruelly wronged me, never pass your lips. If ever you feel tempted to go to this man and say, 'I am your daughter, think of me and the years of suffering he has caused me. Let him die without knowing he has a child so fair and loving as yourself. Your affectionate mother "MARGARET LORAINE."

The slips of paper were certificate:—one of the marriage of Julian Loraine and Mar-garet, the other of the birth of Viola.

Now I knew all-I rested still and plo

seemed to see her struck down in the first until she speaks of it let no word of the last flush of her wedded happiness, even as I had been struck down, I seemed to enter into her thoughts, to feel that it was impossible she could meet me again. I could ear her agonized entreaties to Grant to bear her away and hide her from me. I could understant now why she took no steps to clear bor name in my eyes. How she even wished me to think her perjure! and faithless, so long as the secret could be kept from me—so long as I did not suffer as she suffered. Yes! I could understand what, rightly or wrongly, she and Grant had striven to do for my sake!

On what a chance a life turns! Why had I never told Viola the story or my birth and strange adoption! Why had I never told Grant! It would have cleared matters in a second. Strange to say, it had never occurred to

me to mention it to either of them. After I had successed to my reputed father's wealth, my position was so assured—it seemed to me so natural to be thought and called the dead man's son—that in sober truth my real origin had all but faded from my mind. For years I had scarcely given it a thought. But I ground my teath now, as I reflected how a simply chance migat have made me speak, and so saved my wife and myself from more than two

years of misery! Then the ifea came to me that every moment which elapsed before Viola learned the news was one of sorrow to har. I sprang to my feet and went in search of Grant.

Good fellow! I found he had already packed his portmanteau, and was budly engaged on mine.

'If you make haste we shall just catch the Souths impton train," he said.

It thanked him by a look. I tossed thing: into my portmanteau higgledy-pigg.ets, and in tures minutes we were on our way back

We were in plenty of time, Indeed, as the boat did not leave Southampton until nearly midnight, we might have waited for a later train. It was tetter as it was, Although starting from London at once meant pacing for hours the quay at South-ampton, I had the satisfaction of being so

many miles nearer to Viola. Shall I ever forget that crossing! The night was fair. No thought of sleep came to me. I sat on deck all night, gazing out over the sea; looking out for the two great lights on Cap de la Heve; list ning to the steady, monotonous thump, thump, thump of the engines, and knowing toat every revolution of the paddle-wheels was bearing me nearer to Viola; or I leaned over the side of the boat and watched the hissing water flying behind in a foaming white track. I felt that I was being borne away from all my troubles, and that the path the sturdy ship plowed through the moonlighted sea was one which led me to unspeakable happiness. I was alone with my thoughts nearly all the time. Grant, like a wise man, had gone below to court sleep. Perhaps, in spite of the joy he telt in th approaching happiness of his friends, my ceaseless and out-repeated questions became He had to assure me a trifle monotonous. a thousand times that one, at least, of h messages would reach Viola in time to sta her departure. He had telegraphed to a steamer, as well as to the Hotel de l'Eu op at which he knew she was staying. He ha simply said, "On no account go to-ma-

row," and felt certain she would counterman i her journey, and await explanations, Would shal Would a few words from him change her plans? What should I do if we reached Havre after the American teamer had sailed, and found that after all

Viola had gone in her?
"Do?" said Grant. "Take the next boat and follow her. It will be but the delay of a week, and the voyage will do you good." But I could not contemplate with nimity the thought of Viola's spending another week in ignorance of the truth. So Grant had again and again to assure n that we should certainly find her at Havre with his sister, who accompanied her thither and bad promised to see ber sately on board

i had other questions to ask him, among them when he firs learned the true reason of my wife's sudden flight-how he learned it He was slient for a while, then he said gravely:

"Locaine, I will once for all make a clean breast to you. A month after I had placed Viola in m; sister's hands I said to myself: This man, who should have made her life happy, has by his treatment forced her to leave him. Why should she waste her life in grieff I love her! So I wrote to her-I could not have spoken the words—I wrote and told her I loved her. I asked her what the voice of the world mattered to us. The law might free her from you, and we might be happy! Her answer was to send me back my letter, accompanied by the papers which I gave you to day. She knew that I would guard the secret, I knew that she left you, not because your love had waned, The hate I felt toward you, the passion I seit toward Viola, turned into the deepest

pity. Now you know all." It was just after saying this that Grant bade me good night and left me to my own reflections. So I watched and watched until morning dawned, then broke broad and bright; until the sun was well up; until at last we steamed into Havre, and I could step on the broad quay and tell myself that in a few minute; my wife would be weep-

ing in my arms.
We reached the hotel. We learned that the ladies were still there. Grant's telegram had done its work. My impulse wato rush in search of my wife, but Grant checked me. As he said, she knew notain ;; his message had given no information as to the discovery he had made. Let him see her first, and coavince her that I was without a shadow of a doubt, Julian Loraine's adopted son. Then I might see

her as soon as I liked. I consented, and curbed my impatience. I sat in the courtyard of the hotel counting the minutes. Grant must have told her by now. She must know what joy is a waiting She must be longing to throw berself into my arms. Way am I not summoned Perhaps the joy has killed ber! I will wait no longer!

I rose, but at that moment Grant ap peared. His face told me that the good tidings had worked no evil. I ran toward him. He grasped my hand.

"Stay yet a few minutes," he said; "she wishes it.

"She is well? There is nothing wrong?" "She is well and happy. In ten minutes

you shall see her." Somewhat sullenly I reseated myself. Presently, we were joined by the sweet-faced Sister of Charity, who had for the time discarded the spotless linea insignia of her calling, and was dressed in simple black. She talked on various subjects; but if I answered at all I did so mechanically, her voice bearing no meaning to my ears. At last she ross, and I understood that she wished me to follow her. Grant wrung my hand as I passed him.

With a beating heart I followed his sister up the wide stairs, followed her until she paused before a door, and placed her hand on the handle. Then, turning to me, she

whispered:
"Mr. Lorains, I know all the sad story of the last two years. I know what this poor child has suffered. There are some griefs tured my poor girl's unspeakable borror child has suffered. There are some griefs when she read that fatal letter, and learned which are too scute to bear even the menthat her husbani was her father's son by tion of. Take her to your arms as if you

and parted with her but an hour ago, and two years pass between you. She made the sign of the cross, opened

the door and left me free to enter. What did I seef Viola, even as she left that morning so soon after our wedding. Viola in the very dress she wore that day. How well I remembered it-remembered its hue, its very material. Long afterward she told me that during thos; months of separation she had treasured up and kept always near her everything that reminded her of the few happy days she had spent with me, before the fatal missake crushed her to the earth. Yes, I saw Viola as of old-even down to the sparkling ring which I had, it almost seemed to me that morn-ing, given her. Viola, my love, my wife! The door closed softly behind me—the sister's care must have done this. I opened

Viola ran toward me, and in a moment was sobbing and laughing on my breast, "Dearest," the whispered, when at last we found speech for more than ejaculations and broken words of love, "Jearest, it has been a dream-a black cruel dream!"

my arms. With a cry of rapturous delight

She shuddered as she spoke. Once more I pressed my lips to hers. Let us forget it." I said.

Then, hand in hand, out of that long night of dark dreams we passed into the full day-light of the joy which life can only know when brightened by such love as ou al THE END.

OVERFEEDING. Breeding Stock in Connection With Live Stock Exhibitions. In connection with shows of breeding

stock, as they are now conducted, there is one crying evil which seems to us to demand the serious and immediate attention of all concerned. The overfeeding of breeding stock, or of stock intended for breeding purposes, is a ruinous practice, pregnant with disastrous influences, and unfortunately it is pursued extensively with animals exhibited at our breeding shows. In connection with the important annual meetings which they conduct, there is no suggested reform which calls so urgently immediate attention as that which is the subject of our remarks. It has sometimes been averred that high feeding is inseparable from showing-that as long as breeding stock are brought into public competition, overfeeding will be pursued. There is no reason why the case should be viewed in this light. The disorder is not incurable. It unfortunately has obtained a strong hold on the show system, and mild measures would not be sufficient to remove it. An effectual remedy, however, is at hand, and all that is required is prompt, judicious and persistent application. "Disqualification" is the only cure. If a rule providing for this were introduced by all societies and rightly enforced, the overfeeding of breeding animals would very soon become a thing of the past. As to this there is no reason for doubt. Exhibitors pursue high feeding because they have found that it has increased their chances of gaining show-yard distinction. Change the showing system so as to make high feeding a certain bar to show-yard success, and no exhibitor would be so blind to his own interest as to continue the costly and destructive custom. Exhibitors are well aware of the harm high feeding is calculated to inflict upon breeding animals, but they have felt that to attempt to gain distinction in show-yards with lean animals would be perfectly useless. The fault lies entirely with our show system. It has hitherto been conducted so as to encourage high feeding. It must now be altered so as not only to encourage "natural" feeding, but even so as to discourage, or rather banish, overfeeding. Until societies take the matter in hand, and deal firmly with it in this way, no improvement need be looked for .-Parmer. Field and Stockman.

## SLAVES OF QUININE.

The Growing Abu e of That Drug as Re ported by an Up-Town Apothecory. "Have you noticed the growing use

of quinine?" a druggist in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue Hotel asked last night. At the same moment he bowed and smiled to a tall, red-whiskered man who strolled in.

"Just watch this customer," he said. The man was very thin and cadaverous looking. Without saying a word he walked up to the soda fountain, and the boy drew out a pill box poured three pills into the palm of the customer's hand, set a glass of mineral water in front of him, and turned to the next customer. The tall man swallowed the pills drank the water, turned on his heel, and stalked away with another pleasant nod to the proprietor.

"That costs him a dollar and forty cent: a week" said the proprietor, and before long it will kill him. He started to take one five-grain pill every ight about six months ago; he now takes fifteen grains a night before he goes home, so that it will brace him up for his dinner. Within a month he will be taking twenty grains a night. Of c urse he takes it at home be-ides what he gets here. I've gone out of my way three or four times explain to him that he had a good deal better drink rum, even if he is a deacon in church, but his answer is a simple one; he says quinine makes him feel cheerful and strong, and it has no ill effects. He tried stopping it once, and caved in: hence he wants to know why he should stop. You can't combat such reasoning as that.

"Have you many such regular cus-

.. Well, to be accurate, we have only three men who come in every day and pay at the end of the week. but there are many others who take their quinine as regularly as most drinking folks take their whisky. It is e-rtainly a great temptation to weakly organized and frail people. All they have to do is to swallow a pill or two, and they feel robust wide awake and cheerful. The practice grows on them continually, and it seems to be spreading, for our sales of quinine are constantly growing. A good proportion of the custom comes from women who grow fatigued or weary while shopping, and who, instead of buying nutritious luncheon or drinking a wholesome bottle of porter or ale, resort to the insidious quinine pill."—N. Y. Sun.

-A professor at the university in Berlin, having tried it, says that it takes ten times as long to commit to memory eighty meaningless syllables as it does to master eighty that have meaning. ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

A Number of Inexplicable British Peculiarities.

In the obituary notices which the death of the Duke of Somerset called forth a curious diversity in the spelling of the family name was noticeable. The old Duke, a plain, rough-tongued, unostentatious man, spelled it Seymour; the new Duke, who himself is seventyfive years old, writes it St. Maur. And as the old brothers disagreed on this point so the nephews of the present duke differ, for there is among them a Lord Algernon St. Maur and a Lord Edward Seymour. When members of the family are themselves of two opinions it would be temerity indeed for a plebeian outsider to attempt to determine the right of the thing. Apparently the original name was Norman, and the family harks back to a William de St. Maur, who held lands in Monmouth under Henry III. But three genera-tions afterward, in the time of Edward III., the head of the house wrote himself —if, indeed, he knew how to write at all—Roger Seymour. This name they bore with them when, in Tudor times, they emerged from obscurity by a lucky chance, gained court favor, fattened themselves on church lands, and finally, from the pinacle of the Lord Protectorship, gained the right to sniff at all the other families of England, barring only the Howards. Indeed, I am not sure that this exception ought to be made, for although the Dukes of Norfolk (1483) antedated the Dukes of Somerset by some sixty-four years, it is wellknown that Howard is a corruption of the excessively common-place Saxon name Hogward, while now that Sey-mour is spelled St. Maur, there can be no manner of doubt about its Norman blue-bloodedness. Of course, it is true that vulgar tongues corrupted the name for something over five centuries; but, thank Heaven, it has been restored now.

and we can all breathe easier. The name will continue, however, to be pronounced Seymour, just as St. John is called Sinjun, and St. Leger is spoken Sillinger. Alas! we did not all know this last until latelyat least the reporters in the Commons' gallery didn't-and when the aristocratic Marquis of Hartington spoke of the correspondents who had been killed in the Soudan, one of whom was named St. Leger, the papers next morning all had it Sillinger. But not that we know what fashion demands in the matter of orthoepy it shall never happen again.

Sometime I am going to make a whole book about the funny things in English pronunciation. Everybody knows about Majoribanks being Marshbanks, and Cholmondeley being Chumley, and Levison-Gower being Lewson-Gore. These are stock samples familiar to all. Most people know, too, that the Norman names of Belvoir and Beauchamps are pronounced Beaver and Beecham, while the equally Norman name of Grosvenor retains its French sound. But these are only sign-posts on the road to a general knowledge of the subject. When you get to know why Boughton is pronounced Bawton, while Houghton has the long o, why Wemys should be Weems, and Knollys should be Knowles, you will be getting on in the mastery of the subject. are no rules. Some words like Pall Mall, which is pronounced pell mell, retain the sound of foreign origin after they have lost its form. But, then, the word mall, meaning path, is pronounced mal, and as they both came from the old French game of paille maille, it may be seem that the Englishman disdains mere laws of analogy. He says Rumsted when he refers to Rothamstead, but he pronounces Southampton out fully and clearly. In London, too, he has a dialect of his own. He says clark, but the rest of England says clerk. He turns all his long a's into long i's, say-ing dyly pyper instead of daily paper, but the country people do not. But, then, he says Herefford, while the natives of that shire call it Harford .-London Cor. N. Y. Times.

## BOILS.

A Boy's Composition on the Benefits to be Derived from Job's Comforts.

A boil is generally very small at first and a fellow hardly notices it, but in a few days it gets to be the biggest of the two, and the chap that has it is of very little account in comparison with his boil, which then "has him." Boils appear mysteriously upon various portions of the human body, coming when and where "they darn please" and often in very inconvenient places.

If a boil comes anywhere on a person, that person always wishes it had come somewhere else, although it would puzzle him to say just where.

If a chap has a boil he generally gets a good deal of sympathy from others, "in a horn." It is very wicked to make sport of a person with boils; they can't help it, and they often feel very bad about it. Boils are said to be "healthy," and

judging from the way they take hold and hang on and ache and grow and burn and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt about it. They are generally very lively and playful at night. Boils tend to purify the blood,

strengthen the system, calm the nerves, restrain profanity, tranquilize the spirit, improve the temper and beautify the appearance. It is said that boils save the patient a

fit of sickness, but if the sickness is best not to have the all-fired mean thing it must be. It is also said that a person is better after he has had them, and there is no doubt that one feels much better after having got rid of

Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these harbingers of health. Job took the premium at the county fair for having more achers under cultivation than any other farmer. Shakespeare had them and said: "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they fol-

Treatment: There are a great many remedies for boils, most of which are well worth trying, because if they don't do any good they don't hurt the boil Everybody knows "a good thing for them." Among these remedies are shoemakers' wax, trix, Spalding's glue soothing syrup. Charlotte russe, sedleits powders, gum-drops, water-proof black ing, night-blooming cereus, chloroform Kissengen, soap and sugar, etc.—Physi cian and Pharmacist.

NEW WORK FOR WOMEN

The Sphere of the "Drummer" Invaded the Fair Sex.

There is a new field opened by a of the most prominent firms in the for the employment of female lab The scheme is certainly unique. The reporter the manager of the firm a folded the plan.

"The idea," he said, "that I he been following since the first of July is the exployment of you ladies as saleswomen, to introduce goods on the market by creating at mand on the dealers from the consu-ers. When they first enter my emple I have them solicit trade from house house in the city, find out from what grocer their customers are in the ha of purchasing a similar article, when they have secured a sufficient number of orders, they turn them we to the different grocers, who, for a sake of getting them, will give an order of the different grocers. for double the amount of goods a quired, at the wholesale price, than ceiving an insured profit on half a order without any work.

"As goon as any one shows her proficient I put her on the road. I not alone. Eight young ladies got gether under the charge of an elder lady in whom we have confidence has authority over all of them. " party of nine go to a town, put up a hotel, and canvas every house in to and turn the orders over to one of salesmen, who keeps track of sere parties, arranges for hotel accommo tion, transportation, etc. In she each company is run just like a these al troupe, and the young ladies is no bother at all outside of the cann

ing."
"How do you find them as compa with men?'

"They compare favorably. They steadier, as a rule, and more deper ence can be placed in them. In don't fool away their time in salo playing billiards. It is not their ture, and, even if it were, the fact some one being over them and travels with them always, would pu Thus far I have been quite success with them, and next year the firm tends to cover every State in the Un in this way; so, you see, we will h employment for a good many. Ih now Ohio, Indiana, Michigan andl nois covered, and part of Iowa. 1 takes about three hundred young dies, and you can figure yourself many it will require to cover the wi country."

"Do you have many applicants?" "Yes, a good number. Probably only employ fifty per cent. of the who apply. Some we don't want, some don't want the situation. In salary on the road is from seven eighteen dollars per week and exper paid (that is, hotel and traveling penses), which is, indeed, much I than the majority of girls in this make. Besides, they have the ad tages of travel, which is of benefit any one, especially as they are go over new ground all the while."-0 cago News.

## A Fair Income.

Outside the House of Commons, u persons are of opinion that £70 per annum is quite enough for then tenance of the royal family, as this amount ought not to be increased Why, then, is this opinion so little presented inside? Because M. P. human, and their wives are also hu An M. P. who votes against a n grant has an uncomfortable feeling he is, perhaps, damaging his sposition of that of Mrs. M. P. Why sible people out of the House of Commare opposed to the increase of it grants is, because the £700,000 per num now allotted to the royal family not spent, and the civil list was n intended to enable its recipients by private tortunes. If they can do it is obvious that they have the men provide for their children .-- Los

-The largest fortunes accumu in Ireland have been made in the lie business. No Irish fortune approach in point of personalty, that of the Mr. Wyse, of Cork (£3,000,000), at tiller, save that of the late Sirl Guinness-£1,200.000.

-The Swedish journal, Norrholl Kuri en, sin es that the water is fall rapidly in the Gulf of Bothnia. in the archipelago by the coast, wi visible above water, is now at mean three feet above it.

## To Regulate

FAVORITE HOME REMEIST warranted not to contain a single ticle of Mercury or any injurious stance, but is purely vegetable. It will Cure all Diseases caused

by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach. If your Liver is out of order, then you whole aystern is deranged. The bloods impure, the breath offensive; you has headache, feel languid, dispirited as nervous. To prevent a more serious co-dition, take at once Simmons

REGULATOR, If you'ld sedentary life, or suffer timulants and take Simmons Liver Regularity

digestion, or feel heavy after meals aleepless at night, take a dose and you will feel relieved and sleep pleasantly.

If you are a miserable suffere with Constipation, Dyspepsia sal Biliousness, seek relief at once is Simmons Liver Regutator. It does not require continual desing, and costs beta trifle. It will cure you.

If you wake top in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth, Simmons Liver Regulator. Its rects the Billious Stomach, sweet the Berath, and cleanest the Forance Children often need some safe Castic and Tonle to avera approaching sides Simmons Liver Regulator will relieve Cole, lie ache, Sick Stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery, the Complaints incident to Childhood.

the Complaints incident to Childhood.

At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, toning, regulating without violent purging, or stimulating without instationally, take

PREPARED BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphis, P. PRICE, \$1.00.