

SLINGS AND ARROWS

By HUGH CONWAY.

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"Salad! What salad!" I exclaimed, turning to Grant. "You'll be wanting some salad for your dinner."

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



"You are not that man's son."

"I cannot bear it," I heard her say. "I can bear all for his sake, except his reproaches. Eustacia, when I am gone let him know all. Not until I am gone, Julian, farewell!"

"I turned at the last words. Viola was passing through the doorway. I sprang forward, but Grant checked me. The tears were rolling 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 hold 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 vow, and let me know everything this moment!"

He laid his hand on my shoulder. "Julian, my poor fellow," he said in voice full of feeling, "if you have any hope, abandon it. No, no, no power on earth can bring Viola back to you!"

His words seemed to turn my heart 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 me. 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 gaze. And this was our farewell!

Concerning the impulse which urged me to rush after the carriage, or my wife from it, and swear she should not leave me, I turned away and struck down toward the coast.

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 persistence in seeking to avoid me, had exercised a great effect upon me, so great that I began to dread the promised disclosure. I told 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 speak, "Julian, farewell!" rang in my ears.

"What she supposed was a former wife. I seemed to see her struck down in the first 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 hear her agonized entreaties to Grant to bear her away and hide her from me. I could understand now why she took no steps to clear her name in my eyes. How she even wished me to think her perjured 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 turned! Why had I never told Viola the story of 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 succeeded 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 teeth now, as I reflected how a simple chance might have made me speak, and so saved my wife and myself from more than two years of misery!

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

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

"If you make haste we shall just catch the Southampton train," he said. "I thanked him by a look. I tossed things into my portmanteau higgledy-piggledy, and in three minutes we were on our way back to France.

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 better as it was. Although starting from London at once meant pacing for hours the quay at Southampton, 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 to the two great lights on Cap de la Heve; listening to the steady, monotonous thump, thump, thump of the engines, and knowing that 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 trouble, and that the path the sturdy ship plowed through the moonlight sea was one which led me to un-speakable 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 felt in the approaching happiness of his friends, my ceaseless and out-repeated questions became a trifle monotonous. He had to assure me a thousand times that one, at least, of his messages would reach Viola in time to start her departure. He had telegraphed to the steamer, as well as to the Hotel de la Paix at which he knew she was staying. He had simply said, "On no account go to-morrow," and felt certain she would countermand her journey, and await explanations.

What did I see? 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 those 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 misadventure 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 morning, given her. Viola, my love, my wife!

The door closed softly behind me—the sister's care must have done this. I opened my arms. With a cry of rapturous delight Viola ran toward me, and in a moment was sobbing and laughing on my breast.

"Dearest," she whispered, when at last we found speech for more than ejaculations and broken words of love, "dearest, it has been a dream—a black cruel dream!" 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 daylight of the joy which life can only know when brightened by such love as ours!

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 for 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 discourage "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.—Farmer, Field and Stockman.

SLAVES OF QUININE. The Growing Abuse of That Drug as Reported by an Up-Town Apothecary. "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 night 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 course he takes it at home besides what he gets here. I've gone out of my way three or four times to 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 customers?" "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 certainly 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 seventy-five 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 generations 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 pinnacle 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 well-known that Howard is a corruption of the excessively common-place Saxon name Hogward, while now that Seymour 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 lately—at 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 Sudan, 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 Chalmers 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 Wemyss should be Weems, and Knollys should be Knowles, you will be getting on in the mastery of the subject. But there are no rules. Some words like Pall Mall, which is pronounced pell mall, 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 seen 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 clerk, he turns all his long a's into long i's, saying dily pyper instead of daily paper, but the country people do not. But, then, he says Hereford, 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 them.

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 follow." 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 every." Among these remedies are shoemakers' wax, trix, Spalding's glue, soothing syrup, Charlotte russe, sodalite-powders, gum-drops, water-proof blacking, night-blooming cereus, chloroform, Kissengen, soap and sugar, etc.—Physician and Pharmacist.

NEW WORK FOR WOMEN. The Sphere of the "Drummer" Invaded by the Fair Sex. There is a new field opened by one of the most prominent firms in the city for the employment of female labor. The scheme is certainly unique. The reporter the manager of the firm unfolded the plan.

"The idea," he said, "that I have been following since the first of July is the employment of young ladies as saleswomen, to introduce goods on the market by creating a demand on the dealers from the consumers. When they first enter my store I have them solicit trade from house to house in the city, find out from the grocer their customers are in the habit of purchasing a similar article, and when they have secured a sufficient number of orders, they turn them over to the different grocers, who, for the sake of getting them, will give an order for double the amount of goods required, at the wholesale price, thus securing an insured profit on half an order without any work.

"As soon as any one shows herself proficient I put her on the road. I do not alone. Eight young ladies get together under the charge of an elderly lady in whom we have confidence and who has authority over all of them. The party of nine go to a town, put up at a hotel, and canvass every house in town and turn the orders over to one of our salesmen, who keeps track of several parties, arranges for hotel accommodations, transportation, etc. In each company is run just like a theatrical troupe, and the young ladies have no bother at all outside of the canvassing."

"How do you find them as compared with men?" "They compare favorably. They are staidier, as a rule, and more dependent can be placed in them. They don't fool away their time in saloon playing billiards. It is not their nature, and even if it were, the fact some one being over them and who travels with them always, would stop to any foolishness of that kind. Thus far I have been quite successful with them, and next year the firm tends to cover every State in the Union in this way; so, you see, we will have employment for a good many. I have now Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois covered, and part of Iowa. It takes about three hundred young ladies, and you can figure yourself how many it will require to cover the whole 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. The salary on the road is from seven to eighteen dollars per week and expenses paid (that is, hotel and traveling expenses), which is, indeed, much more than the majority of girls in this city make. Besides, they have the advantages of travel, which is of benefit to any one, especially as they are getting over new ground all the while."—Chicago News.

A Fair Income. Outside the House of Commons, 270 persons are of opinion that £700 per annum is quite enough for the maintenance of the royal family, and this amount ought not to be increased. Why, then, is this opinion so little presented inside? Because Mr. P. is human, and their wives are also human. An M. P. who votes against a grant has an uncomfortable feeling he is, perhaps, damaging his position of that of Mrs. M. P. Why sible people out of the House of Commons are opposed to the increase of grants is, because the £700,000 per annum now allotted to the royal family is not spent, and the civil list was intended to enable its recipients to live by private fortunes. If they can do it is obvious that they have the means to provide for their children.—London Truth.

The largest fortunes accumulated in Ireland have been made in the business. No Irish fortune approaches in point of personality, that of Mr. Wyse, of Cork (£3,000,000), a tiller, save that of the late Sir R. Guinness—£1,200,000.

The Swedish journal, Norriska Kuri en, states that the water is raised rapidly in the Gulf of Bothnia. In the archipelago by the coast, within fifty years ago at lowest tide was visible above water, is now at mean tides three feet above it.

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