LOST---A MEMORY.

A Romance of Life in New York City.

Warwick, as he bent over the wounded he was sure. man stretched on the sofa in Mr. Dillenlittle man who stood behind him, all ex- at having met such a man.

"Don't know, doctor," reipled Mr Dillenbeck. "Picked him up back on the road you driving by."

"Yes, I'm just in time. He has a bad stab in the top of his head," returned Dr. a moment. Then turning to Mrs. Dillenbeck and her daughter standing near, he before meeting him. said a few words that sent them hurrying away to follow out his hastily given direc-

"There's but one thing I fear about the case," observed the physician, as he was "he may not remember how this happened. No she had never known him. The brain has been a bit depressed, and in | For Arthur Truscott she possessed a

dashed through his brain at race horse speed, and think, think as he might, he sore and weak.

His wound did not prove fatal, thanks strative and unconfiding in his affection. to Dr. Warwick's skill, but although he ! grew better physically, his brain, in the one matter of recalling past circumstances, touch with her, and not to love her was failed to act. And here Dr. Warwick had impossible for him. The idea startled him to acknowledge himself powerless to cure. But he could do nothing but keep his in his house, that they must separate. patient quiet.

Under the kindly attention of Mrs. Dillenbeck and her sweet faced daughter, hearts, he daily grew stronger, and in the it. Such a nature Arthur failed to undercourse of three months was out and about. stand. Although his conscience was hardly But he seemed to worry, and would sit for set at rest he remained hours at the window looking away down And thus they lived on They called the dreary white road that led to the one another Jerome and Alice and Arthur. station, a mile away. He grew more Among them there grew a tacit understandrestless every day to the exasperation of ing never to speak of the past. Only one Dr. Warwick and the despair of the ladies.

him very long. One night when the house was quiet the pale faced stranger gently heavy frown on Jerome's brow and ceased raised the window of his room, dropped to the ground and walked out into the

Jerome Crelman stood on the street seemed to ride his thoughts. The demon of melancholy possessed him. It was whisp- murmuring, "When and where?" ered among Jerome Crelman's few friends Bohemian to almost a severe recluse, argued able to him. Thoroughly in accord with street. Arthur sighed. to them something wrong with the man. each other's ideas in general, this life was And Jerome Crelman stood alone thinking. to Arthur almost an ideal one.

"Bah," he muttered at last, "it is not good to think so much, nor for a man to recreation. In the large room on the top things in his reveries. His senses were in take himself at night to a street corner to floor every morning, at 7 o'clock, Arthur a sort of lethargy. Not until the per-

felt a wish to forget himselt, to talk to be heard. But the cry of "touche" was that he was there. He started again Mensomeone. Acting on this impulse he turned infrequent. The two men were well delssohn's "Regret." The man at the and walked rapidly down town. He wand- matched. ered aimlessly from one cafe to another, looking for some one he knew. Finally he entered an unpretentious looking restaurant, nique, Alice said. Jerome declared his melody. a well known resort for Bohemia's restless genius exceeded his, and he was very

room he found his favorite table in the cor- his time. ner occupied. The man was a stranger to him. His head was bent in reverie, but he for Jerome's work was almost unbounded, tried to force remembrance. The touch of looked up as Crelman approached, with an especially in his treatment of bizarre and air of, let us not say curiosity, but rather terrible subjects, to which he devoted the sorrowful "Regret," Hugh Arnold, of hopeful inquisition, as if Crelman's coming might be a clue to some long sought for line ing might be a clue to some long sought for line in the canvas the morbid contains again the "Regret"—"When and where again the "Regret"—"When and where sword pierces his shoulder. A pause. The lade slept late and then everything had but evasive memory of the past.

As this expression caught Crelman's eyes in spite of himself he felt an instinctive at- fascination for Arthur Truscott's face traction toward him. Crelman courteously | gradually crept over Crelman. As graduwished him good evening, and inquired if ally did Arthur's love for Alice intensify. there was any objections to his being at Often when with Arthur a strange, questhe same table.

corner had no objections, nay, rather sessed him. He became moody, ceased to a small key which he drew out and grasped seemed glad of the other's company. He share his evenings with Arthur and his tightly in his hand. He shut the door after introduced himself by card as Arthur wife, and went out to walk about the Truscott Crelman in turn gave Truscott streets and lounge in the restaurant by still. his card. The latter's air of preoccupation himself. In the evening he shut himself vanished as he engaged in conversation, up with his painting. although occasionally his brow clouded for a moment. Crelman, too, forgot himself pression, and his manner to his two assofor the time, in talking to this stranger. ciates became curt and at times surly. It was very seldom that he made acquaintances in this way, but the man had in a few from him, and usually kept to her room rattled by filled with men and women moments aroused in him a degree of interest that was almost fascination.

was something of an artist, too. He had the longing for remembrance and Alice's almost given up painting, he said, and now affection filled Arthur's soul. He and she devoted himself to illustrating for the maga- were seldom together, for she had seemed and the stars glittered merrily. New York zines, among which he had become well to avoid him as well as her husband. Yet

man was from the first charmed. They her and speak, but he could not. And found they had many things in common. yet it seemed as it she belonged to him Both were artists, men of intellect. In and not to Jerome. addition, they were drawn to each other by a strange affinity that both felt upon spoke in a half timid way of strange do-

that Truscott was dissatisfied with his pre- the night, and half dressed, had lit a candle to me. I must have been here before. that lay their dead north and south, and sent apartments up town. He wanted more and gone up stairs to the large fencing | Shall I ever remember? Who was I? quiet. He had sought it in other parts of room on the top floor. She heard him un-

nature, saw opportunity for a companion- not know when he came back, and drowsi- around the corner. Both men bowed to ship at once congenial and elevating, and eagerly proposed that Truscott should take

"Pretty bad cut, indeed," murmured Dr. | just meet the requirements of Mr. Truscott,

As they parted, after drinking to each beck's sitting room. "How did this hap-pen?" he asked, without turning, of the proposition. Crelman left, much pleased other, the latter promised to think on this

It was two weeks later, and after further solicitation on the part of Crelman, that Truscott accepted his offer and installed near the mill. Horses shied and I got out himself in Crelman's home. His presence and found him lying there with that cut in seemed to cheer the older man. His his head. I lifted him into the wagon and | melancholy diminished and he remained at brought him home. As I got in I heard home in the evenings, except when he went out with his new found friend.

As for Alice Crelman, she, too, felt an interest in Truscott, whose advent into the Warwick, critically and with a woman's house she had but feebly opposed. Like her touch examining the wounded head. "It's husband, there was much in her that soon narrow and deep." He used an instrument drew her in sympathy with the stranger. husband, there was much in her that soon She felt as if she had known him long

Once she thought she recognized in him an old friend, but it was only a passing idea. Never. she concluded, could she have seen this man, with his wonderful eyes, his pale, cameo cut features and remarkably taking leave of his patient late that night, heavy beard, and have forgotten him.

a place and way that one may apprehend weird attraction. He would gaze intently such a result. In many cases of this sort at this woman of regal bearing, drinking in there follows complete forgetfulness of the | the beauty of her olive face, with high past. However, the thing now is to save color only in the lips, and her jet black his life As for the rest, I'll wait for dehair. His eyes would wander over that velopments." And Dr. Warwick rattled figure, the perfect lines of which were not away in his buggy to seek much needed obscured by a single fold, for she wore severely plain costumes. The tall palm, But the doctor's fears proved well graciously inclining to this side or that, founded. Not a thing of the last night's typified her. A tremor shook Truscott's happenings or his past life could the young frame as at such times with half closed man remember the next morning. He eyes he reveled in her beauty. The eluscould not even tell his name. The thoughts | ive idea of a past association with this woman beset him.

At first they lived very pleasantly and could comprehend nothing at the time but simply—these three. Jerome appeared to that he had been badly hurt and was very love his wife, but was a trifle neglectful, Arthur thought, and singularly undemon-

It was not long before Arthur, too, loved Alice. To be near such a woman, in daily when he first understood his feelings. But He thought that an operation was useless, he one day went to Jerome and told him and that time or some impressive incident | bluntly that he loved his wife, and that, as might serve to bring back what was lost. a man of honor, he could not remain longer

To his surprise Jerome only laughed. He knew it; they all loved each other he declared. He would not hear of Arthur's who seemed to take the stranger to their | leaving and refused to say any more about

exception was ever made to this. One But they were not to be burdened with day at table Alice spoke in a joking way of speaking, confused.

But a moment later she stole a glance into Arthur's eyes with something he thought of an affectionate appeal. was seized again with that convulsive corner thinking. Deep depression marked tremor, and a chill passed over him. In his teatures. The incubus of some secret that moment the music of the past rang in his ears. He arose and left the table

Jerome was full of hope and plans for that he had indeed some trouble he was keep- his next pictures, and was quite bright and ing from the world. For one to change so | companionable. Arthur's suggestions and | utterly as this young artist, from a gay criticisms on his work he declared invalu-

The two artists had but one physical and Jerome met, and for a half hour or so former struck the first notes of a soft And now, with seeming inconsistency, he | the scrape and click of fencing foils might | melody did Arthur become fully conscious

bore much talent and knowledge of tech- drank in greedily the charm of the sad proud of his own work. But Truscott's from his chair the unhappy man with a sob On making his way to the back of the work for the magazines took up most of of anguish threw himself on his couch. If

ceptions of a disordered mind.

tioning stare appeared in Jerome's eyes. way by the light of a candle to the room on the man who had pre-empted Crelman's At length all his old unrest again postible to the top floor. He unlocked the door with

His face had assumed a saturnine exwhen he was in the house.

And so, slowly, the breach widened, and Crelman soon learned that his companion | the three were companions no more. Then he thought he detected in her eyes a The two became friends in an hour. yearning, a world of unhappiness, a plead-Truscott was a delightful talker, and Crelling for something. He longed to go to

But one evening Alice came to him and lock the door and shut it carefully behind the city but found dreariness.

Crelman, delighted with this man's artistic lock the door and shut it carefully behind lim. She waited quite a while, but did

up his abode with him. He lived with his wife alone, he said, in a quarter that would

A clear delicious table drinking water is the Wilmot Spa Water, yet it cures many forms of stubborn diseases; Witness certificates; send for pamphlet.

ness soon overtook her.

dared not follow him, because he has been ously at Arthur and then passed on. so morose and repellent of late and he is fearful in his anger. But somehow I do his own street, but it was only when he not feel that everything is right. His fits stood on the steps of Jerome Crelman's of meloncholy grew less for a time, but house that it flashed across him that the of meloncholy grew less for a time, but considering his behavior lately I do not like to think of his going off in such a fashion at dead of night and locking himself up in that room.'

Arthur tried to quiet her alarm. "Jerome is eccentric, like most artists. If he chooses to do this, it his own house and we cannot interfere. Say nothing about it. It is probably a mere caprice and he will

stop it soon."
"His words gave Alice a little comfort. But nothing was said. Still Arthur was troubled himself, he knew not why.

The next evening Jerome went directly to his room after a late dinner. Arthur found himself with Alice and sitting in the huge armchair in the drawing room, drinking in the harmonies that rippled from the piano under her supple white fingers.

The room was in half light. Now the

drea my music coming from the instrument lulled Arthur's senses and he was soon lost in a profound reverie. He was trying to re-

Alice ceased playing and let her hands rest idly upon the ivory keys. A soft light gathering in her dusky eyes as she looked at Arthur. But he saw her not. Then she began the tender strains of Mendelssohn's "Regret."

A violent trembling seized the man. His head rang with confused noises. Before his eyes swam bewildering visions. For a moment he lost all sense either of light or of darkness, but seemed endowed with a supernatural power of hearing.

Alice stopped short. She had risen, pale and quivering. In an instant he was "I beg of you," he moaned, beseech-

ingly, "finish that song for me." "I cannot," she replied, "it has bitter memories for me.'

He looked at her hopelessly. Her eyes glowed strangely. He held out his arms. In the next moment he was conscious of holding her close to him, of a subtle perfume watted to him from the past, of warm lips pressed to his, a gleam of light into his memory—and all was over. She had move. What was he looking at?

He walked away to go to his room. In the hallway a bright object lay upon the floor. Mechanically he picked it up, but did not look at it. As in a dream he went upstairs and sat down in his room, staring at the lamp burning dimly on the table, as if wondering how it came there. The fantastic figures on its shade danced before

The muscles of his face twitched in agony. "When and where? But one ray of light in all this darkness," he murmured. "The touch of her hand, the 'Regret,' the perfume."

He glanced at what he had picked up. It was a locket. Inside he found a faded paper, torn across obliquely. By the dying flame of the lamp he read:

ing love for your

Hugh Arnold. The lamp went out. "Hugh Arnold!" Arthur repeated. The name echoed in his known it-when and where?

He wheeled his chair to the window and sat gazing out into the night. The street was deserted. The flame of a lamp down the block cast dancing shadows far up the and-

In the handsome house opposite a white Arthur painted occasionally. His work tant, despairing. To the last note he

he could only remember. He racked his On the other hand, Arthur's admiration brain until it throbbed in his head. He he asks. her hand, the perfume wafted from the past, and where? When and where?" he wailed, The days slipped away. A curious until he sank exhausted upon his pillow.

At the same moment Jerome Crelman arose noiselessly, dressed himself, and, with the deliberateness of action and the staring eyes of the somnambulist, made his him. The spring lock clicked, and all was

It was Saturday night, and the clocks were striking 8. The streets in the vicinity of Union square were lively. Arthur Truscott stood in the shadow of a tall build-Arthur grew distrustful, and Alice shrank ing idly looking on the scene. Carriages bound for the theatres and concert houses. Throngs passed in and out of the brilliantly lighted shops and restaurants. On the crowded sidewalks the people good naturedly jostled each other. The air was mild

> was at play. Arthur bent his step toward a hotel and sank into the luxurious chair of a barber. He was seized with a desire to have his had surrendered himself.

What was I?

His meditations were interrupted by a collision with a person coming hurriedly

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for the Wilmot Natural Spa Water by the gallon or glass, or Spa water aerated, by the bottle, and drink it as a table water, or for benefit of your health.

"Surely he does not paint at such an each other with mutual apologies under the hour and with such a light," she said. "I street lamp. The elder peered very curi-

Two hours later Arthur found himself in man he had met so roughly was Dr. Warwick. And the sense of a great wrong done him at some time by someone came upon him in full strength and weighed like lead upon his heart.

He entered the house and started up stairs. The mellow chime clock in the ante-room was striking 12. To the wretched man's fancy it seemed to repeat: When? where? when? where?" and after it ceased the notes reverberated through the vaults of his brain with maddening inquisition.

The house was dark and still. Suddenly a little rustle, a whiff of perfume and a voice. He caught his breath.

"Arthur," the voice whispered in the darkness, "I want your help. I am afraid something has happened to Jerome. He has been gone upstairs for the last two hours. He got up about 10 o'clock and walked out of the room. This is the fifth successive night he has done this, and I can stand it no longer. Come," and Arthur felt a soft hand slip into his.

He followed mechanically, wondering. Alice led him up the staircase to the last floor. The touch of her hand imparted a delightful warmth to his body, and his nerves responded to the growing excitement of the situation. But he said nothing, only followed the lead of that hand.

They were in the passageway now. Very slowly, very quietly the two moved forward. A narrow slit of light marked the bottom of the door at the other end. Arthur bent down and listened. Not a sound. A breath of air made the door creak. It was not locked! He stood

On a chair at the other end was a candle. Seated on a stool, with his back to them, was Jerome Crelman, with his head bent forward.

feeling yet dreading what he was about to see. Alice, close behind, was trembling. Slowly Arthur raised his head to look over

Aha-å picture! A large square of canvas leaned against the wall. A winter night scene was painted on it. A long road stretched away to a lone light in the Mrs. Seeall folded herself up in Ted's dark deep background. All was white. But in the foreground a man, with a blood stained knife in his hand, was bending over a faded flower. Mrs. Seeall had never seen prostrate figure on the moonlit snow. The blood flowed from a wound in his head. The faces of both were thrown in a strong

Jerome Crelman had not stirred. He still sat as if staring at his handiwork, and Arthur had forgotten him in contemplation of the tragedy before him. He looked closer. Surely he must be dreaming. No, told you so at the first, I think. Men the face of the man on the ground was his own! And the other man-why, his was the face of Jerome Crelman! For a momfrom his lips. He knew now!

Alice shrieked behind him. She, too, knew what it meant, and knew that she had loved in the past, and still loved, Hugh Arnold! Crelman sprang to his feet, furiously rubbing his eyes.

And now like a moving panorama flitted brain. "Somewhere in the past I have the actress. Her favorite music the Regret. Rivalry and bitterness. Her coquettishness. Her sacrifice for Jerome and friendship. His letter to her. His departure. The

A muttered oath from Jerome. He comprehends. The two men confront each haired old man seated himself in front of a other with dark hatred in their faces. Alice piano. Arthur saw him as he saw many clings to Arnold, muttering incoherently. An awful silence.

"Jerome Crelman," speaks Arnold, with terrible calmness. "I know now why it is that all these years I have suffered so you are. Fate has brought us together again. Now, both of us cannot live.'

He glances about. On the wall hang two rapiers. He reaches up and takes them down. He hands one to Jerome and The music died away in a sigh. Rising grasps the other. A fierce light breaks into Crelman's eyes.

Alice clings again to Arnold, but he shakes her off roughly. "Are you ready?"

"Ready," answers Crelman, and the thrust, a parry, a clash of steel, an oath men are breathing hard.

He presses his enemy closely. Back and forth they go. Click! click! Crelman parries skillfully. Again his blade reaches Dorothy begged him to wait for some Arnold's body, this time a little lower. Before he can recover Arnold is upon him. Back, fiercely following, he drives his enemy. The fatal picture is over-turned. They are trampling on it. Another lunge from Jerome. His foot slips! A flashthe blood spurts, and he falls backward. Arnold steps aside.

"It is finished. Now I know when and where. Come, Alice," he says.

Different Ways of Burying the Dead.

The modes of burying the dead differ widely among various peoples. Among some the dead are buried lying, others sitting—as is the case with several of the Indian tribes, among whom it is related, warriors or leaders in the nations have been buried upon their favorite war horses. This was the manner of burial of the famous Indian chief, Blackbird, of the once famous Omahas. There is a remarkable agreement of custom, however, in the beard cut. "Take it all off," he said to practice of placing the body east and west. the little Frenchman into whose hands he It is held by some writers that this custom is due to solar symbolism, and the head "Six years ago," he soliloquized, as he is placed to the east or to the west according passed into the street. "Yes, six years as the dead are thought of in connection meeting each other's eyes for the first ings on the part of Jerome. The night ago to night, March 3. How I have wan- with the sunrise, the reputed home of the ime.

In the course of conversation it came out

before he had suddenly left his bed in the room opposite to her own in the middle of to New York, how familiar it all seemed dead. There are, however, some tribes others bury men with the face to the north and women with the face to the south; while among some of the African tribes, if one happens to die away from his home, he is buried facing his native village.

> Said John Collett Esq. Director of Great Britains Navy Contracts, "your factory is not nearly large enough you will not be able to supply the demand for your Kerr Soup Vegetables."



ONIONS.

Mrs. Dorothy wasn't quite happy today as could plainly be seen by the ugly little gleam in her eyes, and the unlovely curl of her red lip. Indeed, she was a little more than not quite happy, she was almost mis-erable. You see, she hadn't been married long, just long enough to find that Ted was only a mortal after all, and not long enough to learn that mortals are the best sort of folks for this kind of a planet. That is a hard time for young people. The honeymoon just gone down, and the light of common sense hardly tinging the sky, you can easily see how almost dark the world must be. The time is sometimes quite long, too; indeed, it has been known to last a life time.

Well, Mrs. Dorothy was in this gloomy twilight, only she had no idea that that was what ailed her. She had been a rather spoiled daughter, for her father had died and her mother had devoted herself to her little girl. At last Ted had come, and Arthur crept across the floor, almost Dorothy had given him her heart, and now they were living in their own pretty home

and the poor little wife was unhappy! There was a neighbor, Mrs. Seeall, who often came to see Mrs. Dorothy. She came today. Her face was neither lovely, lovable, nor loving, but somehow people let her talk to them. Dorothy sat down in green sleepy-hollow, and glanced about the room. A vase on the mantle held a a faded flower there before. She smiled.

"You are getting down with the rest of us," she said, nodding toward the neglected vase. "I noticed too, that your Ted went without a flower, this morning."

Dorothy flushed. Mrs. Seeall's pale eyes brightened. "I knew it wouldn't last," laughing. "I

never hold out as lovers long, my dear. I thought you could keep one as long as any woman for you are so pretty and bright, ar. 3, 1882. ent he was stupefied. Then a cry burst but it always comes at last; I can always tell it." Dorothy flushed again.

"You must not think Mrs. Seeall, that we have quarreled; I hope we are both above that," she said, a little stiffly, but her visitor only laughed. "I hope you are, my dear; it does not

before Arthur's eyes the scenes of that always come to that-not in the early past life. Of Jerome and himself-Hugh stages. I told you not to spoil that boy, Arnold-arrists, boon friends. Of Alice but I must go now. I bought some levely new onions for dinner; may I send you two or three?"

"I thank you," said Dorothy gratefully, but Ted does not like them. I used to eat station. The lonely road. The quarrel, them, and I would enjoy some, I am sure, but if you please I won't take them

"Now let me tell you, child; you are going to ruin your husband; you might better take my advice. There's Mrs. Smith, just down this street, she used to be a pretty girl; now she is a slave. It began by her bowing to every whim and notion of her husband. It is really kinder much. I know now who I am and what to a man to stand firm to your own ways now and then. If a man finds you are easily managed, he thinks you are made of very poor material. If you are firm and independent, he will learn to respect you."

Mrs. Seeall went home, and Dorothy pondered all she had heard in her heart. Little Jack came in with six beautiful milkwhite onions, and Dorothy placed them in a pretty glass dish on her dinner table. Now and then two big tears welled up and overflowed her lovely eyes, but they were same instant the blades cross. A twist, a too few to put the fire out, and so it gleamed there, an angry smoldering flame. gone wrong. She forgot to put in the Now a rush from Arnold. Ah, touche! coffee and the result was a cup of dirty

better coffee, but he refused with a manner freezingly polite; then Dorothy cried, and Ted sat still eating the burnt toast, greedily. Dorothy left the room, and went up stairs, the clock struck half-past eight. Ted hurried through the hall, slamming the door behind him. Then Dorothy arose in her wrath, and a little while afterwards Mrs. Seeall had found

Dorothy was a little less careful about the dinner today. In the first place she had forgotten to get anything for it, and besides she hardly cared if it was not nice; remembering Mrs. Seeall's, advice, she thought it might teach Ted a lesson. Presently she saw Ted turn the corner and hurry toward home. How could she know that his heart was full of pain and that remorse was burdening his soul? Her pretty little nose lifted itself higher in the air, her dainty head was thrown haughtily back, and anything but an angelic expression settled over her face.

Ted came in; her look froze the kind words on his lips. She seated herself at the table silently, and he was about to do likewise, when the fragrant onions attracted his attention.

"Do you intend to eat those?" he asked pointing to the offending dish, and looked "I shall do so, if I like; will you have

one?" she answered lightly. "No," he said, "I thought you knew they are very offensive to me. I believe I

have told you that I have never been able to overcome my dislike for this vegetable." Dorothy laughed, and her lids fell over the fire that had begun to blaze in her eyes. Slowly and insolently she replied:

"Seems to me I do remember, but what has that to do with my dinner. I suppose I am still allowed to eat what I like.'

"Certainly," Ted answered politely, and you could think of nothing to tempt your appetite but onions?"

'I chose to have them," she said. "Then I hope you will enjoy them, and will you be so good as to excuse me? I will go back to the office." His voice was

cool, but his face was flushed. "How considerate!" she murmured softly, raising her hand in a pretty Frenchy way. "How considerate. I really thought you would throw my darling onions out the window, and me after them, perhaps."

"It is easier and pleasanter to get out myself," he said, halt way to the door.

"Yes," she answered, "I fully agree with you, no one would expect a man to dine with his wife if he could avoid it, and the nicest part of it-the part the world seldom knows—is, the wife is only too glad of it." She was very much frightened now, but she laughed provokingly.
"I am glad you told me so," Ted an-

swered, laying his hand on the door to steady himself.

"Yes," she went on, "it must be very delightful news to a man who is tired of his wife to learn that she is tired also." She wondered what made her say it, but she smiled and began her long-delayed dinner with perfect coolness. Ted looked at her, his eyes blazing.

"Then, by all that's merciful, I will not trouble you again!" he cried. She turned a smiling face toward him, and nodded carelessly, her mouth full of food. Then

he went out, and the street door banged. Dorothy arose from the table and fell on the floor where he had stood, sobbing as if her heart would break. She was sure Ted was gone, she had heard the shutting of the door, and now her sobbing prevented her hearing voices in the hall. Even when the dining room door opened she did not notice it. She thought herself alone, until she felt a pair ot strong arms lifting her up. Maybe we are as anxious to know what happened then as Mrs. Seeall was, as she sat in the parlor where Ted had taken her till he called Dorothy. She sat and listened, but no sound came through the walls to help her find out what was going on. After a while Ted came in, his face radiant,

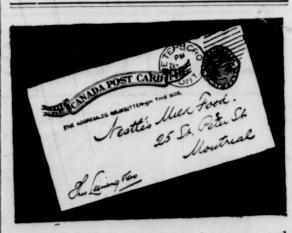
to beg that his wife be excused as they were going for a drive, and Dorothy was getting ready, "and it may be as well to say it now," he added, "I do not care to have my wife advised by you, Mrs. Seeall. She will think you are kindest when you remain away from our home. I think you know me well enough to understand me, and now good afternoon." He went out and left her. Half an hour afterward she saw them drive by her window, Dorothy chattering and Ted smiling, and she thought, "I have been made the scape-

The honeymoon had set, but a brighter light had risen upon little Mistress Dorothy.

The vineyards of Russia cover an acreage of over 464,000 acres and produce annually 54,000,000 gallons of wine. The vineyards of the Caucasus occupy 270,000 acres and produce 29,700,000 gallons of wine. In Bessarabia, in the provinces of Podolia and Kherson, the vineyards cover a surface of about 162,000 acres and give about 16,200,000 gallons. In the provinces of Katerinoslaw, of the Don district, Astrakhan, Oural and in the Turkestan there are over 5,400 acres of vineyard, which yield 1,350,000 gallons. The varieties of vines cultivated in the Crimea alone amount to 500. The amount of land which is deemed proper for the cultivation of vines is estimated at 13,500,000 acres. The annual production of wine per acre is calculated at 405 gallons.

No Trouble Whatever.

Wash day always puts the best of men out of good humor. A tossed up house, cold dinner, and the general unpleasantness that always characterized the day, made the steam laundry an institution that has been hailed with delight by hundreds. Now washing at home is unnecessary, when one can get it done so cheaply at Ungar's, on Waterloo street. The washing is called her with that dark fire in her pretty eyes. for and delivered promptly, and there is no trouble whatever. The rough dry system has met with general favor. By this the clothes are washed and dried and delivered all ready for ironing.—Advt.



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