

LOVE IS BEST.

It was growing dusk in the drawing room but the lamps were not yet lighted, and the young women in the picturesque hats clustered around the little tea table as closely as their huge sleeves and illimitable skirts allowed, and sipped their Assam-Fekoe between the bursts of confidence proper to the half-hour. They had discussed the reigning tenor, touched delicately on the latest scandal, and were now busy with Jack Rodney's name and money. Alas! he had no money. A decision of the court had given his great inheritance to another heir, and then he had gone into Wall street and been caught on the wrong side of the market.

"I can't picture it," said Sally Littlejohn balancing her little gold spoon. "What will become of him? The spoiled darling. Why, he will have to go to work!"

"Work!" said Julia Montresor. "With those aristocratic hands! What sort of work?"

"Poor Jack!" said Arabella. "He wouldn't know himself out of his habits. How is he to go without his horses, his club, his opera, his London tailor?"

"I don't believe he will try to," said Felicia.

"Why, what will he do?"

"The only thing he can do—stop living." "Oh, Bab! How horrid of you! Jack Rodney, the splendid fellow! Has any one seen him? I wonder what he is doing now?" said Sally.

"Walking on his uppers, don't they call it?" said Bab.

"Such a shame! And he has lent and given away a fortune to other people. He never seemed to care about money."

"No, indeed; I suppose he has dropped a modest fortune in cards before this."

"Why, Bab, with the poor fellow in such a strait. He only does what all other men do."

"And he does a great deal they don't do," said Arabella. "Every one else was letting Will de Luys reap what he sowed, but Jack made good all the misappropriation—didn't that the new term—and gave Will a fresh start. And it was Jack's yacht that was cruising up the Mediterranean and had princes on board for guests, it was his steamer that took those children from Seven Alleys down the harbor every afternoon all the hot summer."

"You always had a specific talent for turning a telescope on microscopic subjects," said Bab.

"No, thanks; I can't drink another drop of your tea, Felicia, though I declare it does put the spirit in you," said Julia.

"Well, just one cup—lemon—yes," as Felicia's jeweled hand suspended the sugar. "What a perfectly lovely cup! Did you know that one of Dolly Van Ven's engagement cups was a tiny thing of gold, crusted with peridots?"

"No!"

"And who do you think gave it to her? Well, Jack Rodney, and she cut him dead last week."

"She ought to," said Felicia, "for doing such an utterly silly thing."

"I suppose he paid for it?" said Bab.

"Well deliver me from my friends?" said Arabella.

"And that reminds me," said Sally, "apropos of nothing. Do you know that no one can imagine what has become of Lena Vallery's black pearls?"

"Apropos of nothing. Lena hasn't any friends," said Bab.

"You mean," said Julia, "that every one can imagine. Isn't it too bad?"

"Well, Mrs. Harry said to her the other night at the opera—you know there is nothing Mrs. Harry doesn't dare—just see that string of pearls on Violetta's throat. Shouldn't you think they were yours if yours weren't locked up at home?"

"And what did Lena do?"

"Oh, she didn't do anything just then. But a little while afterward she fainted or something."

"The poor child!"

"Well," said Bab, "he can give her another string now. Vallery is one of the cousins that came into Jack Rodney's money. It's bad blood, anyway."

"How prejudiced you are, Bab! Where is Jack? Does any one know?" said Sally.

"Going to Texas, ranching. He has cleared up everything and starts at once, some one said. He'd like it if it were the poor fellow!"

"Oh, it is really getting dark!" exclaimed Arabella, as the maid stole gently about the room, and the great lamps flared up like moons dressed in the fashion. And she pulled up her ermine capes. "We must be going. Why Felicia, how white you are! I should think you were ready to faint yourself!"

"The sudden light," murmured Felicia. And then she saw in the glass, and pressed her hand quickly over shining olive eyes that glittered there for half a moment like points of steel.

Years afterward Felicia had only to make the motion with her hand across her eyes to call up the whole scene—the lovely, lofty room, with its old Gobelin hangings, the great mirrors framed in alabaster, the moony lamps, the lounge heaped with red roses, the lounges heaped with silken cushions, Dresden and silver, the beautiful girls getting into their princely furs, talking scandal like dowagers, her sister Bab's face with the scarlet on both cheeks, and her own, white and angry, in the glass, as the marble Diana behind her.

It was while the last dinner guests that night were still saying tender notions to Bab as she leaned against the mantel and the low firelight played on the satin sheen of her white gown until she looked as if taking life from a lime-tinted jewel, that slender shape slipped swiftly down the steps and passed along in the shadow of the houses like a shadow herself. The girl had never been in the street at night before without attendance; every sound frightened her; she shrank even behind her veil from every passerby. As soon as she had turned the corner she brought into plainer sight the large parcel she carried, that she might pass the more readily as a maid. A half-hour's rapid walk and she ran up some steps to make sure of a number, rang the doorbell, said something explanatory to the man that answered it, passed in and followed him to the door of a room up one flight of the broad, low stairway there.

The room was in confusion. A leather box and a portmanteau lay packed and strapped by the door. There were empty and discolored spaces on the walls where pictures had hung, brackets held their busts and great cases and cabinets had stood. It was plain to see in its disman-

ted state that it had lately been a place of luxury.

A man sat there, with his head bowed upon his arms as they lay along the table, in an attitude of utter dejection. He did not look up when the door opened and closed. But the girl crossed the room quickly and, standing behind him, stooped with her arm laid across his shoulder. He lifted his head, looking straight before him.

"I suppose it is a dream," he said half to himself. "I am not a dream—"

"I am not a dream, Jack," she said, bending lower, her soft, cool cheek touching his. "I am Felicia!"

There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. For one moment there was silence and rapture here. And then the transfer men came for the luggage. "And this parcel, too," said Felicia.

"Felicia!" he exclaimed. "You know I cannot go back after coming here," she said, when they were alone again. "I have burned my ships behind me."

"Do you mean it?" he exclaimed, joyously. "And then his tone fell. 'I thought—oh, yes; certainly, I must take you home before my train leaves.'"

"You will take me home? My home is with you, Jack."

"You don't know what you say!" he answered her. "Oh, no; I cannot accept the sacrifice!" the eager gleam of his eyes belieg his words.

"Jack," she murmured, "the sacrifice was in my coming here unasked."

"You knew I loved you, you knew I loved you! And then this crash came—and there was nothing for me to say—to you, who have lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life. I, whose part was the husk!"

"Yes, I knew it, or I could not have come," she replied, and she moved away from him, going about the room, and pausing in the curtainless window place, where the moonlight lay upon her, pale and impassioned.

"Don't make it so hard for me!" he exclaimed. "An hour ago it was the blackness of despair. I was going to bury myself in that ranch with its bunch of cattle, the one thing left me, as if it were a grave. Now I shall go out into that new life radiant with this happy knowledge and my hope. And even if I should never prosper enough to come for you," he said, after a moment, taking a step toward her, "if you should weary in the long waiting and give some other fellow the love I have won—well, I could bear it, perhaps, remembering and living again in this night's joy."

"Some other man!" she exclaimed, uncasing his arms and looking for the hat and jacket that had been thrown aside. "I am going with you, Jack. If you can live summer and winter in a tent in Texas I can, too. I have the fit clothes in that parcel. I have my jewels here. They were my mother's, and are mine, and I have the right to take them, and their price will hinder my being a burden."

"A burden! Oh, Felicia, if I might, if I dared—"

"You will have to," said Felicia, calmly. "The Church of Blessing is around the corner, and the rector is my friend. Jack, you made me propose to you. I shouldn't think you would make me ask you to marry me!"

Standing there in the moonlight, adjusting her disordered hair, she was too beautiful, too sweet and tender for mortal man to resist. "The train leaves at midnight," he said, controlling his voice as he could. "There is scant time—Oh, my darling, if you should regret—if you should repent—"

"If! Oh, you must, you will!"

"Never!" said Felicia. And then, lip to lip, and heart to heart, they lingered one moment before they went out together.

It was a year afterward that Felicia sat on a night in the refulgent moonlight of the high prairie, after a day of heat, tempered by the great gulf breeze blowing over three hundred miles of flowers.

"Are you sorry I came?" she said.

"Are you?"

"Do you know, it seems to me precisely as if we were living on an outskirts of the Ho' Land, with flocks and herds, and the fig and the pomegranate and the tender grape giving a good smell!" she said.

"Precisely. And the flocks and herds are prospering so that we shall have to take counsel of the prophet. Wasn't it Isaiah that said, 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes?'"

"Colonel Upshur lived in a tent over the range yonder for a dozen years. But we may build our house next year, I fancy."

"With roses lying on the low roof and a night-blooming cerise clambering across the gallery, like some of the houses in the old Spanish town there. I don't know, but I like this better, though—the lovely freedom of it. Oh, we never lived before!"

"Are you sure you never regret?" he asked.

"Regret! Well, I confess I should like to have heard Bab read out our marriage notice at breakfast—and Bab so bitter the day before for fear of it! But regret those days of littleness and idleness and gossip, the confining clothes, the cramping life!"

And the large, white lamp-lit room, sumptuous with mirrors and marbles and carving and gilding, with bronzes and paintings, with priceless rugs and lounges, with its voluptuous roses and great vases hung for a moment before her like the room you see painted through a window in the dark. She saw the young and lovely women heard the sweet high-bred voices, heard her step-mother's low laugh and Bab's shriller tone. And then she looked around her at the sky, flooded with splendor, at the vast softly dark slumbering land below, felt the perimured wind fan her forehead, felt the preciousness of the love that was hers, and it seemed to her that a return to that other life would be like a butterfly creeping back into its chrysalis. "I—I miss my father," she said, and her lip quivered. But her husband's arms clasped her, and the pressure of his own lips quieted the sob. "But even," she said, presently, "if he never forgives us, or comes to see us, and it poor Bab should never come down here and learn what it is to live, I shall be sure, I shall be sure, my dear, that love is best!" Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Purifying Water.
Water containing vegetable or animal impurities, even in small quantities, may be purified by putting into it about two grains of alum to each gallon. The alum acts as a sort of coagulum on this matter, causes it to curdle and settle to the bottom of the vessel. No taste or unpleasant effect is

produced, as the alum goes with the suspended matter. It requires about ten or twelve hours to effect the cleansing. The purified water may be decanted and kept in bottles in an ice chest until wanted.

COLLIE COULD TALK.

The Remarkable Story of a Dog Owned by a New Brunswick Farmer

When engaged in surveying a railway in New Brunswick, James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs, one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him had rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again. They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfasted the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door.

Two or three minutes later the latch was tried the third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer which had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sensuous unknown to us?—Forest and Stream.

GORDON THE GENEROUS.

He Had No Use for Money Except to Bestow It on Those Who Needed It.

When General Gordon left London for the Sudan, for the last time, he started from the house of Lord Wolseley, who has given a graphic description of their parting. Shaking hands with him, as he stood there in his tall silk hat and frock coat, Wolseley offered to send him anything he wanted.

"Don't want anything," was the reply. "But," it was suggested, "you've got no clothes."

"I'll go as I am," replied Gordon. He never had any money, we are told, for he always gave it away. Lord Wolseley asked him if he had any cash.

"No," was the reply. "When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with."

"Very well," said his friend, "I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it."

Lord Wolseley went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. He gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with Gordon; the latter was not to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by when Lord Wolseley had a letter from Stewart.

He said: "You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old Sheikh to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!"

The Value of Advertising.

One of the largest advertisers in London says: "We once hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining over what area our advertisements were read. We published a couple of half-column 'ads.' in which we purposely misstated half-a-dozen historical facts. In less than a week we received between 300 and 400 letters from all parts of the country, from people wishing to know why on earth we kept such a consummate idiot, who knew so little about English history. The letters kept pouring in for three or four weeks. It was one of the best paying 'ads.' we ever printed; but we did not repeat our experiment, because the one I refer to served the purpose. Our letters came from schoolboys, girls, professors, clergymen, school teachers, and, in two instances, from eminent men who have a world-wide reputation. I was more impressed with the value of advertisements than I should have been by volumes of theories."

His First Ride in an Elevator.

A rather surprising experience of an Irishman upon riding in an elevator for the first time is told in The Dublin Journal. Here is the victim's version of it:

I went to the hotel, and says I, "Is Mr. Smith in?"

Says the man with a sojor cap, "Will yer step in?"

So I steps into the office, and all of a sudden he pulls the rope, and the walls of the building began runnin' down to the cellar.

"Oh, murder!" says I, "what'll become of Bridget and the culler which was left below there?"

Says he, "Be aisy, sor; they'll be all right when yer come down."

"Come down, is it?" says I; "and it's no office, but a haythensh balloon, that yez got me in."

And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was with the roof just over my head; and begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hivens entirely."

Matrimonial Advertising in Spain.

Even in Spain the advantages of advertising are recognized. The following appeared in a recent issue of a Spanish newspaper: "A widow, under 30, enjoying good health and a bright disposition, and possessed of the complete wardrobe of her late husband (five feet four inches in height), a splendid suite of furniture, and 900 marks in cash, desires to form the acquaintance of a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Address," etc.

A WINTER IN PARIS.

MR. G. T. FULFORD'S RETURN FROM THE WORLD'S GAYEST CITY.

A Reporters Interesting Interview With Him—Some Statistics and Information of General Value.

From the Recorder, Brookville, Ont.

Mr. G. T. Fulford, who is understood to have been doing big things in Paris during the past winter and spring, introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter, and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," he said, in reply to a question on the status of the Pink Pill business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, and it is gratifying to report that some, at least, of the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them. One of the best of them—at Versailles, the Paris suburb where the Empress used to keep their court—has given favorable testimony through the press of quite wonderful cures through the use of Pink Pills in his practice; and the Religieuses, an order of Nuns like the Sisters of Charity, have also made an extensive use of Pink Pills in their charitable work, and given strong testimonials as to their good effects."

"How do you find business all around?"

"Pretty good. We have sold in the past twelve months a little over two million three hundred and sixty thousand boxes of Pink Pills."

"That is a pretty large order isn't it?"

"It is the best twelve months business yet. Look for a minute at what the figures mean. It all the pills were turned out into a heap, and a person set to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I have reckoned it—4 years, 21 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes, counting at the rate of 100 a minute. Or, if you want further statistics, it is somewhere about two pills a head for the combined adult population of Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States. I don't give these figures to glorify the business, you will understand, but to enable you to make the facts tangible to an ordinary reader."

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think we have had a record there. The head of a leading advertising agency in London to whom I showed my figures, told me that no business of that kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working in England two years, there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills, and one of these is over thirty years old, while the other has been at work at least half that time."

"How do you account for the way Pink Pills have 'jumped' the English market then?"

"I cannot attribute it to reasonable logic to anything but the merits of the pills. 'Was everything lovely, asked the reporter, or were there any crumpled rose-leaves in the couch?"

"Can't grumble, except in one way. There's a certain amount of substitution in some retail stores, and there is a man in Manchester, England, that I have had to prosecute on the criminal charge for it."

"But what do the substitutes do—do they duplicate your formula under some other name?"

"No, not a bit of it; that is the worst feature of the fraud. No dealer can possibly know what is in Pink Pills; and it did, he couldn't prepare them in small quantities to sell at a profit. They are not common drugs, and by no means cheap to make. I suppose I have spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars, since I took over the trade mark, in trying if the formula could be improved, and spent a share of it for nothing."

"What do you mean by 'for nothing'?"

"After I acquired the trade mark I saw that if the thing was to be made a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently I obtained the advice and opinion of some of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that sort comes high. I made the changes in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favor with which the public has received the medicine, demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London, two years ago, to place Pink Pills, I went into it again, with the best medical men there, and as you know, the medical expert is not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and least of all to a good one; and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for fifty cents medicine that will do him more good than \$50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only on this continent but in London and Paris."

When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement; at the end of that time his answer was 'Leave it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine.' This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations; what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills to let something else be pushed on to him in place of them—more especially if it is a worn out thing like Bland's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopoeia that has been a back number for years until a few storekeepers tried to push it on the strength of Pink Pill advertising. You can take it from me that a storekeeper who tells anyone that Bland's pill (which is not a proprietary at all; any one can make it that wants to) is in any way a substitute for Pink Pills is an ignorant and never ought to be trusted. And one who certainly isn't fit to put up a prescription, and will poison someone some day."

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

OF SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white

and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.

For Sale by Street & Co.

The Shoes You Wear.

The Weight They Bear.

Your hat's on top and can take care of itself. Your shoes are under you and must take care of your feet. What kind of caretakers are they? Pinched and painful, perhaps.

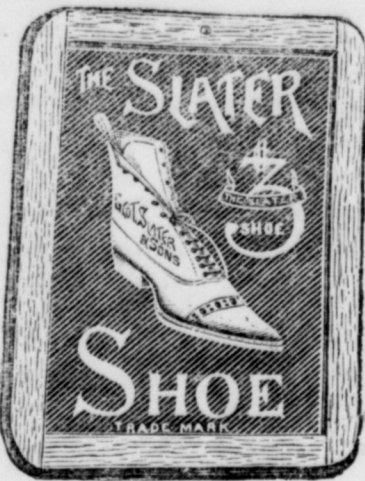
Buy the Slater Shoes

Put you the first time you wear them!

Six shapes—many widths—all sizes—black or tan. Best imported calfskin—Goodyear Welt.

Look for PRICE STAMPED ON SOLE

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