

## HER ELOPEMENT.

It was a pity that Lila Roberts was not contented with her pleasant home, her piano, her canary, her serene domestic life and the good husband fate had awarded her in the lottery of marriage. She should have remembered the women to whom such a home would have been a haven of rest, and the merest fraction of a husband a satisfactory allotment.

But Lila desired to live her own life, and not so completely merge it into that of another as to lose her own identity, as she was now in danger of doing. Besides her present mode of living simply meant to her ambitious spirit stagnation. True, she had a certain social position. She visited all the places where young matrons congregated, and her husband compelled himself to call for her and accompany her home, a he did not care to have some other man acting as his wife's escort. But the duty bored him and he did not hesitate to let her know it. This spoiled her enjoyment, although he did not intend that it should.

For Fred Roberts did not really plan to make any one unhappy least of all his own wife. He was selfishly following his own inclinations according to his ideas of the eternal fitness of things. Like other fools, he rushed in where angels feared to tread, formulating rules for "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me," forgetting that times had changed since the days of Adam, and that Eve herself must be held responsible for the charge.

So Fred's little scheme of representing the universe to his wife did not work. Lila regarded his wishes and immured herself on the domestic altar without complaint, but she did a great deal of thinking and came to look upon her husband as a petty tyrant. She had a gut of music, and before her marriage had played and sung at church socials and amateur theatricals with the hearty appreciation of her father and mother.

But the creed of the young man of the period is that fathers and mothers do not know how to bring up their daughters, and the wife must unlearn all the lessons they have taught. What was charming and endearing in the sweetheart becomes unbearable in the wife. Fred, not to be outdone in wisdom, began the making over process and hoped in time to model Lila into a sort of composite wife when he should have grafted on her budding nature all the virtues which are popularly supposed to belong to perfect womanhood.

When he saw her dissatisfied he said: "You have a good home, Lila. Your time is your own—you have your music—and you have me. What more can any woman want?"

But Lila only grew more discontented with her life of clipped wings, the monotonous routine of long days spent in trying to be something that she was not, and she fretted over the mistake she has made in tying herself down to matrimony, when she might have made a career for herself with her music and other accomplishments. She felt in her soul that in her domestic employment she was taking the bread out of some other woman's mouth. And any cheap girl could have done the work better than she. Even Fred acknowledged that.

So after duly considering the matter, and taking no one into her confidence, Lila made a decision. One morning when Fred was going to business she asked him to wait a moment, and standing on the top stairs of the veranda she pinned a knot of purple and yellow pansies in his button-hole. Then because his face was so near she kissed him.

"Good-by, sweetheart," she said, with a little nervous laugh, and he wondered if the neighbors saw them, and if they would think him spooney.

But the incident had another effect upon him before the day was over. That envious look into his wife's face had showed him how under the pretty eyes, and tense lines about the sweet mouth which he had never noticed before in the perfumery glances bestowed upon her. It is no less true than said that it is the family physician who usually first calls attention to the ravages of ill health, and he is usually too late.

Lila's pangs worried Fred all day. He put them in water to keep them fresh, as he wanted to wear them home; a concession that foretold much good, if Lila had only known.

"Pshaw, I'm as sentimental as a woman," he said to himself. "I daresay it is dull sometimes for Lila—without me. I'll plan a trip somewhere, in business interests, and take her along."

So he satisfied himself, and placated conscience.

Fred Roberts went home that evening with a fresh flower to bloom in his soul, and Lila's pansies worn in his breast. He was disappointed to find the door locked and the key under the mat—an occasional thing when Lila visited her parents. He at once felt aggrieved. That was always the way when he had tried to do a noble deed—there was no one to help him. Nor was there any supper for a tired and hungry man—that had never happened before. Then he saw a note in front of the little French clock which had been one of their wedding presents. He tore it open and read:

"Dear Fred: Our marriage was a mistake. Better separation than hatred. Do not try to find me, as it will be impossible, and no one knows where I have gone. Believe me, I shall do nothing to bring a shadow on your name or the one I shall hereafter bear."

"Lila," Fred went into a fury. The cat fled appalled from the room and the canary ceased to whistle and sing, and became dumb. Had it caught his eye he would have wrung its neck for reminding me of her. When the tempest had abated he went out and began a search for his wife.

The search lasted a year. He placed his business in trusty hands, and pretended to be travelling in its interests. His hair turned iron gray, and became him well. Purpose lines developed in his face and the venerable wore from his character, showing his real substance beneath. Hope never once left him, although in all that year he caught no glimpse of Lila.

A friend who knew him at this period of his career said to him: "The world is full of women; why compel an unwilling woman to be your wife? Accept your liberty and begin life over again."

"You have never loved," answered Fred. "I want my wife because I love her." "It would be more to the purpose if she loved you," retorted his friend, with that brutal candor which friendship permits.

"She does," said Fred, and the two words contained his whole litany of faith. Fred Roberts visited every town and village where he could gain the slightest clue of his lost Lila, but never by any chance found her. He was quarreled with by angry husbands for staring too freely at their wives, and thrown out of public places for impertinent meddling with strangers. But, in no wise discouraged, he kept up his quest.

The poor fellow grew as thin as a shadow. He had long since both parted with pride and anger. At first he was a walking arsenal, for he determined that if Lila had eloped the man in the case should die.

But Lila's flight soon became a mere personal adventure in his estimation, much like the running away of a child from its home, and he was only anxious for a chance to forgive and be forgiven.

In this mood he reached a hotel in a small town, where he studied the register and asked questions about the guests—his invariable habit. This time their was a mysterious sick woman, who had her meals sent to her room. He questioned the clerk and learned that she was young and attractive and a lady, but cried a great deal.

If he could only get a glimpse of her. It should be Lila, alone and ill, he could surely be of such service to her as to prove that he still loved her.

He wandered disconsolately about the halls and at last ran against a waiter carrying a tray.

"Where are you going?" he demanded in a peremptory tone.

"Taking a sick lady's dinner to her," said the man.

"Here," commanded Fred, slipping a coin into the man's hand, "give it to me. Now show me the way," and following the waiter he was shown into a darkened room.

A slight form lay dressed on a sofa. A pale face, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, was turned from him, but oh, happiness! It was the face of Lila! And she was weeping.

Fred was at best but a bungling fellow, and he bungled now. Smash went the tray, caught in its descent by a table, but making a noise that would have awakened the seven sleepers. Lila sat up with a shock.

"You careless fellow!" she said indignantly. "My head aches so now that I can hardly see—Fred!"

"Lila!" and husband and wife were in each other's arms—where we will leave them, all difficulties being reconciled.

## WERE TRUE GENTLEMEN.

The Great Courtesy Which Marked the Lives of Some Famous Men.

Lafayette was remarkable not less for his tact and courtesy than for the sterner virtues which made him dear to two nations.

During his visit to Boston on his return to this country, a lady with whom he was dining, brought up the subject of the Revolution, asking him many questions as to the details of its history.

Among them was the inquiry, "Was not the cockade worn at the first by the Americans black general?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We wore a black cockade until the French joined us, and then, in compliment to them, we added the white ribbon."

Lafayette belonged to a time and race that held the fine art of gentle speech as one of the first importance. A lady of his own family who was attached to the French court was distinguished for her courtesy where all were courteous. She was so affectionate to both her mother and mother-in-law, that one day when both were present, the king playfully insisted that she should decide which she loved better.

"If both were drowning, madame," he demanded, "and you could save but one, which would it be?"

"Ah, sire," she replied, quickly, "I would save my mother-in-law, and drown with my mother."

Louis himself puzzled his jailors by his gentle politeness. His children, we are told, enraged their keepers by their mild answers. "They robbed us of our bread," cried Thourout, "and pay us with smiles and bows!"

The fact was, that the ruling class in those days had never been taught to be just to their inferiors, but courtesy had been instilled into them from their childhood.

In France as in America, men now are more just than were their forefathers. The rights of even the poorest citizen are now recognized and protected. A more assertive charity, too, is manifested to our religion, but we neglect the minor virtues of tact and fine civility.

The slow, gentle progress of our ancestors, bowing to either side through life, seems to us absurd, but we could add attractiveness to the greater virtues by clothing them with courtesies that grace and elevate even the humblest life.—Youth's Companion.

## He Did Not Dare Dream.

A fat, middle-aged woman, with a voice between a grunt and a groan, sat on a bench at Piedmont with her twelve-year-old boy and watched the bathers splashing and spluttering around the tank. The heat was sweltering, and the boy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go into the water. He promised to pull all the weeds out of the garden, to carry in wood for a week without being told, and to wipe the dishes every night. "No; I'm afraid you'll be drowned," declared the cautious mother, but there was evidence of indecision in her voice. It she had said, "shut up; you shan't," the boy would have known his fate was sealed.

"I'll wheel the baby every morning," he added by way of a further bribe.

The fat woman mopped her perspiring face, looked at the crowd, and snarped: "Well, go on; but if you drown you can't blame me."

The boy was soon splashing and paddling around. He had assured his mother that he could swim a little, and she eyed him narrowly to find out if he had been lying. The boy had got out into deep water, when his head went under. His mother thought it was merely one of the boy's tricks and kept her seat. He came up all right but looked frightened, floundered a moment and then went down again. He was under a little longer and bubbles came up where his head ought to be. Up

he bobbed again, splashing and trying to call for help. He was just sinking the third time, when his mother sprang to the edge of the tank, and, shaking her fist at the boy, screamed:

"You, Simon Peter Bates. Don't you dare drown, or I'll skin you alive!"

The boy saw the fist and heard the threat, and with his face contorted with fear, kicked out desperately and kept afloat till some of the bathers lifted him out. The terrible threat saved his life. He didn't dare drown.

## BORAX AND ITS USES.

It is a Valuable Article to Have on Hand in Every Household.

The value of borax in the household is not understood as it should be, for there are few articles so generally useful.

As an antiseptic and disinfectant it may be made to take the place of all poisonous preparations of this nature, such as carbolic acid, chloride of lime and concentrated lye, and has the merit of being quite as effective, and much more economical.

Among the useful places, the laundry, possibly, comes first with the housekeepers for by its use hard water is made soft, woolen garments and blankets readily cleansed, delicate colors washed without fading, dainty laces returned to freshness and stains removed—all without the least injury to the cloth or fabric. In the kitchen it may be added to the dish-water, used to clean all cooking utensils, disinfect the sink, and destroy all unpleasant odors adhering to pans and kettles. In the dining-room, pantry and kitchen presses, the sprinkling of borax on shelves and floors will entirely do away with the annoyance of ants, roaches and bugs.

For the bath-room and toilet-table, borax is entitled to a place to which no other article can lay claim. For washing the face it is better than soap and it used regularly will keep the hands of even those women who must of necessity do rough work soft and white. As a wash for the hair, borax has long been regarded as the best and most harmless lotion. Borax is an excellent dentifrice, and if used in time will prevent decay of the teeth, harden the gums, and induce a general healthful action of the mouth.

People troubled with sore and tender feet will find great relief from frequent bathing in borax water, which is a cure for corns and bunions.

Borax also has strong medicinal qualities. A little powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils morning and night is an excellent remedy for catarrh. It is as well a reliable wash for sore throat, sore mouth, inflamed skin and weak eyes. Borax will be found a good dressing for burns, scalds, and wounds.—Ladies Home Companion.

## The American Quick Lunch.

The prevalence of indigestion in America has been variously accounted for, food water and sweets being two of the favorite explanations. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so much what one eats as the way in which one eats it which works the mischief, and in America the way is standing affront to the art of gastronomy. For in what other country than America, as a writer in the Critic very pertinently asks, would the legend "Quick Lunch" prove an attraction to the hungry man?

A foreigner (especially if he were a British workman) would regard it in the light of an insult. A Frenchman will do anything in a hurry except eat, and in consequence his digestive apparatus does its duty. But the average American seems to think that the time spent at table is wasted. Indeed, the writer in the Critic declares that it is the commonest thing to see men bolting their food at a lunch counter, not to get back to business, but in order to loaf about the streets till the midday interval is spent. Even those who enjoy more leisure show a similar disregard for the high art of dining, and an American lady has been heard to say that she thought the nicest way to live would be to go to the pantry when you were hungry and take a bite of something, but to sit at a table was a sheer waste of time. "Ten minutes for refreshment," in fact, was her idea of rational recreation. Here, at least, is one of the things which we manage better in the effete old mother country. Record breaking is all very well, but it is a bad idea to aim at where speed in eating is concerned. Here, at any rate, the policy of Mr. Gladstone is above reproach.—London Globe.

## It Worked Both Ways.

Little Jacky had two apples, which he had saved from dessert. There was company in the room, and one of the gentlemen thought it would be a good opportunity to give Jacky a lesson in manners. So he called the boy and said:—

"I see you have two apples, Jacky. Won't you give me one?"

Jacky hesitated, looked rather ruefully at his prizes, and finally offered the smaller of the two. "That's what the gentleman had expected, and he proceeded to expatiate upon it, ending with:—

"Now Jacky whenever you have anything to give away, you should always keep the poorest for yourself."

This might be good manners, but it didn't harmonize with Jack's desires, so he rummaged over it a while, and then stuck out the other fist.

"Take another one, too," he said generously.

The gentleman was congratulating himself on his success, when Jacky stunned him by saying:—

"Now, won't you please give me one?"

## Old Paintings of Dogs.

Dogs are great favorites with the early painters. In Morando's "St. Roch and the Angel" we see a sweet little innocent-looking Scotch terrier, casting covetous eyes, for some reason unknown to any one but himself, upon the fallen roses. Poodles are very great favorites with many painters, and frequently take an active part in the drama, or, symbolically, assist the principal actors. Thus in Bellini's "Death of St. Peter, Martyr," the poodle and the sheep are asleep. Does this not testify to the calm death of the martyr, who in spite of his skull being cleft by a sword, peacefully fell asleep? Sympathetic animals may also be seen in the "Adoration of the Magi," by an artist of the school of Barbaresi; and a delightful little Maltese ter-

rier sits up as one of the principals actors in the "Warrior Adorning the Infant Christ," ascribed to the school of Bellini. Here, too, is a beautiful caparisoned horse, as wise a beast as its master, the Knight—wiser far than the simple-looking serving man who holds him. The roughish little terrier pretends not to see what is going on.—Good Words.

## OUR REGARDS TO MR. RUSSELL.

The writer of these lines hereby tenders to Mr. W. Clark Russell the assurance of his thanks and appreciation. I have always loved sea stories, and those of Mr. Russell stand at the head of their class. From "The Wreck of the Groenland" to "List, Ye Landmen!" I have read them all. Yet salt water, and the things thereon and therein, are not the only things he knows about; not by many degrees of latitude.

In his last book he makes a sailor talk thus: "I have suffered from the liver in my time, and know what it is to have felt mad. I say that I have known moments when I could scarce restrain myself from breaking windows, kicking at the shins of all who approached me, knocking my head against the wall, yelling with the yell of one who drops into a fit; and all the while my brain was as healthy as the healthiest that ever filled a human skull, and nothing was wanted but a musketry of calomel pills to dislodge the fiend," &c., &c."

So much for what Mr. Russell's sailor (or Mr. Russell himself,) says; and there are plenty of people who can testify that it is not a bit overdrawn. One fact in particular it helps us to realize—namely, that the life of a sailor does not guarantee good health. Indigestion and dyspepsia—of which liver complaint is a sequence and a symptom—is as common among sailors as among landmen.

One of the latter, however, may now tell his experience. "All my life," he says, "I had suffered from biliousness and sick headaches. I would have an attack about every three weeks. At such times my appetite left me, and I could neither eat nor drink for days together. I suffered from dreadful sickness and straining, and vomited a greenish-yellow fluid. My head felt as though it would burst. I had a bad taste in the mouth, saw yellow, and the whites of the eyes turned yellow. I was recommended to adopt a vegetarian diet, and did so, but the attacks were just as frequent and violent. I consulted doctors and took their medicines, but was none the better for it. In this way I went on year after year."

Well, we shall agree that there could scarcely be a worse way to go on, and all came about thus: The overworked stomach put more work on the liver than the latter could do. Indignant and disgusted at this the liver refused to do a stroke more than its proper share. Hence more bile accumulated in the blood than the liver was able to remove. This surplus bile acts as a slow poison—and not so very slow either. The tongue is furred; the head aches and feels dull and heavy; the eyes and skin are of a greenish-yellow; there is dizziness and nausea; cold hands and feet; spots before the eyes; a pungent, biting fluid rises in the throat; constipation; high-colored kidney secretion; prostrated nerves; irritability; loss of ambition; fears and forebodings, &c., &c. This is "biliousness" or "liver complaint" in its simplest form. When long unchecked it produces irregular action of the heart, rheumatism, gout, and any, or all, of a dozen other organic disorders. There is no more certain or powerful impulse to misbehavior; suicide and other crimes often resulting.

What to do? To get rid of the poison by starting the skin and bowels into energetic action; then to keep them going at a healthy and natural gait. How to do this? Let our friend Mr. F. Widger, 4, Portland Square, Plymouth—who we have just quoted—speak on that point.

In his letter, dated March 3rd, 1893, he adds: "To years ago, after all medicines had failed to help me, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I procured it from Mr. R. S. Luke, Chemist, Tavistock Road, and began to use it, and nothing else. After having consumed one bottle I found myself vastly better, and by continuing with it I got rid of my old trouble altogether."

We should mention that Mr. Widger is a tailor and on fitter at Plymouth, and well known and respected in that community. He permits us to use his name out of gratitude for his recovery. The potency of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup over liver disease is due to its ability to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, which is (as we have said) the cause of liver disease.

Every house on the land, and every ship on the sea, should have this remedy as a necessary part of their stock and stores. Perhaps Mr. Russell may recommend it in his next book. But no "musketry of calomel pills." Oh, no.

## A Warning to Smokers.

For some time past certain dealers have been selling inferior brands of tobacco when "T & B" is asked for, thus not only trading on the reputation of the manufacturers but also injuring the sale of the article.

The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co., of Hamilton, have taken the matter in hand and intend prosecuting the offenders.

Smokers should be careful to see the "T & B" stamp on each plug as, to gain extra profit, unscrupulous dealers then the tag off other brands and say it is "T & B" and "just as good."

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