

ROMANCE OF A RINK.

It fell out one evening at Niagara that Dennis Deroyt, while sailing gracefully backward on the outside edge, had run into a young lady and knocked her down. It, of course, behooved him to pick her up again and brush the ice cuttings from her dress. The young lady thanked him volubly. She was rather nice to king. She appeared to have no 'quire. She was a poor skater, only learning. Dennis was sufficiently polite to proffer his assistance. There is something dreadfully insidious in this process of assisting a learning young lady, especially if, as in Dennis' case—it is repeated three or four evenings consecutively. The young lady places such absolute reliance on her instructor. She clings to his arm. Anon she embraces him around the neck. Her eyes the while are very bright from the exercise; her complexion glows healthily from the rapid motions of the pastime; her hair, perhaps, is just sufficiently disordered to be picturesque. Oh! it is a horribly dangerous process—for the instructor.

Dennis Deroyt was impulsive. He had a Hibernian way of yielding to the inclination of the moment without regarding consequences. During his fourth evening's skating at Niagara he came his cropper. It was then getting late. Many of the skaters had left the ice. Dennis and the learning lady were in a corner apart by themselves. They were standing still, engaged in conversation, when her feet shot suddenly forward, as the feet of learners have a way of doing. Dennis was just in time to catch her in his arms, before she could strike the ice with his back of her head.

Who that has thus held a lady novice overbalanced backwards does not know the difficulty of restoring her to the perpendicular? With each effort to raise her feet will slip away, and back she sinks, head resting on his shoulder. That was what happened now. The young lady lay in Dennis' arms, her head resting on his shoulder. She was certainly good looking. Her eyes were very lustrous. Her complexion was clear and good. She had a pink little mouth. A sudden impulse overtook the Irishman. The absence of near spectators aided and abetted it. He whispered something in that coral ear. Then—I am ashamed to write it—he—well, yes, he did—he kissed the pink little mouth!

She struggle a little to disentangle herself from his arms. But what could she do? Her feet slipped away again. She only sank upon him with increased weight. Dennis whispered something else, and repeated it more than once before she had restored to the perpendicular. The young lady, you see, was helpless. She was obliged to accept the inevitable. She could not offer that resistance which her maiden modesty demanded. Dennis was master of the situation. He used his advantage recklessly. That is, in fact, how he came his cropper.

Dennis was genuinely astonished when he discovered that the young lady had taken him seriously. He explained to the young lady, as delicately as he could, that she was laboring under a delusion. For a long time she would not believe that he was in earnest. She surmised that he was perpetrating some lever's jest upon her. But, by and by, when she found that he really meant it, she turned upon Dennis in a manner that made him quake.

"Do you stand there before me," she exclaimed, with indescribable indignation, "and dare to deny that you asked me to marry you?"

"My dear girl," returned Dennis, looking anxiously around to see that no inquisitive skaters were within earshot, "you must know that I never asked you anything of the kind."

"Never asked me anything of the kind," cried the young lady in an ascending scale of shrillness which came uncommonly near the high C. "Are—are you mad, Mr. Deroyt, or am I?"

"I don't think I am," answered Dennis, perhaps rather rudely.

The young lady burst into tears. "You insult me, sir," she sobbed. "What do you take me for? Do you suppose that I should have let you m—m—m—make love to me and k—k—k—kiss me, unless you had first asked me to marry you?"

"My dear girl," answered Dennis, hurriedly—for he saw that it was necessary to soothe her at once if he was to escape a scene in this public place—"pray compose yourself. I never took you for anything else but what you are—the dearest little thing alive. But as for marrying, I never thought of that. Couldn't possibly manage it, don't you know. Haven't the means."

"You might have thought of that before you proposed to me," she retorted, indignantly.

"But you are mistaken about that, Miss Linkley—upon my soul you are," protested Dennis.

"I wasn't Miss Linkley four days ago," she interposed, with a queer look.

"Ah, well, Florrie, then," he hastened to correct himself. That look of hers made him wish himself well out of it. "But you are mistaken, really. I do like you, of course, awfully, but—"

"You didn't like me four days ago," she interjected, with a still more dangerous look. Dennis felt half afraid that she might lose her self-control and involve him in the disgrace of a physical tussle before all those skaters.

"I—I—mean to say I—I—love you—upon my soul, I do," said Dennis, ready, at the minute, to say anything that would pacify her.

"With all your heart?" she inquired, subjecting his face to a searching gaze of her dark eyes.

"Yes—ah—with all my heart," assented Dennis, meekly.

The young lady still continued to scrutinize his face closely. Dennis wished that her large eyes were not quite so penetrating.

"And you really mean that, D—Dennis—upon your honor?" she persisted.

to speak unpleasant things. But he could be as bold as a lion—on paper.

Next morning Dennis indited this letter. By return he had a communication, not from Florrie, but from Florrie's pa, the dry goods man in the King's Road, Chelsea.

"Sir (the letter ran)—I am at a loss to understand the dastardly letter which my daughter has this day received from you. If you think that I shall permit you to play fast and loose with my child's affections, you are very much mistaken. Either you must retract every word which you have written in your unmanly letter and express yourself ready to carry out your engagement with my daughter, or you must be prepared to meet whatever steps I shall consider it necessary to take for the vindication of that too-confiding angel. Yours to command, JOHN LINKLEY."

"Hum!" said Dennis, as he read the letter, with an angry frown. "Too-confiding angel! Good heavens, what rubbish! I shall just sit tight, and they won't carry the matter further. When they see I am determined, they will desist from their impudent attempt."

That is how Dennis encouraged himself. But the encouragement was short-lived. Three days afterward he heard from some solicitors in Lincoln's Inn to the effect that they were issuing a writ against him for breach of promise at the instance of their client, Miss Linkley, who would accept service thereof in his behalf. Then Dennis saw that merely sitting tight was of no use. And he did the first wise thing that he had done in the course of the affair—he took a cab and drove straight to the offices of Mr. Battleyboy, his family solicitor.

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Battleyboy when he had heard the story. "This sounds like a bad business, Dennis."

"It is an infernal shame," ejaculated Dennis, indignantly. "It's a deliberate attempt to blackmail me. The girl knows I didn't propose to her and that I never had the least idea of such nonsense."

"Very likely. But you see you have acted so weakly and so foolishly, young man, that you have simply played into the girl's hands. Your aunt has long been afraid of some such disaster happening to you."

"I wish my aunt would be kind enough to let my affairs alone," cried Dennis sulkily. "I shall have to tell her so."

"Upon my word you must not quarrel with your aunt," said Mr. Battleyboy, "for it is to her that you will have to look, Dennis, for extrication from this mess."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean?" Mr. Battleyboy shrugged his shoulders expressively. "I mean that you won't get out of this under a goodish sum of money. And who is to find the money except your aunt? You have no capital. Your salary at the Foreign Office hardly covers your expenses. No! It's your aunt that will have to pay."

"I don't think I can apply to my aunt," exclaimed Dennis, aghast at the notion.

"But I am afraid that is what you will have to do," said Mr. Battleyboy, decidedly. "And if you take my advice, you will call at Cromwell Road today."

After much demurring, Dennis at last promised to do so; but not until Mr. Battleyboy had painted, in very unpleasant colors, the probable result of his refusal. Mr. Pugsnip, the clerk who sat in the outer office, and who had done so for the last ten years, escorted the young man to the street door. Dennis was too much absorbed in his own vexatious affair to notice him; else he would have detected a look of decided interest on Mr. Pugsnip's usually wooden face.

A fortnight later Dennis Deroyt called on Mr. Battleyboy in a state of considerable excitement.

"I say," he said to the solicitor, as soon as they were alone, "whom do you think I saw at the Empire last night?"

"Miss—er—Linkley, perhaps," suggested the other, eyeing him keenly.

"Yes, yes. But whom do you think she was with? Why, your clerk, Pugsnip!"

Mr. Battleyboy seemed neither surprised nor disconcerted by this intelligence, over which Dennis was so excited. He just laughed in a knowing way and said: "Ah, yes! It is rather amusing. Pugsnip had a hint from me, you see?" "A hint from you? I don't understand," cried Dennis.

"Well, it was this way: Your aunt naturally did not wish to pay more than was necessary. So Pugsnip—who is something of a lady's man—ha, ha!—had a hint to entangle the girl in a little affair of the heart while he protracted our negotiations. Pugsnip was eminently successful. I fancy he saved your aunt something like £100. But the amusing part of it is that the entanglement has taken a serious turn, for Pugsnip has fallen in love with the girl, and I believe they are already engaged."

But talking of engagements, Dennis, your aunt has given me great pleasure by advising me that I shall shortly be required to draw your cousin Lottie's settlements. I congratulate you!"

"Thanks," said Dennis, coloring, and looking absurdly happy and elated. "It is—er—er—old affair, you know."

"Which looked at one time like never coming off. However, all's well that ends well. And, once again, Dennis, I congratulate you."

In the course of the summer two weddings took place, one of which was not reported in the Morning Post. But Pugsnip and Miss Linkley did not court publicity. They had been well paid to keep secret the fact that they had co-operated with Mr. Battleyboy and Dennis' aunt in a little plot to secure that young gentleman's happiness—by giving him a good fright. So it was generally understood that Pugsnip had a little windfall, in the shape of a legacy, which enabled him and Miss Linkley to start house-keeping, after a lengthy and protracted engagement.

"Creme de la creme" Innocent Little Liars.

We constantly see children who lie habitually, and usually for no recognized reason. This habit is commonly looked upon as an indication of spontaneous viciousness. In the majority of cases this opinion has no basis in fact. The children usually are suffering from disorders of mind and body, or both, which radically interfere with the transmission of conceptions and perceptions from the internal to the external processes of expression, so that they are really unable to be more exact than they seem; usually these peculiarities are either neglected or cause severe punishment to be inflicted, and the natural result that they are confirmed and added to by various unfavorable characteristics of cruelty, revenge, slyness,

and actual deceit. Lying does not necessarily mean viciousness, nor is truth regarded merely as a saving means of grace. On the contrary, many a child may be led to forget the lie simply by being placed in proper physical and mental environments.—Popular Science Monthly.

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5cts. WATCHES CHEAP AND GOOD.

Whom the Chief Victims of the Crime to Possess a Gold Timekeeper.

Good watches were probably never before nearly so cheap as they are now. The New York Sun. You may buy for less than \$12 a watch warranted to vary not more than a few seconds a month. The silver in the case of a watch never was an important part of the cost of a good timekeeper, and now that silver is so cheap, watch cases at wholesale are of trifling cost. The watchmaking business has been greatly subdivided. Crystals are made at one place, cases at another, and works at still another. There is a growing belief among men of moderate means that a gold watch is a vanity, and that the sole important thing in a watch is the works. These were never so good or so cheap as now.

The number of men who carry cheap watches is constantly on the increase. The watch clubs of some years ago could hardly succeed now, because men are less under the fetich of the gold watch than formerly. Many men lay aside their gold watches, heirlooms, gifts, and the like, and carry good timekeepers that cost only a tenth as much. At the same time some men of deny themselves in order to buy gold watches. The well-to-do merchant is perhaps more likely to carry a gold watch than the professional man of ten times his income.

There are still in use a few old key-winding silver watches of the sort that began to disappear with the advent of the stem-winders. Many of these are excellent timekeepers. They cost when new from \$25 to \$50, and have stood the wear of a quarter of a century. They are better than the \$5 and \$6 stem-winders freely offered now, though the key-winders bring almost nothing in exchange. It would be half a dozen good time-keeping silver key-winders to buy one of the cheap stem-winders. The dial of the modern cheap watch is usually numbered in Arabic instead of Roman numerals, and any watch bearing the latter is usually far from new.

Women still cling to the gold watch, and among the most expensive watches are those made in Switzerland for women. It is not unusual for one of these small, richly enamelled affairs to cost \$250, and the prices run from that into the thousands. The gold faced-watch is such a nuisance that it is disappearing. The expensive watches made for women are usually excellent time keepers. There are, however, many cheap and gaudy watches made in answer to the craze for watches as ornaments and these cannot so well be depended upon. Watches that have more or less gold in the case are very cheap now. Women of all sorts have them, and it is not unusual to see one in the hands of a maid servant. Showy watches are made to be given as prizes for those that play the hundred and one gambling devices set up in saloons. Some saloon keepers get watches of the same sort and offer them as prizes for the man getting a certain numbered ticket, a ticket being given out with every drink sold. These watches are always advertised as gold. Their cheapness is proclaimed in the character of the decoration, which is crudely elaborate.

"Sonadora" cigars, 15cts or 2 for 25cts. GAY WAISTCOATS IN FAVOR.

With Silk Embroidery May Come Into Vogue Once More.

As the silk industry is greatly depressed, there has been some talk of a deputation to the Prince of Wales on the subject, the idea being that if only the Prince could be induced to wear silk embroidered waistcoats, a demand might be set for those sumptuous garments. But even if the good nature of the heir apparent was equal to inducing him to appear in public, say in a scarlet vest it would hardly be infectious. A taste for gay male attire went out, with some customs much more to be regretted, just as the new regime inaugurated by the French revolution came in. And unless the world gets more foolish than there is any likelihood of its becoming, the costume will not be easily restored. The splendid waistcoat, we admit, died a very slow death. It remained after the rest of the fine raiment of which it was a part had vanished. Time was—not so many years ago but that some middle-aged folk can recall these mild follies of their youth—when waistcoats were always ordered apart from the rest of the suit of clothes. Very moderate dandies had generally quite a little assortment of "vests," with equally showy scarfs, and possibly pins to match. The gentleman who clung to buckskin breeches and Hessian boots had, indeed, so many that they seldom wore the same article two days running, and were continually adding to their stock.

When Major Dobbin and Joseph Sedler landed at Southampton from the Klansman, East Indianman, the excollctor halted long enough to order half a dozen new waistcoats, and to this day the typical John Bull, who stood for his portrait soon after the battle of Waterloo, is invariably represented in a fine flowered waistcoat. And after the waistcoats in brocade, and scarlet, green and purple, and blue velvet got worn out and were not renewed in Europe, they continued popular in America. A trapper or a gold digger, when he returned to civilization with all the extravagant tastes of a sailor from a long cruise, ordered, among his first attributes to the life of towns, a few very gay waistcoats, and, it be desired to cut a figure in St. Louis or San Francisco or Council Bluffs, would direct them to be made of the material "fore and aft." In the Southern States especially, fine waistcoats were long popular. Indeed, so familiarly was the weakness of transatlantic visitors known that, in the faraway days "before the war," London tailors always kept a "handsome line" of "cut velvet vests" for the "American market." But even the American dandy has at length

discarded such vanities, and we are sure that, among the boxes of clothing sent nowadays to the New York exquisite by the London tailor whom he patronizes, such a thing as a gold-sprigged or silk-flowered waistcoat is never included. Now and then eccentricities in the undergarment appear in Oxford and Cambridge, and for a time striped waistcoats like those footmen are doomed to wear were moderately popular with some very young men. But among sober-minded people it would require some courage to go beyond the blue buff or simply white.—London Standard.

(The Victoria extra) cigars 10cts.

THE DOG, THE MAN, AND THE MEAT.

A friend of mine and I were walking together the other day; a dog dashed past us after something he saw on the pavement. It was a big piece of meat. He pounced on it and swallowed it in two seconds. My companion looked at the dog with envious admiration. "My humble friend," he said, "I'll give you £5,000 for your appetite and your digestion. You are not afraid to eat; I am." But the dog knew what happiness is made of. He declined the offer and trotted away.

It is astonishing how many different people use this expression. "I am, or I was, afraid to eat; As the writer pens these lines five letters lie on the table before him, every one of them containing it. Yet the persons who wrote the letters are not known to one another. There was, therefore, no agreement among them. Why should there be, even if they were acquainted?"

No, there is nothing in it to wonder at. They went through the same experience, and express it in the most natural way, that's all.

But what does it mean? Are people suspicious of poisoned food? No, no; that is not so. The food is not poisoned before it is eaten, but afterwards. An example will show what really occurs, and why so many are so afraid to eat.

We quote from one of the letters: "One night early in 1892," says the writer, "I was seized with dreadful pains in the pit of the stomach, and a choking sensation in the throat. I feared I was going to die. My wife called in a neighbor: They applied hot flannels and turpentine, but I got no relief. Then a doctor came and gave me medicine. He said he never saw any one's tongue in such a condition. It was of a yellow color, and covered with a slimy phlegm, so thick I could have scraped it with a knife. I had a foul bitter taste in my mouth, and my eyes were so dull I could scarcely see. I had a heavy pain in the side, and felt so dejected and miserable I didn't know what to do with myself. What little food I took gave me so much pain I was afraid to eat. The doctor put me on starvation diet, and injected morphine to ease the pain."

"Getting no real benefit from the first doctor I saw another, who said I had enlargement of the liver. He gave me medicines, but I got no better. In August I went to Exmouth to see what my native air would do for me, but came back worse than ever. I had lost over three stone in weight, and being too weak to move about I used to lie on the couch most of the time. I never expected to get well, and didn't care much what became of me."

"One day in October my wife said, 'It appears the doctors can do nothing for you, so I am going to doctor you myself.' She went to the Southern Drug Store on Camberwell Road, and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine for a few days the pain in my stomach left me, my appetite improved, and I gained some strength. Soon afterwards I was back at my work. The people in the office, seeing how well I looked, asked me what had cured me, and I answered Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I shall be glad to reply to any inquiries about my case. (Signed) Charles Harris, 74, Beresford Street, Camberwell, London, December 1st, 1892."

Mr. Harris's statement goes straight to the point. Why was he afraid to eat? Because his food gave him pain without giving him strength. This was dead wrong. It was exactly the reverse of what it should have been. When a man is in proper form he gets vigour and power from his meals, and eats them with enjoyment and relish. If he doesn't there is something the matter with him. What is it?

Now let your thoughts expand a bit, so as to take in a broad principle. One man's meat is another man's poison, under certain conditions. If grain never gets further than the mill hopper we should never have bread, and if (bread or other food) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed, and "ON STRIKE," what happens? Why, your food lies in it and rots. The fermentation produces poisons which get into the blood and kick up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This is indigestion and dyspepsia, though the doctors call each and every trick of it by a separate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the main thing after all.

But Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup does, as Mr. Harris says, and as thousands of others say.

Not to be Fooled.

"No," observed the cow. "I will hold my temper. I suspect that red parcel is merely a trap to get me into trouble with the new woman."

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