### IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

My trunk was packed and I had arranged with my senior partner (I was the Miss Ashley was a fine-looking girl. junior member of a law firm) for a month's vacation. Aunt Lucy had written that her on the steps of the veranda, over whose husband had gone on a sea trip and she white roof trailed a luxuriant creeper, its his farm and mills in his abrence, if I could arrange to do so. She added that "Gussie" thought it was a pity to trouble me and hand with her finger tips. wanted to do the overseeing herself, but min at the head of affairs.

I had never seen my step cousin, Augusta Ashley, but I knew, from Aunt Lucy's first,' I said politely.
remarks concerning her, pretty much what 'Not at all,' said Miss Ashley, taking the remarks concerning her, pretty much what sive, with a "faculty" for managing, a l'd alw ys been father's boy?' sharp, probing nose, and a deformation 'I well believe it,' I thought in disgust, sharp, probing nose, and a deformation between her eyebrows. I knew the type as she led the horse over to the well and I and I was assured that the period of my sojourn with my respected aunt would be ting room window I kert a watchful eye

made all necessary arrangements, and went | stable with sundry pats on his nose. Then to bid Nellie good-bye. I had made up I saw no more of her till she came in to my mind to marry Nellie. I had never | tell us tea was ready and led the way out openly avowed myself her suitor, but we to the dining room. were cousins and had grown up together, small and fair and womanly. She dressed well, and had a cheerful, aff ctionate disposition. She was not alarmingly clever, had no "hobbies" and looked up to me as heir to all the wisdom of the ages-what man does not like to be thought clever and brilliant? I had no formidable rival, and our families were anxious for the fellow. I felt that I would be very lonely without Nellie when I was away, and she admitted frankly that she would mi's me much to the latter's disadvantage.

sent him with an express wagon for my luggage, and that "Miss Gussie" was of the firs by the mills stretched nearly I did not approve of her—at least I thought If you bury yourself any longer at Ashley frightened horse.

taste. I dislike women who can look into my eyes on a level-but I had to admit firm, with a cool, pleasant touch-and said with a composure unflittering, akin to in-

plain. Taken separately her features were to the house Aunt Lucy was kni'ting on to be known about business, farming and good. The nose was large and straight, the veranda. Gussie brought out cake and the mouth also a trifle large, but firm and milk and chatted to us while we ate in an gardening, could discuss theology also. It red, the brow wide and white, shadowed by inconsequent girlish way, or fed bits of a straying dash of brown curl or two. She had a certain cool, sta'uesque paleness, accentuated by straight, fine, black brows, and her eyes were a bluish gray, but the pupils, as I afterward found out, had a opinion of her. When I went to my room trick of dilating into wells of blackness, which, added to a long tringe of very dark | suggested Gussie, and I repented of my lashes, made her eyes quite the most strik- unfriendliness for a moment-and only for ing feature of her face. Her expression a moment. Gussie and her mother passed was open and frank, and her voice clear and musical without being sweet. She looked about twenty-two.

At the time I did not fancy her appearance, and made a mental note of the effect | dear ?" that I would never like Miss Ashley. I had no use for cool, business-like womenwomen should have no concern with business. Nellie would never have troubled I've met for some time.' Ler dear curly head over it.

of packages, stowed them away in the and got her photo out to smooth my vanity. carriage, got in, told me which road to For the first time it struck me that her take, and did not again speak till we were features were somewhat insipid. The out of the village and driving along a thought seemed like a disloyalty, so I banpretty country lane, arched over with | ished it and went to bed. crimson maples and golden brown beeches. The purplish h ze of a sunny autumn day | Gussie, but I did not, and I slept so soundmellowed over the fields, and the bunch of golden rod at my companion's belt was akin | before I woke. I sprang out of bed in to the plumed ranks slong the fences. I dismay, dressed hastily, and ran down, not hazarded the remark that it was a fine day; Miss Ashley gravely admitted that it was. Then a deep smile seemed to rise somewhere in her eyes and creep over her face, a clay-stained brown apron, a big, flapping discovering a dimple here and there as it

·Don't let's talk about the weather-the subject is rather stale,' she said. 'I suppose you are wondering why on earth ing" had a diagonal streak of clay across down wells, however. mother had to drag von away out here. I tried to show her how foolish it was, but I didn't succeed. Mo'her thinks there must be a man at the head of affirs or they'll There was no need to take you away from

your business. I protested. I said I was going to take | 1 ughing at me? a vacation any way, and business was not pressing just then. I also hinted that, while I had no doubt of her capacity, she might have found the duties of superintendent rather arduous. "Not at all," she said, with a serenity that made me groan inwardly; "I like it. Father always said there's home," as we turned a maple- geraniums.' blazoned corner and looked from the crest of one hill across that of another. "Home" breakfasted I went with many misgivings. subject. Then Gussie went on another

"How pretty," I excluded admiringly. "Isn't it?" said Gussie proudly. 'I love it.' Her pupils dilated into dark pools, and I rather unwillingly admitted that

As we drove up, aunt Lucy was standing wished me to superintend the business of leaves tinged by October frosts into lovely wine rads and tawny yellows. Gussie sprang out, barely touching my offered

·There's mother waiting to pounce on that she (Aunt Lucy) preferred to have a you and hear all the family news,' she said, 'so go and greet her like a dutiful nephew.' 'I must take out your horse for you

sort of a person she was-just the precise reins from my hands in a way not to be kind I disliked immeasurably. I had no disputed; 'I always unharness Charley myidea what her age was-but doubtless she | self. No one understands bim halt so well. was over thirty, tall, determined, aggres- Besides, I'm used to it. Didn't I tell you

went up to Aunt Lucy. Through the sitone of strife between Miss Ashley and myself on Miss Ashley as she watered and deftly I wrote to Annt Lucy to expect me, unharnessed Charley and led him into his

It was evident Miss Gussie held the reins so that I knew her well enough to be sure of household government; and no doubt of my ground. I liked her so well that it worthily. Those firm, capable white hands was easy to persuade myself that I was in of hers looked as if they might be equal to love with her. She more nearly fulfilled a good many emergencies. She talked the requirements of my ideal wife than any little, leaving the conversation to Aun't one I knew. She was pleasant to look | Lucy and myself, though she occasionally upon, wi hout being distractingly, pretty, dropped in an apt word. Toward the end of the meal, however, she caught hold of nicely, sang and played agreeably, danced an unfortunate opinion I had incautiously advanced and tore it into tatters. The result was a spirited argument, in which Miss Gussie held her own with such ability that I was utterly routed and found another grievance against her. It was very humiliating to be worsted by a girl-a country girl at that, who had passed most of her match. I considered myself a very lucky life upon a far.n! No doubt she was strong-minded and wanted to vote. I was prepared to believe anything of her. After tea Mi's Ashley proposed a walk

awfully. She looked so sweet that I was around the premises, in order to initiate on the point of asking her then and there me into my duties. Apart from his farm to marry me. We l' Fate interterred in Mr. Ashley owned large grist and saw mills, the guise of a small brother, so I said and did a flourishing business, with the good-by and went, mentally comparing details of which Miss Gussie se med so her with my idea of Miss Augus'a Ashley, conversant that I lost all doubt of her ability to run the whole thing as she bad When I stepped from the train at a claimed. I felt quite ignorant in the light sleepy country station next day I was of her superior knowledge, and cur panionship, and I saw no reason to change my opinion of her. She could be lively waylaid by a black-eyed urchin, walk was enlivened by some rather too waiting with the carrige at the store point- across the pond, and the white moon be- so most of the time. Once in a while came ing down to a small building before whose | gan to put on a silvery burnish. Then we door a girl was trying to sootte her wound up by a bitter dispute, during which Gussie's eyes were very black and each As I went down the slops toward her I cheek had a round, red stain on it. She noticed she was tall-quite too tall for my bad a little air of triumph at having delea'ed me.

'I have to go now and see about putting that her form was remarkably symmetrical away the milk and I care say you're not and graceful. She put out her hand-it sorry to be rid of me,' she said with a was ungloved and large, but white and demureness I have not credited her with : but if you come to the veranda in half an hour I'll bring you out a glass of new milk and some pound cake I made today by a "Mr. Carslake, I presume. Mo'her receipt that's been in the fimily for one could not come to meet you, so she sent | hundred years; and I hope it will choke me. Will you be kind enough to hold my | you for all the snubs you've been giving horse for a few minutes? I want to get me.' She walked away after this amiable something in the store." Whereupon she | wish, and I stood by the pond till the salcalmly transferred the reins to me and dis- mon tints taded from its waters and stars At the time she certainly did not impress ripples. The mellow air was full of sweet, to see Miss Ashley home if he chose. me as pretty, yet neither could I call her mingled, eventide sounds as I walked back | Doubt'ess a girl, who knew all there was cake to a green-eyed goblin in the likeness

of a black cat. She appeared in such an amiable light that I was half inclined to reconsider my the vase full of crimson leaves on my table through the ball below and Aunt Lucy's so't voice floated up through my half-open

"Well, how do you like your cousin, my

Whereat that young lady promptly an swered: "I think he is the most conceited youth

Pleasant, wasn't it? I thought of Nellie's Miss Ashley came out with her arms full | meek admiration of all my words and ways,

I expected to dream of that disagreeable | so I got a ladder and went after him.' ly that it was 10 o'clock the next morning | sourly 'you might have killed yourself, a little provoked at myself. Through the window I saw Gussie in the garden digging torted Gussie. Besides, what was the up some geraniums. She was enveloped in straw hat half hid her face, and she wore a she turned to me as I said "Good morn- young ladies are not in the habit of going it. I added slovenliness to my already

long list of her demerits. 'Good afternoon, rather. Don't you never go right. I could have taken tull three hours ago for their orders. I thought | ble to nobody but myself if I chose to go charge easily enough; I haven't been it a pity to disturb your peaceful dreams, father's 'boy' all my life for nothing. so I gave them myself and sent them off.'

> 'I expected to be called in time, certainly.' I said stiffly. 'I am not accustomed to oversleep myself. I promise it will not occur again.' My dignity was quite lost on Gussie. She peeled off her gloves cheerfully, and said:

'I suppose you'd like some breakfast. I was a born business manager. You'll Just wait till I wash my hands and I'll get Mr. Martin was a frequent caller, osten-find Ashley's Mills very quite, I'm afraid. you some. Then, if you're pining to be sibly to make arrangements about a Sun-It's a sort of charmed Sleepy Hollow. See, useful, you can help me take up these day school they were organizing in a poor

geraniums.'

There was no help for it. After I had held long conversations on this enthralling breakfasted I went with many misgivings. We got on fairly well, however. Gussie buried smid a riot of autumn color, with a dark green spruces at the back. Below them was a glimpse of a dark blue mill pond, and beyond it long sweeps of goldentrown meadow land, sloping up till they dimmed in horizon mists of pearl and purple.

breakfasted I went with many misgivings. We got on fairly well, however. Gussie was particularly lively and kept me too busy for argument. I quite enjoyed the time, and we did not quarrel until nearly the last, when we fell out bitterly over some horticultural problem, and went in to dinner in sulky silence. Gussie disappeared after dinner and I saw no more of pearl after dinner and I saw no more of There was not a soul about save Gussie, self.

## It Makes a Good Breakfast.



Above all drinks for the morning meal Coffee stands supreme. The odor of it, rich and pungent, prevades the house like an incense. It is our claim and pride that we supply the homes of the land with Coffee of the finest quality. The best the earth affords we give them. There is no variation in the quality of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, every package is of the same high grade. On it our reputation stands.

Packed in air tight tin cans only.

CHASE & SANBORN. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

began to find it a little dull. Even a dispute would have been livelier. I visited the mills, looked over the farm, and then carelessly asked Annt Lucy where Miss Ashley was. Aunt Lucy replied that she had gone to visit a friend and would not be back till the next day.

This was satisfactory, of course, highly so. What a relief it was to be rid of that girl with her self-assertiveness and independence. I said to myself that I hoped I had two more buckets ready for her. her friend would keep her for a week. I forgot to be disappointed that she had not, when, next afternoon, I saw Gussie coming in at the gate with a tolerably large satchel and an armful of golden rod. I sauntered down to relieve her, and we had a sharp argument under way before we were half way up the lane. As usual, Gussie refused to give in that she was wrong.

Her walk had brought a faint, clear tint to her cheeks, and her rippling, dusky hair had half slipped down on her neck. She said she had to make some cookies for tea, and if I had nothing better to do I might go and talk to her while she mixed them. It was not a gracious invitation, but I went rather than be left to my own

By the end of the week I was as much at home at Ashley Mills as it I had lived there all my life. Gussie and I were thrown together a good deal for lick of other comand entertaining when she chose, and at

One evening I went to prayer meeting with Aunt Lucy and Gussie. I had not seen the minister at Ashley Mills before. though Gussie and her mother seemed to know him intimately. I had an idea that he was old and silvery-haired and benovelent looking. So I was rather surprised to fied him as young as myself - a tall, pale, intelligent looking man, with a high, white brow and dark, earnest eyes-decidedly

I was still more surprised when, after the service, he joined Gussie at the door and went down the steps with her, I felt distinctly ill-treated as I fell back with Annt Lucy. There was no reason why I should -none; it ought to have been a relief. began to mirror themselves brokenly in i's | The Rev. Carroll Martin had every right milling, to say nothing o' housekeeping and

was none of my business. I don't know what kept me awake so late that night! As a consequence I overslept myself. I had managed to feed on my reputation on this point, but here it was lost again. I felt cross and fcolish and cantankerous when I went out.

There was some unusual commotion at the well. It was an old-fashioned opened one, with a chain and windlass. Aunt Lucy was peering anxiously down its mouth, from which a ladder was sticking. Just as I got there Gussie emerged from its depths with a triumphant face. Her skirt was muddy and draggled, her hair had tumbled down, and she held a dripping

"Coco must have fallen into the well last night," she explained as I helped her to the ground. "I missed him at milking time, and when I came to the well this morning I heard the most ear splitting yowls coming up from it. I couldn't think where he could possibly be, for the water was quite calm, till I saw he had crept into a little crevice in the stones on the side. 'You should have called me,' I said

going down there. 'And Coco might have tumbled in and drowned while you were getting up,' re

need? I could go down as well as you.'
"No doubt," I said more sharply than I had any business to. 'I don't dream of pair of muddy old kid gloves. Her whole | disputing your ability to do anything you appearance was disreputable, and the face | may take it into your head to do. Most

'Perhaps not,' she rejoined, with freezing calmness. 'But, as you may have discovered, I am not 'most young ladies'. I know what time it is? The men were here am myselt, Augusta Ashley, and accountadown the well every day for pure love of it. She walked off, in her wet dress, with

> under such circumstances. I was in a very bad humor with myself as I went cff to see about having the well cleaned out. I had offended Gussie, and knew she would not be easily appeased. Nor was she. For a week she kept me politely, studiously at a distance, in spite of my most humble advances. The Rev. Mr. Martin was a frequent caller, osten-

her. I was glad of this, but after a time I | Aunt Lucy, and myself. I dashed wildly into the kitchen, where Gussie was peeling apples.

'The house is on fire,' I exclaimed. Gussie dropped her knife and turned pale. ·Don't wake motter,' was all she said, as she snatched a bucket of water from the table. The laider was still lying by the Eva. well. In a second I had raised it to the squirrel and dashed the water on the flames.

Fortunately, the fire had made little headway, though a few minutes more would have given it a dangerous start. The flames hissed and died out as Gussie threw on the water, and in a few seconds only a small black hole in the shingles remained. Gussie slid down the ladder. She trembled in every limb, but she put out her fluences of artwet hands to me with a faint triumphant smile. We shook hands across the ladder with a cordiality never before expressed.

For the next week in spite of Carroll, I was happy when I thought of Gussie, and miserable when I thought of Nellie. I held myself in some way bound to her andwas she not my ideal? Undoubtedly!

One day I got a letter from my sister. It was long and newsy, and the eight page

was most interesting. 'It you don't come home and look after Nellie,' wrote Kate, 'you'll soon not have her to look after. You remember that old lover of hers, Rod Allen? Well, he's home from the West, now, immensely rich, they say, and his attentions to Nellie are

This lifted an immerse weight from my mind, but the ninth page hurled it back

'You never say anything of Miss Ashley in your letters. What is she like-young or old, ugly or pretty, clever or dull? I met a lady recen'ly who knows her and thinks she is charming. She also said she was to be married soon to the Rev. Something-or other. Is it true?"

'Ay, was it? Quite likely. Kate's letter made a very miserable man of me. Gussie found me a dull companion that day. After | Flower Garden." several vain attempts to rouse me to interest she gave it up.

'There's no use talking to you ' she said impatien'ly. 'I believe your are homesick. suspicious. Anyhow, I hope you'll get over it before I get back.' 'Are you going away again?' I asked.

'Yes. I'm going to stay a few days with Flossie.' Flossie was that inseparable

'You seem to spend a good deal of your time with her.' I remarked, discontentedly. Gussie opened her eges at my tone

'Why, of course,' she said. 'Flossie and I have always been chums. And she needs me more than ever just now, for she's awfully busy. She is to be married

'Oh, I see-and you---'I'm to be bridesmaid, of course, and we've heaps to do, Flossie wanted to wait the big audience she was nervous. and No bicycle can be controlled unless the until Christmas, but Mr. Martin is in a-' Martin going to marry your friend?'

'Why, yes. Didn't you know? They just suit each other. There he comes now. He's going to drive me over, and I'm not ready. Talk to him, for pity's sake while I go and dress.

I never enjoyed a conversation more. and I was best man. Nellie made a charmher. My own wedding did not come off till spring, as Gussie said she could not get ready before that.

### HOT WEATHER BLUES

## And Paine's Celery Compound,

The hot, fiery weather of midsummer is extremely trying to those who are weak, nervous, sleepless and used up. Just at this time, halt-well people suffer from what is termed "hot weather blues." This means tired, weary feelings, and an oppression that makes daily life a burden. When the 'hot weather blues" overcome a person, there is always a great lack of nerve force and power, and bodily strength is at a low

Many will ask, "what can we do that we may be enabled to attend to business and enjoy lite like others around us? Why, do just as thousands of others have I was angrier than ever. A nice begin-ning I had made. And was that girl only girl I ever saw who could be dignified done, banish the cause of the "blues" by using Paine's Celery Compound for a few weeks. This marvellous tonic medicine will restore your vitality; it will strengthen the nervous system; it will cleanse the blood and give you new feel-

ings and inspirations. Thousands have found Paine's Celery Compound to be an invaluable agent in the hot weather for keeping up activity, appetite, perfect digestion, and for promoting sweet and refreshing sleep. Paine's Celery Compound will banish the "blues," and put every weary and used up man and woman in such a condition, that work will be a pleasure, and life will be worth living.

#### HELEN'S ORATION.

Commencement was only three weeks away, but Helen Gordon had not even

chosen a subject for her essay. 'I can't think of anything to write about,' she said disconsolately to her mother. The other girls have all chosen beautiful titles, and May Price says her essay is all written. I don't know what I shall do.'

Helen Gordon had been the first choice for essayist in a class of over fifty. She was plain and quiet in dress and in manners. Some of her class mates who had not been chosen, called her homely, and Rosa Maxim even went so far as to say that it was a disgrace to the Earleville High school to have such a girl at the head

'She may be all right in her classes,' complained Rosa, 'but every one knows she can't speak. There's no danger of her winning the priz?—that's some satisfaction. Of course it will go to Eva Wharton.'

Eva Wharton was the star of the class. She was one of its prettiest girls, she came of one of the best families in town, and she had seemed to slip through her school course without much effort of her own. And every one, including Helen Gordon, expected her to win the Greer prize on commencement day. Of course she didn't need the money and Helen did, but honors seemed to go so easily and naturally to

'You see, mother,' Helen had said, 'Eva roof, and while Gussie went up it like a is already working on her essay. Her subject is 'Laurel Wreaths to the Brave.' Isn't that pretty? And I'm sure she'll charm everybody-she always does."

And that morning, when Helen went to school, the girls asked her it she had chosen her subject yet. 'No,' she answered, flushing. 'I can't

think of a good subject. Last week I thought I'd write something about the in-'Oh, that would be good,' chorused a

number of the girls. But I found I didn't know anything about it and when I began to read up there was so much to learn it just dis-

couraged me.' 'I heard Flora Faulk's subject this moraing,' said one of the girls, 'it was 'Shall We Let Fall the Unfinished Wreath?' Of course I don't know what it means, but

doe:n't it sound nice? 'Edith's oration is, 'The Real and the 'And May Rice's is, 'Thought' said

another. That night Helen went home much disheartened. 'I can't write about any of those things,'

'I don't know anything about them.' Mrs. Gordon smiled. 'Well, why don't you try to write about something that you do understand? I

said Helen disconsolately to her mother,

think that would be the wisest way.' 'Now. I know all about raising flowers,' said Helen to herself, 'and I can take care | cal skill. "I was under medical treatof children, but if I chose such common

subjects they'd all laugh at me.' But the more Helen though of it the more she felt that her mother's advice was good. And so it happened that when the One bottle gave me sufficient relief to en-

programs were printed, the title set courage me to continue the medicine. opposite Helen's name was "A Little Commencement day came at last, and

all of the girls in their white dresses and flowers were gathered in the big hall with all their friends and relations admiring That letter you got this morning looked | from from a distance, The five who were to have essays occupied seats in front near the principal. Eva Wharton looked the prettiest of all-as everyone expected, and Helen, even Rosa was forced to admit, did honor to her class in her plain gown of

astically that Helen was quite discouraged. She was sure she had no such beautiful language in her oration. Then came Eva was so much cheering. At last Helen's turn cane. She was the last because she had been chosen first. When she faced then she grew suddenly calm, for in a seat | feet are on the padals. 'Mr. Martin,' I interrupted, 'is Mr. not far away she saw the anxious face of her mother looking up at her.

Her essay was as plain and simple as Helen herself. It was all about flower cared for and the kinds of flowers that were best and Martin was a remarkably interesting man. | Where to plant them. Here and there a ing little bride, and Rod fairly worships humor about gardening failures. And in delivering it Helen grew so much in earnest that her cheeks flushed and she forgot

saw the smile on her mother's tace she the fco; of a steep hill, and if it develops didn't care much whether she was awarded later that he was coasting another serious

make her mother so proud of her.
Then the judges held their conference and the white-haired professor came forward and said, while the audience leaned forward breathlessly:

'We have awarded the Greek prize to Helen Gordon ' A cheer went up. 'We did this because Helen chose a subject | ble, so that reckless riders are pretty sure which she knew all about and over which I to come to grief sooner or later .- Brookshe could grow enthusiastic. She told us lya Standard.

something new, something that we were interested in, something that we couldn't read in the books, and she told it p'ainly and simply.'

And when the exercises were over, Eva Wharton came forward impulsively.

'You deserved that prize, Helen,' she said in her charming way. I'm glad you have won it. The professor was just right. I chose my subject because I thought it sounded nice, and I just couldn't get interested in it or tell anything new about it.' And that was the sweetest praise that Helen received .- Chicago Record.

# THREE CONQUERING HEROES

Kidney Disease, Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble Conquered by the Three Great South American Remedies.

Prompt Relief for every Sufferc

Safety to the sufferer from kidney disease is in driving the poison from the system. Pills and powders, whilst they give apparent relief, and thus deceive the patient, do not eradicate the disease. The hard, sand-like particles that gather in the blood must be dissolved if the system is to be cleared of the poison, and it is only a remedy like South American Kidney Cure that will do this. Mr. Michael McMullen, a well-known resident of Chesley, Ont., was a victim of kidney disease, so severe that at times he could not lie down, or remain in any one posi ion for a length of time. Where other medicines accomplished nothing, he secured immediate re-liet from South American Kidney Cure. The soreness and weariness, after using the medicine, soon left him, and today there is not a sign of the trouble in his system.

There is no question of the magical charcter of South American Rheumatic Cure. This remedy will drive the worst forms of rheuma'ism from the system. Mr. Robert E. Gibson of Pembroke, Ont., suffered untold misery. Doctors blistered him, and applied every known remedy, but did no good. "The first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure," says Mr. Gibson, "gave me instant relief, and half a bottle cured.' The nervous prostration that comes to many women can be quickly overcome by the use of South American Nervine. This medicine attacks the nerves centres, which are the fountains of all health, and the disease banished from these the system can soon be built up. Mrs. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., wife of the well-known manufacturer of that town, suffered intensely from nervous prestration for years, and seemed beyond relief of the best mediment," says the lady, for two or three years, but my condition only got worse. I read of the wonders performed by South American Nervine, and tried a bottle. with the result that it was not long before I was completely cured.'

BICYCLE COASTING DANGEROUS.

Advice to Riders Who Are Apt to be too Venturesome

There is encouragement in pointing out the risks of coasting on the bicycle, because many have already realized the danger and refrain from the practice. May Rice came first, and when she had Those who ride the wheel will know what spoken the audience cheered so enthusi- a temptation it is to take their feet from the pedals when they come to a long hill and run swiftly down without any effort on Wharton, and when she had finished every their part. The danger lies in not being one was certain she'd take the prize, there able to get the feet back on the padals again, when the machine is moving rapidly, in case it becomes necessary to do so.

A number of unexpected events are liable to occur to a rider, and especially when traversing roads with which he is not gardening-the subject that Helen herself | entirely familiar. Every precaution should knew best-how carefully a garden must be used to guard against these. The public has been startled by the experiences of the Rev. John Brittan Clark, who was Nellie married Rod Allen at Christmas, beautiful little flower thought was tucked found in an unconscious condition and very in, and here and there a p'ayful bit of seriously injured, near Hackettown, N. Y. It was first stated that Mr. Clark's accident was caused by his coasting down a long all about the hundreds of eyes that looked | hill and running into a ravine. But Jis turns out to be only a theory, for the When it was over the applause was deat- wounded man bas not yet so far recovered ening, but Helen couldn't tell whether it was as to be able to give an account of the more than Eva received or not; and when she | accident. He was found unconscious at the prize or not, for it was prize enough to accident will be added to the many which have been caused by this hazirdous prac-

Many people ride the wheel and the proportion of accidents is small, but the experience just referred to shows need of great care. Even persons who ordinarily exercise caution occasionally get into trou-

