

## HER ENEMY.

"If she were a daughter of mine, I would disown her! If I thought a daughter of mine would so much as touch a hated Prussian's hand, I would swear she had been changed in her cradle. Wait a little while till we teach their arrogant pretension how France resents it; and then such women will lament the treachery they dare call love."

So spoke Pierre Duval in hot breath, just before the siege of Paris had begun—breadth kindled by the news brought him by the fair girl shrinking before his anger—the news that one of her schoolmates, the daughter of an old neighbor, had been married, the day previous, to a young Prussian officer, bearing active arms against the country of his newly-made wife; and after the completion of the ceremony, to rejoin his regiment.

All through the day, old Pierre kept muttering to himself; at nightfall, he called his little Marie to him.

"Women are strange beings," he began, as if to relieve his mind of a load which was weighing upon it; "and perhaps I've no right to believe you of different stuff from the rest. These are uncertain times we're in, too. The Prussians are proving stronger than we thought, and it behooves every man who can carry a musket to stand ready. But, Marie, girl, if your old father marches after the drum and fife with the rest—and no young legs of them as will march more willingly—I want you to make me a solemn promise; nay, more, to kneel beside me and make me a solemn oath. Kneel my girl—kneel!"

Pale and terrified, the girl knelt.

"You frighten me, papa," she said.

"It's naught to frighten you," he answered; "but it's one thing to march out to the field and another to march back. They may leave me cold and stiff behind them on their return—the gallant sons of France—but I'll rest easier in my grave, though that grave be a trench filled with the bones of my comrades, if I know my child never will dishonor her race. Now raise your hand, Marie, and swear that you will never marry a man who cannot boast French blood in his veins!"

Solemnly the girl swore.

The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent and kissed the long, flaxen braid wound about the little head.

"I'm ready now," he said.

Within a week the siege of Paris had begun. Within a month Pierre Duval's daughter was orphaned. A Prussian bullet had still forever the heart so loyal to France.

For a time Marie was stunned. No one found opportunity to sympathize with her grief, for around and about her every one was nursing some misery of their own. Every house bore some badge of mourning. Every heart carried its own burden.

But sorer days were in store for Paris—days when the Prussians marched untroubled through its streets, and spoke their hated language in loud, triumphal accents.

On a party of these Marie stumbled one evening as she hastened home. Her pretty face, from which she had thrown back her heavy veil of crepe, attracted them.

Instantly two of them approached her, addressing her in her own tongue.

She hastily drew down her veil, but one bolder than the rest raised his hand to again uplift it. Scarcely had he done so than it was struck down by a sharp, quick blow from behind.

Marie turned, to see the Frenchman who had befriended her; but lo! a young officer, in full Prussian uniform, stood before her, respectfully touching his hat.

A few swift words of command to the men sent them, abashed, away. Then, with an accent almost as pure as her own, he begged that she would allow him to escort her to her home.

"Such outrages in time of war are difficult always to prevent," he said; "but you risk much by appearing unattended in the street. Always your father—your brother—"

"Ah!" she interrupted, "do you leave us our fathers and our brothers? No! I have been to the hospital, caring for the poor men who may be spared to their daughters and their sisters. As for me, you have already taken from me my all."

And she moved quickly away, as if the conversation were at an end; but the young officer kept pace beside her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you are too young and too pretty to pass through Paris unmolested. You hate me as your foe, but you must let me guard you to your home, even though you hate me the more."

"There is no need," she replied. "I go every day to the hospital, and every day at this hour, or very little earlier, I must return."

A shadow, and then a light swept over the young man's face.

"I am stationed so near that, if you will permit me, every night I will be your escort," he said.

"I would rather die than accept a kindness from your hands, or those of any of your blood!" she answered hotly—"you, who are my dear old father's murderers!"

And as she spoke the last words she paused before a gate, which the concierge hastily opened for her admission, and which instantly to behind her.

But alone in her room, Marie paused. Singularly enough, she could recall every feature of the young officer's face—a face which seemed to her to realize some dream of manly beauty; the echo of his voice lingered in her ear—a voice low, and rich, and musical—musical even when he had sternly addressed the soldiers in his own guttural tongue.

Her heart was beating high with fear and excitement, and indignant anger, but mingled with it was a strange thrill of joy.

"It is because I proved my hate," she murmured to herself. "Yet he was kind to me. But for him—"

She would not continue her thought to the end. Resolutely she put it from her.

All the next she was busy again among her wounded. Since her father's death she had gone into the hospitals.

Sitting, with folded hands, in the midst of all the misery about her, with her own wretchedness for mental food, she had felt herself upon the verge of madness, and so had offered her services, which only too gladly were accepted, though there had been some little demur about her youth.

When evening fell she hastened homeward, but with new dread, new sinking, until, looking behind her, as she turned the corner of a street she saw, following her, her protector of the night before.

Until the gate again closed behind her, he let but that little distance intervene between them.

Hot blood mounted to her face, and yet an instinctive sense of care and protection mingled with what she named his presumption.

Every night afterward it was the same. Earlier or later, as she might chance to be, he was near her, nor left her till she withdrew in her own home. One night he approached her.

"There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. "I cannot be here to aid you. You must not go out alone. Promise me that you will not."

For a moment she was almost tempted into forgetfulness that she was a Prussian. For a moment she was almost tempted to answer, "I promise!" then she recovered herself, and turned hotly and indignantly upon him.

"Pass my word to you!" she said—"to you, my enemy—the enemy whom I hate!"

"And you, my enemy, are the enemy I love!" he replied. "Why should I love a woman to whom I have spoken scarce twenty words in my life, and who has answered me with scorn and contempt always? I know not. Some strange freak of fate, perhaps; but so it is. I may go out tomorrow to meet my death. If I should, doubtless you will never know that thus France has avenged herself; but I should like to feel you sometimes gave me one kindly thought, even as my last thought, living or dying, will be of the one woman who gave a stone for the heart I offered her. But, for God's sake, promise me you will not go alone tomorrow on the street! Do not let me have the added torture that you are in peril."

They had reached the gate ere this. Her hand was on the bell. She opened her lips, meaning to scathingly utter his deserved rebuke, but, lo! instead the two simple words, "I promise!" alone issued from them in a low and thrilling whisper.

Before she had divined his intention, he had caught in his little, gloved fingers and raised them to his lips. The next moment the gate swung to between them, and Marie, flying to her own room, had flung herself in a burst of bitter sobbing on the bed.

He was a Prussian, and she—hated him.

Three days later she paused beside two surgeons in earnest conversation.

"There's but one way to save him," said one. "It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood. If we could get some one to submit to transfusion, I think he would recover."

"Impossible!" answered the other.

And Marie passed on to the where lay the sufferer. She paused beside the cot. He was lying, white and insensible, upon the pillow, his head bound in blood-stained bandages; but, all changed as he was, she recognized him, and fell, with a low cry, beside him.

To her he was nameless, but he was the Prussian whom she—hated, and the man whom she—loved!

Ah, in that moment she knew the truth, and then she remembered the surgeon's words. They were about separating when she returned to them.

"You said transfusion would save him," she said. "I am strong and I am ready."

And rolling back her sleeve, she disclosed her bare white arm, with its dimly-outlined blue veins.

A little while the physicians demurred, but in the end she had her way.

She did not shudder as the sharp lancet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her—the deadly faintness—as the blood poured from her veins into his, was ecstasy; for though to her might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his.

She swooned before the operation was completed, and days had passed before she could rally even to know that her sacrifice had not been in vain—days when Paris had been racked by a bitterer foe than the hated Prussian, even her own inhabitants.

But the terrible days were over when Marie once more was allowed to assume her role as nurse. Ernest Hauptmann was still in need of all her care; but when she stood once again beside him, he looked at her with wide-open, conscious eye, into which, as he recognized her, there came a look of ineffable happiness.

"My love!" he murmured, and then he

fell asleep, with her hand clasped tight in his.

Through long weeks she nursed him—weeks which taught her that all her future must be wretchedness, since her promise to her dead father forbade that she should share it.

How dared she tell Ernest of it until he spoke the words which unsealed her silence?

But one evening, as they sat together in the twilight, he almost wholly convalescent now, he spoke them, as in low, endearing accents, he asked her to be his wife.

Amid bitter sobs, she told him all then, and hid her face within her hands. But he gently drew them down, and drew her head upon his breast.

"My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit. Your husband must boast French blood in his veins, forsooth! Have I, then, none in mine? Did you not mingle yours with mine—the very blood of Pierre Duval himself? Ah, Marie, keep your vow to your dead father, and, keeping it, give yourself to me!"

In silent rapture Marie listened to the words; but, as her arms close-clasped themselves about his neck, he knew that he had won his cause, and that she had gone over forever to the—enemy!—Saturday Night.

## THE VALLEY OF PAIN.

HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE. A LIFE OF TORTURE CHANGED TO A LIFE OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS BY KOOTENAY CURE.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia. Its victim is one of those that draws forth our sympathy and pity as all efforts to effect a cure with the ordinary remedies signify fail to do anything more than give the merest temporary relief. Unbounded joy should fill the hearts of neuralgic sufferers at the announcement that in Kootenay the "new ingredient" is effecting miracles in the way of banishing the excruciating agony which has rendered their lives a curse, perhaps for years.

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumlin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario, and made a solemn declaration (so firmly did she believe in Kootenay) to the effect that for many years she was an intense sufferer from Neuralgia. She says that the pains in her head and neck were so severe she thought she would lose her reason.

She has taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum.

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health—and all through Kootenay.

Mrs. James Kenny, of 30 York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify under oath how they were released from suffering through the agency of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Full particulars of these cases will be mailed you by sending your address to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The remedy is not dear, one bottle lasts a month.

### Amphibious Man.

Man becomes most amphibious in certain regions. Temperature permitting, he swims as well, dives better, than many animals—better for instance, than any dogs. The Greek sponge-fishers and the Arabic divers must have sight almost as keen below the water as that of the sea otter. They have learned, by practice, to control the consumption of the air supply in their lungs. The usual time for a hippopotamus to remain below water is five minutes. The pearl fisher can remain below two and a half minutes. In a tank a diver has remained under water for four minutes. But temperature marks the limit of man's amphibious habits.—Spectator.

### A Converted Skeptic.

An exchange tells of an old man who would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by a telephone. His better half was in a country shop several miles away where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it he walked boldly up and shouted: "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet, excitedly cried: "That's Sarah, every inch!"

# "I AM NOW A CHANGED MAN"

## "I Am Convinced that Paine's Celery Compound Has No Equal."

The Only Medicine That Produces Positive and Permanent Cures.

The declarations above are made by Mr. Charles B. Holman, 262 King Street, West, Hamilton, Ont., a young man known to hundreds in the ambitious city.

Mr. Holman's declarations are honest and from the heart. After a siege of sickness and great danger, and failure with other medicines, friends who had been cured by Paine's Celery Compound recommended him to use the same life saver and health restorer.

Mr. Holman, who had been so often deceived, had faith to do as he was advised, and a glorious reward was his. The dangerous cough, his debility, his weakness and depression of spirits that were dragging him to the grave were all banished, and he was made a new man. He writes about

his cure as follows:

"In the spring of 1862 I was troubled with a cough, debility, and general depression of spirits. During the summer and autumn I used a number of medicines, but received no benefit from them. About the beginning of November I was advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured the preparation and began to use it with wonderful benefit. I am now convinced, after using several bottles of this unequalled medicine, that no other can compare with it in any respect."

"I am now a changed man; my health is renewed, depression of spirits is gone, my appetite is good, and I sleep well."

"I will always gladly say a good word for Paine's Celery Compound."

### WEIGHING AN ENGINE.

Curious Test Recently Applied to a Famous Locomotive.

A peculiar scientific experiment has been made with the famous engine 870, of the New York Central Railroad, at the shops at West Albany. Some months ago this large engine, which, in the opinion of many well-informed railroad men, excels even the famous 999, was taken into the shops and completely overhauled. It was taken apart completely, and every part of the engine, from the massive driving wheels to the very smallest bolt and nut, was separately weighed. The heavy portions were weighed in the shops and the small parts were taken to Watervliet avenue pharmacy where they were weighed on the pharmacist's scales.

The greatest care was taken by the machinists under the directions of Master Mechanic Buchanan to see that the weighing was accurate. When every part of the engine had been weighed a force of the best skilled mechanics was put to work to reassemble the engine. When it was complete again it was put into active service.

A short time ago the engine was taken back to the shops and mechanics were put to work dissecting it again. Once more every part was weighed. The scales of the pharmacist were brought into service again. When every portion had been weighed the record was compared with the former one. Then Master Mechanic Buchanan knew just how much the engine had lost in weight through the wear of a known amount of work. The records of the weights of the separate parts showed which parts were subjected to the most wear.

The test cost many hundred of dollars, but the New York Central was willing to spend the money in order that it might be able to know what parts of an engine wear out most quickly and in what ratio the several parts wear out. The exact figures have not been made public. There is no doubt that they will be interesting to mechanics and scientists.—Albany, N. Y., Express.

### NON-SECTARIAN

Divines All Meet on a Common Level and are of One Accord in Proclaiming the Healing Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—It Relieves in Thirty Minutes.

"When I know anything is worthy of a recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it." Rev. Jas. Murdoch, of Harrisburg, Pa., says this of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder after having been cured of a very malignant form of catarrh. He is not the only great divine on this continent who could, and who has preached little sermonettes on the wonderful cures effected by this famed remedy. What names are more familiar to Canadians than the Rt. Rev. A. Sweetman, Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Dr. Langtry, of the Church of England; the Rev. Mungo Fraser, of Knox Presbyterian church, Hamilton, or the noted Methodist-traveller, Dr. W. H. Withrow, of Toronto. All these men have proven what is claimed for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have given their written testimony to it.

### A FAMOUS SERPENT.

How a Practical Joker Once Produced a Famous Hoax.

A man's kindness of heart, and love of a practical joke, produced, many years ago, a most famous hoax. This man, Faxon, by name, the Chicago Times-Herald tells us, had a friend who went to Silver Lake, a beautiful body of water a few miles south of Buffalo and Rochester, in what was then a wild and picturesque country, where he built a superb hotel hoping to make the place a popular resort. This man's fortune was expended in building and outfitting the hotel, but as the people did not resort to the place in considerable numbers, it failed of becoming much of a resort, and the man was about to be financially ruined. Faxon went to the place for a few days' relaxation, and seeing the condition of affairs,

invented a scheme which his friend dubiously fell into. At Buffalo lived a young German tinsmith of an ingenious turn of mind. To him Faxon went, and under Faxon's direction an immense tin snake was secretly made, and so contrived that by the use of wires it would go into serpentine writhings, and open and shut its enormous mouth. This "contraption" was quietly taken to Silver Lake, and so fixed in the water—which was very deep—that by wires worked from the cellar of the hotel, it would show itself on the surface, snap its terrible mouth and dive down again. The snake being arranged in working order, Faxon went back to Buffalo, and in his paper printed under great "scare heads," the story of this discovery of an enormous snake in Silver Lake. People visited the place by hundreds, and then by thousands. The hotel and its barns and outbuildings of all kinds were filled with guests and many people went there and camped on the shores of the lake, his snakeship coming to the surface at satisfactory intervals and doing his share of the work. So the fame of the Silver Lake snake went abroad. There came a body of savants of the famous school of Europe to see the famous terror, and they saw it and pondered over it—but at a most respectful distance. Finally one day the wire broke, the snake floated to the surface and turned its white belly to the sky, just like any other dead snake, and the great hoax was exploded. But Faxon's friend has saved his fortune and Silver Lake became quite a resort after all.

### ON THE STANCO'S LINKS.

Mr. Topper's Remarkable Drive and the De-pressing Influence of the Scot.

"Now, some men are made golfers," said Mr. Fozzie, "and some are born so. I am not. But the very worst golfer I ever heard of was Topper, of this club. I've seen that man slice the ball so that it would fly in a circle; and once—only once—I saw it fall on the tee from which he'd driven it. But that, as I say, was exceptional—really a remarkable piece of luck, I think. I offered to bet he couldn't do it again, but he wouldn't take me up. Topper had no sporting blood."

"The fact that the Scotch have had so much to do with the game of golf," continued Mr. Fozzie, "accounts undoubtedly for the lack of humor and fun connected with the game. Now, they laid out these 'links' no the hill back of me recently—part on the hill, most on the hillside, and some in the ditch. They called one hole the High hole one the Valley hole, and another the Hill hole. The Greens Committee was composed of two Scotchmen and an American. I happen to know, sir, that that American did everything but go on his knees to those get 'em to those Scots to the holes High, Low, and Jack. Any American could see that they ought to be called High, Low, Jack; and the ninth hole—these were the sixth, seventh, and eighth holes—should nat'ally be the 'Game hole.'"

"But the Scotchmen voted him down; they never heard of calling holes by such names; Badminton said 'nottin' 'bout it;' so the American was defeated, and the thistle waved triumphantly over Scotland and America."

### Those Sweet Girls.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Van-blunt reception last night, dear.  
Dorothy—No. I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented.  
Drusilla (sweetly)—Yes, I know the invitations were limited.—Scottish Nights.

**To develop muscle,**  
if that is what you're doing the washing for, perhaps the old way of washing with soap—rubbing the clothes up and down over a board—may be pretty good. It can't be healthy, though, to breathe that tainted, fetid steam, and you'd better take your exercise in ways that are pleasanter.

But if you're washing clothes to get them clean, and want to do this disagreeable work easily, quickly, and safely—do it with **Pearline**. And one of the strongest points about **Pearline's** washing is its saving—its economy.

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

