

WELL BROUGHT UP.

I met them first at St. Moritz. There was a dance going on at the hotel, and a young man—a very good looking young man, who climbed mountains and enjoyed everything immensely—was asking the well brought up girl to dance.

The girl at first thought that the room was a little too hot for dancing, and then wondered if mamma would like her to dance in a hotel.

"Oh, do ask her," the young man said. "I'm sure she won't mind."

The girl fluttered across the room and knelt confidently at her mother's feet.

"Who are dancing?" said mamma.

"All the nice people, I think."

"Very well, my love, but be careful."

So the well brought up girl and the man began to dance. The girl had thick brown hair, brushed back from a pure, pale brow, and soft, pink cheeks and an unexpensive smile.

She required so much taking care of, and the kitchen lancers were so rough.

"I'm sure mamma would not like me to dance like that," she said.

"I'm afraid they are rather kitchen," said the young man. "I'm awfully sorry."

The girl said it didn't matter and smiled a brave little smile. She put up her hand and smoothed the pretty brown hair, which had become disordered by the hot wind of the ballroom, and then she looked down at her charming little bronze shoes and said:

"I hope you don't mind my not romping, I am a very old fashioned person, you know."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said the young man, with enthusiasm, and he suggested that they should go and sit in the balcony instead.

"I'll may have my little white shawl, please."

And the man wrapped her up most carefully in it and found two chairs in a sheltered corner where they could watch the stars and the lake.

"I think this is ripping," he said.

The girl sat upright with her little white shawl draped about her. She turned her soft eyes up to the young man and asked him if he liked tennis, and it he played the piano. He in his turn inquired if she had taken to a "bike" yet.

The girl said: "Oh, no! She thought it so unbecoming." She asked the young man whether he did not think it a great pity that girls were so fast nowadays. She, for her part, thought a woman's sphere was the home, and she spoke with womanly pity of those who wandered from that sphere.

"It is so sad," she said, "to see girls intruding themselves into men's pursuits. What can men think of them?"

"If only there were more girls like you in the world!" said the enthusiastic young man.

And then mamma appeared and said she thought it was a little late. The girl rose instantly in her pretty, dutiful way and said "Good night," and mamma asked the young man to join them at a little gathering at the Meierer tomorrow.

"He seems quite nice," she said to her daughter. "Wear your pretty white dress with the blue ribbons tomorrow, love."

A charming little party started to walk to the Meierer. Mamma is so particular whom she knows. It is a fact that she can tell at a glance who are "nice people," and who are not; consequently she always knows whom to speak to and whom to avoid. This is a great gift. She knows where the nice people go and what the nice people do and at home she tell exactly where the nice people sit in the park and where the nice people go to church.

At this hotel she has had her place at table changed three times, to be near nice people. She has never been known to make a mistake, even when the nice people wear shabby clothes.

At the Meierer today mamma is quite at her best. She has cut Mrs. Wilson, a solicitor's wife, at the door of the hotel, and she has had the pleasure of announcing that those girls with all the clothes are the daughters of Simpson, the draper in Oxford street, so it is no wonder they understand dressing. She is now explaining to old Lady Hume how "the property" was wiled away from her husband in favor of another nephew of the "late baronet."

It is a great mistake to go abroad without a few well prepared autobiographical facts. Mamma never does. She would rather taunt without her luggage. The facts were usually discharged after she has twice exchanged the pepper and salt with her nice neighbors at table d'hôte, and they include her reasons for not traveling with a maid, her surprise at people wearing diamonds at a hotel (she always leaves hers at home); her husband's unfortunate health which prevents his travelling; the property, the late baronet and mamma's hatred of "nouveau riches."

The poor "nouveau riches." On mamma's lips the term is not one of reproach, but of crime. It is very impressive.

The well brought up girl has on her white dress with the blue ribbons and a soft white lace hat. The young man walks beside her and carried her cloak and her pretty embroidered knitting bag. Those little hands of hers are never idle, and her knitting bag goes everywhere with her. They discuss woman. It is the girl's favorite topic, and her views on the subject are wonderfully charming and feminine.

"You must idealize us a little," said the well brought up girl, speaking in a general sort of way.

"I don't know about idealizing," muttered the young man, looking unutterable things.

"Oh, but indeed you must!" said the young girl, with engaging humility. "We women are only a very ordinary sort of beings, but we are glorified by those who love us."

The young man gasped and said "Ah!" His powers of speech were very limited.

"Tell me," said the girl, giving a soft look upward, "could you idealize a woman who wore a stiff shirt front and rode a bicycle?"

She really was rather a clever little girl, and her appealing manner was charming.

"No, no, indeed I couldn't—at least I'd have to idealize her a lot. But some people are so perfect as they are, don't you know, that you don't have to idealize them at all."

"Shall we walk a little quicker and join mamma?" said the well brought up girl.

It was very difficult to get a nice little time with the girl. She clung so closely to mamma. But sometimes there were a few words in the balcony, when the girl talked about the stars, and once very gently about heaven. And there were glimpses across the table at table d'hôte, and once, there was a walk home from Pontresina in the twilight. Mamma drove home. She was tired and still had some packing to do when she got back.

"Take care of her," she said to the young man. He felt that there had always been a great deal of nonsense talked about girl's mothers being disagreeable old cats.

"So this is your last day at St. Moritz?" he said.

"Yes, our very last day," she replied.

"The place will seem very different after you are gone."

"Oh, but St. Moritz is always lovely. Look at that scene before us—the pine trees and the mountains. What could be lovelier?"

"Lots of things—at least one thing."

"You must be very difficult to please if you don't admire St. Moritz."

"But I do admire it." It was so difficult to make her understand. "Will you be sorry to leave?" he began again.

"Oh, I have had my little holiday," said the girl sweetly. "I must not grumble about going back to my duties—my Sunday school, my practicing, and then there is papa."

"Of course he misses you. I expect you are a perfect angel in the house at home."

"I am afraid it is a little selfish, but I like to think I am missed."

"Well, I'll miss you."

"Ah, don't say that," laying her hand on his arm.

"But I shall; I'll miss you awfully."

"I had rather think of you happy with your hill climbing and your tennis."

"Blow tennis and hill climbing! I don't care a hang about either. There's only one thing in heaven or earth that I do care about."

"Ah, look at those snow peaks flushed with the setting sun."

"I wish," hopelessly, "I could make you understand."

They walk on in silence for a quarter of a mile.

"I haven't made you angry about anything, have I?" says the girl at last in a shy, trembling way.

"Angry? Never! With you?"

"I am so glad! Do you know," coming quite close to him and looking down like a penitent child, "I was beginning to get so unhappy. I—I thought—I was afraid I had offended you."

"How could you think that?"

"You were so silent and you looked so stern—and—big."

He seizes her hand in his. "Oh, my love, it was only because you wouldn't understand! Don't you know that you are dearer to me than any one else in the world? Can't you see that I have loved you since the first moment I saw you?"

The young girl disengages her hand and takes out her pocket handkerchief and bursts into tears.

"Have I frightened you, my tender dove?"

"It's—it's so unexpected," says the girl.

And then she has to be comforted and caressed, and the man calls himself a brute and a savage for having startled her.

"I had no right to speak so soon," he says, "but I love you so utterly."

"Oh, hush!"

"I can't. Won't you give me a little hope—just a little? You know what I am—just a poor artist—but I would work day and night and wait years for you."

The girl begins to sob again.

"For God's sake don't cry!"

"Ah, how can I help it? I fear I have made you unhappy, and I cannot bear to give you pain."

"That means you can't care for me, I suppose."

"If anything on my part has misled you into thinking—"

"No, no! Heaven knows you are not a coquette!"

"You are so generous and so good. But, indeed, I wonder what you see in poor little me to love."

"I see that you are everything that a man does love in a girl—the best, the most womanly of women. Don't you know, you sweet, little, tender love, that you are as different from the girls one meets nowadays as sunlight is different from gaslight. Women in skirts and on bikes may be one's pals, but it's women like you that a man worships."

The next day he stood on the hotel steps watching the well brought up girl and her careful mamma drive off in the diligence.

"God bless her!" he murmured. "God bless her! There isn't a man on earth who's worthy of her."

The well brought up girl waved her pocket handkerchief to him till they were out of sight.

"That is the fourth proposal I have had this year, mamma," she said.—Westminster Budget.

GOOD WOMAN—BAD HEART.

When Could the Life of a Loved One be More Uncertain than When Attacked by Heart Disease?—If you have a Hint of it Have Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Always at Hand, it is the only Remedy which can Relieve you in 30 minutes and Cure you Permanently.

"This is to certify that my wife has been a sufferer from heart disease for over twenty years. After having tried doctors and remedies innumerable without benefit I procured two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and she has received more benefit from it than from all the doctors and all the cures used heretofore. I am pleased to certify to the excellence of this wonderful remedy."

"AARON NICHOLS, Peterboro, Smith Tp."

THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.

It is not a Bed of Roses For the Young Man Who Begins Reporting.

I hate to see a bright young man enter the newspaper business if he can find anything else to do. The calling of a reporter has its allurements, but they are overbalanced by its demands on him. To be a successful reporter a man must be made of iron—he must have a constitution tough as sole leather, a heart of steel and a brain in every part of his anatomy. He must expect an uphill fight always, and must be strong. He must devote himself to labor, to application and to persistence.

Journalism is the hardest life a young man can lead, and always staring him in the face is the knowledge that the prizes are few. To be the editor of a metropolitan daily is an achievement compared with which going to the United States senate or being governor of a state is child's play.

I know smart men who have been reporters for 40 and 50 years and will remain such till they die. If they had given the same amount of application and attention to almost any other business, they might now be independent. The average reporter writes his life away making the reputation of his paper. In impersonal journalism he is never heard of outside the office. In personal journalism he becomes an Ishmaelite. The world is against the reporter, and he is against the world in that he is constantly fighting to get what the world does not want him to have—news.

The day is coming when some bright man will write a history of "the faithful," and they will be the newspaper reporters. It has ever been a wonder to me that reporters are so faithful to their employers. I have never known a reporter to betray a trust. Out all day, out all night; ordered hither and thither in rain, blizzard, fog and ice; filling up on "beef and—one meal at Delmonico's, the next at Oliver's; today reporting a sermon, tomorrow running down a murderer; in the afternoon interviewing a president, in the evening writing up a fire; dancing at the Waldorf and identifying a corpse at the morgue—these are a thousand other things call him to duty, and he is always there ready to do his best for his paper.—New York Press.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF

FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA.

What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer.

It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.

It is thousands of little vesicles filled with an irritant fluid, which burst and flow over the raw surface of the denuded skin, causing more torture than all other skin diseases combined.

It comes on almost any part of the body and is no respecter of age, as old people as well as tender infants are the subjects of its attack.

What about the cure? Physicians seem prone to regard it as almost beyond their reach.

What about Kootenay Cure? Why, it's the very remedy wherever there is any deterioration of the blood.

In the case of Mr. G. W. Dawson, Fulton P. O., Ont., stated under oath, it simply worked marvels. He had Eczema for five years, was treated by many physicians in Canada and the United States, but got so bad at last with the frightful itching and burning that he thought he would go insane. Six bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure cured him.

Mr. William Marchant, an Engineer, living at 242 Catherine Street North, Hamilton, makes a sworn statement that he suffered intensely with Eczema which covered his whole body. He was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was discharged at the end of that time as incurable. Four bottles of Kootenay entirely cured his Eczema.

Other proofs of the remarkable efficacy of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure may be had by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Hundreds of people testify under oath. The New Ingredient used in Kootenay Cure will revolutionize medical science. One bottle lasts over a month.

A WONDROUS WATERFALL.

A Cataract With a Thousand Foot Plunge In the Olympics.

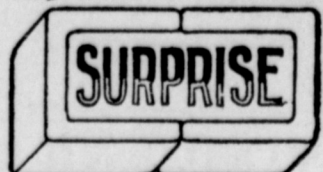
The Olympic mountains have produced another attraction, the beauty of which is not surpassed on the western slope. What is said to be a grand waterfall coming from the snow capped peaks above the clouds over a bluff, falling a perpendicular distance of over 1,000 feet and disappearing in the bosom of a beautiful plain, has been discovered near Lake Crescent by two rancemen. Their description of the scene would exceed anything of similar character in the Yellowstone park.

From the snow on the crest of the Olympic, where white men have never visited, comes a little stream, which rapidly grows in volume until it reaches the edge of a perpendicular cliff overlooking a beautiful plateau of 300 acres 1,000 feet below. For centuries the water has poured over the precipice until it has cut a smooth passage, something like a large pipe split in half, in the side of the mountain. Here and there it strikes an obstruction and out of the mountain's side spurts other falls. Standing alongside of the cliff a short distance away the scene is beautiful and looks as though there were half a dozen rivers bursting out of the mountain.

The huge volume of water disappears in a wild looking cavern, and becomes an underground river. It flows beneath the

Tired?
Oh, No.

This soap



greatly lessens the work.
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

THE FINEST COACH.

A Man has a Right to Please Himself in a Purchase.

There is no accounting for taste, and when a man is going to make a purchase he has a right to please himself, let the result be as odd as it may. There is a story told in connection with the opening of the Nez Perce Indian reservation, in which the result of a purchase was odd enough, but the purchaser was unfeignedly happy in his strange possession.

When the Indians of the reservation had received their money from the government, they went to the neighboring towns to spend it. Their visit having been anticipated, sellers were prepared to part with anything and everything that might take an Indian's fancy. It chanced that the red men coveted buggies, carts and wagons, and soon all the available conveyances in the little town of Farmington were in their possession.

But though the buggies were all gone, the Indians were not all satisfied. One old Indian had set his heart on the possession of a vehicle, and there was no vehicle to be had. The case looked hopeless, but the Indian was persevering. He was not to be outdone by his fellow-braves, and he started on a diligent search, visiting every place where buggies were to be sold, but always meeting with the same answer—there was not one left.

At last, however, perseverance was rewarded, and the seeker heard of a conveyance that—if the reality came anywhere near the description—was so much better than a buggy that it could not fail to awaken the envy of every purchaser of a common carriage, and once and forever establish its own superiority; so he hied him to the owner of the vehicle, who turned out to be the town undertaker, and make known his desire to secure it.

It did not take the undertaker long to discover that the Indian was asking for his hearse, and with an eye to business he decided to part with it for a good round sum. Money being just now no consideration to the red man, the sombre carriage changed hands, and the lucky purchaser's two horses were speedily attached to the same. Then, with an indescribable air of proud complacency, the Indian marshalled squaw and papooses into the new carriage, took his own place on the high seat, and started off for home, driving haughtily past his fellow red men, who lined the road to watch the progress of this the greatest purchase of the day, while the small, tawny faces of the Indian's progeny were passed against the glass sides of the coach in eager appreciation of the sensation the family was causing.

BELLEVILLE.

True to The Last.

One of the best known and most popular shoemakers in Belleville gives evidence in an important matter.

Mr. William Kemp, the well-known shoemaker, says: "My wife has been a great sufferer from nervous and heart troubles for the last twenty years. She was in a very bad state, had terrible pains in the region of the heart extending up over her shoulders, and she was so nervous that she couldn't sleep at night. Her appetite was almost gone, and although she had taken many kinds of medicine both from doctors and proprietary articles, she received no relief from them. Seeing an advertisement of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I got a box with the faint hope that they would help my wife. She has taken two boxes and the results are something wonderful. The pains have all but left her. Her appetite is good. She sleeps well, which is one of the greatest blessings she has experienced, and she has improved in every way."

"I can recommend them very highly and feel that no other remedy could have achieved a result in so short a time. (Signed), William Kemp, Belleville, Ont."

Laxa Liver Pills cures constipation, biliousness, and sick headache; 25c.

Long Sentence.

There are many colored justices in the South, and the airs they put on are sometimes amusing.

A negro had been convicted of stealing chickens, and sentence was about to be passed upon him. The old justice put on his glasses, and taking great pains to look over the top of them, in an impressive manner said:

"I finds de pris'ner guilty, and I heahby sentences him to hard work in de jail fo' one year and nineteen months."

Kidney Troubles Steal on One Insidiously—A Slight Cold—Then Congestion—Then Inflammation—Then the Deadly Malady Bright's Disease. South American Kidney Cure is a Kidney Specific—It Relieves in Six Hours, and Cures Never Fail.

Mr. James McBride, of Jamestown, Ont., says: "I believe South American Kidney Cure saved my life. I was so severely afflicted that my friends had to attend me daily to take the urine from me."

Mr. A. Williamson, Custom Officer, Kincardine, Ont., writes: "I can highly recommend this specific as the greatest of boons to suffering humanity for all affections of the bladder and kidneys."