

THE MAHOGANY SETTLE.

Mrs. Oakley—bless her kind heart!—was not of a jealous nature. It does not behoove a minister's wife to be jealous; but the dinner was already on the table—a well browned roast chicken with bread sauce, and a baked Indian pudding to follow—and it was undoubtedly a relief when her husband came out of the study and seated himself.

"Was that Miss Penriff?" said she.

"Yes," Mr. Oakley answered, "it was Miss Penriff. She wants to sell her old mahogany settle."

"What?" cried Mrs. Oakley, "that delightful old settle, with the griffin's bumpy heads at the top and the claw feet at the bottom? I didn't know that anything would induce her to part with that."

And then Mr. Oakley pronounced the blessing.

"I wish I could afford to buy it!" added Mrs. Oakley, tucking a bib-apron under the youngest Oakley's plump chin. "What did you tell her, Simon?"

"Why, I told her, I'd write to that big antique-buying firm in New York," said Oakley. "They're the only people who can deal with her to any advantage. A big hall-settle like that is only appropriate for big houses, with wide entrances, such as, according to all reports, that poor, desolate old maid once lived in. And big houses are mostly found in big cities."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Oakley. And she helped her husband to some apple-sauce.

While Keziah Penriff went slowly home to the old red house under the hill, where Dolly was making tomato catsup in the kitchen.

"Well, Dorothy," said she, "I've done it."

"Done what, Aunt Kizzy?"

"I've sold the old hall-settle."

Dolly looked up from the scarlet steam of the tomatoes to the cool hall opposite, where the griffin's wooden eye seemed to leer at her out of the shadows, and one carved and shining claw was poised on the floor, as if about to take a forward step.

"Oh, Aunt Kizzy!" said she.

"Yes, I know," sighed the elder woman. "But there's got to be an end to everything Dolly. I'm a poor woman now, and can't afford to hold on to luxuries that are nothing but luxuries."

"But," gasped Dolly, stirring away with spasmodic vigor at the tomatoes, "Grandfather Penriff brought that settle from Holland himself, and it's two hundred years old! And it's the last relic of the old house on the hill!"

"Still," reasoned Miss Penriff, looking away over the blue Indian summer haze toward the yellowing forests, "I've no right to keep it, Dolly. It's been almost a matter of idolatry with me, and perhaps I'd better let it go. We are poor, Dolly—very poor!"

"It's no disgrace," said she with a comical grimace. "But it's most uncommonly inconvenient."

"If you feel that way, Dorothy," said Miss Penriff, "I don't see why you refused Orlando Dailey last week."

"Why," said Dolly, opening her blue eyes very wide, "because I didn't love him!"

"He's very rich, Dorothy."

"He's welcome to his money, Aunt Kitty. My goodness me," said Miss Penriff, putting on her spectacles (alas! what a trial to her pride that the first pair of steel-rimmed spectacles had been!) "who's that driving down the road in a covered cart?"

Dolly stepped back into the shadow.

"I don't know," said she, "but—I think it's Johnny Barton."

"Oh!" said Miss Penriff. "Has that young man gone into the express business?"

"Not exactly," said Dolly, busying herself among the tomato jars. "But I think he drives around picking up old china and brass fire-dogs, and all such things for some big collector in New York."

"I don't doubt it," said Miss Penriff. "But I wonder what he wants here?"

The little discussion was terminated by the sudden tapping of Johnny Barton's whip-handle against the side of the open door.

Yes, he was a very nice young man—blue-eyed and frank-faced, with yellow hair curling away from his temples, and white teeth which shone every time he smiled.

He had only been in Rodendale a few weeks. Miss Penriff had seen him now and then, but she hardly remembered him.

"How do you do, Miss Penriff?" said he, with stupendous self-possession.

"Mr. Barton, aunt," said Dolly, in a hurried sort of way. "This is my aunt, Miss Penriff, Johnny."

"I don't know what has procured me the honor of this call," said Miss Penriff, straightening herself up.

For she never could forget, this poor, faded, elderly woman, that her father, Squire Peregrin Penriff, had once been the richest man in the county.

"Well, I don't know much about the honor of the thing," said John Barton, laughing. "But I've just heard from Mr. Oakley that you wanted to sell an old carved settle. I'm buying up that sort of thing."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Perhaps you would allow me to look at it?" went on Johnny, resolved on business.

Dolly flung open the hall window that was generally kept closed and curtained. A blaze of yellow sunlight flooded the hall, a gust of sweet, autumn, leaf-scattered air came in and the carved griffins seemed to wink their wooden satisfaction.

"There!" cried Dolly. "Isn't it a beauty? And heavy—oh, what a piece of solid heaviness! Oh, that isn't a secret drawer! It's only a place to put umbrellas and canes in. I used to be certain there was a secret drawer in it when I was a child. But I've changed my mind now."

John Barton walked slowly around the settle, eyeing it from every point of view. Miss Penriff watched him.

"Yes, it is a beauty!" said he. "What will you take for it, Miss Penriff?"

"I hardly think you can afford to buy it,

young man," said the elderly lady, grimly. John Barton reddened a little.

"Oh, as for that," said he, rather awkwardly, "I'm representing some one else. Personally, perhaps—"

"Well," said Miss Penriff, "it cost three hundred dollars. But I don't expect to get its full value."

"Aunt Keziah would take a hundred," flattered Dolly, "if—"

"Very well," said Mr. Barton, "it's a bargain. Is there a man about the place who could help me lift it into the wagon?"

"There's old Silas Wiggins beyond the big rock," suggested Dolly.

And while Johnny Barton was gone for him, the old lady sat down on the settle, where the yellow sunshine glimmered and the smell of late mignonnette came in at the window.

"Here was where I used to sit," said she. "There was a big stained glass window in the hall just over it, and a great fireplace beyond, where they burned such big black logs of cold, winter nights. And there, in the other corner, my lover used to sit."

Her voice quivered; a tear sparkled in the faded blue eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Oh, Aunt Keziah!" cried Dolly, suddenly flinging her arms around the old lady's neck. "I never knew you had a lover!"

"Does any woman ever live to be 20 without a lover, child?" said Miss Penriff. "But your grandfather was a very ambitious man. He was losing money in those South Sea shipping ventures even then, though I didn't know it—and he wanted me to marry a rich man and retrieve the family fortunes. And Henry was poor."

"Was that his name, Aunt Keziah?"

"So I never married at all," went on Miss Penriff. "Good-bye, old settle!"

And, with infinite pathos, she touched her lips lightly to the biggest of the griffin's heads.

But Dolly held tight to her aunt's hand; she clung around her neck with passionate kisses.

"Now you know, Aunt Keziah," said she, almost in a sob, "why I didn't accept Orlando Dailey. Now you know why I love Johnny Barton. Johnny isn't rich, but neither was your Henry. Oh, Aunt Keziah, you won't blame me!"

"Dear me!" said Miss Penriff, in a sort of bewildered way. "You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," said Dolly, turning pink and white, like the tall hollyhocks at the garden gate. "It was only last night when we walked home from the prayer meeting together. I couldn't think of what Elder Johnson was saying because of John's blue eyes, and it all seemed like a dream to me, until he asked me to try and love him a little."

"And do you love him, Dorothy?"

"I'd ride around the whole world with him in that old covered cart, if you only say yes," sobbed the girl. "I don't care for money or for rank I only know that I love John!"

And she slipped back into the shadows as Johnny Barton and old Silas Wiggins came to lift out the mahogany settle.

Miss Penriff watched them through a mist of tears.

Here was the blossoming out of truth and love, and all that blessed disregard of ways and means that only comes in the dawn of life. She had outgrown it all, but it was a story that repeated itself with each new generation. She remembered that Mr. Oakley had said that John Barton was a good fellow enough. She looked at the old settle where she and Henry Hartford had sat years ago, and she beckoned softly to Dolly.

"Dorothy," said she, "if you love the lad, take him. I—I was young once?"

And then she went back into the house, so that she might not see the old griffin, with the claw feet, being carried away.

Only two weeks afterward Dolly came eagerly to her aunt.

"John's uncle is coming down from New York," said she, "with the gentleman who bought the mahogany settle. It wasn't for a store, Aunt Keziah, that John bought it. It was for his own house. He's very rich, and John is the only heir. And he liked my photograph, and he's coming to see you to-night. Doesn't it sound exactly like a story-paper?" flattered happy Dolly.

"Who's that knocking at the door? It can't be John's uncle already!"

Miss Penriff's drawn face had brightened into sudden radiance.

"It's Henry!" said she, with a start.

Dolly looked half frightened, but at the same moment the door opened and John Barton came in with another gentleman, gray and portly.

"He arrived by the 4 o'clock train, Dolly," said he. "And only think he used to know your aunt a quarter of a century ago."

"Henry!" faltered Miss Penriff, gazing at the stranger, in utter bewilderment.

"Keziah!"

To the young people, full of the inevitable arrogance of youth, it was the meeting of two gray, wrinkled old people. To Henry Hartford and Keziah Penriff, it had gone backward, and they stood, radiantly happy, on the threshold of long ago.

"Keziah, why did you not tell me where you were?"

"Henry, why did you not say something to let me know you cared for me still?"

The next day all Rodendale was convulsed with the news that there was to be a double wedding in the place.

"As for Johnny Barton and pretty Dorothy Hall, it's all right and proper enough," said the voice of popular opinion. "But for old people like Miss Penriff and that fat New York millionaire—well, no one can set limits to the ridiculous!"

But how was popular opinion to know, that to all intents and purposes, Uncle Henry and Aunt Kizzy had been dipped in the waters of the fountain of youth?

John and Dorothy might go to Richmond on their wedding trip, but was it not happiness enough for their elders to sit side by side on the old mahogany settle once more?—Waverly Magazine.

The word "caramel" is of Greek origin, and signifies simply black honey.

DISEASE STUDIED BY EAR.

A New Ally of the Roentgen Rays in Medical Practice.

The last twelve months have been remarkably fertile in the evolution of means whereby the concealed pathology of the human body may be revealed. Aided by the Roentgen ray, the surgeon has now no uncertainty as to the shape and condition of the bones and hard tissues within the body, and even the heart and lungs and other soft tissues are being photographed with daily increasing distinctness.

In addition to this marvellous agency for the detection of the hidden mysteries of the human anatomy the possibilities of transillumination have, of late been greatly extended. Science would seem to be fast approaching the solution of the problem of securing light without heat, and the progress in the production of phosphorescent light has made it possible to throw within the cavities of the body an intensity of illumination the heat of which would formerly have been prohibitive, and the physician can now tell by direct sight of the formation of pus deposits or other abnormal conditions in the flesh and muscles of the face and actually see the inside of the stomach. A few months ago a notable addition to these wonderful advances in diagnostic practice was announced in the shape of a hearing instrument of phenomenal sensitiveness by which the power of detecting pathological sounds was indefinitely increased.

The medical profession welcomed the promise of such an instrument. The stethoscope, which had done some good work in its day, was manifestly out of date and inadequate to the requirements of modern medical science. The volume of sound it conveyed was often insufficient to give any trustworthy indication of conditions which it was sought to determine. Where extreme sensitiveness was needed it was practically useless. For instance, the throb of the heart, the action of the lungs, and the movement of the body are all accompanied by sounds which complicate and confuse the diagnosis if they are not clearly differentiated, and to do this stethoscope was but too frequently unequal. Besides, it was large, clumsy, and unwieldy, and the doctors were glad of the prospect of replacing it by a more efficient instrument. But the more conservative members of the profession regarded the new instrument with doubt and reserve mainly because they looked upon the claims made for it as too good to be true. Their caution would appear to have been justified; but on other grounds than those on which they based it. The instrument opened the eyes of the profession to a new standard of aural diagnosis. It detected sounds with ultra microphonic power; but its very excellence was its undoing. Each collateral vibration was carried to the ear of the diagnostician, and pervading every transmission of sound waves, and often overpowering them, was the tingling or ringing of the metal of which the instrument was made. In delicate tests the effect was that of a distant voice trying to make itself heard in a storm of wind.

In 1887 A. A. Knudson, an electrical inventor, patented a device, which he called the ampliphone, for secret telegraphy. At that time a great deal of clandestine information was set secured by hangers-on at railway stations and around telegraph offices, who listened to the sounders, and sometimes stole valuable news. The appliance patented was designed to defeat such attempts. It magnified the click of the sounder, but conveyed every particle of the sound to the ear of the operator. The armature could be adjusted so close to the magnet that its movement when in operation could not be seen on the closest inspection, and yet the sounds coming up through the ear tubes gave to the operator with perfect clearness the dots and dashes of the Morse code. Beyond securing privacy, this device took less than half as much current as the ordinary method, and thus saved over 50 per cent. in battery power. But in 1888 the dynamo came into use in large telegraph offices for supplying current to the instruments, instead of batteries, and the ampliphone was laid on the shelf. Under the stimulus of the imperative need of a thoroughly practical and efficient substitute for the stethoscope this instrument has been taken up and subjected to expert tests. The results appear to be conclusive. The resuscitated sound magnifier which the dynamo ousted from its first sphere of usefulness has apparently found its mission in the service of the physician, and it is pronounced the most effective aural diagnostic medium yet known to science. It transmits the faintest murmur without the slightest trace of foreign vibrations, and where there is a commingling of sounds it enables each sound to be defined.

Among the sounds which this instrument enables the physician to hear plainly are: The action of the respiratory organs, the circulation of the blood, the movement of the digestive organs in health and in disease, the sounds made by the muscles, joints, and bones, the sound of the capillary circulation, the slightest sound produced in any diseased condition of the body, and the sounds in the eye, the ear, the bladder, the stomach and the intestines. The value of such an instrument is particularly apparent in latitudes where the lungs are subject to a variety of troubles. Among these the more prevalent are bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, pleuro-pneumonia, emphysema, and empyema. These are all distinguishable by conditions peculiar to themselves. For instance in bronchitis there is the coarse rattling in the bronchial tubes; in pleurisy, the tubular breathing; in emphysema, the whistling

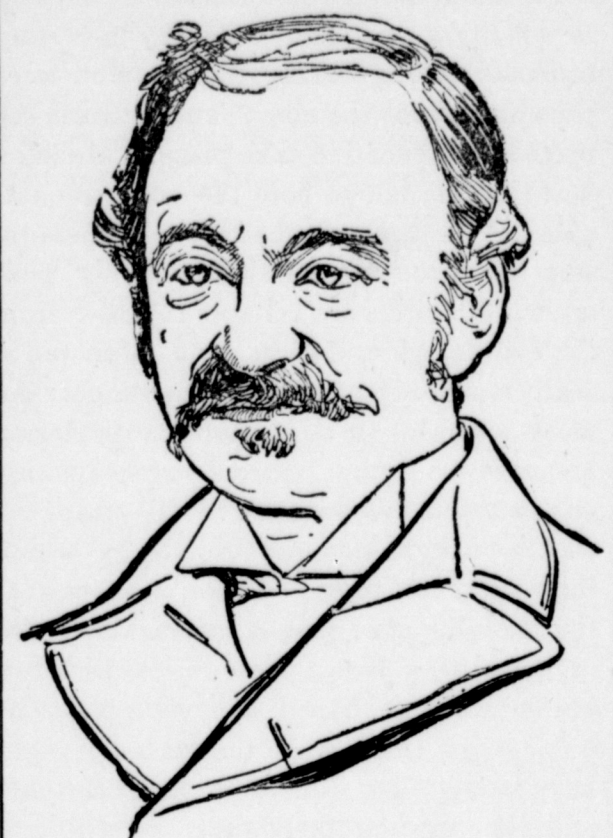


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whooping, which the asthmatic knows so well; in emphysema, the dullness of transmitted sound, which shows loss of vesicular murmur, &c. In complications of the different symptoms the employment of an efficient sound transmitter becomes even more essential.

The fact that the pulse can now be heard is of no little importance. A great many practitioners have a touch by no means sensitive. In some, in fact, it is absolutely defective, by reason of disease, rheumatic or otherwise, of loss of tactile sensation. In such cases, the pulse can now be heard instead of being felt.

A Prominent Citizen.



Mr. Thos. Bennett, for over 22 years in business as a wholesale and retail butcher, gives his experience with the now famous remedy, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

"Gentlemen,—I have for a long time been afflicted with extreme nervousness, and ailments resulting therefrom. Frequently I had sharp pains under my heart. At times my memory was clouded, which was a great annoyance to me in my business, causing me to forget orders which were given to me, and my attention had to be called to such matters frequently. Very often there was a sort of mist came before my eyes, and I was extremely dizzy. One of the worst features was that business matters of small importance assumed exaggerated forms, and I brooded over them unnecessarily. At night I would often wake up with a start and it would be a long time before I could again compose myself to sleep. So unstrung were my nerves that I had fits of trembling occasionally, and cold sensations would run down my limbs. The least excitement or noise startled me and set my heart fluttering."

"I have taken a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Mr. H. W. Love's drug store, corner Broadway and Danforth-avenues. They restored my nerves to their normal condition, and toned up my system to such an extent that all the distressing ailments I have mentioned have completely disappeared. I say it without any qualification whatever that they are a splendid medicine for shattered nerves and their attending evils. I cannot too highly praise the wonderful virtues of these pills in all cases of heart trouble."

(Sgd.) THOMAS BENNETT,
Doncaster, Ont.

A TIGER AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

Col. H. Ward's Narrative of an Exciting Hunt in India.

Col. H. Ward tells in the Badminton Magazine about a tiger that he shot in India:

"We were after a tiger on an old trail, he says, 'when the men began to consult as to what would best be done. While they talked I wandered away alone up a small stream, on either side of which the grass had been burned, leaving a fine gray ash spread over the ground. In this I found the perfectly fresh footprints of a large tiger, which we had evidently disturbed. Following cautiously, I presently saw the tiger about fifty yards in front of me, walking slowly along among the bamboos; he neither saw nor heard me, and seemed to suspect nothing. I followed him till he dipped into a ravine; then I ran back and sent the men round to drive him toward me. There was no large tree available, so I lay down on a flat rock, with a sloping bank to my left, and on the right a clear space about eight yards to the side of the hill, which rose in a perfectly straight scarp. I hoped that tiger would come to my left, below me but he didn't. Instead, he came head-on so that had I left him alone he would have passed within six feet of me. When he was about eight yards off I fired, and as the smoke cleared I saw the brutes jaws

close to the muzzle of the rifle, rolled over the bank, and leaped into a small tree during the next few seconds. But the tiger was dead, shot through the heart. His whiskers were burned by the second charge."

HEART DISEASE STRIKES DOWN ALL CLASSES.

The Essential Matter is to be Prepared for any Emergency.

It is painful to pick up the daily papers and observe how people of all classes are being stricken down with heart diseases and apoplexy. One day it is the farmer in the field, again the labourer carrying the hod or, as this week a prominent architect in Ottawa. Perhaps it is not too strong a statement, that 80 per cent of the people of Canada are afflicted with heart disease to some degree. What a blessing it is then, that their exists a medicine like Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which is so quick in producing relief. Instantly the patient obtains that ease that is so longed for when the heart is afflicted. There is absolutely no case of heart disease that it will not help, and with few exceptions, will produce a radical cure.

BROKEN BONES.

When Set They Are Not So Strong As Formerly.

It is not true, as commonly asserted, that a broken limb becomes, when healed, stronger than it was before the fracture. The bone is strengthened at the point of fracture, but weakened as a whole. When a long bone of the leg or arm is fractured, soft living tissue known as "callus" is produced between and around the two broken ends. In this issue early matter is gradually deposited until the hole is solid. The excess of new bone, surrounding the point of fracture, acts as a natural splint during the process of solidification, and is then absorbed. At the same time the plug of bone interrupting the central canal, in which the marrow lies, also disappears. In this marvelous way nature restores the bone to its original condition. The new bone is denser than the old, and as some thickening usually remains at the point of union increases strength is the result. This is borne out by the fact that in practice it is exceedingly rare to meet with refracture of a bone at the old spot. It must be remembered, however, that the strength of a long bone lies chiefly in its elasticity, owing to which any strain put upon it is borne equally by all parts. The existence of a "knot" due to an old fracture must to some extent interfere with this diffusion of the strain, and so increase the risk of breakage elsewhere. In other words, because the bone does not bend so well, it is more apt to break. As a matter of fact cases of refracture, even at a new point, are rarer than might be expected—possibly from increased carelessness on the part of the patient. These remarks refer, of course, to a perfectly set bone; an ill-set one may greatly weaken a limb; even in such instances, however, nature can do much, and a casing of new bone remains to support the weakened portion.

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