

AN AWKWARD POSITION

'Do you think two girls ought to be born so exactly alike?' said Charlie Dacre, ruefully twisting up a cigaret.

The other man laughed.

'Are you talking of these two Dennison girls?' They're not exactly alike.'

'It's all very well for you, but I haven't your long sight, and I declare to you if I see either of them at a little distance, or in a bad light, I can't tell which is which. I am going to a party to-night given by the respected parents of my Dennison and I possibly dread it.'

'Perhaps they play tricks on you,' said Ballantyne. 'One of them is rather skittish.'

Charlie got himself up that night with extraordinary care, and as he was a good-looking fellow he presented a rather striking appearance as he entered Mrs. Dennison's drawing room. He had been detained, so that most of the guests had arrived when he came, and his inamorata was nowhere to be seen. But shortly after he had paid his respects to the host and hostess the daughter of the house, prettily dressed in white and blue, came up. Dacre begged for a dance—two dances.

'I'm so sorry,' said she, 'but I've nothing vacant till the lancers. You're a little late Mr. Dacre, you see,' with a slight accent of reproach as she gave him her card. Charlie apologized in the humblest terms, and the girl bestowed a smile on him as she was led away.

Dacre went to seek her in good time for his lancers. She sat on an ottoman in a distant part of the room, where the drooping folds of a curtain formed a shade from the glare of the lights. The blue and white of her filmy gown stood out against the dark background. Dacre hastened across the room to her.

'Miss Dennison, my dance,' he said, eagerly. 'May I?'

She turned her pretty face and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

'Yes,' said Charlie, 'the lancers—you promised—O! I beg your pardon. You're your cousin—I mean, the other Miss Dennison—and, of course, I haven't seen you before.'

Then, recovering from his confusion before the young lady could speak, he added:

'I hope I'm not too late to get a dance, Miss Dennison?'

Having secured this, he sought the other Isabel.

'Why in the fiend's name do they dress alike?' he muttered, in nervous fear of another mistake. He might be continually coming across the one he didn't want, like a recruiting decimal. Several times he bore down on a fair girl in blue and white, but turned away, deciding that he had only come on an Isabel in another place. The lancers had begun—it was in full swing before he came suddenly on a sofa where sat the Isabel.

'Miss Dennison,' he stammered, 'I'm so sorry—'

'Pray don't apologize,' said she coldly; 'I assure you the delay is not of the slightest moment.'

'Indeed, it was quite unintentional,' said the unfortunate Charlie, in despair. 'I have been looking for you—'

'I have been sitting here the last ten minutes, and you passed me just now.'

'I saw a blue and white dress, acknowledged Charlie, 'but some people came between it and me. Won't you forgive me and dance this? It isn't too late.'

'I think my mother wants me,' said Isabel, rising with dignity.

'May I take you to her?'

'No, thank you.'

Charlie only got pardoned when everybody was going. He was mad with himself, but could not bring himself to acknowledge the real reason of his apparent neglect. He was sensitive about these constant mistakes. They went on happening, of course, the one Isabel laughing at him, which he dreaded; the other turning haughty and offended. He offered some flowers to a Dennison girl one day and she said demurely, 'Are you sure they were meant for me?'

'Whom else could they be meant for?' said Charlie, sentimentally.

'My cousin, perhaps—she's over there,' said the girl, merrily. Dacre flushed in unutterable confusion, and took back the flowers, scarcely knowing what he did. And when he turned away he met the scornful eyes of a girl who must be, the Isabel he wanted, because the girl he had left wasn't she. It was quite impossible to present the flowers, and he made a crestfallen escape as soon as he could.

'Hang it! I'll end all this!' he said, angrily, one day. But I shall have to be careful, if I am happily successful, that I marry the right girl. It would be awfully awkward if I didn't.

His opportunity seemed thrown into his hands, for he was invited to spend a week at a country house where the Isabel was also going with her mother. He sat next her at dinner, and to his great delight saw no other Isabel.

'We shall be a larger party tomorrow,' said they young lady; my cousins are coming.'

'The—Dennisons?' Charlie almost gasped.

'Not all of them—only Isabel and Lucy.' This was comforting! and both Isabels had such an odious habit of dressing in the same colors! Why didn't they wear different colored ribbons, like French twins? He got along fairly well, with great care and caution. One evening he saw Isabel Dennison entering the library. He knew it was his one, because she had on a gray dress, whereas her cousin had worn a green one during the day; otherwise it was too dark to see her features. He followed her into the room.

'The nicest time for a chat,' he said, and she made a movement as if to leave the room, flitting toward a further door.

'Yes, but I'm afraid I can't stay,' she said. 'I only come to fetch something I left here.'

'Well—but don't go—stay a minute,'



THE SCHOOLMASTER

HE DIED CONTENTED.

He Left the Family Well Provided for and so was Happy.

The New York Sun quotes a 'club-man' as telling the following good war story. The narrator was at the Battle of Gettysburg, on the Federal side, and at the 'tag end of the battle,' as he says, found himself within the Confederate lines, disabled by a flesh wound. The dead and the wounded were lying all about him. Suddenly he heard some one close by him shouting lustily: 'Go it, boys, go it! Give the Yanks plenty of ammunition!' The Northerner looked around, and saw to his surprise the speaker—or the shouter rather—was a man of at least sixty-five years, dressed in Confederate gray.

Both his legs had been shattered by a shell, but he didn't seem to know it and smiled hopefully as he called again and again to some of his lagging comrades to keep up the fire. Presently along came the surgeon of the regiment, a courteous, kindly, knightly Southern gentleman.

'Why, old fellow, what are you doing here?' he said in a cheery voice to my old man. 'You are entirely too old to be in service. How does this happen?'

'I'm old, but I never skirred,' answered the old man with spirit, and then he stopped to yell again to his comrades. Suddenly he began to feel terrible pain, and then he said:

'Air you the doctor?'

'Yes I am,' answered the surgeon; 'and I'm going to have you moved as soon as the firing ceases, and see what I can do for you.'

'Oh, don't bother about me,' answered the old man. 'I'm done for, I reckon, an' you'd better tend to some that's younger. It don't matter at all about my dyin' now. They're all fixed an' well provided fur. One hundred acres of good lan', two mules an' a horse,' he added, half to himself, with a peaceful smile.

'Who?' asked the doctor, administering a swallow of brandy.

My wife an' my daughter, sir. You see, it was this way. When the war broke out I was an ole man, nigh on to sixty, I reckon, an' somehow I'd never been a good manager. I had tried, but I didn't have nothing but jus' what I made over my rent an' that was little enough, God knows. I knowed my day for 'cumulatin' anything was over, an' it nigh worried me to death to think about leavin' the ole 'oman an' Sal to do real hard work. Then the war come an' there was my chance. The owner of the plantation where I lived was richer than he was brave. He come to me one day, an' he says, says he: 'You

'John you ain't got your folks well fixed to leave 'em, have you?'

'No,' says I, an' it worries me past all peace.'

'Now, let me tell you,' says he. 'I want a substitute to fight for me, an' here's your chance to provide well for your folks. Age exempts you from fightin', but if you go to the war in my place, I'll deed your wife this very day one hundred acres of my best an', two mules, an' a horse. Is it a bargain?'

'I studied a while an' then I says: 'It is.'

'Sure enough, he was as good as his word. He deed'd a hundred acres and the stock to the ole 'oman and Sal that very day, and the next week I was gone to the war. I aint never been home since, but have fought it straight through. I got interested in the cause after I got good at work to fightin', an' I aint never flinched once; but what brought me here was providing for Sal an' the ole 'oman. I couldn't bear to leave 'em empty-handed, an' I knowed it was too late fur me to ever do anything fur 'em.'

His voice was growing weaker and weaker as he told his story, but as he finished he raised himself up, and with a regular rebel yell sang out: 'Go it, boys, an' give 'em!'

Then he fell back, and after a while he muttered:

'The ole 'oman an' my little Sal. A hundred acres—half of it good bottom land—a horse—an' an' two lust-rate mules. It was the best the ole man could do fur 'em,' and with these words and a marvellous look of love and peace on his face he stopped breathing.

THE TRAIL OF DEATH

It begins at the Throat and ends at the Grave. How many a human life is unnecessarily sacrificed.

There are many remedies on the market for the cure of consumption, but consumption, once it reaches a certain stage, cannot be cured. In professing, therefore, to do what is impossible, these remedies prove themselves to be simply humbugs.

Consumption is a disease which destroys the tissue of the lungs. Once gone, no medicine can replace that tissue. Good medicine may arrest the disease even after one lung is wholly gone, as long as the other remains sound. Once both are attacked, however, the victim is doomed.

Just why people should risk their lives to this dread disease and go to great expense afterwards to check it, it is hard to conceive. It is much easier prevented than cured. Throat troubles and severe colds are its usual forerunners. A 25-cent bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will drive these away. It is, without doubt, the best medicine for the purpose to be had anywhere.

Flurries of Letters.

These letters! these pitiful, grateful letters! They come whirling in upon us by every mail, all the year round, like successive snow flurries. They cheer us, they sadden us. Yet we are glad to get them; for they reward us for labor done, and show us how great is the task we have still to do.

I am penning these lines on a Saturday afternoon, within three days of the end of the year. It is a time for memory and few words. So I will quote you parts only of two short letters, both from women, who always write better letters than men do. They tell more truth.

'In September, 1872,' says the first, 'I was nervous, low-spirited, and helpless. My appetite was gone, and after forcing down even the simplest meal, I had weight and pain at the chest. I also suffered much from flatulence, and belched up a sour, sickening fluid. My heart palpitated as if something within me were lifting it out of its place. Time went on and I became extremely restless and nervous. The slightest noise startled me, and made my heart throb and jump. The doctor gave me tonics to renew my strength but they had no effect. It was all I could do to walk, and in the open air I was soon fatigued and exhausted. In this condition I continued for eighteen years. You cannot imagine what that means! In November, 1890, I first read about Mother Siegel's Syrup, and began to use it. One bottle gave me some strength, and my pains were easier. I kept on taking it, and got stronger and stronger until I was quite well. (Signed) Mary Green, wife of J. Green, grocer and draper, Barwell, Leicestershire, Nov. 2nd, 1894.'

'Ever since I was a girl,' says the second writer, 'I have suffered from bilious headache, with vomiting after meals. As I grew older I became worse, being very weak and scarcely free from pain. When I was forty I began to suffer from rheumatism in my shoulders and knees. I couldn't walk without help. In October 1892, I had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, which still further weakened me. I could eat nothing with a relish; and food even in morsels, gave me intense pain at the chest. I was blown out with wind. Neither night nor day did I know a moment's ease. I was weak as it is possible for a mortal to be and live—it seems to me. No medicine or the skill of doctors helped me. At this bad time it was that I first read Mother Siegel's Syrup and what it had done for so many poor, suffering women. Absolutely without any confidence in it, or hope from it, I sent to Mr. Joseph Todd, chemist Botchergate, for a bottle. Indeed I hardly know what made me do it. For, as I have said, even the tales of others printed in the book inspired with no expectation for myself. Yet who can tell how or when good may fall? After taking the Syrup for a few days I was better—actually better. My appetite came back, and food lay easy and warm upon me. Not long afterwards I was able once more to go about the house. I never looked for that in this world. Had I known of Siegel's Syrup fifty years ago what suffering I should have escaped! (signed) Eleanor Bushby, 71, Union Street, Carlisle, Oct. 26th, 1894.'

Alas! fifty years ago Mother Siegel's Syrup did not exist. They were dark days then compared to these. Yet these are dark enough to many, the good Lord knows. And that desperate old disease, indigestion or dyspepsia, makes them sadder and darker, as in the cases of these two women. The Syrup is the ray of light because it cures when everything else fails; and this article is written to make the light shine farther and farther till all sufferers see it and take courage from it.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

Miss Olafia Johansdottir Represents the Temperance Cause in Iceland.

One of the most interesting characters in connection with the world's W. C. T. U. is Miss Olafia Johansdottir, the president of the National W. C. T. U. of Iceland. Miss Johansdottir sails from Iceland this month for Norway and England, then comes to Canada to the great gathering of the world's White Ribboners in Toronto. Her ancestors came to Iceland in the fifteenth century, being Irish religious fugitives. For generations her people have been famous patriots, and have figured conspicuously in the national struggle for freedom from Danish rule. Olafia's parents died when she was very young, and her training devolved upon a maiden aunt and a bachelor uncle.

Her uncle is Speaker of the Lower House of Parliament, and her aunt's voice is often heard in public gatherings, particularly in those that concern the interests of women.

With such a heritage it is not surprising that Olafia is universally acknowledged to be the leader among the women of her country.

The burning ambition of her life is to bring the women of her country to an absolute equality with the men.

The appearance of this charming woman at the fourth world's W. C. T. U. convention will create a great deal of interest. She has recently been elected grand vice chief templar of the Independent Order of Good Templars of Iceland, so that members of that order, as well as White Ribboners, will extend a hearty welcome to their sister from the most northern inhabited portion of the globe.

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Cures in twenty-four hours. This is the testimony of thousands who have used it. Putnam's acts speedily, without pain, and removes corns in twenty-four hours.