

## MEETING STEP-PAPA.

'Well,' exclaimed Millie, 'this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!'

Fraulin Hausmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finished seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm-in-arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation. 'She has gone and married again! I almost shrieked Millie.

'Well, there's no very great harm in that dear,' returned Miss Bidwell. 'In fact, it will be rather nice for you.'

'But a stepfather! O, it was too bad of mamma!' reiterated Millie.

'I am not surprised that she has married again,' said Ethel. 'When she came to see you in the winter she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed, I am surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years.'

Millie went on reading the letter. 'Worse and worse,' was her next piece of information, 'his name is Macintosh and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do don't they?'

'They were married very quietly in Edinburgh, without telling any of their friends I am to join them at Paris and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother.'

'When are you to join them?' asked Ethel.

Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. Oh dear! Its altogether too bad of mamma!

There was no consoling Millie, and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted.

'Please take me up to Mrs. Macintosh's rooms,' said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel Moscow.

The garcon, a bold son of Peckman, scratched his head.

'Missis Mackintosh, did you say, miss?'

'Yes, Mrs. Mackintosh. I am her daughter.'

'Well,' said the waiter, 'I'm sorry to have to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Missis Mackintosh here. There's a Mister Mackintosh, what arrived about two hours ago; probably it's in you want?'

As she entered the sitting-room, Millie stopped dead, and would possibly have retreated had not the bold man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired.

For, sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven, and not very bad looking.

'I shall be polite, sometimes cordial,' Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many miles, 'but on no account affectionate. I shall go my own way and he will go his.'

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

'How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?' she said.

'Thank you,' he replied, after a moment's hesitation. 'I am very well.' Then as Millie continued standing, he added handing her a chair, 'Won't you sit down?'

Millie seated herself.

'Er—I expected to find mamma here,' said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

'O, I see,' replied Mr. Macintosh.

Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out! They even travelled separately! Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this.

'I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies,' Millie decided. 'I may only aggravate their differences.'

After a long and awkward pause Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

'I have a bundle of them in my carry all,' he said; 'I'll get them for you.'

While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

'I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always,' she thought. 'It's evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however he may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly.'

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Fraulin Hausmann's, after which he retold in the gayest fashion with stories of Oxford University. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

This reminded Millie of the flight of hours.

'I had forgotten all about mamma! When will she be here?' she exclaimed.

'Possibly she is blocked on the line,' murmured Mr. Macintosh. 'At any rate, you had better dine here while you wait for her.'

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her stepfather was a very charming young man, and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

'I must try and make the peace,' she thought; 'meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory in fact.'

Inspired by this idea she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking,

she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leant on his proffered arm, and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl, and, though a step daughter, would not be an incubus or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel, after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

'Well,' observed Mr. Macintosh, after she had vanished, 'of all the experiences I've ever had, this certainly takes the cake.'

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historiann by Mr. Dick Macintosh, and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best. Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part, as thus:

'Well, I was unpacking my things you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in but mamma! We hugged each other, and then I said:

'Oh mamma, how could you quarrel with him?'

Mamma looked very astonished, and said:

'What are you talking about?'

'Step-papa,' I replied. 'He didn't bring your name up once all the time and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me!'

'My dear child!' exclaimed mamma, 'are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarreling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom!'

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version:

'Well, you see, old man, I received a letter from my uncle Ned, telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, would I meet him and the lady at the Hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hied me to Paris and while I was waiting Uncle Ned's arrival, a young lady was shown in. 'Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked, and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll and returned to the hotel. Then my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence.'

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly, that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England. And about a year after their return Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was. And Millie not objecting they were married and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

## JAMES CROW, WHISKY MAKER.

The man who Reduced Distilling to a Science in Kentucky.

Beneath the blue grass sod of a country burying ground near the little hamlet of Millville, in Woodford county, Kentucky, sleeps James Crow, who nearly three-fourths of a century ago originated the process of distilling whiskey in a scientific manner. To him, more than to any other man, is due the international reputation that Kentucky whiskey enjoys, and the vast distilling interests of the country are largely the result of his discoveries.

Back in the thirties James Crow was a celebrated character in the West, whose opinions on medicine, law, theology, and science generally were final in his balliwick. He was educated for a physician, being a graduate of the College of Medicine and Surgery, in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was a philosopher, wit and man of letters. In religion he was a Presbyterian of the John Knox type.

Crow was a native of Scotland, a man of herculean build, broad intellectual forehead, smooth-shaven face, with the deep blue eyes and sandy complexion characteristic of his race. He emigrated to America about 1822 and engaged in merchandising in Philadelphia. He became bankrupt in a year and then came West, locating on Grier's Creek, in Woodford county, Ky., where several small and very rude whiskey distilleries were in operation.

At that time distilling was not accomplished by any regularly defined rule, but rather after the manner of the old negro mammy's formula for bread making, by taking 'a passel' of meal, 'a passel' of malt, and about 'so much' water, 'biled down' until it was done. By this process there were frequently days when good whiskey was made, but just as often the run, like the old woman's bread, failed to produce the hoped for result, the failure being invariably attributed to a change in the moon.

James Crow possessed (and it constituted his entire worldly estate) what was said to be the most extensive library in Kentucky at that period, and also some costly chemical apparatus. Chemical science was his hobby, and it gave to him the secret of correct distilling. For many weeks in a log cabin, he experimented and studied, until he at last reached the nice proportions that were destined to revolutionize whiskey making, and establish the fame of Crow whiskey throughout the world. From that time there were no off days, and the pure

extract of corn flowed from James Crow's still with regularity.

'Jim Crow' whiskey was soon being shipped to Washington, New York, Boston, and to England, Scotland, and other foreign countries. It became the favorite beverage of not a few of America's most eminent statesmen. For many years there was treasured in Versailles as a relic an old letter from Henry Clay to his friend Crow ordering a barrel of his wonderful elixir to take to Washington with him to lubricate the wheels of Government. Daniel Webster, it is said, was never without a demijohn of 'Crow' in his closet.

Anywhere from two to two and a half gallons was at first the full capacity of Crow's still house, which sounds very insignificant when compared with the modern manufacturing, the output of some of which exceeds 150 barrels a day. Where nowadays it is not uncommon for a distiller to make five and six gallons of whiskey from a bushel of grain, Crow made only two and a quarter or two and a half gallons to the bushel, and he maintained that it was impossible to extract a greater amount of pure liquor from that quantity of grain—that the distillation over that amount was a noxious drug that ought to be drained off and thrown away.

An old citizen of this town who passed his youth in Crow's time, and who has drunk whiskey all his life attributes all of the drunkenness of today to the greed of distillers.

'In the days of Crow,' said he we had pure whiskey, for then it was made for quality and not quantity. Every gentleman took his grog fifty years ago, and a drunken man was never heard of. The pure liquor stimulated you without befuddling your brain. Why, in those days the farmer was as careful to lay in his barrel of 'Crow' as his barrel of sugar or sack of coffee. As he deemed indispensable in every well regulated family. The courts of justice would not proceed without it. I can recall instances where Kentucky courts have been adjourned, while life or the property of some poor litigant was held in suspense, that the jury, judge and bar might quench their thirst. The records will show that business in those days was despatched promptly. Who ever heard then of a hung jury or even an appealed case? Even the clergy, St. Paul-like, 'took a little for the stomach's sake.' The only perceptible difference before and after taking was a more fluent tongue, stronger lungs and more erect carriage. In these degenerate days if one takes three drinks he is a raving maniac, and usually wants to kill somebody.'

After a time Crow removed to a point on Glenn's Creek, near which he is buried. His last run was made in 1859. He dropped dead in the harness one morning while at work in the distillery. As is so often the case, the fruits of his scientific discoveries were more valuable to others than to him, and he died penniless, leaving his widow and daughter to the care of friends. Many stories have come down of Crow's kindness of heart, how he used to practice medicine for the poor alone, refusing all fees, and how he would sometimes leave his distillery and walk miles to bleed a sufferer.

## Coal Dust a Dangerous Element.

An instance of the ignition of coal dust by the sun's rays is reported in the Gluckauf, a Gorman authority. It appears that the surface works of the Maybach colliery, near Friedrichstald, in the Saar district, are chiefly of iron; and on certain girders the floating dust, due to the tipping of coal on to the jiggling screens, becomes, in course of time, deposited in a layer more than an inch thick. On a workman burning his hand, while repairing a pipe running through the corrugated iron forming one of the south walls, the official inquiry showed that the layer of coal dust had been formed alone the whole length of the wall, and although the dust contained a proportion of pulverized rock, the metal plates heated by the sun had ignited it. The layer of white ash on the top proved that it had burned for a considerable period. The circumstances affords fresh proof of the ease with which coal dust may be brought to ignition, also a possible explanation of fires at similar surface works.—Boston Transcript.

## Daring Operation.

The correspondent sent to his paper a news despatch in which was this statement: 'George Ousley, colored, mounted on a pack mule.'

The telegraph operator took it this way: 'Gorgeously colored mountain peaks mile after mile.'—Boston Globe.



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## MUSIC LOVING TOADS.

How the Little Creatures Enjoyed a Lady's Sweet Singing.

The following true story shows that toads not only have an ear for music, but possess powers of discrimination heretofore undreamed of:

At a well-known summer resort we were staying at the same hotel with a party of musical people, among whom was Madame —, famous for her rich contralto voice.

These people were engaged to sing nightly at the amphitheatre, and we guests of the hotel had a double share of pleasure, for on their return each night they gave a brief open-air concert on the hotel veranda. At such times every window in the hotel held an eager listener.

Madame herself rarely sang at these moonlight parties, but one evening she prevailed upon to do so. We were on the veranda at the time, and some one called our attention to a toad, which at the sound of madame's voice had hopped out of the grass on to the gravel walk close to the veranda steps, where he stood blinking and winking in the bright moonlight, his face turned toward the singer.

When she had finished, the toad waited, then at the sound of a chorus of voices he hopped hastily away into the grass and was lost to sight.

The second night he appeared again, this time with a companion, and they took up their places on the gravel-walk. Madame had been notified of her new listeners and was charmed with the oddity of the thing. While she sang she watched their queer little faces, and not once were they seen to move. But when madame ceased to sing and the tenor began, they turned abruptly and hopped away, to the amusement of all.

The third evening every one was curious, and madame herself began the concert. Almost as the first word left her lips there was a rustling of the grass and out hopped the two toads and following them, one by one, seven others. They took positions along the walk, all facing the veranda, and proceeded to drink in the melody.

In spite of her usual care of her voice, madame 'laid herself out' that night, and sang one after another of her choicest songs her eyes all the time turned upon her queer little listeners; and though they gave no applause, madame insisted that she had never met with a more sympathetic and appreciative audience. Their very silence showed their deep attention.

The two following nights the number of toads increased until there were a score or more, and it madame's engagement had not closed on the sixth night, it is probable that her fame would have spread until all the toads at the resort had gathered to hear her. As it is, no other vocalist has since proved attractive enough to command such an audience.—Gertrude E. Allen.

## A LIMITED TRAIN.

The Horse That Managed to Keep up With the Cattle.

The slow train is indigenous to all sections at some stage of their development and has at some period or other, in the history of every commonwealth, invoked of her helpless citizens that righteous indignation which, half smothered, we term in patience. Among others, relating to this apparently, indispensable fixture, they tell a good story down in East Tennessee of ex Gov. Taylor, at the expense of a little short line, commonly known as the narrow Gauge, running up the Watauga valley from Johnson City, Tenn., to the famous Cranberry mines of North Carolina.

The road having been built almost exclusively for the transportation of timber mineral and building stone, instituted instead of a regular passenger service what is familiarly known as the 'mixed train' or 'jerk water,' about one-third passenger and two-thirds freight. The time made by such trains is necessarily limited, or speaking rather in railroad parlance, not limited, and in consequence the many tourists which some years ago began to frequent the springs and other such resorts along the line, indulged, without reserve, in many a quaint and cutting witticism as they jogged along.

Setting out one morning with a number of nervous and impatient passengers abroad, among them 'Our Bob,' as the sturdy sons of the mountains in their pride delighted to call him, they had not pro-

ceeded far when a herd of cattle was discovered on the track a short distance ahead. The whistle was blown wildly for a few moments, but the train being some time in nearing them, they fled without giving any serious trouble.

This little diversion from the monotonous routine of stops and starts gave the fretful passengers topic for their pungent utterances, and sarcastic flings for a few minutes, but the novelty soon died out and they all, one by one, lapsed into a state of meditative silence. Continuing this for a few miles (for several hours at least) they were suddenly aroused by another similar series of wild, frantic shrieks from the engine, giving emphatic and effective warning to another trespassing herd.

The ex-governor, who had hitherto been saying but little, now grasped the humor of the situation, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, he laid aside the paper he had been pursuing and exclaimed:

'Well, I'll be banged if we haven't overtaken those cattle again.'—Detroit Free Press.

## A FAMOUS MAN.

What His Researches Have Done for the World.



All successful and distinguished men have imitators, and Dr. Chase, the well-known author of Chase's Recipe Book, proved no exception to the rule. Dr. Chase's discoveries have many pretended rivals, but no equals.

Long scientific researches produced Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Chase's Ointment, the first a certain cure for all kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and rheumatic troubles; the latter an absolute specific for chronic and offensive skin diseases. Among his other discoveries were Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds and bronchitis.

During 1895 the Canadian manufacturers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto, gave away free, 500,000 samples of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and 100,000 samples of Chase's Ointment. The return they brought proved how much they were appreciated. The same free distribution of samples was continued during 1896. Those at a distance should enclose a 5-cent stamp and also receive a sheet of the latest music in return.

## He Still Needed Her.

A pathetic little tribute to a wife's tact and self-forgetfulness was given by an old New Hampshire farmer.

The couple had lived happily together for nearly fifty years, and when the wife died, her husband seemed utterly unable at first to act, or even think, for himself.

The funeral was taken in charge by an energetic niece, and according to those who were present, everything was conducted with propriety. One of the neighbors stopped to speak to the poor old widower when the last offices at the grave had been performed.

'William,' she said, laying a kindly hand on her old friend's shoulder, 'I think everything was beautiful; it was just such a funeral as Mary wished, I am sure.'

'You mean well, Miss Snowden, I know,' said the old man, looking up at her with dim eyes, 'but you don't take it as I do. Niece Ellen couldn't see to everybody's comfort as Mary would have. Why, I've thought a dozen times to-day, it Mary was only here to tend to this funeral, seems to me I could almost bear to have lost her.'

## FOURTEEN YEARS IN TERROR.

But Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Gave Relief in 30 Minutes and Three Bottles Effected a Cure Which Baffled the Best of Physicians.

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Warkworth, Ont., says: 'For fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease; troubled very much with sharp shooting pains constantly passing through my heart. Very often the spasms were so severe that I would become unconscious. My limbs would swell and become quite cold. For these fourteen years I doctored with best physicians without relief. Having seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I determined to try it, and before I had taken half a bottle I found great relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles and it has done me more good than any medicine or any physician ever did. I can conscientiously recommend it to all sufferers from heart trouble.'