

A NICE ARRANGEMENT.

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian.

"Then why not tell him so?" returned her husband from behind the outspread Times. "Surely you needn't stand upon ceremony with Ted."

But I must get someone to talk to him, Tom. I can't have him on my own hands all day. Let me see. Maud Affleck's at home—I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much of the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7:15."

The house party assembled for the Cambridge cricket week—consisting of the famous Cambridge Double Blue—Norman Harding and his eleven; the maidens invited to admire the prowess of these heroes: Miss Affleck, and the St. Julians themselves—was gathered together in the long library when Prof. Alleyne entered it at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. His entry, very quietly, made, was followed by a general sensation of disappointment. The youthful company hungrily awaiting his appearance to adjourn to its dinner, had expected to find in him a more typical specimen of the professional genus; it had looked for a long haired scholar of fifty, who should have stooped and worn spectacles and an ill fitting coat. Now Alleyne (who appeared to be a cut five and thirty and was by no means ill looking) had a singularly upright figure; his clothes were perfectly well cut; he used no glasses and actually boasted a mustache. Maud Affleck, who had been promising herself deep draughts at the fountains of his erudition, reflected sadly that his profound knowledge of all things Mongolian had probably been much exaggerated by report.

Miss Affleck, wise in her generation, led the Mongols severely alone—and not for that evening only. She refrained from mentioning them for two whole days, during which she made herself so unobtrusively agreeable that the Professor began to forget she had ever studied at Gorton, and to wonder how his cousin Laura could have described her hair as "odd." But on the third morning she commenced the subject, in a fashion that showed she meant business. No sooner had the great Harding and his team (attended by Mrs. St. Julian and her bevy of girls) started for the cricket ground after breakfast than she descended upon the Professor, who was peacefully smoking under the great cedar tree on the lawn, with her arms full of papers, and her fine eyes alight with eagerness.

"Mr. Alleyne—you are so kind—I'm sure you won't refuse to help me."

This appeal was uttered with a tremulous confidence, which some men would have found extremely engaging. Not so the Professor. He knew too well that such an appeal portended. Reluctantly he made room for the newcomer on the bench beside him and looked ruefully at his pipe.

"I wanted to ask you—oh, please go on smoking! I like it. Your cousin tells me you are writing a great book on the people of Northern Asia."

The professor could have ground aloud. Perfidious Laura! What! even this last secret delivered into the hands of the enemy. Perhaps, he thought, this very pushing young woman would presently demand to see his unfinished manuscripts.

"Because," the pushing young woman continued, "I am writing something on that subject, too. Oh, not a great book, of course. Quite a small one. And I thought, perhaps you would kindly help me with the spelling of the proper names. You see, I know nothing of the dialects."

There was nothing for it but to accede to this exceedingly cool proposal. Alleyne took the sheets and began to run his eye over them, indicating an error here and there. Suddenly, at the bottom of a page, he stopped short.

"That is a novel idea."

"Which? Where?"

"Here, on page ninety-one. You suggest that the Ostyaks—"

The approach of a servant with a note for Miss Affleck caused the Professor's sentence to remain unfinished. Maud, when she had glanced over the scrap of paper addressed her, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Laura wants me to join her; I suppose I must go. There is nothing I hate quite so much as a cricket match. May I leave these with you? or shall I—"

"Pray leave them—by all means." The Professor's tone had grown quite cordial. It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem after all, and had opinions of her own on certain varied points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.

"Very good. Very good, indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The Professor read on, ignoring the misspelt proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.

"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grow interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer?"

Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity, and went to get ready for luncheon. The Professor remained behind and took out his note book. That hint about the Ostyaks wandering had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth setting down.

Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand. Good heavens! What was he about? This train of ideas was absolutely new. But for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have risen in his mind. The Professor was a man of honor; a cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He, to pick a girl's brains. He shuddered at himself.

He shuddered. Yet he was sorely tempted to look again at the half-read chapter. For, if the theory put forward in

it would hold water, well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.

These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took, occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at tea time.

"What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The Professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transliteration, which he thought she might find helpful."

"They will enable me to correct my spelling myself, I see. I suppose you did not read any further, Mr. Alleyne?"

"I left off," returned the professor, getting redder than before. "in the middle of the chapter on the Ostyaks. Will you take toast or tea cake?"

Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck. I gave her all the assistance she asked."

"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible—"

"I did not say it was contemptible."

"You might have condescended to speak of it, one would think! What has Maud done that you should snub her so unmercifully? If she were a rival authority on—what do you call them?—Morgo's, you could hardly have treated her worse."

The Professor was silent.

"Ted! Do you consider her a rival authority?"

"An 'authority'! My dear Laura! It's impossible for any young woman of Miss Affleck's age to have more than the most superficial acquaintance with such a large subject. But a novice occasionally stumbles—by chance—on a solution of some difficulty that has long been a puzzle to experts."

"And that is what Maud has done! I understand! Forgive me for laughing; but really this is too funny!"

"I do not see—to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in exactly, Laura. The labor of two years rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings to elaborate!" muttered the poor Professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.

Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.

"There is only one thing for it that I can think of. You two must marry, and—fuse your warring books into one."

"Laura!"

"Why not? She is pretty and well bred. Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."

"If this is intended for a joke, Laura," the Professor interposed severely, "excuse me for saying that it is an extremely bad one. I never was more serious in my life," his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it." But this the Professor indignantly declined to do.

It was well for his pride that he showed himself thus obdurate from the beginning, for Miss Affleck's demeanor for the next few days made it plain that his thinking—supposing he had weakly consented to take Laura's unscrupulous plan into consideration—would have been to no purpose. The ex-student of Gorton, having had quite enough of learned society for the present, proceeded to unbend her mind in the company of Mr. Norman Harding, who had by this time awakened to the charms of her hair.

The professor often glanced at her across the table—Mrs. St. Julian no longer sent them into dinner together—wondering how any woman with a mind could endure the irresponsible prattle of that brainless giant. Miss Affleck endured it with cheerful stoicism. She exposed herself voluntarily to the infliction, accompanying the big man on rambles (in search of wild flowers and suffering him to give her billiard lessons on rainy mornings).

By the end of the week Alleyne had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this step Monday morning (Mr. Harding having shown himself peculiarly insane, and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his insanity on the preceding Sunday) as he smoked his after-breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden winding of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck, seated upon a rustic bench. She had a writing board upon her knee and a pencil in her hand.

"The book?" inquired the professor with a sickly smile.

She nodded. "My poor little book! which you wouldn't even deign to criticize."

Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambric dress gave the utmost 'value' to her auburn locks.

"I didn't—feel confident," stammered the Professor.

"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"

"No."

Miss Affleck's expressive face was one large note of interrogation.

"You wish to know why? Well, it was because I found you too full of suggestion. You put me upon new trains of thought. It wouldn't have fair to you—to go on reading."

"But—but I should have been so glad to be of any use to you!" she cried.

The Professor stiffened. "You are very good."

"I wish," she murmured, "I knew what I had done to offend you."

The Professor looked at her hard—for perhaps half a minute; then he, too, took a seat on the bench. "You have not offended me at all," he said.

"How beautiful!" Maud Affleck sighed, ten minutes later.

"What is beautiful? The day? Or your

hair? Or the dispensations of Providence? They are all beautiful, in different ways."

"Nonsense! I was thinking that—that you would let me help you with the book, now."

"The Professor started guiltily. To do him justice he had quite forgotten the book."

"We will collaborate—we will write it together," he murmured. Then he kissed her, and rose to new heights of magnanimity. "And publish in our joint names—Edward and Maud Alleyne."

Maud blushed. "Oh, no! It must remain your book. Perhaps you might put a note in the preface saying you had been assisted in your researches—"

"By my wife. That sounds charming. But,—he kissed her again, and was pricked in conscience—"would that he giving you your due share of credit? You see, in that matter of the Ostyaks—"

"I should like it best so," she declared.

"Of course, it must be as you please," said the Professor.—St. Louis Times-Democrat.

A Prominent City Official

Thinks As Highly of Paine's Celery Compound As He Did Years Ago.

Mr. J. T. Dillon, Chairman of the Board of Assessors of the city of Montreal, is one of the best known and most popular citizens of the great metropolis.

As Mr. Dillon had some years ago given public testimony regarding the life-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, he was recently asked if his opinions had in any way changed as far as the value of the great curing medicine is concerned.

Mr. Dillon's reply was prompt, and his statement as strong as words could make it. His brief letter reads as follows:

"I am in receipt of your valued favor, and would say that I most cheerfully testify again to the worth, value and merits of Paine's Celery Compound."

"I am never without a bottle in my possession, and I partake of it daily. This I have been in the habit of doing for some seven years, and can affirm that, judging from experience, it is a most wonderful nerve restorer and tonic. Hardly a day passes by me that I am not asked the question, 'What do you do to yourself to preserve your youthful appearance?' My reply is, 'I take Paine's Celery Compound.'"

MRS. DOMINIS AS A HEROINE.

A Sorry Figure, Even After the Most strenuous Efforts of Her Friends.

Those who have any knowledge of the life and history of the ex-Queen of Hawaii will be surprised at the extravagant flattery heaped upon her by Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar. The whole vocabulary of the English language is brought into acquisition to describe the beauty of her face and form, the liquid softness of her voice, the grace of her carriage and the suavity of her manner.

Mrs. Spofford's eulogy of Liliuokalani bears the earmarks of Julius Palmer or of the subject herself. That the public may lose none of the minor details of their heroic lives through undue reticence of the narrator, probably, Julius describes the Queen and the Queen describes Julius. It is generally supposed that they have been lifelong friends, but this is an error into which the public has dropped unconsciously. "Duke" Palmer went to Hawaii about 1870 in command of a ship, discharged his cargo, took on another, and sailed away. He next appeared, twenty-five years later, as a reporter for a Boston newspaper and took the anti-annexation side of the controversy then raging on the islands. He then made himself as conspicuous and as ridiculous as he has done since in Washington. In a few months he returned to the Pacific coast, and when he again returned to Hawaii the Queen was a prisoner.

Mrs. Spofford gives us a beautiful insight into the character of the fallen Queen

It would have been quite as well if mention of the opium and lottery bills had been omitted. The Louisiana lottery, having been driven from the United States after it was shown that to do so required the whole machinery of the great republic, attempted to fasten itself upon this little kingdom. Liliuokalani had the power to prevent the passage of the bill allowing this, but she was its strongest advocate. There could be but one reason. The evil of it was well known, and its power, when once established, had been demonstrated in the United States. A committee of thirteen women, bearing a petition signed by every woman of prominence on the islands, had an audience with her and begged her not to sign it. She wept copiously, declared herself with them heart and soul, and then quietly waited until the opium bill came up. It was openly declared on all sides that she would receive 30,000 for signing it. Her ministers were strongly opposed to both bills, but by taking advantage of the absence of honest legislators (the session having been open long and by promises of office to disgruntled members, she so intrigued as to obtain a vote of want of confidence, appointed a new Ministry that would do her bidding, and rushed through both bills. The history of these two bills is a record of shame and disgrace to Liliuokalani.

But, as is well known, her crowning act of infamy was an attempt to force a new constitution upon the people. It was an opium scandal that forced Kalakaua to sign the one in force when she came to the throne. It greatly abridged the royal power, and Liliuokalani was bitterly op-

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Her rhapsody on the grace and beauty of Liliuokalani may not seem accurate, however, to all who have seen Mrs. Dominis. To some she appears to be a fairly good-looking, well-dressed Kanaka woman with coarse features and the peculiar brown spots beneath the dark yellow complexion so often seen in stout elderly colored women with white blood in their veins. Mrs. Spofford speaks of her straight black hair, but most assuredly her hair is very kinky, as was the hair of her brother, Kalakaua. Mrs. Spofford waxes eloquent in describing her descent from the Kamehamehas, and from that doughty Queen Kapiolani who abandoned her idols and defied the fearful goddess Pele at the crater of Kilauea. She says: "Liliuokalani would do the same today." Perhaps, but her valor was not conspicuous during the riots, although at one time she had the whole armed force of the islands under her control. Mrs. Dominis as a girl was brought up by Paki, the father of Mrs. Bishop, and one of the high chiefs. Her father was Pakea, a minor chief. Her brother, the late King Kalakaua, was at one time Postmaster-General, but was deprived of his office for financial irregularities. He was then made second clerk in the interior office and he held the place until the death of Lunalilo, when he was elected King, and his sister, who had married John Dominis, the son of an Italian-American ship Captain, became the Princess Liliuokalani, subsequently Queen. No one at that time would ever have thought of thrilling the public of Hawaii with a highly colored description of her pedigree, especially as there were those living who saw her grandfather hanged for poisoning his wife, the first case of capital punishment on the islands.

Mrs. Spofford, who has never been to the islands, tells us that there was no breath of scandal against Liliuokalani until she mounted the throne, and then only for the purpose of her dethronement. But in this she is utterly wrong, as much was said against her before it was ever dreamed that the throne would pass into her family. The Queen was generous, and always had a number of hangers-on about the palace, but the story of her educating twenty girls has a more groundwork of truth in the fact that they were educated by the society of which she was President by virtue of her rank. The story of her voluntarily reducing the royal pay was most interesting in the manner in which it was told, but lacks verification. Liliuokalani never reduced her pay. It would not be like her to do it. The only Hawaiian that did was Lunalilo, the wealthiest of the Hawaiian monarchs.

The statement that the Queen never drinks wine will cause a smile among those who have known her. Mrs. Spofford might as well have added, "and neither did Kalakaua." It would have been quite as well if mention of the opium and lottery bills had been omitted. The Louisiana lottery, having been driven from the United States after it was shown that to do so required the whole machinery of the great republic, attempted to fasten itself upon this little kingdom. Liliuokalani had the power to prevent the passage of the bill allowing this, but she was its strongest advocate. There could be but one reason. The evil of it was well known, and its power, when once established, had been demonstrated in the United States. A committee of thirteen women, bearing a petition signed by every woman of prominence on the islands, had an audience with her and begged her not to sign it. She wept copiously, declared herself with them heart and soul, and then quietly waited until the opium bill came up. It was openly declared on all sides that she would receive 30,000 for signing it. Her ministers were strongly opposed to both bills, but by taking advantage of the absence of honest legislators (the session having been open long and by promises of office to disgruntled members, she so intrigued as to obtain a vote of want of confidence, appointed a new Ministry that would do her bidding, and rushed through both bills. The history of these two bills is a record of shame and disgrace to Liliuokalani.

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posed to it, declaring to her brother that she never would have signed it. Before taking the oath of office she said to the Chief Justice: "Suppose I refuse to sign it? Then you will never be Queen," he replied. She did sign it when the time came, knowing perfectly well every article that it contained, and thereupon commenced to intrigue and plot to overthrow it. It was her wish to name the members of the upper houses; to have the Judges of the Supreme Court hold office at her pleasure, and to have the taxes levied by Hawaiians, paid by foreigners.

But probably no event of her life does the Queen regret so much as her interview with Mr. Willis, where she distinctly expressed her determination to behead the leaders of the revolution if she were restored to the throne. Everything was done to make her retract this, but she would not for a long time. Finally she agreed with Mr. Carter, a devoted adherent, that she would merely confiscate their property and banish them. Mr. Willis, sent by Mr. Cleveland after Mr. Blount, with the expressed determination of restoring to her the throne, was obliged to abandon her. And this is the woman that Mrs. Spofford would have us admire, telling us of her charity, the purity of her life, her religion and noble deeds.

SHE COULD WAIT.

The Resident Only Called When Funerals Were on the Way.

It is often very difficult for new-comers in a community, especially if the community is a small one, to understand the local ideas of social requirements, for etiquette—a ticklish thing at best—is often greatly modified by local usage.

A Mrs. Cathcart, who had gone from a large city to live in a small village on Long Island, was a woman of strong social instincts, and soon after she was comfortably settled, she set about getting acquainted with her neighbors.

She soon learned that she would make small progress if she waited for the neighbors to call first, as she naturally would have done in the city; so with some misgivings she ventured to call at the house next door, where lived a pleasant friendly woman, who welcomed her cordially, and promptly made her feel thoroughly at home.

After a suitable time, Mrs. Cathcart rose to go, and said: "Now Mrs. Johnson, I hope, since we have become acquainted, that you will come over and see me."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson, "I ain't no hand to gad. You see, I have so much to do at home, 't I don't get no time. I haint ben out but once all winter, 't that was when Aunt Sally Bashford was buried. Of course, I make it a pint always to go to the funeral when any of my friends die, but I don't get out no other times."

"In that case," said Mrs. Cathcart, "I hope you won't be in any hurry about returning this call."

"HE HATH THE FALLING SICKNESS."

—Shakespeare.

Epilepsy or the "Falling Sickness" has been known for many centuries, and for as long a period of time no cure has been discovered, till Ryckman's Kootenay Cure came upon the scene and revolutionized the healing art. Julius Caesar, one of the greatest men of ancient times, was a victim to it, and no physician of his day could effect a cure. Napoleon, the greatest warrior of modern times, fell a prey to it, and among all his conquering hosts there was not one that could conquer this insidious disease.

But here is Samuel Duffin, residing in the Township of West Nissouri, eight miles from the City of London, who makes a sworn statement before a Notary Public, that about eight years ago he had a paralytic stroke, and has ever since been subject to Epileptic Fits, which came upon him so often that it was unsafe for him to be left alone. He was treated by five of the best physicians in the province, and spent hundreds of dollars, to no avail, in endeavoring to get relief. Then he tried Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient. Note the change.

"I have taken between three and four bottles." "I have now a good appetite, sleep well every night, and best of all, the fits have almost entirely left me." "My friends see a change in my appearance, and ask me what I have been doing, I gladly tell them I have been taking Kootenay. My general health is wonderfully improved, and I certainly feel, after twelve years of terrible suffering, I have been given a new lease of life by Kootenay Cure, the Greatest Medicine of the Age."

The price of Kootenay Cure is \$1.50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application. One bottle lasts over a month.