

**LOVE LEVELS ALL.**

"Is this the ferry?"

The speaker was a tall, fair girl, whose pale statuesque beauty was accentuated by her mourning dress and black hat, and her inquiry was addressed to a handsome broad-shouldered young fellow in flannels who was fastening a boat up to the steps.

As the young man did not reply, the girl repeated her question.

"Can you tell me, please, if this is the ferry?"

Then he looked hastily around, and as there was nobody else in sight, he seemed to come to the conclusion that he was the one to whom the lady was speaking.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not know that you were addressing me. This is Twickenham ferry."

"Thank you," responded the girl. "And will you be good enough to ferry me over?"

"With pleasure," was the reply, and stepping forward, he assisted her into the boat, shoved off and commenced sculling across the river.

When they arrived at the opposite bank, and as the young lady was being assisted out, she asked:

"How much do I owe you, please?"

The ferryman turned rather red and hesitated for a few moments before he replied:

"The fare is a penny, but you had better pay when you come back."

"I am afraid I shall have to," replied the fair girl, looking in her purse, "for I have nothing less than a stiling."

"Shall I expect you down this afternoon for a row?" inquired the young man.

"Very probably—I think so, and by the way, what's your name? Whose boat shall I ask for?"

"My name is John, but my friends usually call me Jack."

"Very well, John, I shall be at the landing place about half past 2." And she walked away with that grace and vigor which are inseparable from a girl who had been brought up in the fresh air and athletic surroundings of a country life.

The half hour had barely struck when the young lady made her appearance at the ferry. Jack was waiting for her, and without any loss of time they got aboard and started up the river.

This was a memorable day with Geraldine, for it was her first introduction to the 'Silvery Thames,' and as she leaned back on the cushions in the stern sheets, the ripple of the water and the songs of the birds combined with the rhythmic sound of the boatman's sculls to make sweet music, which she enjoyed in silence until they arrived opposite Pope's Villa, which Jack duly pointed out.

"A grand spot!" exclaimed Geraldine, with enthusiasm.

"Much overrated," answered Jack. "His brain was as crooked as his figure."

"You have been misinformed," observed Geraldine. "Of course, you have not read his 'Iliad'—it is not a book that would appeal to you. But—"

"Oh, yes, I have," interrupted Jack. "And his 'Odyssey' too. But I would rather read one canto from 'Childe Harold' than the whole of Pope's works."

This led to a disputatious argument, in which Geraldine lost her temper, and was rude enough to say:

"You are evidently an exemplification of the old saying that a little learning is a dangerous thing."

"Well, I'm bothered!" exclaimed Jack, with a satirical smile, "it that isn't a little too bad. For, if there was one thing that I was supposed to be good at, next to rowing, it was Greek."

"You seem to be very well educated for your position in life," remarked Geraldine.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jack, and he added, quickly, "the free libraries are so convenient, you know. But I might return the compliment, and say that you seem very well read for a young lady."

When they returned to the ferry Geraldine extracted her purse; but as she was taking out the money, Jack said, pointing to Hammerton, the ferryman:

"That is the person to pay, please. I am not allowed to take any money."

After she had gone Jack said to the ferryman:

"Don't forget, Dick, if she should happen to make any inquiries, that I am only one of your assistants."

"All right, sir," answered Dick, with a knowing look. "I won't forget."

For the next month Geraldine went on the river every fine day, sometimes in the afternoon; and those boating expeditions were extended on many occasions up the river to Kingston, Molesey, and Sunbury, and many an argument they had on literature and art—for, as a rule, their opinions on these subjects were diametrically opposite—as they drifted down homeward bound.

One afternoon they were returning down the river when the conversation turned upon the wedding of a lady of property in the neighborhood, who had recently married her coachman.

"Poor, unfortunate woman!" exclaimed Geraldine. "How bitterly she will regret it."

"Why should she?" inquired Jack.

"Because happiness is impossible with such an ill-assorted match."

"How do you know they are ill-assorted?"

"Why! The man is only a common coachman."

"But you must remember that she has married the man, not the coachman; and if they are fond of one another, why should they not be happy?"

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Geraldine. "How can she—a lady of birth and education—have anything in common with a fellow like that—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water?"

"Don't be too hard upon us," said Jack,

half seriously. "Remember that Homer was a slave, Burns a plowman, and your favorite Pope, only the son of a linen draper."

"Ah! but genius levels all things," replied Geraldine with a smile.

"There is something else which levels all things," observed the young boatman. "What is that?"

"Love," answered Jack. "That glorious feeling which is the true philosopher's stone, which glides the road of life, no matter how rough it may be; makes a dry crust with the object of one's affection more acceptable than a feast without her; and which sweeps away all distinctions of rank, as the running water washes away the dull earth and leaves the grains of gold exposed."

"How eloquent you are this afternoon!" remarked Geraldine, but her voice was tremulous, and it was evident that her playful sarcasm was but assumed. "What novel have you been reading?"

"Perhaps I am eloquent," replied Jack. "It has been said that all men deeply in earnest are so, and this is a question that affects me to the bottom of my soul! In days of old women married men because they loved them, irrespective of their banking accounts or pedigrees. If a man was honest, brave and honorable, he was considered a match for any 'lady faire,' and why should it not be so?"

"Times have altered," faltered Geraldine, her usually pale face a rosy red; "and we have altered with them."

"Not so," responded Jack. "The times have changed, I grant you, and, in many respects, for the worse; but men and women are still the same. Indeed, so sure am I that this is the case, that I am about to stake my whole future happiness upon it. I love you truly and devotedly. I have never loved before, and I shall never love again. Will you be mine? Will you trust yourself and your future happiness to me?"

"Oh! this is unkind and ungenerous," cried Geraldine, her eyes filling with tears. You should not—you ought not to—talk to me like this."

"Why not? Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," answered the young man, and, leaning forward, he possessed himself of one of her hands. "Put on one side all disparities of rank or fortune, and ask yourself the question: 'Do I love him?' Geraldine, dear Geraldine, do not let the cruel laws of society come between us and ruin the happiness of two lovers. Speak, darling, and tell me you love me."

"Can you not see," cried the poor girl, commencing to weep bitterly, "it is unkind of you to press me further?"

"I want to hear it from your own dear lips," persisted Jack. "I only want you to say, 'I love you, Jack, and will be your wife.'"

"Oh, I cannot."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, but—oh, look, there is my aunt!" exclaimed Geraldine. "Please put me on shore at once."

Jack looked around and discovered an old lady watching them intently from the towing path, and, turning the boat's head, he sculled in to the bank, saying, as he assisted Geraldine to land:

"I shall call upon you in the morning."

He did so, and was informed by the servant that the family had gone away early that day, and had left no address, as they were going to travel on the continent.

It was the middle of the London season, and Lady Althorpe's rooms were crowded with the youth, beauty and elite of the aristocracy. Bustling up to Geraldine, the energetic little hostess exclaimed:

"Don't move away for a minute, dear, I want to introduce Lord John Jasper to you. A most eligible parti, my dear. So handsome, as rich as Croesus, and so delightfully eccentric! Sits up as a woman-hater, you know, but if he resists you, my dear, why I shall give him up altogether."

A minute after she had gone in search of his lordship, a well known face caught Geraldine's attention, and the next moment Jack, the boatman, was standing in front of her.

"At last!" he said, in a low, deep voice, while his eyes seemed to pierce her through and through.

"Oh! Jack," cried Geraldine, "what are you doing here?"

"I have come to ask you to finish what you were saying to me when your aunt interrupted our conversation," replied Jack.

"Oh! but isn't it rash of you?" said the poor girl, half inclined to cry. "Suppose anyone should recognize you? I should never forgive myself if you get into trouble through me. Do go away, Jack."

"Tell me if you love me, and I will leave you at once if you wish it," answered Jack.

"Oh! I do—I do!" exclaimed Geraldine. "I never knew how much until we were parted, and now please go away. Oh! there comes Lady Althorpe."

"Ah! Lord John. I was going to introduce you to Lady Geraldine, but it seems as though you have met before," rippled the genial hostess. "Ah! you sly thing!"

"Oh! Jack," cried Geraldine, when they were once again alone in the crowd, "why did you do this?"

Because I wished to be loved for myself alone, darling," whispered Lord Jasper. "And I had given up all hope of it, when Providence brought us together at dear old Twickenham ferry."

**That Hour of Dread.**

A woman, whose letter I am about to lay before you, says that in an illness some years ago she would occasionally wake in the night with a feeling of suffocation.

The writer has, in his life, had perhaps five experiences of that kind from the same cause. It is one of the most alarming and appalling things imaginable. The time is apt to be in the dark hours of the morning, and the onset of the attack sudden. The sufferer gasps for breath, often springing from bed in excitement and fear. He seems to himself to be sinking into an invisible pit, and fancies his last moments are come. There is generally no pain, the horror of the situation being wholly mental. The sensation is that of a person who feels the water cover his face for the last time as (the struggle over) he sinks beneath the surface of the sea.

Thank God, when the case is not fatal in a few minutes—so is sometimes the case—it is usually over within an hour. Yet that hour! I would for my part, scarcely consent to pass another such even if bribed with the certainty of a whole year of happy days. What can be the cause? Let us read what Mrs. Davis has to say before suggesting an answer.

"In January, 1890," she writes, "after my confinement I could not get up my strength. I had no appetite, and what little food I took lay on my chest like a heavy, dead weight. I was constantly belching up a sour fluid, and the wind pressed against my heart, causing palpitation."

"At night I got but little sleep and would wake up with a feeling of suffocation. Often my heart almost stopped beating, and I felt as if I were dying. I became dreadfully nervous, and was afraid to walk out alone."

"What I suffered it is impossible to describe. I was brought so low I could barely crawl about the house. The doctor whom I consulted said my ailment was nervous debility, but his medicines failed to relieve me."

"One day a book was left at my house in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I used a bottle and it benefited me greatly. My nerves were steadier and the pain at my heart less severe. I continued taking it and gained strength every day, for I could eat well and was free from pain. Soon I was able to go about as usual."

"Since that time if anything ails me a few doses sets me right. In February, 1891, my little girl, Eva, had an attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs and we feared we should lose her. She was at death's door. Two doctors attended her, but she got no better. I then gave her Mother Seigel's Syrup, and she was soon as strong and well as ever. I firmly believe that but for this remedy she would now be in her grave. You can publish this statement as you like, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Jane Davis, 23, Keere Street, High Street, Lewes, January 21st, 1897."

Now let us try to get to the bottom of those mysterious and frightful sinking spells. Bad and dangerous as they are, the explanation is simple. Her blood was full of poison from the rotting food in her stomach, for her real and only disease was dyspepsia. Some of these paralyzing and deadly things have weakened the nerves which move the lungs and heart, thus causing those spells in which life's brief candle flickered to extinction. The reason why they came on near morning was that the body is always weakest and lowest at that hour. And they are—remember now!—only one of the many forms wherein dyspepsia produces local ailments and threatens life. It is ever a thief, a deceiver, a poisoner, a murderer.

Be on the look out against it as against an enemy who has sworn to slay you in sign, and use Mother Seigel's Syrup the day you notice anything wrong with the digestion.

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**BULL-FIGHTING BEAUTIES.**

They Come From Barcelona, are Educated and Interesting.

The lady bull fighters are in the city, says the Mexican Herald. All of them are young and some are pretty. Lolita, the espada, is particularly so. Her full name is Dolores Pretel and she only counts

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eighteen springs, the sweet age of romantic illusions. She is of slight stature and graceful figure. Her eyes are large, dark, and lustrous. Her abundant tresses are purplish-black, her complexion smooth, soft, and white; a mouth like Cupid's bow; teeth small, white, and regular. Her conversation is very agreeable, and she is well educated and possesses a great fund of information on all topics. Her manners are very sweet and her smile most gracious and sunny. Such is the captain of the band. She was born in Barcelona March 23, 1880. Her first appearance in the bull ring was at Barcelona, March 3, 1895, when she was only 15 years of age. Since then she has appeared with her quadrilla at the rate of fifty bull fights per year. She has been 'caught' once, the bull's horn having entered her mouth, leaving a scar on her left cheek. The accident took place in the bull ring of Oviedo, Asturias, July 18, 1897. She was incapacitated for a fortnight only. Her next appearance was in the bull ring of Huelva. Her style of fighting is light, playful, and full of grace. She does very pretty work with the capa. With the muleta her performance is so neat and courageous that many bull fighters of the sterner sex might envy her.

She pays great attention to feminine accomplishments. She sings and plays the piano. She also cultivates literature, and is proud of her excellent penmanship. Altogether she is an interesting personality.

Angelita, the second espada, is a native of Barcelona, and is 19 years of age, having been born Oct. 15, 1879. Her first appearance was at Jerez, Oct. 9, 1895. Since then she has fought side by side with her friend Lolita. The only accidents which she has suffered are a wound from the bull's horn in the right thigh three centimetres

deep and two centimetres long, and a black eye due to the bull having bucked against the sword which struck in a hard place, so that in consequence it and the little fist which held it were shoved back into the fair welder's right eye. She is simpatica, both in appearance and manners. She is above the medium height of Spanish girls, and is of slightly stouter build than Lolita; eyes and hair black; rosy cheeks; small mouth, and well-shaped chin. Her bull fighting is less playful than that of Lolita, but it is sober and patterned on the best rules of the art. She handles the banderillas with skill and grace, and in this sport it is seldom that she does not win applause. She is Angelita Paez.

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