

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

there was a faint twinkle of amusement. "I didn't know you wished me to," he observed.

"Well, I don't like walking with a stick," she retorted.

"No? I couldn't guess, could I? I waited for you to speak, you see."

"And now I've spoken, you can go on doing so," she laughed. "There, talk about that!"

Their road had wound out upon the cliffs, and they were looking out over the broad Atlantic.

Far away, like a grim old sentinel, lay the Head of Kinsale, and on the horizon rose the black smoke of a passing steamer.

Neville looked, and gave a little sigh.

"Yes," he said, "it's grand, but one doesn't want to talk about it somehow. English isn't an expressive language, you know."

"It certainly isn't," agreed Bride, "though I think we Irish have the gift of making it as expressive as it can be made. Don't you think so?"

He looked at her, and, in spite of the Sunday clothes, her face was so bright and animated, her eyes so lit up, that she was, for the moment, absolutely pretty.

"I think you are expressive," he said.

Her eyebrows went up in surprise.

"Me?" she exclaimed ungrammatically. "How on earth can I be expressive?"

"I don't know," he pondered. "It's your eyes and your voice," he said at last. "You'd know how to plead a fellow's cause."

She grew rather red and looked hard at him.

There was a faint smile flickering in his eyes.

"What—what do you mean?" she demanded.

"I am so sorry," he said penitently. "I couldn't help it. I was asleep behind the wall, and only woke up in time to hear the end of the conversation. I didn't like to hear the end of the conversation. I didn't like to come out—but I thank you, Miss Bride; there's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm really awfully obliged to you. And there's another thing if you like to go into the wood—"

"Thank you, said Bride haughtily. "I couldn't think of it. If you're mean enough to listen, you needn't talk about it. Here we are at the Kanes'."

Peggy and Val were waiting for them at the gate.

"Aren't you coming in?" asked Bride.

"Deed I'm not!" laughed Val. "Old Kane and I aren't the best of friends at present. He's been evicting his people right and left, and I stood up for them. Then there was trouble. Well, good bye, Peg; 'bye, Miss McCarthy; good bye, Miss Bride. Coming with me, Neville?"

"Yes," said his brother. "Good bye, Miss Bride, and forgive me," he whispered as he took her hand.

"What did you two find to talk about?" inquired Peggy, as she and her sister walked up the drive.

"Oh, lots of things!" returned Bride evasively.

She was thinking about what she had said to her sister on the previous afternoon. "If only I could remember!" she ejaculated mentally. "I can't; but I hope—I do hope—it was nothing to show—"

"Is Mrs. Kane at home?"

The question, asked by her sister of the servant who had opened the door, broke in upon her thoughts.

Mrs. Kane was a stout person with a rather bald head, over which her hair was strained inartificially back into an ungainly excrecence behind.

She was a lady by birth, and her husband was indisputably a gentleman, but her conversation usually partook somewhat of the vulgar, and in her scandal mongering she was no respecter of persons.

To day she came forward to meet the girls with a positively beaming face, and they read in her manner something which told them that she was bursting with eagerness to relate to them something new.

"Have ye walked, then?" she cried. "Well, now, ye must be very tired. Sit down at once, and I'll have tea brought for you. Peggy, girl, wherever you got that color I don't know, but 'tis very becoming to you, anyhow. Wait now girls, till I tell you what I heard today."

"It's coming," telegraphed Bride's eyes to her sister.

"You know that my husband has been obliged to evict some of his tenants—the dirty rascals! and has consequently raised a good deal of bad feeling in the neighborhood? Well, I heard today from my little housemaid that we're to be boycotted! Just think of the impudence of these people! My husband an officer of Her Majesty's army, to be boycotted like any common landowner! And that's not all—there's another house that's to be the same way, and that's the Ffolliots! Yes and I hear there's someone in the village who's sworn to kill Sir Neville—says he won't be able to die aisy till he's done it. Sir Neville's a bad lot, but still I'm sorry for the man. It's hard to die so young; only twenty-eight. Faith, though, he's old in wickedness."

Bride's face was crimson.

"I don't know what reason you have for saying that Mrs. Kane," she retorted indignantly, "but I'm sure it's not true. And do the Ffolliots know about this boycotting?"

There was a malicious smile on the dear old lady's face as she bent over the teacup, but she answered in a voice of honey.

"Of course dear; we sent to tell them at once. We only heard ourselves an hour ago. Perhaps you have seen Sir Neville?"

Bride saw the trap, and answered stiffly—

"Sir Neville and I never meet; he does not care for the society of ladies."

"No?" said her hostess guilelessly. "I thought I had heard otherwise; but, of course you'll be knowing him much nearer neighbors."

The girl bit her lip to keep her indignation and Peggy like an angel of peace, put in gently—

"You see, Mrs. Kane, although, of course

Val is often at our house, Sir Neville is really so wrapped up in his work that he has very little time for visiting, and so as Bride says we seldom meet. He and father rather disagree, too, about various subjects—religion and that sort of thing."

"Religion, dear? Why, Sir Neville is a good Catholic, is he not?"

"Well, yes—," began Bride, but Peggy interrupted her.

"No; he's not. At least, father doesn't think so. He says that, for a boy like that, he's got far too many ideas. Father thinks young people should believe whatever they're told to believe."

"No doubt he's right, dear. Why," she added, going to the window, "how dark it's getting! I don't want to hurry you, but, really, I think you ought to be getting back."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Peggy, jumping up. "Good bye, Mrs. Kane, and I hope you'll get through your boycotting safely. If you want anything, mind you send to us. There's no fear of our being boycotted—father's the idol of the country side."

The two girls hurried away, and walked rapidly down the drive.

At the gate Peggy discovered that she had left her umbrella behind her and ran back to it, leaving Bride alone in the twilight country road.

Hardly was her sister's back turned, when she fancied she heard a slight rustling in the bushes behind her, and her heart began to beat a trifle violently, for those were unsettled days, and the road was very lonely.

However, she possessed no small measure of Irish pluck, and setting her teeth, she told herself that it was fancy.

But the rustling began again, and as her eyes scanned the bushes anxiously, the latter were suddenly parted, and a wild face peered out at her, while a voice exclaimed, in a loud whisper—

"Whisht, Miss Bride! Is it yourself?"

A LAME BACK.

CAUSES MR. C. H. WILCOX YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

Injured His Spine While Lifting, and the Doctors told Him he Would Never Fully Recover—But He is Once More Free From the Trouble.

From the Brockville Recorder.

In the Western section of Leeds county there is no man better known than Mr. Chas. H. Wilcox. He has resided in the vicinity of McIntosh Mills for years, and during much of that time has conducted a very successful sawmilling business. All of Mr. Wilcox's neighbors know that he was a great sufferer for years from a lame back, and most of them know that this affliction has now happily passed away. Mr. Wilcox says he owes his happy release from pain to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and those who know him will not for an instant question the sincerity of his statement. He gives the story of his suffering and subsequent cure in the following statement:—"One day while working in the mill, and engaged in lifting lumber I had the misfortune to severely wrench my back. I was so badly injured that I had to be carried home, and for six months I was practically unable to move, and suffered great torture. The doctor told me that I had injured my spine and that I would never fully recover from its effects. At last I was able to go about again, but was far from being the man I had been before. For years I suffered almost continually from pains in the back, and was unable to lift any heavy weight. At times the pain was so bad that I was unable to work at all, and I was often confined to the house for days at a time. During this time I was treated by four different doctors but their treatment did not seem to do me any good. They told me that owing to the injury to my spine my back would always be weak. Seeing that the doctors were unable to help me, and having read of the many cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a trial, and procured a supply. Very soon I could see that they were relieving me a little and this encouraged me to continue their use. In all I took about ten boxes and when they were finished my back was as strong as ever. The pains that had racked my body for so many years had entirely disappeared, my back felt as strong as before the injury. It is now two years since I discontinued the use of the pills and in all that time I have not had an ache or pain, so that I may safely say that my cure is permanent. I would advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for knowing what they have done for me, I am confident that they cannot be less successful in other cases."

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not take any substitute or any other remedy alleged to be "just as good."

Phillips Brook as Teacher.

After his graduation from Harvard College Phillips Brooks became a teacher in the Boston Latin School. And here, on the very threshold of his career, he met with failure. So much had been expected of him that his want of success was naturally a subject of much comment at the time, and after he had become a great preacher his early failure was still referred to, and sometimes was used to point a moral.

It was a turbulent class that Phillips Brooks had to teach. Before he took charge of it, three teachers had been driven away. The man who followed Mr. Brooks to fill out the year, confessed him self so wearied by the frequent resort to corporal punishment that he was obliged

to betake himself to the mountains for the summer to recuperate his strength. The boys were certainly in fault; but the blame was not wholly theirs, and long since they may be supposed to have repented of their mischief.

Phillips Brooks was then not yet twenty years old, little more than a boy. Naturally, perhaps, he made mistakes. On one occasion, says his biographer, he punished a boy who had committed no fault.

After Mr. Brooks had become Bishop of Massachusetts, as he was moving in his majestic dignity across Boston Common, he met this boy, then a mature man occupying a post of trust and influence. Neither man had forgotten the incident.

Looking down upon his old pupil, the bishop made a certain appeal for forgiveness. "Tell me, now he said, 'that I did not punish the wrong boy."

"Yes you did make a mistake. You punished the wrong boy," was the answer; "but I have missed so many punishments that I deserved that I ought to be grateful for that one, which I did not deserve."

Colored Diamonds.

The mention of diamonds makes every one think of a translucent, white gem; but not all diamonds are white. The most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It surpasses the ruby in beauty, and is exceedingly rare. A few specimens are on record, one of which, weighing ten carats, was bought by the Emperor Paul of Russia for one hundred thousand dollars.

Dark blue diamonds, differing only from sapphires in quality and in the beautiful play of colors peculiar to the diamond, are handsome gems. Besides the Bismarck and Hope diamonds, there are only two known specimens in the world that can be properly called blue diamonds. Black and rose-colored diamonds are also rare, while the green varieties are not so uncommon. The grass-green is scarce, and when it does occur is more brilliant than the first emerald.

There are several varieties of green-tinted diamonds at the Museum of Natural History at Paris, but the best known specimen is at Dresden, and is considered one of the five paragons of its kind.

The most perfect collection of colored diamonds is in the Museum of Vienna, and is in the form of a bouquet, the different flowers being composed of diamonds of the same color as the blooms represented. These stones were collected by one Vigil von Helmschick, a Tyrolean, who had passed many years in Brazil among the diamond mines.

In early times the diamond was worn rough, or polished only on its upper surface. It was in this form that it was used to decorate temples, goblets and crowns. Such stones are still infinitely preferred to any others by the natives of India. Many of the jewels presented to the Prince of Wales during his Indian tour were in an uncut state.

Among historic diamonds, one, the 'Pigott,' has gone out of existence. The story of its destruction is a tragical one. It was said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. The diamond came into the possession of Ali Pasha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle.

He was wearing it when he was wounded by Reshid Pasha. Knowing that his wound was mortal, he immediately retired to his divan, gave orders that his favorite wife should be poisoned, and then delivered the diamond to Captain D'Anglais with the order that it should be crushed to powder in his presence. His command was obeyed, and the beautiful gem utterly destroyed.

When Booth Laughed.

William Mestayer, the comedian, once said: "I never saw Edwin Booth laugh heartily but once. We were playing 'Julius Caesar' at Baldwin's in Frisco. Booth was Brutus, McCullough was Cassius, Harry Edwards was Caesar and Charley Bishop and I were plain everyday citizens. It was the last night of the run, and we all felt frisky. So when Caesar spoke the well known line, 'Let me have men about me that are fat,' Bishop and I, both fat men, walked boldly up to Caesar and shook him heartily by the hand. It broke Booth all up, and he laughed outright."

The Truth at Last.

"Oh, doctor, is it very dangerous to swallow cement?"

"Very dangerous indeed."

"And gutta percha, doctor?"

"Very serious."

"And porcelain—oh, doctor, is it very poisonous?"

"Excuse me, madam; have you attempted suicide?"

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NEW USES FOR SAWDUST.

Machinery Invented to Extract its Valuable Products.

Scientific men have long been engaged in the study of methods of utilizing waste products, such as sewage, garbage and many other things, formerly thrown away as worthless. After it is ascertained just what these materials contain that can be utilized ingenious men set their wits to work to invent machinery and devise processes by which the valuable commodities may be extracted. In this way many million dollars' worth of oils, fertilizers and other useful substances are now saved, and the world is so much the richer.

A great deal of sawdust has always gone to waste, though many mills have used it to supplement their fuel supply. Chemical analysts have been at work on the sawdust problem, and it has been shown clearly that it contains very useful elements that are worth saving, and now machinery has been invented to extract these materials.

The experiments have proved that 1,000 pounds of sawdust will yield about 160 pounds of charcoal and equally serviceable; 180 pounds of acids, 160 pounds of tar and a quantity of gases that have been tested for heating and illuminating and found to be excellent for both purposes.

While the acids, tar and charcoal are the products particularly desired, it is said the gases are of commercial value.

A machine has been invented in Montreal for the purpose of distilling sawdust and obtaining the desired products. Consul General Bittinger writes that the machine treats about 2,000 pounds of wet sawdust an hour. As Canada manufactures enormous quantities of lumber, it is expected that the utilization of sawdust in that country will be an important source of valuable commodities.

There are 20 places in Europe where oxalic acid is extracted from sawdust. In Scotland sawdust is used to make floorcloth, coarse wrapping paper and millboard, which is a kind of pasteboard used by bookmakers in the covers of books. Thus sawdust, once thought to be a good deal of a nuisance, is beginning to be considered quite a useful article.

Motion of the Solar System.

One of the chief problems of the Lick observatory has been to determine the motion of the solar system in space from spectroscopic observations of the motions of stars in the line of sight. Professor Campbell, director of the observatory, has just pointed a preliminary determination of this quantity. It is derived from 280 stars north of 30 degrees south declination, and the stars are not symmetrically situated with respect to the line of the sun's way. For these reasons the result is preliminary. A definitive solution can only be reached after securing like observation upon a large number of southern stars.

Professor Campbell concludes that the sun and the whole solar system are moving in space toward a point whose right ascension is 277 degrees plus 5 degrees and whose declination is plus 20 degrees plus 6 degrees, with a velocity of 19.89 plus 1.52 kilometers per second (12.5 plus 0.9 miles per second). This result for the apex of the sun's way is in substantial agreement with previous determinations. The sun's motion is directed toward a point somewhat to the south of the brightest star of the constellation of the Lyre, Vega.

WASPS, the Invincibles. FROM early ages to the present time the 'fery darts of the wasps' have furnished illustrations of invincible attack. In the Bible the Lord uses the hornet to help clear a way for the chosen people: 'And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites.' Not only have armies been dispersed, but cities have been abandoned because of the onset of hornets. In 'Wasps and Their Ways' many interesting examples are cited.

In 'Cruden's Concordance,' in the introduction to the subject of hornets, we read that 'a Christian city, being besieged by Sapoers, king of Persia, was delivered by hornets; for the elephants and beasts, being stung by them, waxed unruly, and so the whole army fled.'

Moffat says: 'If we will credit Aelianus, the Phasilitis, in times past, were constrained to forsake their city, for all their defence, munition and Armour, all through the multitude and cruel fierceness of the wasps, where with they were annoyed.'

A more modern incident is this: 'Eight miles from Grandie the muleteers suddenly called out, 'Marambudas! Marambudas!' which indicated the approach of wasps. In a moment all the animals, whether loaded or otherwise, lay down on their backs, kicking violently, while the blacks and all others ran in different directions, all being careful to avoid by a wide sweep the swarms of tormentors that came forward like a cloud.'

'I never witnessed a panic so sudden and complete. The alarm was not without good reason, for so severe in the torture inflicted by these pygmy assailants that the bravest travellers are not ashamed to fly the instant they perceive the host approaching, which is of common occurrence in the campos.'

The Long and the Short of It.

The smallest man in this year's batch of conscripts in France comes from Cunel, near Montfaucon, in the department of the Meuse. He is named Emile Mayot, stands only 3 feet 9 1/2 inches in height and weighs 42 pounds in his clothes. He is, however, declared to be constitutionally quite sound and has never had a day's illness in his life. The biggest man comes from the department of the Herault. He stands 6 feet 6 inches and is named Eugene Casenae. As usual, a girl has been by some accident inscribed on the lists.

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Off Again, On Again.

'Very well said she in a huff; 'all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters.'

'All right said he; 'I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning.'

'Ob, there's no killing hurry! Suppose you—er—bring them with you when you call tomorrow evening.'

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