

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

As your brother it is my duty to snub you. 'Is it really? I never had a brother before, so I cannot contradict. But let me warn you that I am not sweet-tempered; if you snub me, I shall retaliate.' 'You couldn't say a nasty thing if you tried.' 'Couldn't I? That just shows that you have not been used to girls, especially sisters.' 'My experience has certainly been limited.' His spirits rose with every half hour that he passed in this pleasant intimacy with a girl to whom he was no more in reality, than was that other man, to save her from whom he had acted a lie. The resolves of the morning were forgotten under the intoxicating influence of a dawning love which he took no pains to smother at its birth, as he should have done. He felt so sure of his own strength that he let himself go for that once, mentally vowing that should not occur again. Rome was not built in a day, and a man is not reformed in two days and a night. When supper was over, he took Donsa's arm, led her into the other room, and drew her down by his side in a big, old-fashioned armchair which was placed invitingly before the fire. 'Having informed you of a brother's duty, I am now going to claim a brother's privilege,' he explained, as he held her to him and laid his cheek against hers. 'You haven't shaved today,' she said promptly. 'No; I am going to let my moustache grow.' 'Are you? I am so glad. But don't wear it drooping over your mouth and dipping into soup and things, will you?' 'How then?' 'Oh, train it upwards; it's much cleaner, and ever so much smarter!' 'I am not sure that it would suit me.' 'Sure to; it suits all handsome men.' 'Do you think me handsome?' 'I am not going to flatter you, Mr. Vanity! There! Tit for tat, sir. Oh, Charlie, how jolly it is being here with you! I shan't care about getting married unless you tire of having me always about. How long will you be able to put up with me.' 'Ah! How long, I wonder?' His clasp of her tightened a little. She felt it, and accepted it as a reply to her question. 'Dear old chap! Do you think you love me a little bit already, Charlie?' 'I think I can honestly say 'Yes' to that modest question,' he answered, laughing half mad with happiness as he fed his love for her by an occasional kiss, each longer than the last. Presently she laid her head on his shoulder with a contented little sigh, nestling closer to him as she said— 'I had no idea brothers were quite so nice! Not that they are all alike, of course. Evidently you are a peculiarly perfect specimen.' 'Think so? I want you to be happy with me child.' 'I am bound to be happy; I can't help myself.' They sat there until a clock somewhere near struck eleven. Then Donsa started. To a country bred girl eleven o'clock was shockingly late. 'It's long past bed time! Why did you not remind me of it?' As she spoke she tried to free herself from his clinging arms. 'I shan't go to bed for another hour or two. Stay with me, Donsa.' 'I should not be able to get up in the morning if I did. Please let me go, Charlie; I am awfully sleepy, really.' 'Are you? Well, if you will go, you must.' He raised her in his arms and carried her upstairs as easily as if he had been a child, she laughing and protesting under her breath. At the door of her room he put her down, and parted from her with another long kiss. Had Donsa ever cared enough for any of her lovers to accept caresses from them, she would have known that these were no mere brotherly kisses which Maxwell pressed on her lips; but she was as ignorant as she was innocent, in spite of her one-and-twenty years. She lay down to sleep that night with the happy consciousness that her new life was likely to prove a glowing success. Charlie was the dearest of brothers, and she would be content to stay with him always. Downstairs, the 'dearest of brothers'—having recovered from his brief madness now that his sweet presence was no longer there to tempt him—was taking himself severely to task. In what way was he better than Curtis Lockhart? First, he had no thought of wronging the unsuspecting girl who was so completely in his power. But could he answer for himself in the future if, in one short evening he had failed so miserably in the acting of his part? He tried to excuse himself by reflecting that he had not known he should fall in love with her; but the higher man in him refused the patty plea. What right had he—a married man—to let himself love any girl to the extent of losing his head as he had done this evening. He could not have himself better in hand, he must alter his plans with regard to Donsa. He began to regret having yielded to the impulse to save her from Lockhart, and yet he could not regret it honestly. His brain was in a tumult, as he thought out the situation his own act had created. But at the end of his thinking he was no nearer a solution of the problem before him—as to how he was to behave to the girl he would so gladly have married had he been free to do so. The morning brought common sense to

While dressing, he told himself that, if he found he could not help behaving as a lover to Donsa, he must tell her the truth concerning the utter lack of relationship between them. Her scorn at his deceit would assuredly go far to curing his mad passion for her. She looked as fresh as the morning when he entered the room where she was waiting breakfast for him. 'Lazy boy! I have been down for ages. This is what comes of late hours. You must go to bed earlier, sir.' 'Then I must work instead of chatting to you after supper,' he replied on the inspiration of the moment. 'Work! Do you mean to say you worked after I left you last night?' 'I can assure you I worked very hard.' This was true, only in a different sense from that in which he understood it. 'Literary people need not trouble about regular hours, you know, as long as they get through all they have to do.' 'Oh, but you ought to have regular hours for work and you shall! I'll have no talk in future until you have finished do your best? Last night was very jolly but we should get tired of always spooning; it is not as though we were lovers. Besides, I shall have my work too. I have a sort of talent for designing—decorations, monograms and so on, I dreamt last night that I earned a lot of money that way, and I am going to try and make my dream come true. It will be much nicer than teaching.' Before they had finished breakfast, a policeman arrived with Donsa's bag, saying it had been sent by the registered parcel post to Scotland Yard. A note was found inside explaining that the sender had caught it up from the seat of the bus by mistake, but chose this way of returning it for fear of being suspected of having stolen it. The contents were intact, to Donsa's great joy.

Imaginative Influence
A New Orleans physician relates the following: A nervous man recently called on me and asked: 'In what part of the abdomen are the premonitory pains of appendicitis felt?' 'On the left side, exactly here,' I said indicating a spot a little above the hip bone. He went out. The next afternoon I was summoned in haste to a hotel. I found the man who had questioned me the day before writhing in his bed his forehead beaded with sweat and his whole appearance indicating intense suffering. 'I have an attack of appendicitis, he said. I'm a dead man. I'll never survive an operation.' 'Where do you feel pain?' I asked. 'Oh, right here,' he replied, putting his finger on the spot I had located at the office. 'I feel as if somebody had a knife in me there and was turning it around.' Well then, it isn't appendicitis, at any rate,' I said cheerfully, 'because that is the wrong side.' 'The wrong side?' he exclaimed glaring at me indignantly. 'Why you told me yourself it was on the left side.' Then I must have been abstracted,' I replied calmly. 'I should have said the right.' I prescribed something that would not hurt him and learned afterwards that he ate his dinner in the dining-room the same evening.

Influence.
A very characteristic story is told of Mr. Spurgeon, that when an independent young woman objected to assenting to those questions in the marriage service which implied the superiority and authority of the man over the woman, he said to her in a fatherly way: 'Come, now let him be the head, and do you be the neck, and turn him which way you please.' This is a good illustration of the supreme potency of influence. Merely nominal precedence or authority does not amount to much. Almost every head has a neck which can turn it. How often the wife proves to be the ruling directing spirit of a household instead of the husband and father! Who has not known organizations in which the real controlling power was wielded by some member or members not officially organized? The essential thing to seek is the power of influence—not so much the headship as the neckship of affairs. Anybody can be figurehead provided he gets a chance in that capacity. But it takes genuine merit and faculty to be what is called 'a controlling spirit.' Let no mean, petty spirit of envy actuate us in our dealings with others. Position, outward honor, need not, and very often does not, mean real power, real supremacy. That belongs to influence—the quiet subtle force which moves so-called authority, as the neck of a man moves his head.

Information For The Bishop.
The speech in the House of Lords of the Bishop of Hereford on the subject of gambling recalls a story told of Bishop Potter of New York. The Bishop, travelling through Louisiana some years ago, addressed inquiries to his fellow passengers with a view to obtaining information regarding the orchards and fruit interests of the State. 'Do you see a peach in Louisiana?' queried the Bishop. 'No, your grace,' replied the Louisiana, 'if we have three or better.'

UNITS TRAVELS.
Some Recent Transfers of the Medal Belonging to Chicago's Meanest Man.
As one of the elevators in the big office building touched bottom and the door opened to let its load of passengers out a short, dumpy, perspiring man with a cropped beard and a protuberant stomach tried to crowd his way in, regardless of the fifteen or twenty persons that were trying to make their exit. 'Don't be in a hurry said the elevator boy. 'But I am in a hurry!' impatiently exclaimed he of the squat figure. 'I've been waiting here five minutes.' 'You haven't been waiting five seconds,' retorted the elevator boy. 'If you had been, you know, you could have gone up in one of the other cars.' 'That's all right,' said the other, still pushing and elbowing his way in. 'Maybe you know.' 'I think I do.' 'Why is it,' asked the man who had been flattened up against the side of the elevator, 'that it's always somebody of his build and atmospheric displacement that acts the pork in a place of this kind?' Nobody seemed to know. The generalization may have been too sweeping. There are hogs of all degrees of obesity and tenacity. The imprisoned passengers succeeded finally in extricating themselves. The man with the stomach took possession of the corner furthest from the door. In a few moments the elevator started upward with a full list of passengers. 'Second floor!' shouted one of them. It was the personage with the stomach. With a series of convulsions he fought his way out and stepped off at second. He was followed by a man who looked as if some secret grief was preying upon his mind. 'Comrade,' said the latter, 'I'd like to speak a word with you.' The other turned around. 'I had intended to go the eleventh floor,' resumed the man of funereal aspect, 'but my business is with you.' 'What do you want?' 'I'll take me only about a minute to tell you. Several days ago, when I was setting cat-a-cornered in a crowded street car a man gave me a medal. He said it was given to him by a stranger because he had monopolized the narrow strip of shade at the left edge of the sidewalk on a hot day. And now—' 'What's all that got to do with me?' 'Nothing, only that medal belongs to the Meanest Man in Chicago. I have carried it three or four days without having any right to it. It belongs to you, sir!' With a dexterous motion he slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the squatty personage a flat, round piece of galvanized iron with an inscription stamped upon it and bolted down the nearest stairway, looking immensely relieved. 'Hit Me; I'm Big Enough.'

He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned afterwards that he was supporting a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of her father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers. At the loop on 15th st. a crowd was gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged young girl was selling flowers at the 15th st. end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him, defiantly. 'Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough.' The man paused in surprise, and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl picking up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her enough money to make her eyes sparkle with joy and said: 'I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see.' Then, turning to the boy, he continued: 'You said you were big enough young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self-respect.' 'Then he caught his car and the boy and girl stood there wondering what he meant. Amateur Farmer—Mr. Green, there seems to be something serious the matter with the horse I bought of you yesterday. He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and I think perhaps, he is wind broken. What would you advise me to do? Horse Dealer (promptly)—Sell him as quickly as you can just like I did.'

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Chat of the Boudoir.

This year started in as a pongee and white shirtwaist season, but the muslin frock has certainly 'won out' with the best dressed class of women. Fifth ave. shops seem to be the rendezvous of these cool and lightly clad shoppers. They look severe, calm and untrifled though the sun does its best to reduce them to a state of wilted weariness. Most of the dresses are simply but very daintily fashioned, with full tucked bodices and with lace insertions. It is pleasing to have to note no transparent yokes and sleeves in evidence. A shirtwaist hat—the severe little sailor seems to be quite demode this season—pretty shoes, white petticoats, a bright-hued parasol and white silk gloves are in nearly every case the accompaniments of these frocks. Some of the most striking effects in the dress parade are wrought out with black velvet ribbon, striping crossing and recrossing and recrossing to such an extent that entire gowns are covered with it. Colored velvet ribbons are also used in many fanciful designs, one of which is carried out in pale blue on a white Swiss muslin. It is in lattice form on the sleeves from the wrist to elbow where there is a puff, and again above to the puff at the shoulder. The seams in the skirt are outlined with an embroidered beading insertion through which this half-inch ribbon is run. Black velvet ribbon in the same width stripes one rather startling gown, of white canvass veiling, all over, in vertical lines, with very generous spaces between. First the deep flounce is striped all around and finished with a heading of batiste embroidered insertion, through which a wider ribbon is run. Above this bands extend down from the waist, ending a few inches above the flounce and taking a graduated line rounding up shorter in the back. The bodice is striped down from the neck, the lines ending a little below the bust in graduated lengths. The bretelle effect is carried out with the embroidered insertion and the belt is of velvet. A very pretty skirt model which is carried out in foulard as well as the thinner fabrics is knife plaited all around and stitched down in a varying number of rows from the waist to the knee. In muslins the stitching simply forms a yoke effect around the hips and the hem trimming may be seven rows of black velvet ribbon sewn around in straight rows. One foul and gown is made in this way and trimmed around a few inches above the hem with a combination band of finely tucked batiste and batiste embroidery. A cool afternoon toilet is of white organdy made up over sea green taffeta. The organdy drop skirt has insertions of fine Valenciennes lace, one row going straight down the middle of the front. A flounce rising to a point front and back finishes the skirt. There are ruffles of lace stitched to the flounce, and only a suggestion of the green silk is visible beneath the white veil. The bodice opened at the back and is arranged in puffs of organdy alternating with bands of Valenciennes insertion. The bands of puffing and the lace entredeux rise in a high point in the middle of the bodice, both in front and in the back. This leaves the yoke nothing but mere shoulder pieces of Valenciennes insertion, with a tiny frill of very narrow lace stitched between every other seam. A wide band of lettuce green ribbon crosses the yoke and ties on top of the shoulder. The sash girdle is deeply pointed in front. It also is of lettuce-green satin ribbon. The arms are partly covered by elbow sleeves, made up of puffs or organdy and Valenciennes insertion. A deep frill of Valenciennes lace hangs down over the elbow and below it. This is a cool-looking gown for a hot July day.

FRILLS OF FASHION.
Costume designers say that we shall see fewer plaited shirts as the season advances, but as to what sort of skirt we are to have in their stead they are reticent. Meanwhile, they are bringing out their newest skirts with the ornamentation arranged so as to counterfeit a tunic. Round tunics, square tunics, scalloped ones, long and short ones are all suggested in the arrangement of the trimming. But the real genuine draped overskirt is still conspicuous by its absence. No decrease in the flare or length of skirts is noticeable. The plan of hooking dresses up the back seems to be one of the French fads this season, most of the French gowns being fastened in this way. It does away with many of the difficulties which the dressmaker encounters in trying to arrange the complicated fronts, but in nine cases out of ten it ruins the effect of the back, which is perhaps the most noticeable line in the gown. The very latest novelty in corsets for bathing purposes, is made of perforated rubber mysteriously stiffened so that it answers all the requirements of a genuine corset. Both black and white silk tassels are among the novel features of dress trimming, and we see them arranged in pairs down either side of the front of the bodice on a black and white foulard. Their uses, no doubt, will multiply later on. Once upon a time, so the story goes, there was a great fashionmaker, who, clasping the casket of his overworked brain exclaimed one day:— 'What shall I do next?' And then came by a piebald horse, sooty black, with dazzling white spots, and he cried joyously: 'I have it!' And then and there that incomparable combination, black and white, was born into the world. This is the tale, as it is told in Paris, of the ever-resourceful Worth, but whether it is true or not we do know that everything else in nature has supplied hints for the fashion mongers, so why not the piebald horse? His spots and eccentric splashes have been found becoming—to him—and when transferred in black and white to madame they prove to be equally so to her. Nebb—How does it come Snappen, the photographer, failed in his profession? Nobb—Because his pictures looked like the subjects.—Oaio State Journal.

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