Sybil's Doom

Mrs. Ingram had been playing softly while Charlie talked; but at the sound of Captain Hawkesley's and Cyril Trevanion's names, her hands fell heavily with a crash upon the keys. She sat still for an instant after the tipsy Etonian had left the room, and when she did rise, Sybil saw that the pretty, piquante face had turned of a dead waxen whiteness from brow to chin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Lemox, among her pet aversions—and she had many—classed early rising as the chief. She liked to get up between te nand eleven, saunter through her bath, and her dressing, and her chocolate, a tete-a-tete breakfast with Mrs. Ingram, reading aloud the Morning Post, and get out when the day was properly warmed for her. The dolce far niente may have come honestly enough to Charley—inherited from his lady-mother.

On the morning after her arrival at Trevanion, my lady, strolling into her boudoir at half-past eleven, to breakfast, found that elegant apartment deserted to the geraniums in the windows and the bright summer sunshine. It was Mrs. Ingram's dutiful wont to await her patroness in an elegant demi-toilet, her smiles as fresh as her crisp muslin robe, and her perfumed hair shining as brightly as her starry eyes; but to-day the handsome widow was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Mrs. Ingram, Delphine?" cy lady crossly asked. "Not sleeping still, surely?"

"No, madame," the French girl answered in her native tongue. "Madame Ingram was up and away over two hours ago. Ah! she comes here."

The door opened as the chamber-maid spoke, and Edith Ingram, her dark, delicate cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her dress less elegantly perfect than usual, came hastily forward.

"I have not kept you waiting, I trust, dear Lady Lemox?" she said. "I had no idea I would be absent nearly so long; nor would I, but that I met your daughter, and she very kindly showed me through the house. Why," with a silvery little laugh, "I was up and out this morning with the lark, and Miss Sybil—who is an earlier bird still—and over to Monkswood Waste, before the dew was off the roses."

"To Monkswood!" repeated Lady Lemox, in surprise. "What on earth took you to Monkswood, Edith?"

"Simple curiosity, I am afraid. One likes to see a haunted house some time in one's life. I did not sleep well last night, and I was glad, when morning came, to get out, for I felt half sick and feverish. I walked on and on, tempted by the beauty of the morning—early rising is delightful, once one is fairly up and out — and I found myself at the Priory gates before I knew it. Of course I entered, and went down the Prior's Walk; but the ghostly monk, cowled and cloaked, did not appear. Instead, I met Miss Trevanion, and she showed me around the dear old place."

"Met Sybil!" exclaimed Sybil's mother, still more surprised. "And what took her there, pray, at such an un-Christian hour? Really, it is most extraordinary girl! Up and away to that desolate old deserted house before six in the morning!"

Mrs. Ingram laughed her gayest laugh as she seated herself opposite my lady and poured out the fragrant chocolate.

"It is Miss Trevanion's daily pilgrimage, I fancy. If one can not dwell in the presence of the rose, it is something to visit the abode of that splendid flower. If she can not see the lost heir of Monkswood, it is pleasant to pay her matin adoration at his shrine. I greatly fear your daughter will lose her inheritance, dear Lady Lemox, now that Colonel Trevanion has returned from Spanish America."

"I wasn't aware he had gone to Spanish America," my lady said, sharply. Pray, Edith, who told you?"

"I—I scarcely remember," murmured the widow, just a thought confused. "I heard it somewhere, however. And now he is back—Charley said so last night, at least."

"Those odious officers! those herrible mess dinners!" cried Lady Lemox, with asperity. "That dreadful boy was half-intoxicated last night, and I don't believe he knew what he was saying. But supposing Cyril Trevanion were to come back to England—and it isn't in the least likely—he could not dispossess Sybil. The will is made, was made years ago. All except the Priory goes to her. General Trevanion will not change his mind. The laws of Draco were never more immutable than the 'I will' of the Trevanions."

"Ah!" the widow said, softly, buttering her waffle. "Very likely. I don't dispute it. The general may not change his mind, but your daughter will resign all. He is the hero of her dreams. She is romantic and a soldier worshipper, like all girls, near Lady Lemox, with quixotic notions of duty and self-abnegation, and all that. She will lay her kingdom at Count Lara's feet when that darling of the gods appears, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, her own fair self as well."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed her ladyship in shrill indignation, "what do you mean, Edith Ingram? Herself as well! How dare you insinuate such a thing! A soldier of fortune—an adventurer—a wanderer—Heaven knows what! A married man and just double her age. Are you taking leave of your senses?"

"No, madame. And if he comes you will see I speak the truth. Nay, it is my firm belief she will persuade his father to forgive him, to send for him, to make him his heir. Dearest Lady Lemox, it is for your sake I speak. Consider how unpleasant it would be for you, after your daughter's brilliant prospects, to find her disinherited, and all through her own mistaken sense of right. Do not be offended with me, dear friend. Speak to Sybil herself, and see whether or not I am mistaken."

"I will," said Lady Lemox, decisively. "I'll speak to her at once, too. Great Heaven! It isn't possible my daughter could be so infatuated an idiot. And if she was, the general would not [illegible] as she chose."

"Ah, my lady," the widow murmured, plaintively, "he is an old man, and an only son is very dear. Long years of absence have softened his heart. He may be too proud to change unsolicited, but let his favorite adopted daughter speak but one word or pleading for the son he once idolized, and you will see the result."

Lady Lemox seized the bell-rope impetuously, and rang a peal that brought Delphine flying.

"Find Miss Trevanion, and send her here at once! Tell her I want her particularly."

"And, pray, don't mention my name," entreated the widow, as Delphine disappeared. "She would consider it a very unnecessary, not to say impertinent, intervention on my part. She is very proud. She would not endure for an instant any unwarrantable interference."

"I shall say nothing about you," responded my lady, in a very ill-temper indeed. "You may leave the room, if you prefer, Mrs. Ingram."

But Mrs. Ingram preferred to stay. She was in a recess of the window bending over the geraniums and guelder roses, when Miss Trevanion, her head erect, her light step stately, her eyes a little surprised, entered her mother's sitting-room.

It had been a morning of surprises, rather, to Sybil. When Mrs. Ingram stated that the heiress of General Trevanion was in the daily habit of visiting Monkswood, Mrs. Ingram had shrewdly guessed very near the truth. Always an early riser, she was mostly out and away for a breezy morning walk amid the dewy grass, with the rising sun and the singing larks; and those morning walks, as a rule, were to the deserted Priory. On this morning, as she opened a little door in one of the many gables, and let herself in, she was astonished to behold a female figure, with its back to her, standing absorbed before a picture, in what had been the amber drawing-room. It had startled her a little at first; but Sybil was not in the least a nervous young lady, and a second glance revealed her mother's companion—the brilliant widow. The picture before which she stood, with the strangest expression of face, was the portrait of Cyril Trevanion, taken in his gay hussar uniform—a gift to his father upon his nineteenht birthday.

"Mrs. Ingram!" Sybil exclaimed, in ungovernable astonishment. "You here?"

Mrs. Ingram wheeled round. It did not often happen to her to change color, but a hot-red flush darkened cheek and brow at this rencontre. For one second the eminently self-possessed Edith was at a loss. Then she burst out into one of her musical laughs, and held out her gloved hand.

"Dear Miss Trevanion! how I must save startled you. Did you think it was one of the mythical monks telling his ghostly rosary? Pray, don't imagine you are the only person in existence awake to the benefit of early rising, or to be deluded into a charming walk under waving trees. And the walk from Trevanion to Monkswood Waste is enchanting—one long, leafy arcade."

"Pray, how did you get in?" Sybil said, very coldly. That aversion at first sight, almost forgotten in her brilliance last evening, returned stronger than ever. Somehow it had given her a most unpleasant sensation to see this woman standing, with that absorbed face, before the picture of her hero. "Mrs. Telfer keeps all the keys of the Priory, except one that opens a little door in yonder turret. You are not a witch, I trust, Mrs. Ingram, and capable of whisking through key-holes?"

Again Mrs. Ingram laughed—and the silvrey peal grated discordantly on Sybil's ear.

"Dear Miss Trevanion! What a droll idea! No, indeed—I wish I were. What fun it would be! Oh, no; I came through the window near the south entrance; I shook it—only the ivy and the honeysuckle held it down, and I raised it as easily as possible, and crept through. Just fancy what a figure I cut, creeping like a burglar through a window!" Again that hilarious laugh. "But now, dearest Miss Trevanion, we are here, and together, and as I am positively dying to see this dear, romantic old house, will you not good-naturedly turn cicerone, and show it to me? I am certain it must be full of sliding panels, and hidden trap-doors, and subterranean passages, and that sort of thing, and the pictures I know are superb."

"There is very little time," Sybil said, drawing out her watch. "I always attend to the general's breakfast myself, and—however," with a bright, smiling courtesy indicative of the lady born and bred, "I will be most happy to show you as much of the house as we can possibly see in half an hour. There are secret passages and hidden doors in the Priory; but I am ignorant of their mysteries, so I cannot point them out. You were looking at my cousin's portrait—very good, is it not? You never saw him, of course; but still you can easily tell that it is an excellent picture."

Mrs. Ingram turned to look at it once more.

"No," she said, with a queer smile; "I never saw your cousin, of course; but the picture, as you say, is a work of art. How very, very handsome he must have been!"

"The Trevanions are all handsome," Sybil said. "That sounds conceited," with a smile, "but I [illegible]

Yes, he was handsome as an angel. Poor Cyril; I remember him [illegible] as I was; and I loved him so very, very dearly."

"How tenderly she says it," the widow laughed. "I'm afraid you love him still, dearest Sybil. I may call you Sybil, may I not? and you will call me Edith? There are men, they say, good enough and brave enough and handsome enough to die for, and he looks as if he might be one of them. I have never met any of those male demi-gods myself; still, very likely they exist. But he is a married man, is he not, my dear? Very sad story, his—Charley told it me—and she was an improper person, was she not! Poor fellow! to be so deluded, and at nineteen. And these sort of women live forever. No doubt the dreadful creature is in existence yet. And there never was even a divorce, was there?"

"There was none needed," Sybil said, haughtily, her cheeks flushing, her eyes lighting. "It was no marriage—there was not even a license—they were married at Gretna Green, and he was a minor. It was no marriage. She may be alive—the horrible creature who entrapped him—but Cyril Trevanion is as free as the winds of heaven. Poor fellow!" the passionate tears starting to her eyes, "he has bitterly atoned for his one act of boyish folly."

The widow looked at her askance—at the beautiful, flushed, impassioned face—and laughed once more; but this time the laugh had a bitter, metallic ring.

"How vehement you are! Oh! it is easy to forsee what this idolized soldier's visit will end in. And being in London, he will come down here, doubtless. Dear Miss Trevanion, shall I congratulate you beforehand?"

Sybil turned upon her haughtily, her great eyes afire.

"You will kindly keep your congratulations, Mrs. Ingram, until they are called for. Do you wish to see the pictures? because, if so, you must see them immediately. At this hour I have very little time to spare."

She led the way, her head thrown back, the tall, graceful figure haughtily erect, the step imperious—"La Princesse" to the core. The widow followed, a singular and by no means pleasant smile on her fair face.

"I should like to lower that lofty pride, to stoop that haughty head, my dainty Lady Sybil. And I will, too, before I have done with you, as surely as my name is not Edith Ingram!"

They went down the long picture gallery, the early morning sunlight streaming redly on mail-shirt and corselet of crusader and cavalier, on branching antlers and brass helmets, cavalry swords and blue-bright sabers glittering dangerously. Sybil led the way, with a look on her handsome face strangely like that look of stern decision on the pictured faces of the dead and gone Trevanions gazing down upon them from the walls. It was there beneath the half-raised visor of Guy Trevanion, who fought side by side with Richard the Lion-Hearted; now half hid, yet there still, amid the suave smile and waving love-locks of another Cyril—the handsomest cavalier in the gay court of the "Merry Monarch;" now under the powdered peruke and slashed doublet of Jasper, the brightest star in the court of Queen Anne. And you saw it again in the beautiful, smiling face of Rosalind Trevanion, in her starched Elizabethan ruffle and stiff stomacher, under dace and farthingale; in the knight with his bland smile and deadly rapier; in the lady with her diamonds and stiff brocades; in all the faces of the men and women of the race.

There was but time for a glance at all these, for a peep into the great banquetting room, large and lofty as a church; into the tapestried chambers; into the long refectory, where the shadowy monks had met for their silent meals; into the old chapel, with its holy-water fonts, its idle censers, its vacant choir, its dim paintings and pale statues of saints and angels; into the cells, where those grim ascetics sought their comfortless couches.

Then Sybil handed her companion a key, and turned to depart.

"I will be late as it is," she said, "and General Trevanion detests being kept waiting; but you can go over the house at your leisure, and let yourself out without the trouble of getting through the window—unless, indeed," smiling, "you fear the prior's ghost."

"I don't fear the prior's ghost," the widow responded, gayly, "but I do a reproach from a lady. If you will permit me, dear Sybil—there, I can not be formal—I will walk back with you. It will take us at least an hour and a half to reach Trevanion."

Of course assented, not best pleased, however. She did not like the affectionate widow, with her very familiar "Sybil"; but she was mamma's friend, and, as such, to be treated. She was Sybil's guest, too, and that young lady had all an Arab's idea of the beauty of hospitality. You partook of her bread and salt, and lodged in her tent, and though you were her deadliest enemy, you must be treated courteously and cordially from thenceforth.

So, through the golden glory of the cloudless summer morning, the two ladies walked back to Trevanion Park, and only separated at the house—Mrs. Ingram hastening to meet her patroness, and Sybil to minister to the wants of the sick signeur.

Delphine found her just quitting the General's apartments, and delivered my lady's message. Miss Trevanion hastened at once to obey the maternal behest.

"You sent for me, mamma," Sybil remerked, as she entered. "I trust I see you quite recovered this morning from the fatigue of yesterday's journey."

"Thanks, dear," Lady Lemox said, rubbing her aquiline nose pettishly. "I am as well, I dare say, as I ever will be in this world. But I am worried nearly to death ever since that absurd boy burst in upon us last night with his ridiculous news."

"Absurd boy! ridiculous news!" her daughter repeated, surprised. "I don't understand, mamma."

"There, Sybil, don't pretend to be obtuse. "You must understand. I mean Charles, of course, coming home in a gale, and crying out that Cyril Trevanion had returned. It isn't possible, you know, Sybil; but still, the bare report fidgets me almost to death."

"Indeed! And why, pray? Colonel Trevanion has surely a perfect right to return to his native land, if he chooses."

"Yes, very likely; only I should think, if he possessed one atom of spirit, he'd be ashamed to show his face in the country where he so signally disgraced himself, and where his scandalous story is still so well known."

"Ashamed to show his face! Disgraced himself!" Sybil repeated, her spirited eyes beginning to sparkle dangerously. "Are not your terms a little harsh, Lady Lemox? You are extremely severe on the boyish folly of a lad of nineteen—folly for which, Heaven knows he has long and bitterly atoned."

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed my lady, vehemently. "I knew how it would be. You still adhere to your old role of champion. Boyish folly, indeed! We all know the life he led in Paris some years ago—the drinking, the gambling, the women, the wine—the horrors of all sorts. No right-minded young lady ought to think of him without a blush."

"Poor fellow!" Sybil said, bitterly. "Every one throws a stone at a drowning dog, don't they, mamma? Pray, who has been prompting your part this morning?" with a dangerously flashing glance of the long almond eyes toward the window. "I can scarcely believe that all this would come to you of itself, mamma. Mrs. Ingram is your confidant and adviser; but surely Mrs. Ingram can have no possible interest in the matter. The return of my cousin Cyril can be nothing to her, one way of the other."

"Less than nothing," the widow said, very gently, and looking at the haughty speaker with soft, reproachful eyes. "Dear Lady Lemox, permit me to leave the room."

"I beg your pardon," Miss Trevanion exclaimed, hastily, "I am sorry if I have judged you rashly." Mrs. Ingram bowed deeply. "But really, mamma, I don't see your drift. Did you send for me merely to read me a lecture? If so, I have not deserved it. I certainly did not recall the wanderer from South America."

"But you are very glad he has come, all the same?"

A soft flush rose to Sybil's delicate cheeks, a gentler light shone in the lovely eyes.

"Yes," she said, almost under her breath; "very, very glad. Poor Cyril! Ah! mamma, don't be hard on him. His crime was not great, and see how they have made him suffer. Think of all the long, weary years of homeless, lonely wandering over the world."

Her voice choked suddenly. She turned and walked away to one of the windows. Yes, it was clear enough, the memory of this lonely wanderer was inexpressibly dear to Sybil Trevanion. For the past ten years the dream of her life had been his return—her dear, romantic, idolized Lara, to whom she was ready to play "Kaled," the adoring page, at a moment's notice.

(To be Continued.)

USES OF TALC.

Made Into Toilet Powder, Griddles, Gas Tips and Other Things.

Talcum powder is made from the soapstone, some grades of which are produced in eleven States—California, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Virginia. New York's output of 71,710 tons forms nearly half of the total production of the country.

Talc is usually marketed as rough from the mine, sawed into slabs and made up into manufactured objects, such as laundry tubs, or ground into powder. In 1910 69 per cent. of the talc was ground and 21 per cent. made into slabs and manufacturer. The product of New York is practically all ground.

Most of the ground talc is used in the manufacture of paper of various kinds, especially building paper, says Health Culture. It finds application also in the manufacture of moulded rubber forms and as foundry facings and paints. It readily absorbs grease and is used to remove spots from silk and to bleach cotton goods.

On account of its slipperyness it is widely used to lessen friction and for this purpose it is dusted into gloves and shoes, and blown into conduits to ease the introduction of electric wires or other conductors. One of its widest applications is in toilet powders, most of which are made from high-grade talc imported from Europe.

Laundry tubs, griddles, foot warmers and many other similar utensils are manufacturer from soap stone. The higher grades of massive talc free from flaws are sawed up to make pencils or crayons, French chalk, gas tips and other special articles.

FOR MAKING SOAP
FOR WASHING DISHES
FOR SOFTENING WATER
FOR DISINFECTING SINKS
CLOSETS, DRAINS ETC.
MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD
TORONTO-ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Shiloh's Cure
STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

ALL THE SAME IN THE END.

Mrs. Malade (weakly)—"I wish to explain again to you about willing my property."

Family Solicitor—"There, there; don't worry yourself. Leave it to me."

Mrs. Malade (resigned)—"I suppose I might as well. You'll get it anyway."—London Sketch.

WILLING.

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewadd. We want to raise $100,000—a prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewadd hastily, "I don't mind giving another quarter. Can you change a half?"—The Housekeeper.

CHINESE VIEW OF LOVE.

Marriage a Business of the Head, Not an Affair of the Heart.

Perhaps there is no greater difference existing between the Chinese and the American people than that between their ideas of love. In fact we Chinese do not believe in love, for we are not sickly, sentimental creatures, but cold philosophical, fatalistic beings. We arrange our matrimonial affairs through hard reasoning and not through the tender passion.

To us marriage is a serious business of the head, and not a light affair of the heart. In these matrimonial transactions we apply the most rigid, keen, calculating business principles, and that is why we are so successful in the marriage enterprise, as we have never been buncoed by Cupid at the game of love.

We never pay homage at the altar of this stupid, brainless, yellow kid, the disturber of peace, the breaker of hearts, the destroyer of homes and the promoter of affinity stock companies. We cannot tolerate his presence in China, as China is not a land of lovers. Consequently the cool, quiet hours of our midsummer nights are not disturbed or spoiled by hot air from the wooing and cooing of sentimental creatures.

We do not believe in love, for love is not the greatest thing in the world. It is not even a thing nor substance. It is simply the product of an idle brain, the outgrowth of a drowsy mind. It is inconstant and unsubstantial, for its quantitative and qualitative character changes with the changes of scenery and environment, and its drawing and binding power increases or decreases as the square of the distance between subject and object increases or decreases, as the case may be.

Love is the anthithesis of reason; for man sees with reason and only feels with love, and it is the most violent form of brainstorm. Love is a symptom of a disordered brain, as a nightmare is a symptom of a disordered stomach. It a symptom of a disordered stomach. It turns the strongest head and makes the wisest man a fool. Indeed there is no fool like an old who is affected with amoritis. When a man has contracted this love disease and is under its influence he acts in the most idiotic manner and performs all sorts of antics, all of which he entirely renounces and repudiates when he is free from its hypnotic spell.

Now are we peculiar because we do not agree with you in regard to the idea of love? But alas! the world is changing, and China is changing with it; the old time proven ideas are fast giving way to the new, and our young people are being converted to the worship of the blind god, and from now on there will likely be more love in our court ships and divorces in our matrimony.—Ng Poon Chew in the Chinese Annual.

PROOF FOR WOMEN WHO STILL SUFFER

That they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Lois McKay Suffered From Pains in the Back, Side and in the Region of the Heart—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Tiverton, Digby Co., N. S., Dec. 25.—Every day seems to bring a message of cheer for the weak, run-down women of Canada. To-day's message comes from Mrs. Lois McKay, a well-known resident of this place. She, like others, has found new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Before I used Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mrs. McKay states, "I suffered with a bad pain in my back and side, pains in my bowels, and sharp, cutting pains around the heart.

"I was always tired. Sometimes when I sat down I could hardly get up out of the chair. But thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills, my pain is all gone and my back is well. I have proven for myself that Dodd's Kidney Pills are good. Female trouble is nearly always caused by diseased Kidneys. The position of the female organs and the Kidneys shows how one is dependent on the other. That is why weak women find new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure diseased Kidneys.

THE SEA GULLS.

Now Here in Great Numbers on Their Winter Visit to City Waters.

Theer are now to be seen flying about over the city's bordering rivers scores, hundreds, great numbers of sea gulls; they are always here in winter. They go away almost all of them, in the spring to the beaches and shores hereabout and to the eastward and further north, in whose waters through the summer they find comfortable pickings, but in the fall, when the beach waters get colder and the pickings in them scantier they come back to find a living in the city waters.

Here they get some dainty food and a good deal that is not so dainty, for the gulls are scavengers; they will eat anything. For dainty food they get some living fish that may be swimming near the surface and among those they may eat young shad. The mature fishes of these species, after the manner of their kind, come in from the ocean and ascend the rivers to spawn in the spring. In the fall the young fishes thus born in fresh water now big enough and strong enough for the journey cofe down the rivers on their way to their natural home in the sea. Young shad on the way out come down the North River here as late as December 15th, and so until that time the gulls get some shad, and they get more or less fish of various kinds through the winter, but they live mostly on other things and they will eat anything.

They eat things that float up from the sewers and things dropped or swept overboard from the innumerable vessels in the harbor and from places ashore. They have to live and they are not particular about their food.

The gulls seem to be always on the wing and they are tremendous fliers; not perhaps the most graceful, but strong and resolute; robust birds, capable of endless endurance; flying machines never out of order and whose power is never exhausted. Occasionally they do alight upon the water, but they rise from it readily, then to go soaring and swooping and twisting and turning in the air in seemingly endless and tireless flight.

So from any wharf at this season you may see scores and hundreds of them far and near in constant motion, and no the gulls that frequent these waters keep going here over the two rivers from which they feed all through the winter, to seek again the beaches in the spring.

Are You Dyspeptic?

Then Wake Up to the Fact Today That Your Trouble Is Curable.

Thinness, tiredness, poor color, loss of appetite and despondency indicate Dyspepsia and Stomach Disorders.

You don't require a harsh, griping medicine. Best results come from Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which contain soothing, stimulating vegetable ingredients that so strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles as to enable them to again act as nature intended. When this is accomplished all trace of stomach misery and dyspepsia disappears. You will find Dr. Hamilton's Pills a scientific cure for all forms of stomach distress, headache, biliousness, bad color, liver complaint and constipation. Not half-way measures—but lasting cure for these conditions follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, or from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

ORIGIN OF THE THIMBLE.

First One Made by a Dutch Goldsmith for a Lady Friend.

The modern thimble dates from 1684, when the goldsmith Nicholas Benschoten, of Amsterdam, sent one as a birthday present to a lady friend with the dedication: "To Myfrouw van Rensclaer this little object, which I have invented and executed as a protective covering for her industrious fingers."

The invention proved such a success that all who saw it tried to obtain similar ones, and the goldsmith had enough to do to supply them. An Englishman named John Lotting took one specimen home with him and copied it by thousands.

At first thimbles were rather costly and only well-to-do people could afford them, but afterward when male of lead and other common metals by machinery they became very cheap. Their use was a great relief to all who had much sewing to do, and blessings were invoked on the inventor.

The Dutch fingerhat (fingerhood) became in England the "thimble bell," from its bellike shape. It was originally worn on the thumb, says the Ave Maria, to parry the thrust of the needle pointing through the stuff, and not, as at present, to impel it.

All the world over the thimble is a symbol of industry. The gift of one to a little girl is taken as a hint that she should learn to sew or that some article of her clothing needs mending. A paper of needles presented with the thimble of course makes the hint more pointed. It is lost when a pin-cushion is given.

Fashion in thimbles is very luxurious in the east. Wealthy Chinese ladies have thimbles carved out of mother of pearl, and sometimes the top is a single precious stone. Thimbles with an agate or onyx mounted in gold are often seen, as well as thimbles encrusted with rubies. The Queen of Spain is possessed of a thimble in the form of a lotus bud, with her name exquisitely worked in tiny diamonds round the margin.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

Those who have seen the cardinal's hat know why its possesser is glad that he has to wear it so seldom. Made of red felt, it is of enormous proportions, with a crown about four inches high, and flat on top. Around the crown there is a cord of three strands, which separate at the ends, fall on either side of the face, each strand ending in an elaborate tassel, and the whole suggesting the cord and tassel with which the heavy window curtains of an older day were looped back. The biretta, conferred immediately on new cardinals, resembles that worn by a priest, except as to color, being red instead of black. Once invested with the biretta, the cardinal is entitled to wear the zuchetta—that is, the little red skull cap which covers the tonsure and which is familiar to all. The street hat worn by cardinals in Rome and in Catholic countries generally is wide and flat brimmed, with alow, round crown, different from that worn by many priests in the same places only in color. This has often been confused with the cardinal's hat, but is quite different.—New York Tribune.

WANTED—A HANDHOLD.

Meandering Mike heaved such a deep sigh that his companion was moved to ask him what the matter was.

"I was just thinking about bad roads and the wonders of science," was the answer. "This earth is spinning round faster'n a railway train behind time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet."

"No, but think of what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while de territory slid under our feet until de place we wanted to go to come along."—Youth's Companion.

TO ATTAIN ATTENTION.

Don't talk about your children, your hot water plant or your favorite vice.

Don't talk about the tariff.

Openly admit that you do not mow your own lawn.

Say right out lod that you don't know how the government ought to be run.

When one needs but a paragraph or two to wind up a column, it may enough.