of mackery in her unsmitting eyes—no "dear Lady Montrevor's" embroidery, successes in the compressed lines around and 'dear Lady Montrevor's' portfolio her chineted lips.

Besides." said Winnie, a tittle un- room. stendily, I have associations—memories—about white roses that make them them changst sacred flowers to me. I sever canid make an adornment of those lovely living buds and half-undosed petals."

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the paused half fearfully again. Madam Vivenn would have received this confession with such a delicate keenwhited, Lady Mountrevor, was so merch caore quietly sympathizing, even m her proud reserve?

Have you?" she said, and the darknew of a shadow seemed to overspread ber whate polished brow and dark brilinat eyes. She turned partly aside, and Wiennie and her long fair jeweled fingers close and tighten convulsively for an innlant around the emerald locket resting in her neck. "So have I."

The words seemed to escape from ther without her knowledge, and Winnie

"he" remarked Winnie, with a sigh, so they left the room together, "my as thinking of it." sociation with them in connection with a

renew seconed to majestically waft the memory of that far-off lonely grave on the eweet dying breath, the rush and way of the wintry storm sweeping around the old Cormish mansion seemed to reccise softly in the murmuring thick clothed elm-boughs in the scented summer morning breeze, and the warm radiance of the wide lamplit and marble staircase changed to he dowing sunlight in that sheltered rank where the daisies bloomed and the demy roses twined their wreathing states, and where the morning mays, god, so sparkling!-feil on the long dished oak coffin and its dazzling dazzling enriched with white blossoms as it was fivered swiftly and surely into the darksome grave.

Lady Mildred pauced suddenly, and even smildst her confused surprise Winare noticed how the pale lips parted widely and a wild eager look blazed in the proud dark eyes. "So is mine!" she ing storm broke. The siren's plaintive which red, hoarsely, the wild eagerness of her gaze fading into one of far-away the dirge of drowned mariners, so softly dreary blankness.

Another moment, however, and, ere Winnie could scarcely comprehend, her companion had passed the threshold of the frawing room, and entered the preof sniking, well-dressed dinner and Madame Vivian, and Mildons, unruified, stately peeress once

The soul of the amiable Miss Trewmight have been illumined by the known how effectually her malicious hints had aided in spoiling poor Winnie Carriyon's enjoyment of her first dinner party at Roseworthy House. All cious as she was of any cause for such an effect, she could not but perceive that Madam Vivian's chill courtery and smilingly polite indifference to her presence was not the reception she would have been favored with had she ben weicome. Any doubts she might have had as to the author of the invitation were at an end before the evening was half over.

"I did wrong to accept it-I did wrong to come at all," Winnie thought, with keen pain and mortification. "Why did Lady Mountrevor ask me? Madam did not wish it, I can see quite plainly. I wish the evening were over-I wish I were home again!" she said, earnestly, ing sea outside." with the tears rushing to her eyes, as she withdrew to a distance from the guests, who seemed quite occupied in each other and their hostesses.

There were but three ladies who had ventured out, through darkness and tempest, to accept the invitation of Madam of Roseworthy, and, whilst the two gentlemen finished the '47 port in the dining-room, the doctor's wife and the minister's wife and daughter were

SHE USED ONLY THE NATURAL CURE

HOW NOVA SCOTIA WOMAN WAS RELIEVED OF HER HEART DISEASE.

Made Her Kidneys Right with Dodd's Kidney Pills and all her troubles vanished epeedily and completely.

Eel Creek, Cumberland Co., N. S., Feb. 3.—Suffering from Female, Kidney and Heart Trouble, so run down, nervous and depressed that all the brightness had gone out of her life, and never experting to be a healthy woman again, Ers. J. W. Lendbetter, of this place,

tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and is ence statement is the best evidence that no case of kidney disease is so bad that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not sure it. "I was treated by five doctors," Mas.

Lendbetter states. "Four of them did me no good. The fifth operated on me and that gave me relief for a time. I had Female, Kidney and Heart trouble. I was so nervous and run down that my friends did not think I would ever

get better. "An advertisement led me to use Dedd's Kidney Pills, and I found in them a cure for all my troubles. I cannot praise

Dedd's Kidney Pills too highly." Female Trouble and Heart Dis nused by Kidney Disease. The natural way to care them is to care the Kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Besides what?" There was no trace in a delighted state of admiration over of foreign sketches, in the drawing-

"Miss Caerlyon!" Madam catled,

sharply. "Well, Madam?" said Winnie, rather startled, and drawing back from the window, where she had been dreamly coking out through the parted curtains at the stormy sky, with the black clouds scudding wildly athwart its gloomy arch, and listening to the fireous roar of the breakers, borne each hissing gust of wind, out there by Tregarthen Head, the ghastly dream of the white fury of which was dimly visible through the murky night.

"Is the feminine element in our company too preponderating to be pleasing to you?" madam demanded with a cold smile. "Perhaps you will kindly enliven us with a little music!"

The request was made in a tone of command, and Winnie felt it to be so. "With pleasure," she said formally and gravely, though she colored deeply as she moved at once to the piano; "I was only looking out at the storm, and

But this slight apologetic remark grave a lonely grave, far away." touched right on the point of the Lervfilling Madam Vivian's heart with rest

less irritable pain. "Ah," she rejoined shortly, and almost brusquely, "you ought to feel very thankful that no one dear to you, or belonging to you, is tossing on the stormy water to-night."

Winnie made no reply, and, sitting down to the instrument, her fingers first softly touched a preinde, and then glided into a rippling fantasia, an old cherished favorite, learned years before on the piano that was her old aunt's gift-it made her think of sitting by the shore in Tokgooth Bay and hearing the waves around Tregarthen Reef, she said, to Miss Sarah Whitney's disgust at the girl's faithful love for her comfortless English home.

It was called "Sea Songs," and the opening ripple and rushing rhythmical beat of a summer's sea waves changed into the passionate sobbing and wailing of a gathering tempest. There was the siren's treacherous song in each deceitful pause and full, and then the swift-rushand sweetly mingled the plaintive, tender melody with the ripple of the waves, as they subsided to summer calm once

"Thank you, Miss Caerlyon: you play with great expression," Lady Mountreyor

"Yes, indeed!" "Crahming!" "So sweet?" broke from the lips of Lady Mountrevor's admirers. "Yes, very sweet, but very sad,"

nadam observed, irritably. "It is not a you not give us something gayer, my dear? That is as melancholy as the 'Dead March.' "

"Yes, indeed-very melancholy-so sweet, but melancholy," the lady guests re-echoed again.

"The 'Dead March in Saul' is a grand piece of music, madam," the doctor observed, sententionsly he had just entered with the minister, and heard medam's concluding words 'a grand piece! And then the associations-our brave soldiers, the muffled drums, the riderless horse—so touching—ahem!—a grand piece of music-never could hear it unaffected, madam." "Perhaps you would like to hear it

now, doctor?" madam said, with a rather vexed smile. "I am sure Miss Caedyon will oblige you; it would just complete the effect of that howling wind and roar-

"I should, very much," returned the doctor, pleasingly obtuse to madam's clouded brow and his wife's warning glance and subdued cough-"it is very long since I heard it -- it Miss Caerlyon will be kind enough."

"My dear, madam does not like it: madam would like something gayer this wild, stormy night, really," his wife said aloud, with a strong emphasis and a smiling frown, which betokened an impending uncertainty of matrimonial rebuke at a more convenient season.

"Oh, dear me, not at all," madam interposed, sharply, displeased at the subservience to her sentimental funcies, as it seemed. "If Doctor Lake has the slightest wish for that particular piece of music, I can have no possible objec-

"I cannot remember it without the music-it is so long since I played it." said Winnie, tooking distresse !.

"You will find it amongst the old music on the lowest tier of the study shelves," said madam, determinedly. Take Llanyon with you, Winnie, as the book is very large and dusty."

Doctor Lake apologized, feeling un omfortably that he was trespassing on the courtesy of his hostess. Mrs. Lake apologized deeply and profusely, getting red in the face, and darting wrothful glances at her spouse; but madam was emilingly obstinate in desiring the wished

for music to be brought. Large and dusty it undeniably was: but Winnie requested no help to discover it, or carry it for her; and, as she stooped over it to examine the titles on the time-yellowed pages by the light of the one candle she carried, her ear caught the soft rustle of a dress, and she saw, standing in the dim light of the expiring coals in the grate, a tall

figure in snowy white. She dropped the book with an irrepressible cry of alarm, and then saw that the candle light shone on the silvery sheen of Lady Mountrever's silken robe and glowed in the liquid green hue of her splendid emerald ormnaments. "Did I startle you?" she said, with

elight smile. "Have you found the piece of music, dear?" "Yes," enswered Winnie, with a nigh,

and a quick shiver; "I wish Doctor Lake had not asked for it, though—I do not want to play to-night."

Winsome Winnie WHY LOSE YOUR HAIR WHY LOSE



SOAP SHAMPOOS

And occasional light dressings of Cuticura Ointment will prevent it when all else fails.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page bookiet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 23D, Boston, U. S. A.

"Why?" Lady Mildred asked, gently taking both Winnie's hands in hers, and looking into the dark grey troubled

She looked so like and so unlike Winnie's last memory of her, standing on that very spot on that wintry evening long ago-with her bright, persuasive smile, her outstretched hands, the tall supple form in its imperial perfection of beauty; but the gaiety was gone from the brilliant eyes, the girlish bloom and dimpled softness from the statuesque features-those long, slender fingers were the badge of her changed estate, and Lady Mountrevor, though more coldly heautiful, had lost the chief charm of Mildred Tredennick. She stood there—the proud, beautiful

young lady—her bearing kinder, more winningly gracious than Winnie could have im-gined possible, as exhibited toward herself: but where was the other -he who had stood there, pleading, in love with that false, fair woman? Where was Stephen Tredennick? On the waste of the wild ocean, this dark, dreadful night, whilst Mildred Tredennick stood there smiling calmly, wearing the wedding ring of a peer of the realm! "Because," said Winnie, the quick

tears glistening on her dark lashes, and her emotional face paling from the fast throbbing of her heart, as she looked throbbing of her heart, as she looked steadfastly into Lady Mountrever's inscrutable eyes—"because it is a death dirge, and out there, amongst the wild booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors. particularly cheering night outside. Can waves, there are drowning sailors' cries as they go to their untimely doomshricking for the help that will never please drawing room guests!"

If she had expected to see the proud face blanch and droop abashed before her passionate reproach, she was mistaken. Lady Mountrevor's features softened in a sad, thoughtful look, and she sighed deeply as she looked out into the murky darkness of the driving etorm.

"It is dreadful to think of." she res ponded. returning Winnie's steadfast gaze; "but, as madam said, there is no one you love in danger of the darkness and the stormy water."

"Yes, Lady Mountrevour." Winnie Caerlyon corrected, with her usual quiet, rigid truthfulness, "there is one who is very dear to me out in this night's darkness on the stormy ocean." "Indeed," said Lady Mountrevor gent-

ACUTE PAINS IN THE BACK

Caused by Lumbago, a Form of Muscular Rheumatism.

Lumbago is sudden in its attacks and is so intensely painful that the sufferer is often unable to move, even to turn in bed or rise from a chair. The trouble chiefly occurs among workmen, among whom it numbers thousands of victims. As the attacks come on quite frequently and are so torturing, this disease nicans much loss of time and money as well as the endurance of much suffering. No victim needs to be told that liniment will not cure the disease. This kind of treatment is merely a waste of time and money. The trouble is peally a species of muscular rheumatism. and is due to poor blood, and can only be cured through the blood It is for this reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so successful in curing this trouble and those who are afflicted by it should lose no time in giving the pills a trial. If the treatment is persisted in the disease will be driven from the system and the cure be made permanent. In substantiation Mrs. Alfred Derby, Ettyville. Ont., says: 'A few years ago f was attacked by excruciating pains in the back which the doctor called lumbago. I was not able to do a bit of about the house and suffered dreadfully every time I moved about. I took the doctor's medicine ail winter, and used liniments, without getting any re-In a thoroughly discouraged condition I began using Dr. Williams Pink Pills. After using six boxes 1 was better and able to do my own work, and have not been afflicted with the trouble since. I now always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those ailing."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from coming in over the Head, kept me from or post free from Zam-Buk Co., To-The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Breek-

"Madam, Lady Mountrever, I do not understand," Winnie stammered, struggling with the crimson flush of shy alarm that suffused all her face and

"I mean," explained Lady Mountrevor, looking at the girl with a half-sad, half-satirical smile, "that you have equal cause with me in mourning for your absent friend. I grieve for my dear cousin's possible danger amidst the tempest of wind and waves, brave sailor as he is—for you know," she added, gravely, the piercing light of her keen brilliant eyes penetrating into the depths of the girl's true soul, "Stephen Tredennick is at sea to-night." CHAPTER XXIII.

Towards morning the storm raged more wildly still. Not for years, even

on that rock-bound rugged coast, had there been experienced so fierce and terrible a tempest, in which were comming-led pitchy darkness, blinding torrents of rain, and a sweeping, howling gale that unroofed houses by the score, blew down farm buildings, uptore the old forest trees and lashed clear gurgling streamlets and peaceful flowing rivers into headlong floods, their swift currents all stained with the ruin that they had wrought, and changed the dark hissing waves around the Black Reef of Tre garthen into an awful bowling cauldron whitening miles of heaving mountainous waves with ghastly winding sheets of froth, and flinging wild showers of spray with each shrick of the contending elements sheer up the shelving and jagged face of the dark precipice for hundreds of feet. . The clock had struck the first hour

of the new day, and sleeplessly Winnie Caerlyon tossed and turned, and finally sat up partially dressed, tightening her warm shawl around her, keeping a dreary vigil between her bedside and the window. It seemed to have an awful fascination for her, that impenetrable darkness, lit up on the norizon with the weird phosphorescent ight of the crested billows, and filled with the shricking and sobbing of the dreadful voices of the tempest.

"I wish I could have gone home," she muttered, feverishly; "some one would have been sure to be awake and stirring-father, or Sarah, or the boys; and the men would have been out on the cliffs perhaps. I could have sat up with some one to tal kto at the fireside! I cannot rest here—I am afraid of the storm. I never was afraid of a storm before," she added shivering clos-



It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy-Why you don't even have to

The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited.

come, whilst I play a funeral march to fer to the black window panes, and straining her aching eyes. "but I am afraid of this. It is so awful-it sounds oh, the lives-the lost lives! Oh Heaven have mercy on those struggling with of a sleep-walker. the merciless sea to-night!" she cried. subbling in theeling prayer. "Would that I could do something to succor and save! It is so dreadful to sit here safe and sheltered, and to know that the yawning gulfs of the great waves are gling and crying, and thinking of their mothers and wives and little children! Oh, poor men-poor women! And I can do nothing!"

"They are all sleeping," she broke out presently; the womanly heart adding with passionate bitterness-"sleeping whilst he is perhaps in peril. They do not distress themselves to wake although he may be in his death agony -they, his nearest and dearest on

But the one whom Winifred's jealous love wronged in thought most deeply know as little unbroken rest as she. For another hour the storm shrieked and thundered, until the old mansion, with its massive century-and-a-half foundations, trembled like a living thing in fear. Winifred, in icy cold and darkness for the last ember of the fire had faded -lay shivering, huddled in her shaw!, watching the black casement still, and longing for the dawn. Presently a light hurried tap came to irer door, and a voice called -

"Winnie-Winnie Caerlyon!" "Yes, yes! Who is it?" she cried.

starting up.
"It is I-Lady Mountrevor." and the door opened, and a tall dark form came swiftly in. "Are you afraid-are you afraid of the storm, Winnie?" she said trembling with agitation. "I am-I cannot rest! I thought perhaps that you were frightened too. Did I wake you? It is an awful night. Are you in bed. Winnie 3"

"Yes, lying on the bed: I am halfdressed. What is it. Lady Montrevor?" Winnie asked, frightened and bewildered, more by her visitant's strange man-

ner than anything else. "Are you not coid? Is your fire out? How dreadful!" the latter exclaimed, in the same hurried, trembling way. "I this! I suppose I have a bad conscience. Winnie. Won't you come down to my rooms? They are more comfortable. Oh, do!" she called, impatiently, "And your window blinds undrawn! Look at the darkness! Oh, do come down and keep me company, child!" She caught Winnie's arm and almost dragged her off

"Has anything frightened you-has anything happened?" gasped Winnie, struggling to her fee, and groping for closing my eyes."

ly; "then our grief and auxiety are the Laughs With Joy! No More Indigestion

Montreal Man So III, Thought He Would Die of Stomach Trouble.

Found a Simple Remedy That Has Kept Him Well Ever Since.



The experience of Mr. Larose one very common to-day:

"I suffered from dys, epsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so many centuries side by side with other courage. I enjoyed no rest until decided to follow your treatment. my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I commend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant, D. R. Larose, 338 Joliette street. Montreal.

All who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer with indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25e per box, at druggists and storekeepers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

revor, wildly, "It sounds exactly like death-cries! I fell asleep—I wish I had not, I dreamed—oh, I dreamed so awfully!" She was hurrying Winnie along the corridor as she spoke, and Winnie felt her shudder like one in an ague. "What did you play that 'Dead March' for? That idiot, to make such a musical selection! It has been ringing and beating in my ears ever since ever since, Winnie. I have been dreaming of coffins, and of every one I ever knew and cared for being laid in them-every one. I knew all the dead faces. Of all nights in the year to play the 'Dead March!' Heavens! I shall never want to hear it again! It seems beating all around me-the air is full of

"Dear Lady Mountrevor," said Winnie, terrified, "it is but your imagina-

"My imagination!" she echoed. "I wish that my imagination were not I was unable to sleep at night. A quite so vivid. And it is so long ago neighbor happened in to see, me and —seven years now," she muttered urged me to try Nerviline. Weil, I wouldn't have believed that any nre-"Why need it all come back to me tonight? That 'Dead March'—that was it;
they did not play it then. No, no—it
was a longly funeral—a longly grave in far off and! Why did I think of it?

The flood of cheerful radiance, the soft glare of the rose-hued wax candles from her warm, pleasant rooms, streamed out on the dark lobby, and shone on so full of destruction and death. And her face, which was white and stony, with distended glassy eyes, like those

"I am so sorry that I played it. I wish Doctor Lake had not been stupid enough to ask for it. But for madam bidding me, I should have refused," Winnie said, earnestly, trying to scothe Lady Mildred's strange distraction. "Shall I read swallowing brave men down, strug to you, Lady Montrevor? Perhaps it we read some Psalms they might make us feel calmer. It is this terrible storm which has staken your nerves."

"Paalms!" Lady Montrevor repeated, with scornful impatience-'I could not

SORES FROM ELBOW TO FINGERS

Zam-Buk Worked a Miracle of Healing.

Reverend Gentleman Fully Corroborates. Miss Kate L. Dolliver, of Caledonia,

Queen's Co., N. S., eave: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk. Ulcers and sores broke out on my arms. and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The sores spread until from fingers to elbow was one mass of ulceration. "I had five different doctors, and

faithfully carried out their instructions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, tried salve after salve, and lotion after lotion: but it was of no "My father then took me thirty miles

to see a well-known doctor. He photographed the arm and hand. This photograph was sent to a New York hospital to the specialist; but they sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in despair. "One day a friend asked me if I had

tried Zam-Buk. I said I had not. but got a box right away. That first box did me more good than all the medicine I had tried up to that time, so I continued the treatment. Every box healed the sores more and more until, to make a long story short. Zam-Buk healed all should go mad if I did not keep lights the sores completely. Everybody in this and fires blazing on such a night as place knows of my case, and that it is Zam-Buk alone which cured me."

Minister corroborates. The Rev. W B. M. Parker, of Caledonia, Miss Dolliver's minister, writes: "This is to certify that the testimonial of Miss Dolliver is correct as far as my knowledge goes. I have known her for a year and a half, and her cure effected by Zam Buk is remarkable."

Wherever there is ulceration, 'bloodpoison, sores, cold-cracks, abscesses, cuts burns, bruises, or any skin injury or her shoes. "I am afraid of the storm; disease, there Zam-Buk should be applied. the thundering of the waves and the It is also a sure cure for piles. All dreadful screaming noise of the wind druggists and stores sell at 50c. per box, my eyes." ronto, for price. Refuse cheap and barmadful!" responded Lady Mount- for imitations and substitutes.

She flung herself down before the bright fire, shrinking against a pillowed couch, and stretching out her arms to the blazing warmth, like one who was almost chilled to death.

"Let me got you something a glass of wine, or some cordial or other-Lady Mentrevor—you look so cold and ill!" urged Winnie, earnestly. (To be Continued.)

STATUE EUZZLES WISE MEN.

The lions of Westminster are legion, some in the flesh and others in atoms or marble; recently there has been an addition to the menagerie, around which there is an agreeable halo.

In a gloomy niche half way down Westminster half there is dimly to be descried a gray stone statue of a king which has just been taken out of the architectural museum and perched aloft. There is a heavy crown on his head over long flowing hair, the heard in rippled and majestic. In his left hand he holds the orb, but the scepter hand is gone. The old king broods over the hall of kings. The experts are puzzled over his his

tory. He stood in Westminster hall for much that I could hardly attend to stone kings and all were tided away my work. I was weak and lost all by the governmen in 1856. Recently it 1 occurred to Lord Beauchamp to try the effect of bringing them back. Several of the beautiful Gothic windows are blind, forming niches suitable for statues and all the old forgotten kings may take their places in them.

This first one is a beautiful personage. No one knows what king he is or whether it is merely an ideal figure of majesty, but it is certain that he is the work of some fine fourteenth century crafts-

The battered king is the grandest statue in the hall. Below him lie in ghostly row the kings done with the petty realism of the modern age; immediately under his blind majesty's gaze is the broad face, cynically furrowed of the merry monarch. The unknown king towers over these people like a visitant from ampler times.-London Times.

Cured Stomach Gas, Stopped Hiccoughs

Pains in the Stomach That Yield to Nothing Else, Pass Away Quickly If Nerviline is Used.

Read Mr. Braun's Statement

"A few weeks ago I ate some green vegetables and some fruit that was not quite ripe. It first brought on a fit of indigestion, but unfortunately it developed into hiccoughs, accompanied by nausea and cramps. I was dreadfully ii? for two days — my head ached and throbbed; I belched gas continually, and as a lonely funeral—a lonely grave in sweetened water and my stomach felb better at once. I used Nerviline several times, and was completely restored."

The above is from a letter written by G. E. Braun, a well-known stockman and farmer near Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Braun's favorable opinion of the high merit of Nerviline is shared by thousands of Canadians who have proved Nerviline is simply a marvel for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, mausea, and stomach disorders .Safe to use, guaranteed to cure—you can make no mietake in keeping Nerviline for your family rema

Large family size bottles 50c, trial size 25c. All dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston,

The Country Heaven Forgot.

Wilder than the African jungle, more mpenetrable than the tropical forests of the Amazon valley are parts of Louisana. There are thousands of square miles in the State where the foot of a white man has never trod, and none know with certainty the manner of beauts which roam through the morasses. As Captain Ed Nowland, of the steam

boat Wenona, of Memphis, puts it: "The Lord has forgot. He ever made that country around Plaquemins and the Long bayous, and the United States government probably doesn't know it owne the district." The Wenona is ordinarily a Mississip

ni River excursion boat. but Captain Nowland recently passed several weeks on the vessel in the two bayous.

"Those two bayous are the most pie turesque bodies of water I have ever seen," he said, recently. "You would think you had left the United States and were in Brazil, only the jungle in ever so much more dense than the Amazon forests. The Wenona ran over more alligators than I ever dreamed of being alive. They fairly awarm in those wat

Men of Captain Nowland's crew said that several times alligators were picked up by one of the paddle wheels and flung into the air. Some of the animals landed on the heads of the crew.

A NEW BLOUSE.

It'e of printed silk. But the skirt is plain. The blouse is cut wrist length. There's a cord run in the lower edge. nother cord defines the waist line.

Both cords tie with tassels at the front. The only seams in it are under the

An opening for the head is made from

shoulder to shoulder. This shoulder slit extends quite out to the end of each shoulder. Little straps and buttons catch the

back and front over the shoulders. A net guimpe may be worn with it though for home wear or informal even ing wear it is picturesque without

To feed a woman's vanity, \$ of course necessary to feed her