

Looks Queer. Doesn't It?

Before the year 1520 punctuation was unknown in literature. Our ad would have then appeared thus:

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Every leaf is full of virtue every grain is delicious. Sold in lead packets only by all grocers.

LOVE AND LUGRE

The old woman stood early shivering; her poor old eyes, a little dimmed with tears, were directed southward toward the far-away vanishing point of the rough and narrow road which meandered over the moor and lost itself among the hills.

She was waiting for the arrival of a cart which a poor neighbor had promised to borrow, and take her and her few belongings to the nearest village, where there was a good road, over which she might walk to a place where papers were taken care of. A narrow stream, which roared and rushed around over many a rock, ran at several points close to the road, and, swelled by heavy rains, had overflowed it to a depth of a foot or more. The old woman and the two men in the doorway of the hut stood and waited for the cart to come.

As they waited, heavy clouds began to rise in the north, and there was already a drizzle of rain. At last they saw a little black spot upon the road, which soon proved to be a cart drawn by a rough horse. It came, until they could almost hear it splashing through the water where the stream had passed its bounds, or rattling over the rough stones in other places, but, to their surprise, there were two persons in the cart. Perhaps the boy Sawney had with him a traveler who was on his way north.

This was true. Sawney had picked up a traveler who was glad to find a conveyance going across the moor to his destination. This man was a quick-moving person in a heavy waterproof coat with his collar turned up over his ears.

As soon as the cart stopped near the hut he jumped down and approached the two men in the doorway.

"Is that the way of Mr. McLeish?" he said, pointing to the old woman.

They assured him that he was correct, and he approached her.

"You are Mrs. Margaret McLeish?" said he.

She looked at him in a vague sort of way and nodded. "That's me," said she. "Is it pay for the hut you're after?"

"If that's it, I must walk."

"Had you a son, Mrs. McLeish?" said the man.

"Ay," said she, and her face brightened a little.

"And what was his name?"

"And his calling?"

"And his calling?"

"A sailor man."

"Well, then," said the traveler in the waterproof, "there is no doubt that you are the person I came here to see; I was told I should find you here, and here you are. I must as well tell you at once, Mrs. McLeish, that your son is dead."

"That is no news," she answered; "I know that he must be dead."

"But I didn't come here only to tell you that. There is money coming to you through him, enough to make you comfortable for the rest of your life."

"Money?" exclaimed the old woman. "To me?"

The two men who had been standing in the doorway of the hut drew near, and Sawney jumped down from the cart. The announcement made by the traveler was very interesting.

"Yes," said the man in the waterproof, pulling his collar up a little higher, for the rain was increasing, "you are to have one hundred and four pounds a year. Mrs. McLeish, and that's two pounds a week, you know, and you will have it as long as you live."

"Two pounds a week!" cried the old woman, her eyes shining out of her weakened old face like two grouse eggs in a nest. "From my Andy?"

"Yes, from your son," said the traveler; and as the rain was now much more than a drizzle, and as the wind was cold, he made his tale as short as possible.

He told her that her son had died far away in South America, and from what he had gained there, one hundred and four pounds a year would be coming to her, and that she might rely on them as long as she lived.

But she did not state for he was not acquainted with all the facts—that Shirley and Burke, when they were in San Francisco, had come upon traces of the A. McLeish whose body they had found in the desert, lying flat on his back with a bullet wound in his breast; that they had discovered by means of that gent through whom McLeish had been in the habit of forwarding money to his mother, the address of the old woman, and, without

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saying anything to Captain Horn, they had determined to do something for her.

The fact that they had profited by the gold her son had carried away from the cave, was the main reason for this action, and although, as Shirley said, it might appear that the Scotch sailor was a thief, it was true, after all, he had a much right to a part of the gold he had taken as Captain Horn could have. Therefore, as they had possessed themselves of his treasure, they thought it but right that they should provide for him other. So they bought an annuity for her in Edinburgh, thinking this better than sending her the total amount, which they considered to be her share, not knowing what manner of woman she might be, and they arranged that an agent should be sent to look her up, and announce to her her good fortune. It had taken a long time to attend to all these matters, and it was now late in the autumn.

"You must not stand out in the rain, Mrs. McLeish," said the men, and he urged her to come back into the hut. He said he would build a fire for her, and she and the gentleman, thinking this better than sending her the total amount, which they considered to be her share, not knowing what manner of woman she might be, and they arranged that an agent should be sent to look her up, and announce to her her good fortune. It had taken a long time to attend to all these matters, and it was now late in the autumn.

"Is there money in hand for me?" asked the old woman.

"Yes," said the traveler. "The annuity was begun with October, and it is now the first of November, so there is eight pounds due to you."

"Eight pounds?" she exclaimed after a moment's thought. "It must be more than that. There's 31 days in October!"

"That's all right, Mrs. McLeish," said the traveler. "I will pay you the right amount; but I really think you had better come into your house; for it is going to be a bad afternoon, and I must get away as soon as I can; I will go as I came, in the cart; for you won't want it now."

Mrs. McLeish stood up as straight as she could, and glanced from the traveler to the two men who had put her out of her home. Then, in the strongest terms her native Gaelic would afford, she addressed these two men. She assured them that, sooner than enter that contemptible little hut again, she would sleep on the bare moor. She told them to go to their master, and tell him that she did not want his house, and that she could live in it himself, if he chose; that she was going in the cart to Killmontrick, and she would take lodgings in the inn there until she could get a house fit for the habitation of the mother of a man like her son Andy; and that if her master had anything to say about the matter, that was due; they could tell him that he had satisfied himself by turning her out of her home, and if he wanted anything more, he could whistle for it, or if he did not choose to do that, he could send his factor to whistle for it in the main street of Killmontrick.

"Come, Sawney, boy," put my two bundles in the cart, and then help me; the gentleman will drive, and I'll sit on the seat beside him, and you can sit behind in the straw; and if you're sure, sir, it's two pounds a week, sir," she said to the traveler, who told her that she was right, and then she continued to Sawney, "I'll make your mother a present, which will help the poor old thing through the winter, and I'm sure she needs it."

With a heavier load than he had brought, the pony's head was turned homeward, and the cart rattled away over the rough stones and splashed through water on the roadway, and in the dark cloud which hung over the highest mountain peaks, a gleam of lighter sky, as if the luster from the "Inca's" gold had penetrated even into this gloomy region.

THE END.

LONDON CURES.

Substitution of something claimed to be "just as good," when you ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills, is an attempt to tamper with your life for comfort for the rest of your life.

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The War in Cuba.

Dynamite Used to Wreck the Palace of the Governor at Havana.

Reported Death of Gen. Gomez—A Big American Expedition on the Way to Cuba.

Havana, April 28.—An explosion, believed to be due to dynamite, occurred in the palace of the Governor-General at 11:30 yesterday morning, while the correspondent of the Associated Press was waiting in the ante-room for the first batch of news of the day.

The explosion was sharp, and part of the palace fell in. The explosion occurred in a closet situated in a low story or basement under the City Hall. The walls were torn, great stones fell, and a printer belonging to the captain-general's office was wounded. It was at first believed that the steam boiler had exploded, but when it was found to be intact, it was suspected that the insurgents were at the bottom of the trouble. The greatest excitement prevails.

New York, April 28.—A dispatch to the World from Havana says: Report is current that Gen. Gomez had a leg amputated and died from the effects of the operation. Another report is that he is well and has arrived at Pinar del Rio, twenty miles west of Havana.

The Spaniards are still concentrating troops along the trocha. There must be 50,000 now operating against Gen. Gomez.

New York, April 28.—The Recorder says: The largest expedition ever sent to Cuba since the revolution broke out is now being organized in this city. It will be composed of several ships, and its chief object is to provide arms for Gen. Maximo Gomez with artillery.

A dispatch to the Madrid Imparcial from Havana says that a sharp fight has occurred at Puerto Mariá between a band of insurgents and the gunboats of Pizarro and Alvarado. The commandant of the Pizarro and another officer was seriously wounded. It is believed that the losses of the insurgents were heavy.

Ontario Agricultural College,

Result of the Easter Examinations at Guelph.

The results of the Easter examinations at the Ontario Agricultural College are as follows: Passed in all subjects:

First Year, Class A (ranked according to standing in general proficiency):

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