Jocelin's Penance

"Aye, he's but a weakling. Thou art | thought her of Jocelin. not for him, girl. A man will some day hold thy woman's heart. I'll fin-ish me this turning, and then we'll to and despite Rohese's questionings, she would not speak again. So they sat in silence; the monk slept; the beldame twirled her distaff, while at her feet Dunstan and the cat dozed side by side; and Rohese, with her head on her hands, gazed into the fire trying to read her future in the glowing, crumbling fagots, while outside the wind howled and piled the snow high about the house

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the gray twilight of the dawning Rohese was awakened by the witch, who, as they breakfasted hurriedly, explained her plans for the journey to De Cokefeld.

"The ice on the river will not bear yet, and I'd not have the monks finally trace thee from my door; wishing to keep my skin uncooked for the next fifty years of life-Asmodeus hath promised me; so, as thou canst not take horse this side the Ouse, thou must pass o'er it by the witch's ferry Come, now, for one must ride early on my ferry if he would 'scape a crowd of open-mouthed lubbers. When safeknock at the first hut in the wood, saying, 'I come for my horse, and one will be furnished thee. Re-cross the stream some miles lower the stream some miles down (thou'lt find a roadway leading to the ford from the hut); then make straight for the highway. Turn in the first lane thou comest to—thou'lt recognize it; 'tis the short way to De Cokefeid. Tarry not; speak to none; ride fast, and before even thou'lt be Refusing thanks for her timely aid,

Dame Bernice assisted Rohese to resume her disguise, and wrapped warm-ly, she followed the dame out into the white stillness of the winter's morning. The town behind them was not yet astir. Only here and there a faint wreath of smoke curled up from the tall chimneys. The thin coating of ice over the river glistened like a silver sheath, and the snow was piled high along the banks, weighing down every shrub and tree. It was a fair The silent town silhouetted against the whiteness; the lonely, snow-covered but in the foreground; the quaint figure of the witch plodding sturdily along before the tall, dark dyaped girl. Almost at the water's edge vtood a sturdy gnarled tree. Rothese noted curiously that two stout branches across the river to another tree, situated nearly opposite. As they paused beneath this tree, she saw high up in the branches a great basket, such as laundresses use for their linen. To her wonder and consternation, Dame Bernice directed her to climb the tree, and pushing the basket out upon the rope, to enter it. Robese protested affrightediy

Nay, nay, dame. I feared not the dark passage to the tower, but by my troth, I'll not venture life and limb on that mid-air cockleshell."

Odds heartlings, wench! Then thou can'st bide till thy ghostly failers come Whilst thou slept I summoned my familiar, though little enough ullenness as a sullen ox. But the Abbot, remembering thou spokest once my nearness to thy house, hath disnatched the Prior and others hither in

So, Rohese having no further choice, climbed to the basket and finally sucurbed face peering piteously over im at the witch, who stood grinning

donically up at her.
Within the basket is a knife. Cut thou the rope when thou art over: and convey the basket to the but, for I would put my ferry

out of sight." "But nother, how can I get over the stream mewed up in this basket?"
"Bab" How thou grumblest at maight, idle pate" Seest thou not a might, idle pate! Seest thou not a coond cord fastened to the basket frim full on it, wrench, and get thee gove!

Robese gave a faint-hearted bull, and the backet moved a few inches alone the cord on which it was sixes. The witch lost patience, and broke into fierce invectives, ending with "Aye, ave. Hitle addlepate; sang thou there, the little give from the first till, the monks

come and cut thee down. than to be cooling my feels here," and she gave a hop and a saip and was out of sight.

Lehese, deserted, had no alternative but to go forward, so she crouched in the backet and pulled at the rope; thus propelling herself slowly across the brothern would have harried thee out closed her eyes tightiy, teo frightened Prior is like a ferret."

thus diverted from herself to the un fortunate monk, she wondered where in that small hut the witch could hid him from their pursuers; for she nev-er doubted the truth of her informant's statement. So conjecturing of another's danger, her own was part For with a final jerk the basket hung within reach of the tree, and she swung herself into it and descended to the ground in safety. First cutting the ropes, which were jerked across the river by the witch, who had reappeared, and nimbly climbed up the tree and down again ere Rohes could walk away toward the wood; where, following a slight path tredden in the snow, she soon came to a small but similar to Dame Bernice's. Shere at her, knock, a black-browned churl appeared, and in answer to her words, silently led a horse from round the house, and as silently retreated into the cabin, slamming the door be-

hind him. Robese, once on borseback, follow ed the path to the ford. The sun rose and shone brightly through the trees The air was bracingly cold, the palfrey a good one; and kohese felt hope spring anew within her. She passed the ford safely, cantered onto the high read making good progress despite the snow, and after two hours' ride turned into the narrow lane mentioned by the On she rode, light-heartedly murmuring snatches of a round-lay for youth is irrepressible, and the care-and troubles of the past weeks seemed to roll from her shoulders on this

bright winter day.

Around a corner where the lane took
a sharp turning she came full upon a monk and four nuns, whose approach had been concealed by the muffling snow and the noise of her own horse. Robese drove her beels into his flank to urge him past the cavaleade. But the formost rider, a vetled women, barred her way, and demanded, in a peremptory voles. "Whither goest peremptory voice, "Whither goest than, wench? For by thy attire, thou are not gentle."

I came from Bury, madam," Rohese munibled

"Uncivilized jade! I asked thee hot at. Whither goes thou? Lift thy veil when addressing thy superiors Comest thou from Bury and knowest not the Prioress Rosamund?"
Alas for Kohese! Had she come

Alas for Robese! Had she come thus far to safety to at last fall into the hand she had tried so pard to e/ade? She shook her head, mumbling some incoherent words asking ard again tried to press on. But the Pricress kept her jennet across the path and the menk and other nuns drew clessly about her at a glance from their superior, who had now unveiled her triumphant face. with deft hand she snatched off Ro-hese's veil, with the coiff and false ringlets and threw them upon the snow laughing as the bright locks

tumbling down about her stained face
"Tis no use, Lady," she said, sneeringly, chough we missed thee at De Ceketield, I've found thee at fast. See, showing a parchinent sealed with the Abbey seal. "the Abbot orders thee to become my guest; so ride with us, eray thee, to our poor convent." and then, drawing nearer, and speaking too low for the others to hear, she contined insolently, "King's loves can ofto be particular, thou headed fool. (God wat my locks were far more golden. I vow. Henry called then his sunshine once as we sat un-der the oak at Woodsteek): so fall then in behind the slaters and follow us to the convent."

passed the wretched girl, and led her cavalcade back toward Bury, beyond ering her head as best she might, followed the staring nuns in utter despair, while the monk, a barly, clownish fellow, rode closely behind

igainst attempter car While Rohese rode sorrowfully the wake of her captor, Joce'in awoke from the long sleep caused by the witch's drugged wine, to find himself without egress; bare save for the truckle-bed on which be lay, and a rude, three-legged stool, whereon a

small earthen bowl of oil. The cell was so small that Jocelin, in rising, street his heat expertly assings the ceiling, which as if by force of the blow was lifted, and the wrinkled face of Lame Perruce neered in on him.

"Climb forth, youngster," she said, "but first quench the lamp; 'twere sin to waste good oil. Odds heartlings! Twas a happy chance which timed thy waking so, for hadst thou cracked

look at anything, and tears of nerlook at anything from the cell,
found that he had been in a sort of
cellar where the witch had placed him,

once Rohese was away (for, like most old women, she loved a comely youth, and Jocelin's mother having once done her a good deed, she was determined to keep him from the monks' clutches). to keep him from the monks' clut "Did they seek me, mother?"

"Nay, 'twas rarer game. Thou, they told me, wert translated bodily from the Oubliette; some said to heaven; others to hell. "Twas the maid they

"Ah, Mary Mother! Did they carry her away then?" cried the monk, vainly looking about for any sign of

"Fool!" exclaimed the dame, contemptuously; "thinkest Bernice of Ely is to be caught napping? All old wo-men are not tabbies, boy! The maid is away and safely nearing De Cokeld ere this time."
"And what hour is it, dame?"

"Thou hast slept long, for 'tis bordering on eventide, and thou wilt have no time to reach Bury to-night, if thou be still crack brained enough to re-turn where thou art as those dead, whose faults are covered in the tomb and forgotten. 'In the grave there is no remembrance!' Ehue, will a witch sleep there soundly, thinkest thou?' Jecelin having no comfort to offer one whom the church had taught him to regard as doubly damned, made her no answer, replying instead to ner im-

plied question "Yea, dame, I go back to the Abby. The least he can do who hath sullied the whiteness of a maid's name is to

wash it clean with his blood."
"Dark will soon come lown, my son," said the witch, kindly. "Bide with me again to-night, for a few hours makes no difference, now the maid is safe, and on the morrow I'll set the on the warm." set thee on thy way."

Footsteps crunched on the snow outside the hut. "Hide thee hind you curtain; some village wife comes, no doubt. Yea, though they fear and hate the witch, they must needs run to her, be it blood in kine's milk or fits in the weanling. By the step, it is the Widow Margot, mother of simple Tom. doubt he hath been at some poukerie again. These simpletons are surely begot of Satan."

Widow Margot entered; stout, pant-ing and rosy—a woman of some forty years. She was decently dressed, as became the widow of a well-to-do Franklin, with rather comely features, though somewhat vacant of glance and "Lawks sake, now good Dame Ber expression.

nice! How fares it with thee this bitter day? The wind from the river cuts one chops as a cheese whittle,"
"Well enough, widow," answered the
witch, stolidly; "what brings thee out,
then, in this chill river wind?"

"Why, now, chummer," said the widow, propitiating, "I said to my son Tom, 'Now there sitteth poor Dame Bernice all mewed in by the snow; mayhap she wanteth. 'Twere a kindly deed to carry her a pat of butter and some of this rare wastle cake thy cousin Anne sent us but yes ternoon. An' Tom, sayest I, 'twill not come amiss if I carry thither this missive,' which by this day came from London town, brought by a messenge in scarlet and gold, who flung it at our door with a pack of my brother Peter's motleys (thou knowest Peter is Prince John's jester, dame), and by my troth, all he spake was, From the chamberlain of the palace, for the Widow Margot'; then he spur-red away like mad, ere one could question him. 'Mary, save us, Tom,' say eth I, 'perchance the goody will read what it is, for 'tis well known that she readeth like a monk. By our Lady, says I—" b.t Dame Bernice stopped her-

"Aye, 'tis a favor they ask. thank thee for the food; there's naught in the cupboard save a crust Come thou back on the morrow and I'll give thee the postscript of the

After faintly protesting this mandate, and relating such news and gos-sip as she knew, the discomfited Margot was forced to depart, leaving her gift and the precious letter in the unsatisfied, and her fears for the safe- | field?" ty of the mysterious missive greatly augmented by the precision with which the grim old woman locked it from sight in an iron bound oaken

"There must have been nuptials at Anne's Grange." Dame Bernice snif-fed the spicy cake approvingly, and she commented to Jocelin, who (the visitor safely cut of sight) had come forth again. "Wastle-cake is not so common as it was in King Henry's time. Aye, hard to get the better yet. Draw up to the fire, Jocelin, the night lowers chill. 'Tis well Rohese is safe at home, for methinks if the widow's gossip be true, the lisp-ing hawthorn bud of a lord who with slight attendance rode through Ely this morning is none other than the bastard. Geoffrey Clifford, on his way to visit his mother, the Prioress. Odds heartlings; say I, Lady Prioress! She is no more fitted for Prioress than Grimalkin yonder. The favorite seek-eth the crosses in his mother's pouch, methinks, more than the cross on her

Hating the insolent courtier as one fears and hates a loathsome reptile, Jocelin set his teeth hard at thought of his leering glances at Rohese, and muttered thickly, staring before him

in the fast gathering twilight.
"An' by the Queen of Heaven, 'twere not a sin to rid earth of such carrion carcasses as his. Had one a good sword, 'twere a joy to prick him through the golden broidered doublet Had one a good (where the heart lieth in another

"Heaven forgive me." he thought, as he stretched a tremulous hand to the ilaze, "that I, so near just punishnent an' slow but certain death, think aught of taking the life of another!" and he bid his beads while Dame Bernice, glancing furtively at him from across the shadowy room, murmured: "Losh! I powdered this poor monk's draught too heavily, methinks."

CHAPTER XXIV.

red of the afterglow fired the might not reach him before west behind gaunt black trees and rived, Judge Stackpole dictated this east a stain over the snowy road lead; advice: here to Recamund's Priory, until it My Boy—Live a clean, pure and up-seemed to the cold and cursing horse-right life, so that you may meet the



steed, crossing aimself as the horse set foot on the red streaks, and curs ing the deeper for his superstiious fears. His furred robe and cloak of ruby velvet, gold prick spurs, and gaily caparisoned steed showed him to be a man of high rank; and the twelve soldiers who now came can-tering up to him wore the colors of the Prince's household. This fact the Prince's household. This fact would have indicated to any passer-by that the traveler was a courtier; and, indeed, as he turned his fur-bonneted head, to petulantfur-bonneted head, to petulantly order their greater haste, the horseman disclosed the countenance of Geoffrey de Clifford.

John was absent from London, and the Favorita

the Favorite, under the displeasur of his royal brother, had been left behind, much to his satisfaction; for Geoffrey had pressing personal business that necessitated an early visit to his mother, and he eagerly selzed upon this opportunity to make the journey. He had counted on complet ing his business and being again or the road to London long ere nightfall intending to spend the night at Brad-fleld; but, he had tarried over long at the Bishop's wine caps in Ely (hav-ing gone thither to ascertain his mother's whereabouts, as she had a colony of nuns established in Oxfordshire, and was sometimes there) Then, too, the snow had retarded progress, and here, at evening, Geof-frey found himself still several miles from the Priory: men and horses fag. ged by the tedious journey, for they had come over an unbroken road, and had been forced to plow through the drifts. But impatience never short-ened any road, and it helped the Fav-orite no whit now. He and his men being forced to plod along as best they drifts. might until the afterglow had faded to twilight when they saw the snow crowned towers and battlements of the Pricry, and were soon dismounted in

Geoffrey arrived but a few hours after Rohese had been locked in a high, remote chamber, and the Prior ess, somewhat disconcerted by the proud silence of her young prisoner, was not in a receptive humor to hear the appeal he had come to make.

The rich, dark dress of the courties was accentuated by the bare, gray stone walls of the Hospitlium, which, though it did duty as a guest room, was hardly furnished save for a heavy bench or two, a Missal stand, a painted St. Boniface on the wall, and a round iron brazier, wherein flickered

sea-coal fire. The Prioress had lain aside cloak and stood in the light of the tapers on the Missal stand. A severe, stiff figure in her white serge tunic, and linen headdress, she frowned upon Geoffrey like some forebidding ghost arisen from the shadows of the dim room.

Geoffrey felt the coldness of he glance, and his smooth flow of pretty phrases was agitated by it, and broken into short, choppy waves of words; like a pond ruffled by the wind. Ere he had finished his tale his mother broke in:

"'Give, give,' cries the horseleach; and is never satisfied. Ungrateful, have I not stripped more than one shrine for thy profligate spending. Thinkest thou I can go on forever recasting the records? The Abbot will some day discover the falsities then 'twill be disgrace and banishment to Acre for my Lady Prioress; and what-for her priceling?"

"Nay, Mother, thou are overwrought. Something on thy journey displeased thee. Didst say thou went to Brad "I said not whither I wen;

needest thou know, presumptuous boy Am I, whom a king once obeyed, and a realm served, to be cross-questioned by such as thou, sirrah? (To be Continued.)

When Death Has No Terrors.

(Pittsburg Gazett-Times.)

In Bellevue Hospital, New York, Judge George F. Stackpole, lawyer and former school principal of River head, L. I., awaited death, a victim of anthrax. This is one of the rarest diseases known to human beings, and

In fair fight, I mean-open- To that mysterious realm where each

grave Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to picasant dreams.

To his only son, who he feared

man, impatiently pushing ahead of his end as bravely as f shall.

catinge, that the way was blotched And to a newspaper man the Judga with blood; and he half reined his left this message for the public, having

been told the world was watching with

been told the world was watching with him in his fight for life: My message to the public is from a far greater and better man that I am, President Garfield: "When my time comes, I am ready to go." Now that my end is near, I am ready. At the French Hospital, where I was first taken, they asked me if I cared to have a priest or miniter. I said I had been a member of the church for 51 years, and if the teachings and doc-trines which I have tried to follow had not prepared me for death a priest could do no good now. I am 71 years old, and at this time in a man's life one must expect death at any moment. Let me say to the young, to whom death may come any time like a light-

am. Then death can have no terrors.

I have a good wife and daughter and a fine son. My wife and daughter are with me. I can only pray to God to let me live until my son gets here. Such confidence is inspiring, and in the suggestion and admonition there are materials upon which to base many sermons. But most remarkable of all is how simple and essentially personal and domestic are the wishes of the believer when the last sum mons comes



Sharpbill-So the family across the treet have a new phonograph, eh? Crookedbill—No; it's those pesky bees swarming again.

ALL MOTHERS NEED **CONSTANT STRENGTH**

Their Strength is Taxed and They Are Victims of Weakness and Suffering.

When there is a growing family to

care for and the mother talls ill it is a serious matter. Many mothers who are on the go from morning to night, whose work, apparently, is never done, try to disguise their suffering and keep up an appearance of cheertulness before their tamily. Only themselves know how they are distressed by backaches and headaches, dragging down pains and nervous weakness; how their nights are often sleepless, and they arise to a new day's work tired. depressed and quite unrefreshed. Such women should know that their sufferings are usually due to lack of good, nourishing blood. They should know that the one thing they need above all others to give them new health and strength is rich, red blood, and that among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their blood-making, nealthrestoring qualities. Every suffering wcman, every woman with a home and family to care for, should give these pills a fair trial, for they will keep her in health and strength and make her work easy. Mrs. G. Strasser, Acton West, Ont., says: "I am mother of three children, and after each birth I became terribly run down; I had weak, thin blood, always felt tired, and unable to do my household work. After the birth of my third child I seemed to be worse, and was very badly run down. I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found the greatest benefit from the pills and soon gained my old-time strength. Indeed, after taking them I felt as well as in my girlhood, and could take pleasure in my work. I also used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones and have found them a splendid medicine for childhood ail-

ments " You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

Opportunity.

I saw her come athwart the morning light.
Her face all radiant with the sunrise glow.
Of hope and promise in her lips and hair;
Her eyes dreamed-dimmes as one who

His chamber in the silent balls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy

(Houston Chronicle)

The Impresario—Certainiy, madam, I can supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep.
But you sing so perfectly yourself.
The Prima Donna Assoluta—But my singing is worth \$5.000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy

IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT.

(Ladies' Home Journal) exander Greenleaf Jackson, a pillar Alexander Greeneat sackson, a planar the colored church, was entertaining dinner the pastor and some of the sominent members. After grace Alexader began to carve the chicken, and a pastor waxed facetious.

Brudder Jackson, he asked smiling, o de white folks around you keep of the colored services around the colored services.

chickens?"
Alexander pried loose the second wing.
"No. sah," he responded, "dey does not;
but dey suttinly tries hand enuff to."

For grit in the eve apply a drop or c of castor oil; it relieves the irrita-

Appendicitis Prevented Life Lengthened **Health Maintained**

Doctors say if people kept their bowels in proper order there would be no such disease on record as appendicitis. It is due solely to ne-elect, and is therefore preventable.

you have constipation, bad If breath or headache you need medicine right away.

The moment you suspect your bowthe moment you suspect your bow-els are clogged, you should take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the smoothest regu-lator of them all. They move the bowels and cleanse the liver so smoothly you scarcely notice the effect. But you can get the action just the same. Taken at night you wake up next morning, clear headed hungry, rested, energetic, feeling like a different man.

Why don't you spend a quarter to-day and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They work so easy, just as nature would order, never gripe or cause headache. Finest thing for folks that are out of sorts, depressed, lack-

ing in color and spirits.

Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills are never sick, never have an ache or pain-feel good all the time simply cause their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

When Tommy Has a Laugh

Although life at the front is fairly strenuous, it has lights as well as shades. The former crop up even in the most unexpected places. Thus, one would not perhaps, expect to come across much humor in so grima a tribunal as a court-martial. Yet it is to be found there from time to time. As an example, on one occasion a private soldier was charged with "wilfully damaging Government property." According to the evidence, it appeared that on some of the French trains hitherto partonized by Germans (but, since the war, only used by them when travelling as prisoners) the following warning was attached to the carriages:—
"Ne se pencher au dehors!"

"Ne se pencher au dehors!"

"Ne se pencher au dehors!"

(Do not lean out of the window)
and the liesed offense consisted in tearing down the larger better to of the notice.
Asked what he repertion of the notice.
From "motives of patriotism" and acted
from "motives of patriotism" as consisted
the sident. "What the devil do you
mean?"

rom 'motives of patriotism."

"Patriotism": echoed the astonished thresident. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Well, sir." was the bland response. "I thought that if a German wanted to lean out of the window and have his napper knocked off it would be a pity to stone him."

The well argument impressed the members of the court so much that the ulta-patriotic went of the carrier and the contract of the cesser "crimes"—every breach of many discipline, however small, is technically termed a "crime"—charged against solders during the campaign is that of "neglecting to salute an officer." With reference to this matter a tale is told of a freshly arrived Territorial recruit at Boulogne. One day he was stopped in the street by an angry captain, who demanded why the something or other he had passed him without paying the prescribed compilment.

"I shall report you," he said fiercely. "Give me your name."

"Private Smith sir."

"And what company do you belong to?" was the next question.

"The Westminister Gas Light Coal and Coke Company," returned the other. As may be imagined, drawn from a somewhat higher social sphere than were the somewhat forcibly orough him were somewhat forcibly or out of Territorial recruits. They were obviously of a superior stamp, and as the partition was very thin I could hear them talking. Presently I caught this scrap of conversation:

"You may believe it or not, my dear fellow," one of them observed to the

"You may believe it or not, my dear fellow," one of them observed to the other, "but I give you my word I was intended for the Church. In fact, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"What stopped you, then?" incurred his comrade sympathetically.

"This—war, of course."

At a certain large base, where the commissioned renks included a considerable syminking of authors and journalists, an amateur magazine was run by the members of the Army Service Corps. As this like all other literary efforts, could not live by circulation slone, an attempt was made to procure advertisements from the local tradespende. The convasser appelrated for the job was a Frenchman. To the borror of the staff he one day, during the temporary absence of the resonable editor, inserted the following announcement from a cafe proprietor:

VERY SPECIAL NOTICE.

Restaurant de Vive l'Entente.

VERY SPECIAL NOTICE,
Restaurant de Vive l'Entente.
En Face la Gare.
Four-course Dinner (Officers only)
Francs, Wife and Coffee included.
After this the provost-marshal stepped in, and had all advertisement proofs submitted to himself before publication.
Mention of the Army Service Corps reminded me that at the commencement of heatillities this important branch was so seases known to human beings, and there is no recognized sure cure for it. It is commonly called "wool sorters' disease," and is due to a germ of un usual size which develops spores that pass through the system. The only treatment accepted is to cut out the point of infection at once, like death ensues quickly. An effort is being made to save Judge Stackpole, however, by the use of a special serum intended for animals.

On Sunday evening last it was apprehended that the patient would not live 24 hours. It was then he gave a wonderful exhibition of self-control philosophy and faith. His wife and daughter were at his bedside. To them he recited William Cullen Bryant's immortal Thanatopsis:

So live, that when they summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves To that mysterious realm where each shall take

Tick Inpression of the Army Service Corps refined da wondrous glory discommended and hurl; there yook dreamed-dimmen as one who there yook dreamed-dimmen as one who through the system of the crew of the cut out the point of infection at once, like death ensues quickly. An effort is being made to save Judge Stackpole, how would adopt the mass of sage closed in and where the sunits state.

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So live, that when they summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves To that mysterious realm where each shall take

His chamber in the silent balls of death,

The Impressirio—Certainity, madam.

The impressirio—Certainity m

A Magnetic Island.

The island of Bornhelm, in the Baltic Sea, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of attraction is not so great as to draw nails and bolts out of approaching ships, the magnetism works a good deal of damage in that it deflects the needle of the compass so that it can not be depended upon. The effect ! perceptible at a distance of nine and a

"Alpine scenery is very grand."
"Very durable, too. I imagine it will
pull through the war all right."--Kansas City Journal