For saddle she's a sack of grain, She sidewise sits and chirrips; A finger in old Dobbin's mane Is good as forty stirrups.

The miller comes—a merry blade! And doffs his hat and greets her— "What.wish you here, my pretty maid?" "I've brought a sack of wheat, sir."

"And have you gold to give for grist?"
"Not I, we're poor, alack, sir;
But take your toll—a tenth, I wist—
From what is in my sack, sir."

He lifts her lightly from her seat,

And laughs—a merry miller!
'I cannot take my toll in wheat,
I must have gold or siller.

"But since you've brought no coin nor script He smiles and fondly eyes her— "I'll ask no toll but from your lip— A kiss—who'll be the wiser!"

The maiden blushed and bowed her head And with her apron ingered, And pouted out her lips of red, Where countless kisses lingered.

"A single kiss?" (She smiled in glee, As one would say, I've caught you.) My father said your toll would be A tenth of what I brought you."

The mill stream shouted to the sands:
"He kissed the farmer's daughter;"
But the grim old wheel stretched out its hand
And spanked the saucy water.

In the Lane. And art thou then, my heart, too old. Ever to leap with love again, To feel the strong blood-torrent rolled Through heaving breast and teeming Is it no more, my heart, for thee Life's one unquestioned cestasy?

Are faded quite those dim, far days When music mothered every sound, When up and down youth's happy ways Fared glories on eternal round? Has chill of years killed every joy That blossomed for the wandering boy?

These are the trees once known so well. We felt to them all but beknown; Their very shadow we could tell. From others by the forest thrown. The same glad songs from bush and bou As once we heart them now.

And these sweet flowers beneath my feet,. Their young eyes greet us as of yore. The hope, there! Still they think to meet Her glance that shall not answer more: To us alone it cannot be They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took

Behind the slowly going day;
As they do now, the light leaves shock
When evening breezes blew this way
And there's the glow upon the done,
And here the cows are coming hone.

Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir, Still lives the love first bid thee lear: Still are we at the side of her They laid away neath yonder steep. Though clods be on her and a stone,

# THE CHOICE OF THREE A NOVEL.

"Then follows the reply dated Maritzburg, 2nd February.'

"Sir:
"1. I have to direct you to convey to
Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw, and the surviving members of the corps known as Alston's Horse, the high sense entertained by the Officer, etc., of the gallant conduct of that corps in the face of overwhelming odds at Isandhlwana on the 22nd of

January. "2. It is with deep regret that the Officer etc., learns of the heavy misfortune which has befallen Lieutenant Kershaw. He wishes to express his appreciation of the way in which that officer handled the remnants of his corps, and to inform him that his name will be forwarded to the proper quarter for the expression of Her Majesty's pleasure with regard to his

services.

"3. I am directed to offer you a commission in any of the volunteer corps nov on service in the campaign.

'I have, etc.,
"'CHIEF OF THE STAFF.' Then comes a letter from Sergeant-Major Inch comes a letter from Sergeant-Major Jones, gratefully acknowledging the expres sion of the high opinion of the Officer, etc. and declining the offer of a commission in another volunteer corps.

Next is a private letter from the Officer

etc., offering to recommend Sergeant-Major Jones for a commission in the army. And, finally, a letter from Sergeant-Major Jones to Officer, etc., gratefully

declining the same.

Ernest looked up sharply. The raison d entre of the movement was gone, for he could no longer see, but the habit remained. "Why did you decline the commiss

eremy?"
Jeremy moved uneasily, and looked brough the little cabin window.
"On general principles," he answered

Nonsense! I know you would have liked to go into the army. Don't you remember, as we were riding up to the camp at Isandhlwana, you said you proposed that if the corps did anything, we should try and

Well, I said we!" "I don't quite follow you, Jeremy."
"My dear Ernest, you can't go in for

commission now, can you?"

Ernest laughed a little bitterly.
"What has that to do with it?" "Everything. I am not going to leave you in your misfortune to go and enjoy myself in the army. I could not do it; I should be wretched if I did. No, old

fellow, we have gone through a good many things side by side, and, please God, we will stick to each other to the end of the chapter.
Ernest was always easily touched by

kindness, especially now that his nerves were shaken, and his heart softened by misfortune, and his eyes filled with tears at Jeremy's words. Putting out his hand, he felt about for Jeremy's, and, when he had found it, grasped it warmly.

"If I have troubles, Jeremy, at least I have a blessing that few can boast—a true

friend. If you had gone with the rest at Isandhlwana yonder, I think that my heart would have broken. I think we do bear one another a love that 'passeth the love of a wayman'. It would not be worth wuch, if a woman. It would not be worth much if it didn't, and that is one thing. I wonder if Absalom was a finer fellow than you are. Jeremy; from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish their. Vor heir world was no blemish in him. Your hair would not weigh 'two hundred shekels after the king's weight' though" (Jeremy wore his hair cropped like a convicts); "but I would back you to throw Absalom over your shoulder hair and

It was his fashion to talk nonsense when ffected by anything, and Jeremy knowing

and who should enter but Mazook, but Mazook transformed? His massive frame instead of being clothed in the loose white garments he generally wore, was arrayed in a flannel shirt with an enormous stuckup collar, a suit of pepper-and-salt reach me-downs several sizes too small for him and a pair of boots considerably too large for his small and shapely feet, for, like those of most Zulus of good blood, his hands and feet were extremely delicately

To add to the incongruity of his sppear ance, on the top of his hair, which was still done in ridges Zulu fashion, and decorated with long bone snuff-spoons, was perche an extremely small and rakish lookin billycock hat, and in his hand he carried his favorite and most gigantic knobstick.

On opening the cabin-door he saluted in the ordinary fashion, and coming it the ordinary fashion, and coming in squatted down on his haunches to await orders, forgetting that he was not in all the

freedom of his native dress. The results were most disastrous. With a crack and a bang the reach-me-down trousers, already strained to their utmost capacity, split right up the back. The astonished Zulu flew up into the air, but presently discovering what had happened, sat down again, remarking that there was "much

nore room now. Jeremy burst out laughing, and having sketched his retainer's appearance for the benefit of Ernest, told him what had

"Where did you get these things from, Mazook?" asked Ernest.

Mazook explained that he had bought the rig-out for three pounds ten from a second-class passenger as the weather was growing

"Do not wear them again." I will bu you clothes as soon as we get to England If you are cold wear your great-coat."

"Koos!" (chief.)
"How is 'The Devil?" Ernest had brought the black stallion on which he had brought the black stallion on which he had brought from Isandhlwana home with him.

Mazook replied that the horse was well, Mazook replied that the horse was well, but playful. A man forward had been teasing him with a bit of bread. He had waited till that man passed under his box, and had seized him in his teeth, lifted him off the ground by his coat, and shaken him

"Good! Give him a bran mash to-

"And so you find the air cold. Are you

"And so you find the air cold. Are you not regretting that you came? I warned you that you would regret."
"Ou ka Inkoos" (oh, no, my chief), the Zulu answered in his liquid native tongue. "When first we come upon the smoking ship, and went out on to the black water out of which the white men rise, and my bowels twisted up and melted within me, and I went through the agonies of a hundred deaths, then I regretted. 'Oh, why.' I said in my heart, 'did not my why, I said in my heart, did not my father kill me rather than bring me on to this great moving river? Surely if I live I shall grow like a white man from the whiteness of my heart, for I am exceedingly afraid, and have cast all my inside forth. All this I said, and many more things which I can not remember, but they were dark and heavy things. But behold, my ather, when my bowels ceased to melt, and father, when my bowels ceased to melt, and when new ones had grown to replace those which I had thrown forth, I was glad, and did est much beef, and then did I question my heart about this journey over the black water. And my heart answered and said: 'Mazooku, son of Ingoluvu, of the tribe of the Maquilismi, of the people of the Amazulu, you have done well. Great is the chief when you save, great is he on the chief whom you serve; great is he on the hunting path; great was he in the battle; all the Undi could not kill him, and his brother the lion (Jeremy), and his servant the jackal (Mazooku), who hid in a hole and then bit those who digged. Oh, yes, he is great and his breast is full of valor; you have seen him strike the Undi down; and his mind is full of the white man's knowledge and discretion; you have seen him form the ring that spat out fire so fast that his servants the horsemen were buried under the corpses of the Undi. So great is he, that the 'heaven above' smelled him out as "tagati" (a wizard) and struck him with their lightning, but could not kill him then. And so now, my father wanders and shall wander in the darkness, seeing not the sum or the stars, or the flashing of the jackal (Mazooku), who hid in a hole and shall wander in the darkness, seeing not the sum or the stars, or the flashing of spears, or the light that gathers in the eyes of brave men as they close in battle, or the love which gleams in the eyes of women. And how is this?—Shall my father want a dog to lead him in his darkness? Shall his dog Mazooku, son of Ingoluv, prove a faithiess dog, and desert the hand that fed him, and the man who is braver than himself? No, it shall not be so, my chief and

hou goest thither will I go also, and where ou build your kraal there shall I make my hut. Koos! Baba!"

And having saluted after the dignified Zulu fashion, Mazook departed to tie up his split trousers with a bit of string. There was something utterly incongruous There was something utterly incongruous between his present appearance and his melodious and poetical words, instinct as they were with qualities which in some respects make the savage Zulu a gentleman, and put him above the white Christian, who for the most part regards the "nigger" as a creature beneath contempt. For there are lessons to be learned even from Zulu "niggers," and among empt. For there are ressons to be rearried aven from Zulu "niggers," and among them we may reckon those taught by a courage which laughs at death; an absolute fidelity to those who have the right to command it, or the qualities necessary to win it; and in their raw and unconverted state,

No, it shall not be so, my chief, and

ny father. By the head of Chaka, whithe

perfect honesty and truthfulness,
"He is a good fellow, Mazoo "He is a good fellow, Mazook," said Ernest when the Zulu had gone, "but lear that one of two things, will happen to him. Either he will get homesick and come a nuisance, or he will get civilized and become drunken and degraded. I should have done better to leave him in

# CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ERNEST'S EVIL DESTINY. About nine o'clock on the morning following Mazooku's oration a young lady came running up the stairs of the principal Plymouth hotel, and burst into a private sitting-room, like a human bomb-shell of attractive appearance, somewhat to the astonishment of a bald old gentleman who was sitting at breakfast was sitting at breakfast.

"Good gracious, Dorothy! have you gonuddenly mad?" "O Reginald, the Conway Castle nearly in, and I have been to the office and got leave for us to go off in the launch; so

me along, quick!"
What time does the launch leave?"
'A quarter to ten exactly."
Then we have three quarters of an

hour."
"Oh, please, Reginald, be quick; it might go before you know."
Mr. Cardus smiled, and, rising, put on his hat and coat, "to oblige" Dorothy, he said, but, as a matter of fact, he was us excited as she was. There was a patch of red on each of his pale checks, and his hand shook.

In a quarter of an hour they were walk. ng up and down the quay by the Custom Louse, waiting for the launch to start. "After all these years," said Mr. Cardus and blind

"Do you think that he will be very much lisfigured. Reginald?"
"I don't know, dear; your brother said

thing about it,"
"I can hardly believe it; it seems it can hardly believe it; it seems it have been spared out of all those people How good God is!"

"A cynic," replied Mr. Cardus with a smile, "or the relations of the other people might draw a different conclusion."

But Dorothy was thinking how good God vas to her. She was dressed in pink that norning, and

Oh, she looked sweet As the little pink flower that grows in the

Dorothy neither was, nor ever would be, woman, but she was essentially ing one. Her kindly, puzzled fac o judge from the little wrinkles or that, to judge from the little wrinkles or , she had never got to the botton of the uestions which contracted her forehead as child), her steady blue eyes, her diminu-ive, rounded form, and, above all, the adescribable light of goodness which one around her like a halo, all made he charming. What did it matter if the mouth was a little wide, or the nose some-what "tiptilited?" Those who can look so sweet are able to dispense with such fleshly attributes as a Grecian nose or chiseled lips. At the least, they will have the best of it after youth is past; and let me emind you, my young and lovely reader, that the longer and dustier portion of life's 10ad winds away toward the pale horizon of our path on the farther side of the grim mile-post marked "30."

But what made her chiefly attractive was her piquante, taking manner, and the "chic" of her presence. She was such a

perfect lady.
"All aboard, if you please," broke in
the agent; "Run in the gang-way!" and
they were off toward the great gray vessel with a blue pennant at her top.

It was a short run, but it seemed long to

Dorothy and the old gentleman with her. Bigger and bigger grew the great vessel, till at last it seemed to swallow up their tiny steamer.
"Ease her! Look out for the line there!

"Ease her! Look out for the line there! Now haul away! Make fast!"

It was all done in an instant, and next moment they stood upon the broad white deck, amid the crowd of passengers, and were looking round for Ernest and Jeremy.

But they were not to be seen.

"I hope they are here," faltered Dorothy.

Mr. Cardus took his hat off and wiped his bald head. He too hoped that they

ere there.
At that moment Dorothy became aware
f a great black man, clad in a white mock pulled on over a great-coat, and arrying a big spear and a kerrie in his carrying a big spear and a kerrie in his hand, who was pushing his way toward them. Next moment he stood before them saluting vigorously. "Koos!" he 'said, thrusting the spear into the air before Mr. Cardus' astonished

"Inkosi Casa" (chieftainess), he re-

"Inkosi Casa" (chieftainess), he re-peated, going through the same process before Dorothy. "This way, master; this way, missie. The chief without eyes sent me to you. This way; the lion bring him

They followed him through the press toward the after part of the ship, while, giving up the unfamiliar language, he vociferated in Zulu (it might have been Sanskrit for all they knew.)

"Make way, you low people! make way for the old man with the shining head on whose brow sits wisdom, and the fair young maiden, the sweet rose-bud, who comes," etc.

At that moment Dorothy's quick eye saw

a great man issuing from a cabin, leading another man by the hand. And then she lorgot everything, and ran forward. "O Ernest, Ernest!" she cried. The blind man's cheek flushed at the music of her voice. He drew his hand from Jeremy's, and stretched out his arms toward the voice. It would have been easy toward the voice. It would have been easy to avoid them—one need never be kissed by a blind man—but she did not avoid them. On the contrary, she placed herself so that the groping arms closed around her with a cry of, "Dolly, where are you?"

"Here, Ernest, here!" and in another moment he had drawn her to him, and kissed her on the face, and she had returned the kies. Oh fig. Dorethy, feel.

the kiss. Oh, fie! Dorothy, fie!

Then she kissed Jeremy too, or rather Jeremy lifted her up two or three feet and kissed her—it came to the same thing. And then Mr. Cardus rung them both by the hand, wringing Ernest's the hardest, and Mazook stood by, and Zulu-fashion, chanted a little song of his own impro-vising, about how the chiefs came back to their kraal after a long expedition, in which they had, etc.—and how Wisdom in the shape of a shining headed and ancient one, the husband without any doubt of many wives, and the father of at least a hundred children of hundred children, etc.—and Beauty in the shape of a sweet and small one, etc., etc.; and finally they all went very near to cry-ing, and dancing a fling on the quarter-

leck together.

And then they all talked at once, and set about collecting their things in a muddle-headed fashion, and when these had been out in a pile, and Mazook seated, assega and all, upon the top of them as a solen warning to thieves (and ill would it have gone with the thief who dared to meddle with that pile), started off to inspect Ernest's great black horse, "The Devil."

And behold, Dorothy stroked "The

Devil's" nose, and he, recognizing how sweet and good she was, abandoned his usual habits, did not bite her, but only whinied and asked for sugar. Then Ernest, going into the box with the horse, which obody but he and Mazook were fond o nobody but he and Mazook were fond of taking liberties, felt down his flank till he came to a scar inflicted by an assegai, in that mad charge through the Undi, and showed it to them. And Dorothy's eyes filled with tears of thankfulness, as she thought of what the horse and its rider had gone through, and of the bleaching bones of those who had galloped by their side; and she would have liked to kiss Ernest again, only there was no excuse, so she only pressed his hand, feeling that the sorrow of the empty years which were gone was almost atoned for by this hour of joy Then they went ashore to the hotel and sat together in the pleasant sitting-room which Dorothy had choson, and made sweet with great bunches of violets (for

she remembered that Ernest loved violets), and talked. At length Mr. Cardus and Jeremy went off to see about getting the things through the Custom-House, where they arrived to see Mazzok keeping half a dozen gorgeous officials, who wanted to open a box, at bay with his knobsticks, and plastering them with offensive epithets which fortunately they did not under-

"Doll," said Ernest, presently, "it is a beautiful day, is it not? Will you take me for a walk, dear? I should like to go for a

Yes, Ernest, of course I will."

"Yes, Ernest, of course I will."
"You are sure you do not mind being seen with a blind man; you must give me your hand to hold, you know."
"Ernest, how can you?"
Mind giving him her hand to hold indeed! thought Dorothy to herself, as she can to put her bonnet on. Oh, that she could give it to him for always! And in her heart she blessed the accident of his blindness because it had brought his blindness because it had brought him. blindness, because it had brought him much nearer to her. He would be helpless without her, this tall, strong man, and she would be ever at his side to help him. He would not be able to read a book, or write a letter, or move from room to room with out her. Surely she would soon be able so to weave herself into his life, that she to weave herself into his life, that she would become indispensable to it! And then, perhaps—perhaps—and her heart pulsed with a joy so intense at the mere thought of what might follow, that it became a pain, and she caught her breath and leaned against the wall. For every fibre of her little frame was thrilled with a passionate love for this blind man whom she had lost for so many years, and now had found again; and in her breast she nad found again; and in her breast sh vowed that if she could help it she would lose him no more. Why should she is When he had been engaged to Eva, she had done her best for him and her, and bitterly done her best for him and her, and bitterly had she felt the way in which he had been treated. But Eva had taken her own course, and was now no longer in the outward and visible running, whatever place she might still hold in the inward and visited of the course of th she might still hold in the inward and spiritual side of Ernest's nature. Dorothy did not underrate that place; she knew well that the image of her rival had sunk too deep into his heart to be altogether dislodged by her. But she was prepared to put up with that. "One can't have everything you know," she said, shaking her wise little head at her own reflection in the glass, as she tied her bonnet strings.

She was an eminently practical little person was Dorothy, and having recognized the "eternal verity" of the saying that half a loaf is better than no bread, especially if one happens to be dying of

half a loaf is better than no bread, especially if one happens to be dying of hunger, she made up her mind to make the best of the position. Since she could not help it, Eva would be welcome to the inward and spiritual side of Ernest, if only she could separate the contraction. could secure the outward and visible side; "for, after all, that is real and tangible, and there isn't much comfort in spiritual affection, you know," she said with another shake of the head.

In short, the arguments which proved so convincing to her were not unlike those

that carried conviction home to the gentle breast of Mr. Plowden, when he made up his mind to marry Eva in the teeth of her ngagement to, and love for, Ernest; but

engagement to, and love for, Ernest; bur putting aside the diversity of the circum stances, there was this difference betwee them; Mr. Plowden recognized no highe spiritual part at all; he did not believe i that sort of things; he contracted for Ev as he would have contracted to buy lovely animal, and when he had gotten th given quantity of flesh and blood he wa satisfied. Of the beautiful soul which th human casket held, and which loathed an human casket held, and which loathed and hated him, he had no account. He had got the woman, what did he care about the woman's soul? Souls, and spiritual parts,

and affinities with what is good and high and the divinity of love, etc., etc., were capital things to preach about, but they did not apply to the affairs of every day life Besides, if he had been asked, he would have given it as his candid opinion that women did not possess any of these things. There are hundreds of educated men who think like Mr. Plowden, and there are thousands of educated ladies who give color to such opinions by their idle, aimlessourse of life, their utter inappreciation of anything beyond their own little daily round, and the gossip of the dozen or so o

families who for them make up what they call society and the interests of existence; and by their conduct in the matter of marriage. Truly the great factor in the lowering of women is woman herself. But what does it matter? In due course the have their families, and the world goes on Now Dorothy did believe in all these Now Dorothy did believe in all these things, and she knew what an important part they play in human affairs, and how they dominate over and direct finer minds. So did she believe in the existence of the planets, and in the blooming of roses in walled gardens; but she could not get near to know the beauties of the stars, or to see the opening rose-buds, so she had to satisfy herself with the light that poured from the one, and the scent that came from the other. When one is star-stricken, or mad in the matter of roses, that is better

the other. When one is star-stricken, or mad in the matter of roses, that is better than nothing.

And so, taking Ernest by the hand, she led him through the crowded streets with tender care, and on to the quiet Hoe. And as they passed, the people turned to look at the handsome young fellow who was blind, and some thought that they would not mind a little blindness if it led to eing personally conducted by so sweet

Soon they reached the gardens. "Now tell me about yourself, Ernest. What have you been doing all these long years, besides growing bigger and handsomer, and getting that hard look about

"A great many things, Doll. Shooting, ighting, playing the fool." "Pshaw! I know all that, or at least I

an guess it. What have you been doing our mind, you know?"
"Why, thinking of you, of course, Doll."
"Ernest, if you talk to me like that, ll go away, and leave you to find yo wn way home. I knew well of whom you are been thinking every day and every ight. It was not of me. Now, confess it."
"Don't let's talk of her, Doll. If you alk of the devil, you know, you sometimes also him; not that he requires much also in this instance," he laughed

I was so sorry for you, Ernest dea nd I did my best; indeed I did. But ould do nothing with her. She must hav een off her head, or the man and Florence ad some power over her; or perhaps she ever really cared for you; there are some lever really cared for you; there are some women, you know, who seem very sweet, but cannot truly care for anybody except themselves. At any rate she married, and has a family of children, for I have seen their births in the paper.

"O Ernest, when I think of all you mu

"O Ernest, when I think of all you must have suffered out there about that woman, I cease to be sorry for her, and begin to hate her. I am afraid you have been very unhappy, Ernest, all these years."

"Ah, yes, I have been unhappy somesimes—sometimes I have consoled myself There, what is the use of telling lies?—

There, what is the use of teiling hes?—1 have always been unhappy, and never so much so as when I have been in process of consolation. But you should not hate her, poor girl; perhaps she has her bad times too; only, fortunately, you women cannot feel, at least not much—not like us, I mean." "I don't know about that," put in

Dorothy.
"Well, I will qualify my remark—most women. And, besides, it is not quite her fault; people can not help themselves much in this world. She was appointed to be my evil destiny, that is all, and she most fails. be my evil destiny, that is all, and she must fulfil her mission. All my life she will probably bring me trouble, till at last the fate works itself out. But, Dolly, my dear, there must be an end to these things, and Nature, always fertile in analogies, teaches us that the end of sorrow will be happiness. It is from the darkness of night that day is born, and ice and snow are followed by the flowers. Nothing is lost in the world, as old Alston used to say, and it is impossible to suppose that all the lost in the world, as old Alston used to say, and it is impossible to suppose that all the grief and suffering are alone wasted; that they are the only dull seed that will not, when their day comes, bloom into a beautiful life. They may seem to be intangible things now but after all the difference. nings now; but after all, the diffe between tangible and intangible is only a lifference of matter. We know that difference of matter. We know that intangible things are real enough, and perhaps in a future state we shall find that they are the true immortal parts. I think

so myself."

"I think so too."

"Well, then, Doll, you see, if once one gets the mastery of that idea, it makes the navigation easier. Once admit that everything works to an end, and that end a good and enduring one, and you will cease to call out under your present sorrows. But it is hard for the little boy to learn to like being whipped, and we are all children, Doll, to the end of our days."

"Yes."

"And you see, Doll, for some reason "And you see, Doll, for some reason I have been picked out to catch it pretty warm. It does seem rather hard that a woman like that should be allowed to turn all the wine of a man's life into vinegar; but so it often is. Now, if she had died, that would have been-bad enough; but I could have borne it, and bided my time to join her. Or if she had ceased to love me, and learned to love the other man I think I could have borne that because my wride. I could have borne that, because my pride would have come to my rescue, and because I know that the law of her affec-tions is the only law that the heart of woman really acknowledges, however many others she may be forced to conform to; and that a woman of refined nature who has ceased to love you, and is yet forced to live with you, is in consequence a thing worthless to you, and dishoured in her own eyes. Besides, I ask no favor in such matters. I have no sympathy, as a general rule, with people who raise a howl because they have lost the affection of their wives sweethearts, for they should have been able to keep them. If any man could have been able to keep them. If any man could have cut me out, he was welcome to do so, for the would have proved himself the better man, and, as for the lady, I would not have her without her heart. But I gather

that was not quite the case with Eva."
Oh, no indeed; at least she said that
she was wretched."
"Exactly as I thought. Well, now, you Pittsburg Despatch. ill understand that it is rather hard. You will understand that it is rather hard. You see I did love her dearly, and it is painful to think of this woman, whose love I won, and who by that divine right and by the law of nature should have been my wife, as forced into being the whe of another man, forced into being the wife of another man, however charming he may be; and I hope for her sake that he is charming. In fact, it fills me with a sensation I can not dea-

Poor Ernest!" (To be continued.)

cribe.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Working the Garden-Spring Suggestions-Use Fertilizers.

Peas may be hastened by sprouting the seed in a box of moist sand before planting. Do not use fertilizers too lavishly on potted plants. A small quantity applied requently is better than a full allowance t one time.

Never use whitewash in the stables of hen-houses unless carbolic acid is added to it, as a single application of the mixture is better than two or three applications of the whitewash alone. The silver maple is a rapid-growing tree

ten years. It also thrives well on sandy soils, requires but little care, and has few Make your hot-bed frames in sections

that they can be stored away when not in use. It is much better than allowing then remain on the ground to become useles The best place for your wood ashes is around your peach trees. The effect may around your peach trees. The effect may be easily noticed the first season after the ashes shall have been applied. It is an easy matter to have a garden s

arranged as to cultivate it with a horse-hoe, but the best results are usually ob-tained on small plots well manured and worked by hand. A few boxes in the house filled with earth, and planted to tomatoes, lettuce and

cultivate it with

cabbage, will be found a cheap mode of securing early plants. Now is the time to begin, as they will not grow too rapidly when the seeds have sprouted. If potted plants be watered around the oots with lime-water the angle-worms will be destroyed in the soil. The caustic qua lities of the lime-water kill all soft-skir worms. Only a small amount of the lime

Clean out the old stalks of the carns Clean out the old stalks of the carnations, sprinkle the soil and plants with lime-water and clean off the space around them so as to permit of plenty of heat from the sun. They are well worth the small amount of labor required for bringing them o perfection.

There is no advantage in having youn ducks, geese or turkeys too early in the season, as they will not thrive as well as when hatched in April or later. A good start in dry weather will enable them to grow rapidly and entail less labor, while ampness is fatal

Freas' grafting-wax is four pounds resin, one pound of tallow and one pound of beeswax. Melt all together over a slow fire and when it is melted turn out into a tub of cold water and pull as shoemakers wax is made. Soften with hot water.

Mr. Galloway, of Malden, N. Y., who has tried cold storage for peaches, says that with him it has been a decided success. This indicates that the time is coming when peaches may be stored and offered for sale on the middle of the winter season.

Do not be tempted with all the new not be tempted with all the new movelties "offered in garden seeds, as some of them are only old varieties with new names. Before devoting the garden to any new variety, give it a test by procuring a packet of seeds for experimenting, as a loss from poor seed or from an inferior variety cannot be recovered. Time is an important item in gardening.

Place the hotbed in a position so as get the most sunlight, and cover the sash at night so as to avoid loss of heat by radiation. Glass permits heat to escape very rapidly, and it is best, therefore, to use a double glazed sash, as the air space be-tween the panes of glass will serve as a proection from the cold.

Here is the way the large strawberries are produced. Apply a heavy dressing of a mixture of two parts each of muriate of potash and superphosphate, with one part nitrate of soda. Keep the young plants clean, water when necessary, and do not allow a single runner to start, as they should be pinched back. Mulch the young plants in the fall and remove the mulch panish and an article femore in spring. Then apply another dressing of fertilizer and clean the soil by stirring it about an inch. When the young berries are set pinch off all but the largest.

It requires work, but it will pay.

Regarding strawberry rust opinions differ.

Some ascribe the cause to too much moisture, others to excess of manure on the plants, while it is also claimed that it is due to the effects of too much heat fro the sun. What is known as rust, or blight, may, however, be traced to a minute worm, which does the mischief by working around the rlants. It is suggested that the bes

emedy is to burn a light covering of stray wer the plants. " Behold How Good a Tning It Is," etc. The oldest Protestant church in Canada s St. Paul's, Halifax; the next oldest is the Mohawk Church, near Brantford, and the next is St. Gabriel's Presbyterian Church Montreal. Of the last-mentioned church now a venerable edifice, but a very insigni-ficant one compared with the modern churches of the commercial metropolis. Rev. Robert Campbellis writing the history There are many interesting points connected with the old building, but one that stands out prominently is the fact that the congre gation enjoyed in early times unusually friendly relations with other religion bodies. When an Episcopal church was burned the Episcopalians worshipped in this Presbyterian church, and when the Presbyterian church was undergoing repairs the neighboring Roman Catholic priest lent the congregation a Roman Catholic building to worship in.

# Warmth of Bodies After Death

Cases have of late been frequently reporte the newspapers in which, despite vidence to the contrary, bodies have bee evidence to the contrary, bodies have been kept from burial because they did not become cold. Faith-healers and miracle-workers have been called in on such occasions to resuscitate the supposed victim of suspended animation, and indulged in distribes at being called in too late. It is not generally known that there is, as a rule, an elevation of temperature immediately after death f temperature immediately after death, wing to the blood no longer being cooled in its passage through the lungs, and to the stoppage of the circulation, and in many cases where the nervous system has been affected, and in cholera, small pox, yellow fever and hepatic abscess. The post morten rise in temperature is often very decided. The heat of an apparently dead body is hence not conclusive evidence of life.— Medical Standard.

# The Widow's Mite.

"My friend, we expect a contribution from you to aid this good work."
"I would be glad to contribute," re-sponded Johnson, "but I am so yery poor that I don't believe I can contribute any-

But it is for your own good to con ribute. A contribution from your poverty vill win you a credit mark above. The idow's mite is of more value than the offer of the rich."
Yes," replied Johnson, "but you see,

-" What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. The answer to this old conundrum is, "Don't let the man know you are trying to manage

mi not acquainted with any widows."

One of the passengers on a snow-hound Northern Pacific train in Montaina suddenly jumped from the coach with a yell and started up the side of the mountain in the face of a driving storm. He was pursued, and after a half-mile chase was captured and brought back with frozen face and gray. He had suddenly become income ears. He had suddenly become insane.

CANADIAN VICE-ROYALTY.

Views of the Wife of a Canadian Judge in Paris. (Paris letter in the London Truth.)

The wife of a Canadian judge, who read what Sir C. Tupper said upon the "Truth eries," has called to give me supplemental information about the past and present representatives of Her Majesty at Ottawa. She was in that city when the announcement was made that the Lansdownes were to get the cheter of Metalla (1966). ment was made that the Lansdownes were to get the chateau of Montreal (?) fitted up and to spend there the coldest months of the year, which are the ones in which toboganning, sledging, curling, skating tournaments and torchlight processions are in full fling. This news caused intense excitement and the Anglo-Scotch thought it rather a shame that the Vice-regal court should go in midwinter every year to show the light of their countenance to the French at Montreal. Lord Lansdowne, I am told, keeps up a fine show. His carriages and horses have given a great idea of his wealth to the colonists. What must it have been, they wonder, before his income from his horses have given a great idea of his wealth to the colonists. What must it have been, they wonder, before his income from his Irish estates was reduced by a quarter—a reduction which was on his side voluntary, and, therefore, to his honor. But there is no burning of candles at both ends of the Government House as in the Duffering Government House as in the Duffering

Government House as in the Dufferins' time. At their entertainments the Marquis and Marchioness do things magnificently, but close economy is the every-day rule. Lord Dufferin not only spent his £10,000 yearly, but dipped his estates and sold the timber off them when he could gain political points by a judicious use of money. My visitor assured me that "Lorne and the Princess Louise did not salt away a dollar" when they were away in Canada dollar "when they were away in Canada. lollar" when they were away in Canada. The Princess was as beneficent as could be, and was never appealed to for money without (when she was satisfied that she had to deal with honest people) putting her hand in her pocket or signing a cheque. She was a great success until the sledge accident befell her. Her nervous system then got upset, with the effect that, in specific a she was a surface of the surf speaking, she was apt to make use of words just the contrary of those she wanted to say. She, therefore, imposed on herself the rule of silence with those whom she did not well know. This passed for sullen reserve and favoritism, and caused a good deal of resentment among the ladies. "Lorne was just as good as he could be,

"Lorne was just as good as ne could be, and first-rate in business," said my visitor, "but he was unendurable." "How so?" I asked. "He was so stand-off in his demeanor. Dufferin knew the Christian and pet names of all the children in Ottawa, read of the births in the papers, and remembered to congratulate the fathers and remembered to congratulate the fathers of the new-born babes. He shook hands bublicly with a grocer's wife who had triplets, and one day got out of his carriage to go and admire them when they were with their mother and the servant in the street If a newsboy said a smart thing to him e'd stop to talk to him, and I often say him shake hands with a conductor of the treet cars who came from his part of reland, and he had always something oright and pleasant to say. Lorne's stand offishness after Dufferin's chaff and hearti ess was like an icy blast in the month

May."
The Princess Louise enjoyed best i Canada the society of the French. Sh was very fond of getting away from Ottaw and going to live en artiste at the citadel of Quebec—an old place that dated from th Quebec—an old place that dated from the Marquis de Montealm. (It was built by the Duke of Wellington.) It became the thing there to be artistic. Officers, the sons and daughters of judges and of minis ters (preachers), successful trades people and so on, went in for sketching, impressionism, art furniture and art unions, to be bien en cour. The princess used to go out on sketching expeditions in a boat. She had some narrow escapes near ranids. and some narrow escapes near rapids that, however, was not at Quebec, but high up the river. It used to be said of her that she was all radiance to the French Cana-dians, and had more French than English books on her drawing-room table. But Lady Sophia Macnamara understood the "independent" temper of the ladies of the Anglo-Scotch provinces, and helped to make things smooth and agreeable.

# A Letter from His Dead Wife.

Benjamin Harley is a well-to-do resident of Rearing Branch, this county, writes a Lock Haven, Pa., correspondent. He is an old man, and is a strong believer in Spirit nalism, not thing, having a create the strong believer in Spirit. nalism, no thing having ever been to miraculous if done in the name of Spiri unlism to weaken his faith or arouse his suspicion. He has two sons, one a wild and shittless young man named Henry, the other a thriving citizen. The latter is a partner of his father's in the mercantile partner of his father's in the mercanne business. Old Mr. Harley is a widower, his wife, who was also an enthusiastic Spiritualist, having died only a few weeks ago. The other morning old Mr. Harley awoke and found lying on his pillow a piece of paper folded and addressed to him. He of paper, folded and addressed to him. It opened it, and found that it was a letter purporting to come from his dead wife. It was a business letter. It informed Mr ley that the writer was in heave which was a thoroughly practical places so much so that she had set up in the millinery business. She was just then in need of \$50 to put in the business, and requested her husband to inclose her that umount. She instructed him to put it in a letter and place th tetter in a stump near her son Henry nouse. Extravagant and ridiculous as thi letter was, old Mr. Harley did not doubt for moment that it came from his wife. H a moment that it came from his wife. He could not spare \$50 that day, but he wrote a letter to his wife, inclosing \$20 and informing her that he would send the remainder in a few days. The letter heplaced in the stump as directed. Young Henry Harley long ago exhausted his credit at the tavern and other places in B wing Branch

tavern and other places in Roaring Branch tavern and other places in Roaring Branch, and his longing for convivialty had been necessarily unsatisfied for some time. Two or three days ago the tavern-keeper was surprised to see the young man walk in and pay up the old score out of a neat roll of bills. Young Harley paid up other small accounts about town, and the astonishing fact that he had money soon became the talk of the village. The news was not long in reaching old Mr. Harley seers, and after pondering over the matter for some time. pondering over the matter for some tim pondering over the matter for some time, and closely examining the letter from his departed wife, he at last reluctantly made up his mind that he knew how Henry had got the money. This belief was made positive when, in a business transaction with Charles Green, another storekeeper in the place, he received the veritable \$20 bill he had inclosed to his wife to help along her celestial millinery business. He her mod her celestial millinery business. celestial millinery business. He learned tha the bill had been changed for young Henry

# Congregational Singing

Rev. Bird Wilkins, of St. Paul, one the leading colored divines of the Nor west, preached at Bethesda Baptist Chu last Sunday. He is roodeled somewafter the Sam Jones style, and at the eving service, noticing that only the choir quartette—took part in the singing, said.: "My brethren and sisters, this never do. Singing is a part of the worsh and I desire that all of you engage in Do you suppose that only four of the ang in heaven do the singing? This church a model of the upper church. T sing up there, and I would like to ha all sing down here. Now sing."

# Pass It Up This Way.

sing.

Spring has arrived and has registered on the open page of nature's book in her own bright chirography. Wild violets and lilies are blooming, the green grass is growing the swelling buds are bursting, the lark are singing their spring matins and thing indicates that nature is g every welcome spring's early arrival .- Albani (Ga.) News.

Amusing Experiences of the Prince of

Elucidators. Mr. Washington Irving Bishop, who has lately been exciting so much attention by what he terms his "mind-reading," has had many interesting adventures and not a few amusing ones. While I was in Belfast Mr. Bishop gave an entertainment in Ulster Hall, which caused a great deal of animated discussion a great deal of animated mated discussion among those present During the evening, and after the success ful performance of several astonishing feats a temporary lull occurred, during which a rich voice in the gallery loudly called out "Misthur Bishup, Misthur—"

Well, well, what do you want?" inired the entertainer. Oi s'pose yez can foind annething a n an

Well, I think I can nearly anything.
Will yez foind somethin for me, thin

Certainly."
Well, the morrow's Sunday, an' civil well, the morrow's Sunday, and civil well, the morrow's Sunday, and civil well, the morrow's Sunday, and civil well, the morrow of oike yez to foind me a moighty

Mr. Bishop is authority for the state:

Mr. Bishop is authority for the stater that the hero of this occasion received agold half-sovereign. "It was all the best advertisement I ever had," said the Best advertisement I ever had," said the King of the Maoris was so desirous of the King of the Maoris was so desirous of viewing an exhibition of the Professor's unusual powers that he obtained a private scance. After some parleying it was decided that his dusky Highness himself should conceal an article which Bishop was to discover. Mr. Bishop was taken from the cover. Mr. Bishop was taken from the coom, and on the Maori King's signifying his readiness, the mind-reader was brought blindfolded into the kingly present and at once began the search. In a feminutes Mr. Bishop turned to the moarch's mouth as the place where the articl was concealed. His Highness grunted a was concealed. His Highness grunted a emphatic dissent to the place located h emphatic dissent to the place located here Professor as containing the article to which he was in search. Bishop insistent that it was there, and finally demands that the royal mouth should be openwide. After considerable refusal and persevering persistence on the part of the King and the Professor, the mouth as slowly and reluctantly opened. The new instant, however, the King began to constitute the professor of the mouth as the professor of the part of the professor of the professor of the professor of the part of the professor of the profe violently, which resulted in a button ! expelled. The King, finding the place been correctly located, attempted to swal the button, and thus defeat the determine What might have harpe

# is one of those things we tremble to co-template. — Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March.

mind-reader. What might have hat to Bishop had the Maoris lost their

Money Makers don't let golden opportunities pass uning there are times in the lives of men windoney can be made rapidly and easi otherwise can be carned by years of later Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who wyou, free, full particulars about work it can do, and live at home, wherever located, at a profit of at least from \$5 to \$5. Some have made over \$50 in a single day new. You are started free. Capital not relithersex; all ages.

A Rome, N. Y., girl filled three beer jugs with wet sand, corked tightly, and set them in the oven so that she could warm her bed wit The heat generated steam from the wand an explosion followed, which from with flying sand and fragness beer jugs. The girl and the rest family were badly scared, but unlist

I suffered 7 years with sciatic 11. tism. No treatment relieved me. I lom's Rheumatic Repellant cured that for 2 years I have not had least toms of rheumatism. A. Furtency key, Mich., formerly of Berlin, On

-Barnard's comet is now visible naked eye on the eastern horizon daybreak, but is so low down that it readily seen unless one knows where to look. It was discovered object in the telescope—a final halo of the surrounding a sharp white mess in the centre. It has a short nebulous tail. 2° in length. Its distance from the is now about 113,000,000 miles.

With Satisfaction. Polson's NERVILINE, the new and certain ain cure, is used with satisfaction instance. There is abundant reason this, for it performs all that is claimed it. Nerviline is a never-failing cramps, pains in the side or back. cramps, pains in the side or back. 15 merch, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. We viline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 ent sample bottle. Large bottles only 15 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

# No Doubt He Can.

Juvenile hostess entertaining the vicever -Mr. Filtrip, can't you walk as well as you used to ?"
"Why, yes, Bessie, why shouldn't 1?" "Oh, I heard mamma say that yon your second legs, but I thought most as good as your old ones."

At the opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer," "Neither and I."
"She sings through her ness most atrociously," "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkershief at

Mrs. Cleveland has kept strictly to her Mrs. Cleveland has kept strictly to her rule of never going out except to the house of members of the Cabinet, and as they entertain very little, occasions of her appearance in Washington society have been

w and far between. The simplest and one of the most conventient methods of tracing and transferring designs is the use of tarlaten instead of tracing paper. Place the patient to be copied upon the drawing-board and cover it with the tarlatan, and pin both to the board with drawing tacks. Then, with a sunderately soft pencil, draw the pattern carefully. Remove the pins and the design will be found to be onto carefully. Remove the pins and the design will be found to be quite clear. Then lay the tarlatan upon the material, pin to the board as before and again go ever the lines with the pencil. The result will be a perfect copy of the design upon the material fabric or paper) in mignite des. The fect copy of the design upon the material fabric or paper) in minute dots. The ariatan design may be used again and

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND