Pierre of the

Leroux then got awful mad, He call the curse of God on a bad instants the young girl came daughter. Mario she get sick-mebbe for heem. God will protect you And rooms that we knew of my poor girl she cry, but she go. I up the squaw and be a good man

"Now I get a gait on myself I to-morrow, she of age-we get mar- so afraid!" gled, and end this business of George Brown and old Badeau I get the lisurned white-"you see, Messieurs, she gonel Twent; mile up the head girl-old man Badeau, he a fool old man—George Brown, he a devil! It I through the bushes was heard. drive you to the Mission to-night, 1 lose much good time!"

We were interested. His face brightened, and a big sob came into his throat as we told him that we would see him through.

"It is too good-too good of you," and no one spoke, but Dandy gave a had ridden so far. neigh and Feroux exclaimed.

"There ees Burron's house We will icave the coffin here."

to thought came to us that before the night's adventure was over it selves. Pshaw! Pierre had won us ding?" over! Right was on his side and, the right would win!

ms at the house of a friend, and while as a mother. waiting we had drunk a glass of milk, and munched some bread. We of the morrow. had taken our guns out, and braced Dandy, and led Fanny along saddled beefsterk and fried eggs of an "un--we guessed for whom.

The wind died away, and the air fire seemed so comfortable. grew colder as we continued to asfor a proper person like yourselll'

the right, said.

to see if we had changed our minds, sat nursing her baby. drew his breath in with satisfaction, on the ragged bed Yes, old Jacques -the roads are hardening a bit "

narrow head of the ravine, the mountains rose on either side higher and more forbidding. The little brook was snow began to crunch under the known. horses' hoofs. It was a dark night, and there was a sound of stronger wind through the pines-a presage of a change in the weather. Pierre, noticed it, and observed: "There will be a chinook before morning." Then he was singing, the wild flowers were fore to go, and his mother's eyes had spoke gently to Dandy and patted his out, the lands were being plowed and brightened with genuine delight.

"We are near now," presently he example, and dismounting, fastened our ponies to the trees. Then with a white dear with a white dear with a white dear and dismounting as the bride in would rather take—" pat for Dandy and a quiet "Mon garrubbing his nose against Pierre's rail breast, as if to say, "All right — But was this our afert and across the table at her trust me, mon ami," we crept up daring Pierro-he of the hearskin "Then I shall be delighted to go,"

onto the trail again. upon us, as we stood defenseless! the timid Marie Badeau! We got ourselves into the shadow of It was a protty sight, and when we ment he almost regretted that he a hage pine tree near and waited for came out of the church, there was and engaged himself to take his moth-ceived than to be always suspecting.

Pierre, who was creeping up on all Dandy with a wreath of mountain of the church, there was and engaged himself to take his moth-ceived than to be always suspecting.

Everyone is as God made him, and fours. Presently, on the chill night flowers around his neck, all saddled air we heard the hooting of an owi with a new side-saddle, and beside any concert," he said to himself, Don't live for yourself, and do not Could it be-and then we knew it him demurely garlanded, was Fanny "and I should have the opportunity be afraid of diminishing your own was Pierret Again, and yet once

whispered "Pierrel" There was a hurrled conversation.

"But my lather, Pierre-he is old- Catholic Columbia"

he is not strong-that George Brown will kill bim!"

"Bahi Let him-let him! No. no. I Northwest did not mean that, Marie-but come

-trust mo-your Pierrel" The shutter closed, and in a few wrapped in shawl and hood She she ain't frightened-she only a girl, started on seeing us, but seeing us, but the seeing started on seeing us, but Pierre said you know." And his voice grew ten who had come to help him She gave der. "Then he get sick-I don't know us a little trembling hand whose conhow he manage it-and at last the fiding touch somehow did more to good Sisters say, Marie, you go care glowing fire in luxurious drawing-

"Mr Brown and my father are in see her every day. It was the same the mine to-night, Pierre," she ex-thing from Badeau all along. Marry know what," she shuddered "Mr George Brown and he mek you a Brown, he seemed satage with my lady, and we go partners in the mine father, and they drank a good deal, and your poor old father will give but father more than Mr Brown Father is to be on night watch, and -oh, Pierret I was so frightened Father told me to keep a fire for make up my mind on her birthday, Mr Brown I locked myself in, I am

We urged the girl, who seemed quite unnersed, to come on, and at last we began to descend the steep trail cense to-day and Pere Andre he say, which the increasing cold had render-'All right, go ahead, Pierre ' Marie, ed more slippery every moment As she, meet me to-night-and"--then he we neared the place where our horses were tied, we heard a shot, then wild yell-and all was still.

"Quick, Marie'-up-up! Ho! Danof the guich where George Brown's dy! Ho, Fanny!" for the horses felt mine cos. You see the danger? She a the excitement and the cold air "They are following us!" he exclaim-

We sprang to our ponies and were soon going down the mountain trail at a dangerously rapid pace.

The little beasts held on to the ground in a marvelous manner, before long we were galloping away on even ground, while all fear of a chase was over. However, we kept up be murmured. Somehow the landscape a pretty lively gait for warmth, and a little whiskey did us all good, even tooked blurred for a few moments, the modest girl for whose sake we

As we roused the echoes of the gratulated Pierre, and asked if we couldn't be present at the wedding. "But-yes-ch, Marie" We will hat might be needed by Pierre or our- the gentlemen to-morrow to our wed-

Just here the door opened, and in the bright light that flooded the tic insect. house far behind us. Dandy was go- girl's face we saw there a veritable ing like the wind. Finding that we gem of womanly beauty and love We had soon left Jack Burrow's With modest grace, she thanked us,

So we left her to her happy dreams

-ourselves for the long, stiff ride by tired and hungry men in the log as light-hearted as a bird a generous pull at our travelling cabin belonging to the postmaster dasks. Pierre himself rode the lively that night, and rarely had tough certain age" tasted better, or a log

Next morning there was a chinook, cend. Un hill and down hill we went, and the sun rose gloriously - spring each time thinking it would be the again! An Indian rode in with the ny, as much as to say, "Wild doings some went to find if the story of old were on the qui vive of delightful ex- you?" Badcau was truc.

At length we turned into a "Y" Meanwhile the wedding was postshaped valley, and as we advanced to poned by Marie, and in the afternoon "but not with you!" where the roads separated, Pierre, a wagon was seen rumbling up the zeining in his horse, and pointing to little valley. It was met by a crowd though," said Harrison, "when you to the old Marcy homestead, whose

slon, Messicurs," giving us a glance and Badeau's door, where the squaw Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There beeches, just beyond the noise and came with more force from him than "Set on, Pierre," we replied. He They took the body out and laid it

remarking; "We hat made good time Bad -u was dead! They had found lady," said Emery. his body, pitched from his horse, and As we drew nearer the dark and the horse itself, dead at the bottom of a guich

George Brown's mine had caved in. and the story of that last interview

On our way back from the Canadian trifle too much with her!" side, a few weeks after, we were Charles Emery went on his way harrowed, the pine trees sung together, the little clouds chased each othme, Charley," she said, "when we white dress and veil walked up the

cap, and dashing, confident air! No sound in the house. Not a We laughed pleasantly to ourselves eyes bore light to be seen! The wooden shut as we thought of Pierre's remark, her words ters were fastened. Suppose George "Some horses are like people!" And Brown had been taking cognizance of we wondered how the lively Pierre been organized and Kate Marcy had our approach, and were to open fire would "trot in double harness" with promised to join it, things looked dif-

more, that wierd note smote the sithe bride, and Pierre, with a look Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me ers. He who labors wholly for the
lence of the night. Quickly a shutter of delight at her surprise, lifted her off this time. She won't care "benefit of others and, as it were, foruponed. We grasped our guns with to Dandy s back springing, himself, But when he went into the little gets himself, is far happier than the beating hearts-but a girl's voice onto Fanus Could we help it it we sitting-room of their humble domain, man who makes himself the solo ob cheered-right in front of the old and saw his mother with her silver-ject of all his affections and exert-There was a hurried conversation, church, too! We watched the proces- gray hair rolled into puffs on either lions. Mariel Open the door! Come, I have white-souled, white-wreathed girl, ner nest black silk donned, and the large the only Painkiller - Perry large the good Pere Andressays it until it disappeared up the pleasant, lace folded at her bosom, his heart ly get the only Painkiller - Perry Davis'-when you ask for it? Better Marlel Open the door! Come, I have white-souled, white-wreathed girl, her best black silk donned, and the

THE ANGEL'S CHIDING.

"Tis not the feast that changes with the everchanging times; But those that lightly vote away the glories of the past-

The joys that dreamlike haunt me with the merry matin chimes I loved so in my boyhood and will dote on to the last.

There still is much of laughter and a measure of old cheer; The ity wreaths, if scanty, are as verdant as of yore.

and still the same kind greeting for the universal ear, But to me, for all their wishing,

'tis a 'merry" feast no more!" said, and came an answer from the

stars to which I sighed-Those stars that lit the vigil of the favored shepherd band, And 'twas as it again the heavens

opened deep and wide, And the carol of the angel-choir new-flooded all the land

Good tidings still we bring to who still have ears to hear. To all who love His coming-the elect that cannot cease.

And louder rings our anthem to these watchers, year by year, Its earnest of the perfect joy - the everlasting peace.

Art thou, then, of these watchers, if thou canst not read the sign? The world was at its darkest when the blessed Day-Star shone: gain 'tis blacker to Her beam, and

thou must needs repine, And sicken so near sunrise for the moonlight that is gone!" -Father Edmund Hill, C P

HIS MOTHER

dow and sluggish forest streams in never did scenery glow with such natquiet log cabins where the Sisters chimneys flung their flery banners of opera was "perfection!" had their Mission school, we con-ismoke against the leaden sky, a basso-rilievo that would have made Cummings, "do look at Charley Em-Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the cry with that little old woman! Why hum of never-ceasing machinery in us?" the little town rose above the rush | Kate said nothing. In the crowd of the river like the buzz of a gigan- now surging out of the aisles of the

Charles Emery, the day superintend ent in the rolling mills, was just re- tone: were good horsemen, Pierre borrow- the same time holding one hand of tiring to his home, having been reed a couple of mountain ponics for the good Sister who had been to her lieved by the night superintendent, it, Nina; but I, for my part, respect and as he walked along, his feet Mr. Emery a thousand times more sounding crisply on the hard, frozen Needless to say there were three earth, he whistled softly to himself, she found herself looking directly in-

"You're going with us to-night,

pectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly,

"But you will change your mind, are eight of us going. We've kept a stir of the busy village. seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another

Harrison laughed. "Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; soft rosy pink "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who ing, old fellow!. Kate Marcy is a yourself to love mehigh-minded girl-it won't do to

said, "See—there is the light of the blue sky, and oh! how were young people and lived in New so dearly," his young wife told him RUBBED IN—Whenever pain is felt blue the mountain sky is, and how York. But it is twenty years and afterward, "if you hadn't been so in the limbs or back, take Dr the path down a few paces among of the path down a few paces among the pa the path down a few paces among pure and stimulating is the light, more since I have been to an opera, kind to that little mother of yours. the low pine trees. We followed his sweet air The small, cracked beel of And if you're quite sure, dear, that In my eyes you never looked so hand-

"As it any young girl in the world pat for Dandy and a quiet "Mon garcon," to which Dandy responded by simple aisie and knelt at the altar could be to 1. 1 what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling

said Mrs. Emery And her voice and We laughed pleasantly to ourselves eyes bore witness to the truth of

But now that a regular party had ferent to the young man. For a mo-

"She would be as well pleased with Then out into the sunshine stepped of sitting all the evening next to happiness by promoting that of oth-

gra," said she, smilles, "so as to do pais in the bowels,

you no discredit, Charley, and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuit, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helptess old ago and sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach

"Going with some one else!" Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not evactiv pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C-, and rather an heiress in her own right she liked mised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr Emery say that blue was his favorite color

"Going with some one clse!" repeated suit himself" And she kept within her own soul

the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn chose. up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the 10w of seats beyoud them, and Emery entered with his mother

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant

Never was a voice sweeter to her The cold gray shadow of the wintry cars than the somewhat thin and extwilight had enveloped tree and mea- hausted warble of the prima donna, their uncertain mist, the factory wral tints or footlights shine more softly Kate Marcy declared that the

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina couldn't he have come and sat with

little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said, in a low carnest "I don't know what you think of

for his kindness to his mother " And, almost at the same second, to Charley's eyes.

For a moment only The crowd separated them almost ere they could Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay recognize one another, but Kate felt voice, and two or three young men sure-and her cheeks glowed scarletthat he had heard her words.

For upon that especial evening there looking into her son's face as they was to be an opera in the little town emerged into the vail of softly falllast, Pierre riding shead, and Dandy news that he had met Jacques a genuine New York company, with a ing snow which seemed to enwrap the behaving as if he knew the whole Badeau riding like mad down the chorus, a full orchestra, and all the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling scheme through and through, and canon, and calling like a crazy man paraphernalia of scenery and costume mystery, "who was that girl with the winked his eye over it That horse that George Brown had fallen down which provincial residents so seldom wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of was human! He actually smiled sar- his mine. The Indians and half-breeds enjoy, and the younger population wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of eastically at demure and proper Fan- turned out in pursuit of him, while

> "It was Kate Marcy, mother." "She has the face of an angel,"

said Mrs. Emery softly. The next day Charley went boldly he right, said.

Of excited half-breeds, and came slow-hear that Kate Marcy is to be of red brick gables, sheeted with ivy there to the right is the Miss ly along, till it drew up in silence at our party—Kate Marcy and the Miss rose up out of the leafless elms and

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night "

"It was not meant for your cars, Mr Emery," said Kate, coloring a

"But," he pursued, looking her full need pine, for a cavalier We'll keep in the face, "I cannot be satisfied the scat for you until a quarter to with that, Miss Marcy, I want a hushed beneath a coat of ice and the between the two men was never eight And let me give you a warn- warmer sceling. If you could teach The dimples came around Kate's

Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty. "Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you. I have loved you for a long

time. And Charley went home, envying neither king nor prince

"But I never should have loved you some as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

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oftentimes a great deal worse.

A PLAIN QUESTION. Do you realis all right. I have the license—the sunny valley, "A thoroughbred for a misgave him.

Davis'—when you ask for it? Better sing! Herry! Ma blen aimed—do not thoroughbred," we thought with a "I have been trimming my bonnet be sure than sorry. It has not, in 60 as alraid, may girl!"

Smile.—Anna D. Rosserson, in The over with some violet-velvet flow years, falled to stop looseness and

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GIVING AND NOT GIVING. "It's just my luck!" said Jennio Morton, and her face was not a Charles Emery, and she rather sur- Christmas face as she said it, al- E Highest though it was the morning after

> The letter that she was reading | # sent the blood flushing into her cheeks and the tears to her eyes. She flung herself on the arm of her big broth-

Christmas.

"Well, he has a right to er's chair and burst into rapid talk He was a good confident, for, athletic and jolly as he was, he had a serious way of looking at life when he "Now listen, Bob," said the angry

girl "Mother gave me twenty dollars to spend for Christmas presents. thought it would be enough, but when I began to count up the people I must give something to there were was as if the myriad gaslights had twenty-five of them Of course I all of a sudden been turned up, as if couldn't make a wholesale business of it and buy twenty-five presents at seventy-five cents apiece. I bought quarter-dollar neckties for the boys and twelve-cent handkerchiefs for the maids, and felt mean enough doing it, too.

> "But there were four girls who gave me presents last year, and not one of them cost less than five dollars I simply had to give them something, and I was at my wit's end

"Hattie Walker was the hardest proposition. She's a perfectly hateful girl, and she's always making spiteful remarks, and if she doesn't happen to like a thing she doesn't hesitate to say so. I made up my mind I'd have to look over some of my boxes and see if I couldn't hunt If you are up something that would do for her. Finally I dragged out a tidy that somebody gave me years ago-a pinky-yellow piece of silk, with gold braid and silver beads. I never could bear it, but it made quite a good show, done up in tissue paper and with a sprig of holly and a Christcard on top.

So I sent it off with a note to Hatthe saying I hoped she would like it and that I had great pleasure in selecting it for her. So I had, that wasn't a lie

"Now what do you suppose? Here the horrid thing has written me that I must have taken great pains in selecting it, as it is the very tidy she gave me for a Christmas present four years ago! She hopes I didn't intend a joke, as she does not think Christmas a suitable time for jokes, and she will trouble me to return to her For particulars write to also the present she sent me this year-and it was a lovely silver brush, and I don't want to!" and Jennie Morton fairly cried with

vexation and disgust Then the big brother tried his hand at preaching a short sermon. It anybody else, because he was not given to moralizing. The substance of it was that the real trouble lay notin the smallness of the allowance or in the unfortunate selection of a gift, but in the idea that Christmas is a time for duty gifts. It is an implety, he said, to assume that favors

must be returned, even if half-heartedly, on the anniversary of the most willing, the most loving, the most complete Gift this world has ever

As we value reverence, self-respect and the fitness of things, let us have the courage not to give on Christmas Day as well as the desire to give -Youth's Companion.

SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE in the hand and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. Oil will gradually penetrate to affected part and relief will come

Behave liberally, but say no more about it. None knows the weight of another's

burden. He that looks not before finds himself behind There is virtue even in the looks of

great man. Women laugh when they can and weep when they will.

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