Where Are Wicked Folks Buried?

Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said, Where in this field are the wicked folks laid? have wandered the quiet old graveyar And studied the epitaphs, old and new:
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made, With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade; I kniew by the gleam of bis-cloquent eye That his heart was instructing his lips to reply

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight? Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right? Which of us mortals shall dare to say That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day? "In our journey through life, the further we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind

"Therefore, good deeds we record on the stones; The evil men do let it die with their bones. I have labored as sexton for many a year, But I never have buried a bad man here."

# THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"I regret to have awakened unpleasant emotions in your mind," said Laurel, gently, as she offered her card to Mrs. Wentworth.
"You are little Trixy's mother," she

went on, smiling. "I am very glad to know you for her sake. She and my little son are great friends."
"You have a son?" said Mrs. Went-

worth, as she exchanged cards with Laurel. She sighed heavily, and then Laurel noticed that she wore a black dress. "Ah. I had a son, too, Mrs. Lynn, a beautiful boy that would be as old now as yours had he lived, but he lies barred in an English graveyard.' You are English?' asked Laurel,

gently, ner neart melting in sympathy with tear that sparkled down Beatrix's "No. I am American, but I have lived in

England ever since my marriage, nine years ago. Little Trixy was born in Lonn, as also my little Cyril, dead three years ago. We have come home now to We?" said Mrs. Lynn, with a slight,

interrogative accent on the pronoun.
"I should have said Mr. Wentworth and myself, and Trixy. There are only three of us," explained Beatrix, pensively, and

smothering a sigh.

Laurei wondered to herself whether the ordons had ever forgiven their daughter; she wondered what had become of smart. ughts, because she had decided that she, in her own proper identity, would remain as dead to Mrs. Wentworth as she was to the rest of the world. They stood there side by side, the two fair women who had so greatly influenced each other's lives, and gazed pensively at the sun-gilded waves, trying to put away the thoughts of the past that each recalled to the other, and to recall themselves to the present.

"I have read your books, Mrs. Lynn," id Beatrix. "I think they are among said Beatrix. the most beautiful of the language. I am proud of you as an American author.' "You praise my poor efforts too highly," Laurel said, with her slow, half-sad smile.

"I do not think so. The critics agree with me at least," said Beatrix. not find it very pleasant to be laurel crowned, Mrs. Lynn—to win the applause of the world and own a name that will live beyond the grave?" To be

Conscious that a world's regret
Would seek us where we lie!"

quoted Mrs. Lynn, with a slight, sad "Ah, Mrs. Wentworth, will you believe that I have scarcely ever regarded the subject from that point of view? When I first took up literary work it was to win bread for my little child. Sin success has crowned my efforts, since hard necessity drives me no longer, I labor on because I have need to fill an empty void in my life. From first to last I have giveness. had no thought of fame."

The soft sigh of the waves blending with se made it sound very sad. Mrs. Wentworth looked at the beautiful proud face curiously. Some kind of a hisory was written on it. There was a lingering shadow in the somber dark eyes, a sorrowful gravity about the lovely crim son lips. She wondered what that empty void might be. And then she remembere that she had heard that Mrs. Lynn was widow.

"It is grief for her husband," said Beatrix to herself. "I suppose we all have something in our

lives that we are glad to forget in the oblivion of hard work, or even in the pursuit of pleasure," she said. "My little Cyril's death left an aching void in my own heart, and I have another sorrow too I have been a disobedient child to my parents. I never fully appreciated the normity of my unpardonable fault until I had a little daughter of my own."

Beatrix spoke in a tone of dreamy sadness. She did not seem to be speaking to a stranger, but rather to a friend. The subtle likeness between Mrs. Lynn and Laurel Vane affected her strangely.

Laurel caught at her words quickly. Your unpardoned fault," she echoed. "Do you mean to say that your parents never forgave your disobedience, Mrs. Wentworth?

'Never," Beatrix answered, with a sigh that showed how deep her pain lay.

They were silent for a time. The idle loiterers on the beach, the casual pass ers by turned twice to look at the two fair women, so beautiful, so unlike in their

beauty-Beatrix so hly-fair with her large blue eyes and pale-gold tresses; Laurel with her rare, unusual type of beauty, her dark eyes, her blond skin, her burnished hair; the one in her dress of deep, lustre less black silk, the other in something white and soft and clinging, marvellously becoming to her graceful style. "Shall you be long at the seaside?"

Laurel inquired, presently.
"A few weeks—that is all," Beatrix replied. "Mr. Wentworth is in New York business, you know, Mrs. Lynn-Trixy and I cannot stay long away from him. "You are fond of him?" said Laurel

turning her large, wistful eyes on the other's tender face. The tenderness deepened in Mrs. Wentworth's sweet blue eyes, and around her

gentle lips. "You would think so if you knew the story of our marriage," she said. "Ours was a real love match, Mrs. Lynn. It was most romantic. Some day, when I know you better I will tell it to you. It would

nish you a plot for a novel. Laurel turned her head aside and set her lips in a tense, hard line. She remembered how the story had been told her a few weeks ago in that green city of the dead beside the grave where the unknown waif lay under the name of Laurel Le Roy.

God forbid that I should have to hear the story told again," she murmured to She looked back at Mrs. Wentworth and

said, calmly, and even smilingly

"It is very pleasant to hear a real love-match in real life. I suppose you are very happy, Mrs. Wentworth?"

Yes, I am very happy with my noble aband," Beatrix said, thoughtfully. But my happiness was purchased at bit ter cost to and feel the sharp sting of remorse, Mrs. Lynn, Little Trixy came up with a beautiful shell and claimed her mother's attention. They went away together presently, and left Laurel to her own reflections. They were very sweet and noble ones. She was thinking of the Gordons—longing to reconcile them to their daughter and her hus-

"I am glad that she is happy with her husband," mused Laurel. "Oh, how differently our girlish conspiracy resulted for

sine the pain."
She walked slowly back to the hotel, whitened beneath all her rouge as she stared aghast, and murmured, huskily:

That night at Eden rushed over his

saw such a terrible likeness! CHAPTER LIX.

Was it chance or fate that brough Mr. Gordon down a few weeks later, to consult with Mrs. Lynn about the publication of

little Laurence and his playmate, Trixy Wentworth. The little girl's mother had each other, as two young, pretty, noble women like Beatrix and Laurel are apt to be when thrown together. told all her romantic story to Mrs. Lynn, and Laurel had heard it silently, and made no sign. She said to herself that that unhappy girl, over whose fate Beatrix drowned her blue eyes in regretful tears, must remain as one dead to all the world.

chapter. a book open in her lap, but she was not reading. Her large, dark, thoughtful eyes wandered from the pretty children at play wandered from the pretty children at play Le Roy's wife, and the child is his. It with their attentive nurses, to the billowy foam capped waves rolling in to her feet with a hollow, mystical nurmur full of woe with a hollow, mystical nurmur full of woe

you affect me, Mrs. Lynn? 'he said. "You are like some one I have known whom I cannot now recall. If I could bring myself believe in theories I have heard advanced, I should say I had known you in some other previous world."

She knew where he had seen her. It

was at Eden that fatal night that had pretty Clarice Wells. But she could not struck her down from happiness to the ask any of the questions that filled her keenest despair. Her face grew pale, her

limbs trembled beneath her.
"Some day the truth will break upon him with the suddenness of the lightning's flash. He will recognize me as Laurel Vane, the girl he refused to forgive and pity that fatal night. He will know that the scorn of proud, rich people did not Lynn. quite crush me, that I survived it all," she said to herself with the pride that nad

recognize her if she cold help it. Certainly she would never own the truth even if he she replied. taxed her with it; so she answered with a

careless smile: "The world is full of chance resem blances that puzzle and amaze us, Mr. "Do you Gordon. You see that little girl playing be laurel with my son there? Well, when I first saw her I had the oddest fancy that she was like some one I had seen or known. The likeness was haunting and troublesome at first, but I have grown used to it now. It does not trouble me any longer Do look at her, Mr. Gordon. Is she not a lovely

child? He looked and a sudden cry of wonder came from his lips. The years rolled backward, and in the face of little Trixy he seemed to see his own Beatrix in her tender childhood-his beautiful, beloved daughter, who had been so wilful and disobedient. and to whose sin he had refused his for-

Her name is Trixy Wentworth, Mr. Gordon. She is an American child, but she was born in England. Her parents give her and take her back?" lived there nearly nine years. They have come back to New York to live now. Mr.

He stifled something like a groan upon hislips. Laurel saw how pale he had suddenly grown, and followed up her advantage by

said to the lovely little golden-haired creature. "He is very lonely; he has no little

enlisted by that, to her mind, pathetic statement. She gave Mr. Gordon a fastidious look-you-over stare, and, seeing that he was pleasant to look upon, put her round, dimpled arms about his neck and gave him

a bear-like hug and a resounding kiss.

"Is it true that you really have no little girl?" she asked him, bending back her pretty head to look into his face with eves that pierced his heart with their like. ess to Beatrix-Beatrix, his little girl whom he had put away from his heart, hated and unforgiven, because she had dis-

obeyed him. Mrs. Lynn said, gently, looking away at the

restless sea the while: 'This little girl has a grandpapa in New York, Mr. Gordon, who has never seen her. Her mother made a marriage that dis-pleased him, and he has never forgiven her. He has missed a world of love by his hardness and sternness—do you not think so?"
The dark-eyed little Laurence came runing up before he could frame a reply. 'Oh, but, Trixy, you shouldn't be sitting

on that gentleman's lap, you know," he exclaimed, "for you promised to be my The childish jealousy provoked such a augh from the elders that it quite drowned

the sound of a light, quick step that came up behind them. In a moment more the group.

The smile died on her lips as she saw her little daughter sitting on the lap of the stern father she had not beheld for more

rose-tint faded from her face, her lips trem-bled, and the words she strove to utter button for his wickedness. He swore died silently upon them.

Laurel rose with an encouraging smile patiently bided his time, pledging himself

and draw her friend forward.
"Mr. Gordon," she said, "this is my friend, Mrs. Wentworth. She is little Trixy's mother."

her hand.

sadiv There was a moment's dead silence. Mr. Gordon had put the child from his knee anxious as the wicked widow herself to and risen, but he did not answer his prevent a reunion of the long separated daughter. She went on, in gentle, pleading

Papa, I have written to you so often and begged you to forgive me, and every time my letters came back to me unopened. Papa, I cannot say I am sorry for my fault, makes me very happy. But I have grieved evil, unscrupulous - ready to do their best sorely for you and mamma, I have longed to dash down the possible cup of happiness to be reconciled to you. Oh, surely you from the lips of the man and woman they will not refuse to forgive me now that we hated with all the venom of their little

are face to face " Forgive her, Mr. Gordon," cried Laurel, The two fair faces, their pleading voices, the wondering eyes of the little children, were too much for Mr. Gordon's calmness.
His pride and sternness melted into love and remorse. Laurel gave one glance at his quivering face and turned gently away.

The couple had been company" continuously for two sence. It is not often she appears, being quivering face and turned gently away.

her and for me. And yet-would I change | She knew that the end was won-that love | her to-night you will be very sure to see her

Beatrix. But she did not know that at thi leaving Laurie at play with his nurse on moment when the ice melted around his the shell-strewn beach. In the hotel corridor she encountered some new arrivals, ladies and gentlemen, going to their rooms. Quite oblivious of their interested, admiring stare, she passed on, and took no note of the roots. painted blonde face that of lightning it dawned upon him that this

stared aghast, and murmured, huskily:

"Is it Laurel Vane or her ghost? I never mind, freshly as though it were but yester mind, freshly as though it were but yester. day. He saw again the beautiful impostor who had personated his own daughter and married the master of Eden.

While he gave Beatrix the tender embrace of forgiveness, he seemed to see in fancy the kneeling, suppliant girl to whom he had refused his forgiveness, whom no She was down on the shore with her one had pitied, whom all had forsaken and ignored. Even in his anger that night he had been struck by the wondrous beauty of promised to join her presently. She and Mrs. Lynn had become quite intmate friends by this time. They were fond of each other as the charm only intensified by time: rel are apt to
Beatrix had
Beatrix had
o Mrs. Lynn,
"They said that Le Roy's wife drowned

herself but it cannot be true. There is some terrible mistake, some unexplained mystery. This is Louis Vane's day and the has inherited all the genius of her

erratic father," be said to himself.

He did not know what to do. He wa She would not confess her secret. She would remain Mrs. Lynn to the end of the frightened at his own discovery. He won dered if Bastrix knew the truth. He dered if Beatrix knew the truth. She sat still on her low camp-chair, with | inclined to believe that she did, but when he found an opportunity and questioned her large parasol held open over her head, and waited for Beatrix to come. She had her he was rather steagered to find that her he was rather steagered to find that her he was rather steagered to find that

publisher, thoughtfully. Mr. Gordon c me out to her there, and he was puzzled, as he always was, when he saw Mrs. Lynn, by her subtle likeness to some one he had seen or known, and whom he could not now recall.

"Have I ever told you how strangely you affect me. Mrs. Lynn,?' he said. "You affect me. Mrs. Lynn,?' he said. "You affect me. Mrs. Lynn,?' he said. "You have been silent, but I have not hear."

> denial of herself?" he asked, though fally "Pride and wounded feeling," Beatrix nswered, with the unerring instinct of a

When he remembered that night long years ago he did not blame her much. The ad scorned and flouted her cruelly amo them -they had no pity on the erring gir they had driven her to desperation, getting how young and friendless she had He wondered much what had been the history of the intervening years, and how sue had come by her name Mrs.

thought; and then he said, aloud: become a part of her nature.

But she did not mean that he should Leon Le Roy to come down here?" "I think it would be perfectly proper,

CHAPTER LX.

Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Gordon were not the only persons at the seaside who suspected that Mrs. Lynn was other than seemed.

The curiosity of the pretty, faded widow Mrs. Merivale, had been aroused by the first sight of Mrs. Lynn. She spared no pains until she obtained an introduction to the noted writer, over whose charms of nind and person all the best people at the seaside were enthusiastic in admiration. When she had done so, she was almost rightened by the astonishing likeness of Mrs. Lynn to Laurel Vane.

'It is the dead alive!" she said to herself. "I can no longer believe that St. Leon's wife drowned herself. There has been some great miotake. She went away giveness.

"She is like some one I have known, too. Ah, so like, so like!" he said, in a strange voice. "Who is she, Mrs. Lynn?"

"Her name is Trixy Wentworth, Mr.

"Her name is Trixy Wentworth, Mr. Will he for-

She was bitterly chagrined and angry at the thought that Laurel lived in the person of the beautiful, and gifted, wealthy Mrs. Cyril Wentworth is in business there. of the beautiful, and gifted, wealthy Mrs. Trixy is here with her mother for her Lynn. She had been glad when she heard to feel the beautiful and gifted, wealthy Mrs. that Laurel was dead. She began to feel now that fate had played her an unkind trick in resurrecting her hated rival from the grave, where she had deemed her restgrown, and followed up her advantage by long all these long years; not that the wily long Mr. Gordon's knee.

In all these long years; not that the wily widow had any hope of winning St. Leon. Mr. Gordon's knee.

"Give the gentleman a kiss, Trixy," she
knew that he was proof against her faded charms, her rouged and powdered beauty, that he thoroughly despised her. She had Trixy's ready sympathies were instantly known it ever since that night at Eden, plisted by that, to her mind, pathetic when he had flung back her offered heart on her hands in supremest scorn and sar-casm. The knowledge had aroused all the ittleness and spite of her malicious nature She had hated St. Leon from that moment -hated the beautiful girl who had won him even more. She would gladly have done oth an ill turn if she could, but Laurel dead in her grave, was secure from her vengeance, and St. Leon, in his proud position and calm reserve, beyond her each. For several years she had not seen him; but she knew that he had returned beyed him.

He could not speak for a moment, and

from his wanderings and was at home again. The thought that Laurel still lived,

the bare possibility that she might yet be reunited to her husband, filled her with ealous anger and dread. On the spur of he moment she penned a letter to one who hated St. Leon and Laurel with as deadly a rancour as her own -one whose love for Laurel had changed to hate, even as had Mrs. Merivale's for St. Leon—no less a per-

son than the villain, Ross Powell Mr. Powell's animosity against the rich nan who had won Laurel had not been essened by the fact that Mr. Le Roy had secured the dismissal of the villain from Mr. Gordon's employ in the week immediately following the expose at Eden. Mr. Le Roy's resentment had followed him steadily from one place to another in New York, until he found that it was useless to Beatrix Wentworth came round in front of she group. expect to retain employment in that city, and was forced to seek a livelihood in a more distant one, beyond the reach of his

enemy's anger. The villain was well punished for his than nine years. Poor Beatrix looked unmanly persecution of an innocent, help-frightened and dismayed. The pretty less girl, but it did not add to the sweetness the faithful ally of Mrs. Merivale in her

hatred of her whilom friend and lover. The time for his revenge seemed come at Beatrix looked up into the face of her letter, urging him to come to the seaside, and help her to identify Laurel Vane in the beautiful, courted woman queening it so Paps, forgive me," she murmured, royally in circles where Maud Merivale could barely find a footing. He lost no face. time in obeying her mandate, feeling as

husband and wife. He reached the hotel on a lovely evening in the last of August, and was shown at once to Mrs. Merivale's private parlor. They had never met but once before, but pa, I cannot say I am sorry for my fault, ause Cyril is so good and kind, and he ing. Both were alike at heart—crafty,

> "And you are sure that she is Laurel Vane?" he said, in wonder. "I am sure-quite sure in my own mind," she replied. "But you will see her

her and for me. And yet—would I change had conquered pride. He would forgive on the shore in the morning." had conquered pride. He would forgive "What are we to do if it be really Laurel

ane?" asked Powell, musingly.

Her pale eyes flashed with subtle mean-We must do anything to prevent her

CHAPTER LXI. Contrary to her usual habit, and to the hotel parlors that evening. Beatrix sisters, one of whom is unmarried, and and her child were going back to New they are all residing at Southampton. He York with Mr. Gordon the next day. He had two brothers one of whom, Enderby had promised his daughter to take her home to her mother—promised her Mrs. Gordon's free and full forgiveness both to herealf and here herself and her beloved Cyril. Beatrix was toum in November. very happy in the reconciliation with her father—so happy that Laurel could not bear to cloud the brightness of her sky with a single shadow, so she did not refuse when that evening.

Papa wishes it," sail Mrs. Wentworth. statement that you are so young still, in spite of your brilliant literary fame. He

Laurel laughed and perm and to be intro-She felt grateful to him still, and was not averse to seeing him again, herself

brocade, with cream-white Spanish lace. The rainbow fire of opals shone on her golden hair was arranged on the top of her head in a queenly fashion. Though she had scarcely given a thought to her per-sonal appearance, she had never looked more lovely. There was not a single weman at the seaside that night who could

St. Leon Le Roy. Gordon had sent him that mysterious sum-mons: but when they met, and he frankly world. Statistics which have just been mons: but when they met, and he frankly inquired the reason, he received an evasive reply. Mr. Gordon promised to tell nim after a while, but just now he had promised to escort his daughter, Mrs. Wentworth, into the hell-room, where the lively attains as the best educated country in the world. Statistics which have just been published show that out of 150,000 Germans who in the course of last year became liable to military service, considerably less

The publisher was a little nervous as he average was observed. thus pleaded for his daughter. She had told her father the story of her unanswered letter to Mr. Le Roy. He could not tell shop belongs to the keeper of the place or

Mr. Gordon conducted him to his daughhe said. er's private parlor. Beatrix was there, thickly to her azure eyes as she confessed her fault and begged him to pardon her. Mr. Le Roy, I should never have sent poor little Laurel there," said Beatrix. "I was a young and silly girl enough, I own, but I over his head and shoulders and squarting over his head and shoulders and squarting ovely, ignorant child into the way of temp-

"That lovely ignorant child!"-some how those words seemed like a tacit reproach to him. Yes, that was what she ad been-a beautiful simple child, all unversed in the world's ways, ignorant of the enormity of her fault, or believing that her great love condoned it. How ardly, how cruelly he had judged her, the girl-wife he had taken before God, "for

etter for worse."
"I have not kept my vow," he said to

and, indeed, I sometimes wonder if there is anything to forgive. My wife nade me very happy. I erred when in my hardness I refused to forgive her. But for my hard, suspicious nature that made me impute mercenary motives to her, I should have pardoned the child's fault. But I was The whole of the birds, old and new, then

of wonder, as she gazed into his pale, agitated face.

"I spoke in the present tense, as if

tongue, Mrs. assumed carelessness.

gentlemen gave each other. Cyril thought that Mr. L<sub>3</sub> Roy had treated his erring bride hardly and unjustly, and he could not be cordial to him, for pretty Laurel's sake—and on the other hand St. Leon remembered how jealous he had been of this handsome young man in the days before he learned the truth about his wife. The old dislike and resentment lingered with entlemen gave each other. Cyril thought he learned the truth about his wife. The old dislike and resentment lingered with very soon after Cyril's entrance, promising take the consequences. As Lord Coleridge to meet them later in the ball-room or the observed, this adds a new terror to dinner

Beatrix asked him eagerly, as soon as she found a chance te hang upon his arm apart Clocks and Watches Act, 1885," and bearom the rest.

my darling," he said. "Of course you are have the dials and works altered to the new the sweetest, fairest woman on earth to code, under certain serious penalties. Warme. But Mrs. Lynn is the most beautiful wick is one of the most old-world towns in as well as the most gifted one I ever met." England, though connected with civiliza-

laughingly. (To be continued.)

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

ernment has chartered seventy transports in connection with the Soudan campaign. This is the largest business of this kind from meeting Mr. Le Roy again—I could since the Crimean war. The number has not endure their happiness," she replied, may not improbably reach a hundred bloc before the demands of the campaign are of satisfied.

THE late Gen. Gordon's sisters have declined the annuity which Mr. Gladstone humor a caprice of Mrs. Wentworth's, declined the annuity which Mr. Gladstone Laurel decided to make her appearance in offered to them. The General left three they are all residing at Southampton. He

In a recently published volume entitled "Biographical Sketches," by the Hon. L. A. Tollemache, the writer records the opinion Beatrix asked her to go into the parlors of the late Lord Lansdowne, a distinguished orator himself, and for many years leader "Papa wishes it," sail Mrs. Wentworted, of the Liberal Party in the Lords, that Mr. Bright, as an orator, was fully equal to Charles James Fox, and that none of Mr. Fox's contemporaries were of the Liberal Party in the House of equal to Mr. Gladstone.

nagines you an old lady in cap and spec- Time was, and not so long ago, when the use of the thermometer was comparatively occasional, but now it is employed to such remembrance of the fair handsome young fellow who had been so kind and pitiful to her that day in London, when Beatrix and Clarics had so scolded and frightened her. She felt grateful to him athle and resemble in these heat pieces is, therefore, essential in their above. Germany the Government has been asked to establish a legalized standard, the She chose an evening dress of pale-pink petitioners citing the frequency of accidents caused by badly-constructed instruments

NOTTAWAY COUNTY, Virginia, the region arms and neck, and her beautiful burnished inhabited by the first settlers, and made interesting by reminiscences of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas, is fast returning The young have gone to more promising and beauty.

Some one else beside Ross Powell had

and the oak and pine cover great planta-Some one else beside Ross Powell had tions where the negro once cultivated corn arrived that evening—no less a person than and tobacco.

He was rather puzzled to know why Mr. GERMANY continues to deserve its reputo the ball-room, where the lively strains than 11 per cent. were illiterate. Of the of the band were stready in progress.

Wurtemburg recruits, every one, without exception, could both read and write; and give her for her share in his past trouble? it was only in the eastern provinces and districts of Prussia that anything approachever dreamed how it would all turn out. ing to an unsatisfactory educational

letter to Mr. Le Roy. He could not tell shop belongs to the keeper of the place or whether time had softened his resentment the finder is often disputed. A writer in at the girl's conspiracy that had ended so the Pharmaceutical Record relates that a disastrously.

Mr. Le Roy grew very pale for a moment as he was thus brought face to face with the past. Then he remembered in the store had lost it, and, finding they Mrs. Wentworth's letter with something had not, he appropriated it. His claims the shame. It had been so kind, and sweet, to it being disputed, the case was submitted as far north as the 70th parallel, the nd womanly—so truly repentant. to a lawyer, who said: "The open passage latitude of Cisco Island on the Greenland." like shame. It had been so kind, and sweet and womanly—so truly repentant.
"I was rude and churlish to slight it so," he said to himself, remorsefully.
"I shall be very glad to see her, and I way which they were invited to occupy for way which they were invited to occupy for way which they were invited to occupy for the public of the pu ope she will forgive me for my churlish- purposes of traffic." So the finder kept the

California prejudice against the heathen oking very lovely in a simple evening- Chinee is latest illustrated in a cruel trick dress of black and white. Tears crowded played upon Mr. An Gow, or, in more ele-If I had known that you were at Eden, genuine Chinaman playing a part in the ead and shoulders and equalting door. When extricated the blood was streaming down his face from an ugly scalp wound caused by a projecting nail. It was found that some one, supposed to be a stage hand, had driven three sharp-pointed nails into the barrel in such a way that the Chinaman could scarpely escape serious injury. And while Mr. Gow was in agony, McKee Rankin, his manager, was justly

indignant. MISS SARTORIUS, in her book on the Soudan and Egypt, says: "Every village has "I have not kept my vow," he said to himself, and Beatrix, who thought him hard and stern, wondered at the softness of cones, and in the evening the owners go out and call them in. But when a man wants I forgive you freely, Mrs. Wentworth, to get hold of extra pigeons, instead of callreelly hard. It is no wonder she refuses go into the house, and the man returning forgive me."
"Refuses!" Beatrix echoed, with a start ness if it were not that all of them do the Laurel really existed. A mere slip of the temptation of cheating his tongue, Mrs. Wentworth," he said, with neighbor."

"Ah! if only he knew the real truth! People who lay down carpets across the But I can see that he is deeply repentant, pavement for the convenience of their and I foresee a joyful reconciliation between him and his beautiful gifted wife," said

Watson against Ellis, decided in England Beatrix to herself, hopefully.

In a little while Cyril Wentworth came

Smith on annual from the Bloometer. In a little while Cyril Wentworth came in. It was but a distant greeting the two County Court. Colonel Ellis gave a dinner him unconsciously still. He took leave those who laid down carpets thereon must Now, I am going to introduce you to parties, or rather to the responsibilities of

papa will take me."

She led him to Laurel's apartment, and watched him closely as he bowed before the gifted authoress whose writings he admired so much. Cyril was almost dumb with surprise and admiration. It was some time before he recovered himself sufficiently to fier her his arm to conduct her to the bal. room.

"Well, Cyril, what do you think of her?"

Beatrix asked him eagerly as a contact than Lite."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

The natural gas companion. ing the royal arms, warning the public that He looked fondly down into the fair all persons exhibiting a clock or timepiece in any public place, hotel, inn, etc., must
"You must not be jealous of my opinion," within fourteen days from the date hereof, It was eloquent praise, but somehow Beatrix looked disappointed. He read it plainly on the fair mobile face.

"Is there anything more that I ought to say about your favorite?" he inquired, considerable. There is no doubt that Mr. Gladstone came in for a full share of their objurgation.

THE year before the Franco-Prussian war One of the longest courtships on record General A. von Roon, Prussian Minister of was happily terminated with a marriage at War, caused to be published and jointly of it." Harrisonville, N. J., a few days ago, the parties being Hiram J. Cheeseman, of that place, and Miss Eve M. Thomas, of Clay. ethnology. He had been mainly instru-The couple had been "keeping mental in the creation of the new German company" continuously for twen y-eight military system, and desired to cultivate in the German army a knowledge of the

and diffuse themselves. The London Lancet thinks that some such study would UP to the 10th instant the British Gov. be useful now to teach British soldiers, and especially British politicians, the uselessness of waging war against the overpower ing forces of nature. It is an exciting political question just now whether the fanaticism over this question. Our con-temporary does not doubt the ultimate nent occupation of the Soudan. No European race has yet succeeded in colonising the valley of the Nile. All attempts to propagate Europeans in this district have failed, though every civilising nation has tried it in turn. The people now are the same as in the days of the Pharaohs, and so they will remain, whatever statesmen and warriors may desire to the contrary Natural laws affecting the diffusion of rac will not vield to military or political exigencies. The sooner this truth is realized the better. It was an axiom of the great Sapoleon after his Egyptian campaign again to wage war with a desert.

### Trees in the Far North.

Popular impressions are often far from he truth, and in regard to the arctic regions they are undoubtedly so. A tree-less land would be, in the opinion of most people, the idea which would suggest itself n regard to the regions in question. Yet this, though true, is not all the truth. Within the arctic circle are found trees ften forming considerable, though stunted, orests. In eastern Siberia pines and other trees come down almost to the water's edge, while all over western Siberia, arctic Russia and Lapland the tree limit runs within the arctic circle; trees extend even to the North Cape. In Greenland of it, no herbage more worthy of name of tree tuan the stunted b which, in the more sheltered valleys of that country, equally inappropriately named with Iceland, attains the propor tion of little shrubs; and it is not un ome to the milder latitude of the Pacific that the tree line, which has described a scutherly curve in the cold regions of cen tral North America, again rises to the Behring Strait we find nothing which we Alaska touch the arctic circle, and forests | The loaded train, with full steam

of white spruce are formed on the Noatak. river which infringes on the arctic circle. In Lapland the spruce ceases at the 68th parallel, and Scotch fir at the 69th; but in Norway, probably owing to the warm gulf stream, which sweeps along the coast and into the arctic sea, at least as far as Nova Zembla, we find forests of Scotch firs 60 feet high as far north as Altenfjord, and birches 45 feet high in an equally northern latitude. latitude 70 deg. 28 min. the hardy Sco fir still maintains its ground, though the spruce fails a degree or so further south. In the vicinity of Hammerfest, in Lap land, in 70 deg. 45 m. N., there are dwar

Quack Advertisements Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we into the merits of many articles puffed up many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's NERVILINE. would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and cortain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates o the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

Surf bathing has commenced in San Diego, Cal., and the whole town bathes

## every day in the sea.

How Pale You Are! is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have to mention, but still the act may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, apprises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Pallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfectled, and the blood is impoverished. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore

roses to the ckeek. Maine proposes to go for the drinker as well as the seller and to punish him by imprisonment for the first offence.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the corn crop has been immensely increased in Canada. the N. P. people will claim this as a product of protection, tu PUTNAM'S PAIN LESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone is entitled to all the credit. It raise more corn to the acre than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guaranteed. Beware of flesh. eating substitutes. N. C Polson & Co.

General Grant's physicians have decided not to perform the difficult operation which has been contemplated on account of the patient's lack of vital power.

# " I Love Her Better than Life."

proprietors, Kingston.

all this redundant enterprise they with have not the sharpness to discover a way to prevent their odorless commodity from leaking out of the pipes and to stop the daily explosions.

-- Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys nd aids digestion. Is equally good for both sexes.

New York trades people, says Town Topics, complain that they have greater cifficulty this year in collecting their accounts against delicquent fashionables than they had during the year just closed. A bright man at one of the clubs the other evening summed the whole matter up by saying: "A member of New York society Baying: must either have wealth or the appearance

If you have catarrb, use the sures remedy-Dr. Sage's.

The British brewers last year paid \$45, 000,000 in taxes and exported more than \$7,500,000 worth of beer.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languil, tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet: that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity driving the bloom from your cheeks : that continual strain upon your vital forces, Soudan should be permanently occupied | rendering you irritable and fretful, can or not. There will be ample British blood shed, and slaughter enough of the semi-civilized races of the semi-civil easily be removed by the use of that mar-Soudan Low struggling with religious relieved at once while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are triumph of British arms in the field, but it so profoundly grateful and show such an does doubt the possibility of any permainterest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

#### A Postal Card Story. I was affected with kidney and urinary

Trouble-For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent edicines I could hear of I used two bottles of Hop Bitters ;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1875. It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a bors use them. S3,000 Lost. year since I took Hop Bitters. All my neigh-MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000 done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N.Y. So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs,—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. BOONE. Baby Saved. We are so thankful to say that our nursing aby was permanently cured of a dangerous nd protract d constipation and irregularity of he bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nother, which at the same time restored her the

The Parents, Rochester, N.Y. None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their

Successful experiments have been recently made at Cincinnati with the new orth, and until we reach the shores of electric railway brake. The trial was made with a heavy coal train of ten cars, each car can dignify by the name of trees. The weighing, empty, about eleven tons and wooded banks of the Yukon River in having a tonnage capacity of 40,000 pounds. put to a speed of 48 miles per hour on a down grade of 68 feet to the mile, and



#### LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S \* VEGETABLE COMPOUND \* \* \* IS A POSITIVE CURF \* \* \* -

For all of these Painful Complaints and \* \* Weeknesses so common to our best \* \* \* \* \* FEMALE POPULATION. \* \* \* If will cure entirely the worst form of F? MALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, IR FLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DIE PLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAT NESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

# IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE LIPPORT OF NATIONAL STREET THE PROPERTY OF T JTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CH TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKEY VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. # \* IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS \*TI REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROY, ALLCRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WELK NESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEAZ ACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRACTON, GENERAL DEBILITY. DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

\* THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY. CURED BY ITS USE.

\* IT WILL, AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT INVIARMONY WITH THE LAWN THAY \* IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CINCULS STANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAY GOVERN THE PEMALE SYSTEM. \*

\* AP-ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF FAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF ADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. \*\*

LADIES, CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. TO A SET IN THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED, C. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND Sprepared at Lynn, Mass. Price St. Six bottles for \$1.00 to your distinguistion of Pills or Luzenges on receipt of price as above. Mrt Pinkham's "Guide to theaith" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered. PINKHARY

D ON. 1. 14 85. J. WINCKLER PATENT SELF-VENTING PUMP FAUCET

The simplest and best in the market. Price \$ RENNIE'S SEEDS are THE BEST FIELD, GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS

WM RENNIE TORONTO

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