

TANGLED THREADS

"Quite well. She is in the dining-room, if you'd come in and see her."

Nothing loth, Arthur Eason stepped in at once, the door continuing his way. Mrs. Kane was darning stockings. She and Arthur had always been the very best of friends, quite brother and sister. Meek and gentle as ever, she looked at him with her smooth, curling hair, and the loving expression in her mild, soft eyes. Arthur sat down and talked with her, his glance roving over to that other house, seeking the form of one he did not see.

"Do you know how Mrs. Cumberland is this morning?" he inquired of Bevy.

"I have not heard. Mr. Seeley has been there; for I saw him in the dining-room with Ellen Adair."

Arthur Eason's pulses froze to ice.

"I think they are both in the garden now."

"Are they?" snapped Arthur. "His patients must get on nicely if he hides away his mornings in the garden."

Bevy looked up from her darning. "I don't mean that Seeley's there, Arthur—I mean Mrs. Cumberland and Ellen."

As Bevy spoke, jelly was seen to come out of Mrs. Cumberland's house, penetrate the trees, and return with her mistress.

"Some one has called, I suppose," remarked Bevy.

Captain Bohun thought the gods had made the opportunity for himself expressly. He went out, stepped over the small fence, and disappeared in the direction that Mrs. Cumberland had come from, believing it would lead him to Ellen Adair.

In the second and beautiful spot where we first saw her—but where we shall not often, alas! see her again—she sat. The flowers of early spring were out then; the daisy-like flowers were blooming now. A natural border of roses seemed to encompass her; the cascade was trickling softly as ever down the artificial rocks, murmuring its monotonous cadence; the birds sang to each other from branch to branch; glimpses of the green lawn and of brilliant flowers were caught through the trees. Ellen Adair and sometimes thought the spot beautiful as a scene in fairy-land. It was little less so. She was not working this morning. An open book lay before her on the rustic table, from which the lace fell back; a hand so suspiciously delicate as to be taken a want of sound strength in its own. She wore a white dress, with a low of pink ribbon, and a white waist-band. There were three, and this was one of them, when she looked extremely festive.

A sound of footsteps. Ellen only thought it was Mrs. Cumberland returning, and read on. But there was a different sound in these steps as they gained or her ear. Her heart stood still, and then bowed down again tumultuously, her pulses tingled, her sweet face turned red as the blushing rose. Sunshine had come.

"Good-morning, Miss Adair."

In cold, resolute, haughty tones was it spoken, and he did not attempt to shake hands. The sunshine seemed to go in again with a sweep. She closed her book, and opened it, her fingers fluttering. Captain Bohun put down his hat on the seat.

"I thought Seeley might be here," said she, seeking out a lovely rose, and plucking it carefully.

"Seeley?" she exclaimed.

"Seeley. I beg your pardon. I did not know I spoke indistinctly. SEELEY."

He stood and faced her, watching the varying color of her face, the soft blushes going and coming. Somehow they increased his anger.

"May I ask if you have accepted him?"

"Accepted him?" she stammered, in wild confusion. "Accepted what?"

"The offer that Seeley made you last night."

"It was not last night," she replied in a confused impulse.

"Oh, then it was this morning! May I congratulate you, or not?"

Ellen Adair turned to her book in deep vexation. She had been caught, as it were, into making the tacit admission that Mr. Seeley had made her an offer. And she was hurt at Arthur Bohun's words and tone. Had he no more trust in her than this? As she turned the leaves of the book in her agitation, the plain gold ring on her finger attracted his sight. He was chafing inwardly, but he strove to appear as careless as possible, and sat down as far from her as the bench allowed.

"I would be honorable if I did for it," he remarked with indifference, looking at the rose. "Is it quite the thing for you to listen to another man whilst you wear that ring upon your finger?"

Ellen took it off and pushed it towards him along the table.

This frightened him. He turned as white as ashes. Until now, he had only been speaking in jealousy, not in belief. Her own face was becoming white, her lips were compressed to hide their trembling. And thus they sat for a minute or two. He looked at the ring, then looked at her.

"Do you mean it, Ellen?" he asked, in a voice that struggled with agitation, proving how very earnest he deemed the thing was becoming—what over it might have begun. She made no answer.

"Do you wish to give me back this ring?"

"What you said was, I thought, equivalent to asking for it."

"It was not. You know better."

"Why are you quarrelling with me?"

Moving an inch nearer, he changed his tone to gentleness, bending his head forward.

"Heaven knows that it is bitter enough to me. Have I cause, Ellen?"

Her eyes were bent down; she color stole into her face again; a half-smile parted her lips.

"You know, Ellen, it is perfectly monstrous that a woman should be like Seeley should dare to cast his aspiring thoughts to you."

"Was it my fault?" she returned. "He ought to have seen that—that I should not like it."

"What did you tell him?"

"That it was quite impossible; that he was making a mistake altogether. When he was gone, I complained to Mrs. Cumberland."

"Insolent jackanapes! Was he rude, Ellen?"

"Rude! Mr. Seeley!" she returned in surprise. "Quite the contrary. He has always been as considerate and deferential as a man can be. You look down on his position. Arthur, but he is as great a gentleman in my mind as you are."

"I only despise his position when he would seek to unite with you."

"It has been very wrong of you to make me confess this. I can tell you I am feeling anything but 'honorable,' as you put it just now. There are things that should never be talked about; and this is one of them. Nothing can be more unfair."

Very unfair. Captain Bohun's right feeling had come back to him, and he could only

assent to it. He began to feel a little ashamed of himself on more points than one.

"It shall never escape my lips, Ellen, whilst I breathe. Seeley's secret is safe for me."

Taking up the ring, he held it for a moment, as if examining the gold. Ellen rose and went outside. The interview was becoming a very conscious one. He caught her up near the cascade, took her right hand in his, and slipped the ring upon her third finger.

"How many times has it been off?" he asked.

"Never until to-day."

"Well, there it is again, Ellen. Cherish it well. I hope—that ere long—"

He did not finish, but she understood quite well what he meant. Their eyes met, and each read the impassioned love seated within the other; strangely pure withal, and idealistic as ever poet dreamed of. He strained the hand in his.

"Forgive my petulance, my darling."

Excepting the one sweet word and the lingering pressure of the hand; excepting that the variegated rose was transferred from his possession to hers, the interview had been wholly wanting in the fond signs and tokens that are commonly supposed to attend the intercourse of lovers. Captain Bohun had hitherto abstained from using them, and perhaps Heaven alone knew why the self-denial cost him. In his unusually restrained nature he may have deemed that they would be unjustifiable, until he could speak out openly and say, "Will you be my wife?"

(To be Continued.)

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, cleanses the blood, and purifies the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and is the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Take only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. 25 cents.

Young man—"Look out! There's a mouse." The advanced young woman (calmly)—"Oh, how cunning. Can't you coax the little dear out this way?"

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN,—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unhappy state has all been changed, and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are especially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abereorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

"Oh, yes; when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court circles."

She (sniffy)—What was the charge against you?

Dear Sirs,—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and I think it has no equal for cramp. Mrs. J. S. O'BRIEN, Huntsville, Ont.

The gift sent to Johann Strauss by Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive, is a pair of giraffes. Few of his other presents come so high.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do all you claim for it.

"Say, I don't believe that story about Mrs. Danvers's hair turning gray in a night; do you?"

"Yes, and that's the fact. That's nothing; my mamma turned hers yellow in half a day."

AN EDITOR'S OPINION OF POSEY'S EXTRACT: "Your medicine is first-class. We would not be without it in the house (yellow label, buff wrapper, name blown in the glass) for \$50 a year."—[Aurora, Ill., Express and Herald.]

Mrs. Hiland—I don't like to see girls throw kisses; it is so immodest. Mr. Hiland—Yes; and then they are usually such poor marksmen.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, soothing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, croup, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Neil—What makes you think your new suit is entirely too honest? Belle—Because he wouldn't even steal a kiss.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

"What's Cholly doing?" "Trying to collect his thoughts." "Poor fellow, he isn't the first to have trouble with bad debts."

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

"Will you marry me?" "I am already engaged to four men." "But you can only marry one, you know. And let me be the one."

Fatal Results of Delay.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

"Poor John! he was a great hunter."

"Yes, he even died game."

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THE OPEN FORUM.

The Poor Man's Shelter.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISER:

Through your kindness in inserting mention that we required gifts of furniture, friends have sent articles along. I thought that if you could give a list of what is required to fit up our Poor Man's Shelter, other friends, knowing what we want, may be able to assist by donating some or one of the things mentioned below: One tea urn, one coffee urn, one boiler, two pails (tin), two stew kettles, one paste board and roller, two dozen mugs, one dozen soup plates, two dozen soup bowls, two large baking tins, one dozen small plates, one dozen large plates, one dozen cups and saucers, one pint jug, one quart jug, soap, wagon for delivering wood, horse, two axes, two back-saws, two saw-horses, and literature and pictures for the reading room. Yours sincerely,

FRED. F. MILLER, Adjutant.

Workman's Castle, Salvation Citadel, Clarence Street.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS.

Meeting of the Western Association—Practical Topics Discussed—London the Next Place of Assembly.

SCOTLAND, Oct. 24.—The Western Association of the Congregational Church was in session here on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. There were about 50 delegates present, and a most enjoyable and helpful time was realized. Among the questions that came up for discussion was "Church Union," "Home and Foreign Missions," "Training and Ordination of Ministers," etc.

Rev. John Morton, of Hamilton, preached the annual sermon of the association, his theme being "The Gospel is the Power of God Unto Salvation." The session concluded with a Christian Endeavor rally, a great many young people from the surrounding churches being present. Rev. A. F. McGregor, of Woodstock, spoke on "Some Things I Have Seen in C. E. Work," and Robert Hopkin, of London, on "Our Possibilities." The meeting closed with an inspiring consecration service.

The officers elected for the following year are: Rev. A. W. Richardson, of Ontario, president; Rev. J. Watson, of Hamilton, secretary; Mr. R. Skinner, of Guelph, treasurer.

The association adjourned to meet next April in the Southern Congregational Church, London.

THE LATEST LOAN.

Canada's Good Credit Jeopardized by Unjust Stewardship.

OTTAWA, Oct. 25.—Referring to the loan which Mr. Foster is negotiating, the Journal tonight says: "The Dominion is borrowing \$12,500,000 this time. Two years ago it borrowed nearly \$2,000,000. Four years before that it borrowed \$30,000,000. Over \$44,000,000 in six years. Is not this a little fast? The national credit has not retrograded, it stands very high, but borrowing at such a rate is sure sooner or later to bring our credit down disastrously."

HOW SONG IS SUGGESTED.

Popular Favorites Are Pirated From the Commonest Sources.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

The nimble-witted journalist is ever ready to take a hint and to turn nursery rhymes or antiquated jingles into marketable matter, thoroughly up to date. It was one of these clever fellows, the late Ben King, who, remembering the old quatrains—

There was an old woman, and what do you think?

Shelved upon nothing but victuals and drink, Yes, victuals and drink were the chief of her diet.

And a funny old woman could never keep quiet.

—grasped the idea and wrote the popular ditty, altered but not improved, by Walter Jones in his tramp scene in "1492," which runs as follows:

Nothing to do but work,

Nothing to eat but food,

Nothing to wear but clothes,

To keep us from being nude,

Nothing to breathe but air—

Quick as a flash its gone;

Nowhere to fall but on,

Nowhere to stand but on,

Nothing to comb but hair,

Nowhere to sleep but in bed,

Nothing to weep but tears,

Nothing to see but the head,

Nothing to sing but song.

Ah! well! alas! alas!

There's nowhere to go but out,

And nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but such,

Nothing to quench but thirst—

And that's the end of it!

Another bright fellow over in London noticed that the nursery rhyme—

The cat ran over the roof of the house,

With a raw lump of liver in her mouth.

—was popular because of its alliteration, and taking the hint, wrote:

Linger longer, Facy,

Linger longer, Lou,

Linger longer, Linger longer,

Linger longer, Lou.

This atrocious bit of tangling trash was set to music and caught the town, and afterward became the rage in the music halls of two.

A slighter hint than either of those cited gave rise to the song, "Wait! Mister Postman," which tells the story of a little girl who wrote a letter to mamma in heaven and insisted that the postman should mail it. The first stanza is as follows:

The Postman was late

And was running along

To gather letters in time,

When he heard a sweet voice,

Like a mother's lullaby song,

Or a mother's lullaby song,

Or a mother's lullaby song,

Wait, Mr. Postman!

Don't hurry so fast.

Wait, Mr. Postman!

I've caught you at last;

This letter must go in the mail before seven—

The letter I've written to mamma in heaven."

The author of the song, being a newspaper man, was naturally on the alert for suggestions, and when his little girl ran to him one morning with an old envelope, which she had picked up somewhere, and told him that she had a letter from Nellie, a little playmate of hers whom she loved very much and who had recently died, he saw the pathos of the incident, and in a few moments had written "Wait, Mister Postman."

Every line that is printed has its suggestion in something that has existed, as—

Man has a shadow, and if we could trace the history of works of fiction, of songs, or even the funny paragraphs which we read so carelessly, we would find history back of them all, perhaps tragedy.

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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Castoria.

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

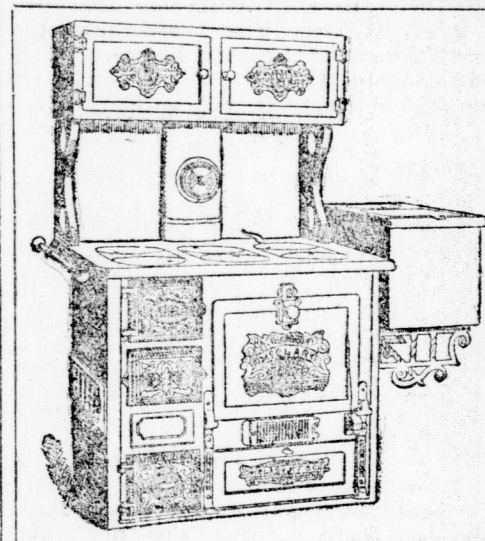
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