peak kindly, for our days are all too few For any angry strife; There is deep meaning, if we only knew, In our brief life. No nobler mission can be ours, if we A pang can stay; Or if amid the rush of tears we see

Wipe one away.

Speak kindly. Gracious words, God sent. God given,

Are never lost They come all fragrant with the breath o

Yet nothing cost. Kind words are like kind acts; they steal

Life's hidden springs; Then in the darkest storm, some little song The sad heart sings.

Speak kindly, graciously, for all around, Are pains and smarts; The very air is full of moans and sound

Of breaking hearts. Seek, seek to bind them up as once did he Thy gracious Lord; Then surely will his hand bestow on thee A bright reward.

SELECT STORY.

A TREVOR COURT TRAGEDY. CHAPTER III. FACE TO FACE.

CONTINUED. SHE recoiled from him, and taking of her fur mantle, flung it to the ground Then with a sudden wrench, she broke the slender gold chain from her reck and threw it on the table.

"I have fallen low enough," she replied with a strangled sob, "but yet not so low as that. Farewell Philip. I am not

"Kathleen, stay! Listen, I entreat! Have you lost all love for me so soon? Can you leave me in this way when I would give my life to keep you? Forgive my deception. For your sake I withheld the story of my former marriage from you. Why should you turn against me now?'

was to prove.

CHAPTER IV.

"GREAT HEAVEN, YOU HAVE KILLED ME!"

The right-hand road was the carriage drive to the front of Trevor Court. The ing's grounds, the cottage being at the west side of the wood, through which inflicted was the deadly 'back thrust,'

wood separating them. The gardens bedered on the moor, and were bounded ace and reproach. partly by a low brick wall, partly by a

back premises. One, a small wooden door

servants' offices and back gardens. A own life, if necessary. side path also led from it up to an entrance in one of the wings of the court, used for ly shaping itself in the turmoil of his

were not one of ceremony, but business. To reach the white gate before mendown. At least this was the shortest way | thick. especially at night. But there were halfa-dozen winding paths from the gardens and grounds emerging into the main path | in the harness-room with the coachman, through the wood itself, so that anyone having bribed one of the maids to be on leave by another, if they knew the intric- and warn him if she heard it.

proceeded to turn his knowledge to ac- the house count. The walk over the the still, white unawares and force the truth from his ly- toddy, a delicate attention on the part of ing lips; how best, too, to punish him for Mr. Jenkins, by her side.

acies of the place.

detected the false ring of the metal, the was," he continued musingly. man he had to deal with.

Ugly tales were whispered in the parish.

Only one hope, a slender, despairing tune at her feet. one, remained to Oliver. Perhaps Maraquita was dead; if so, though Kathleen had sown a cup of endless sorrow for her- let and the Duke and other characters self, her good name might be saved. That she had gone through the form of

from the plain gold ring he had seen But why secrecy, if she was really his parted. The book dropped from her fin-

faded at the thought. Mechanically he took the way round the wood to the the door, but the candle had gutted out, inhabitants of the village; Miss Plowman, Mrs. Reynolds and the rest. Horace Derthe wall, he saw, to his surprise, that the escaped his notice. He went away, wonsmall door in it was open. Knowing that | dering if the house had become thoroughly

it was a private entrance only used by deserted. Sir Philip, it struck him that the baronet | Meanwhile the game in the harness having left it unfastened, was probably room went merrily. A bottle of 'Kina-Oliver determined to see whither it and spoons clinked jovially, and a cloud would lead him; if to Sir Philip's immed- of blue smoke from the choice cigars Jeniate presence, so much the better, for it kins had surreptiously annexed for the was certain that an interview would be occasion, hung in the air.

est idea of the nature of his errand.

only to find himself more hopelessly in- stood up on end, and looked askance. volved among the network of evergreens.

Suddenly a cry, or rather, a hoarse Now we shall see. It's your deal." scream of terror and anguish, fell upon | Suddenly the door opened. A dark, his ear, turning him cold with dread. "Help! Great Heaven, you have pallid face they shrank back with fright, your radicalism and socialism! What do

the night air-in Philip Trevor's voice. Then a wild laugh, a crashing and as someone, breathless, panting, broke stabbed by some unknown hand." through the bushes close to where Oliver West stood paralysed, and rushed past

"Stop? What devil's work is this? Kathleen!" The figure was that of a woman. He put his hand and tried to grasp it as it

fled, but only succeeded in touching something dark and soft-a fur mantle, so it like the excitement felt among the inhabseemed to him in the obscurity. "Help! I am dying, come quickly!" Once more the cry resounded faintly from vor had met his death.

wrenched herself from his grasp with a ers. People crowded to his surgery, and startled shriek and disappeared into the followed him from house to house as he darkness of the laurels. was no time to be lost. Though Philip taciturnity.

was in dire extremity.

of lawn, the light from the open window | even had he known the dire consequences lying in a broad bar upon the path. Another moment and he stood within shaken his resolution. the 100m. Too late. A horrible sight met his eyes. Sir Philip Trevor lay back,

raised the body in his arms and looked ited any more. for the wound. Life he saw, was already

the back of the neck—a stab which had any fresh light on the mystery. been intended to reach the heart by pen-

the side of the neck instead, accomplishing its fell purpose none the less surely.

And then, with the strange inconsequence of thought, often peculiar to the With a wild cry of anguish she broke ish town, idly buying rosy-fleshed melons man and Mrs. Reynolds. Subsequently Syrup." from him, fiercely pushing the doors of and purple-tinted green figs from a black- he had called at the cottage. This much the French windows apart, and ran out eyed Andalusian girl. The sun shone was elicited at the coroner's inquest from into the night, little dreaming how terrib- with torrid, white heats on the plaza; Ellen, the Dering servant, who gave her ly near its fulfilment her presentiment there was a sky of vivid cobalt, unflecked evidence with a nervous trepidation

shire, and a wide path through this parted | with a careless shrug of the shoulders. | half curiosity. Jealosuy, an ill-chosen jest, or an old

two of them, and in each case the wound he knew it not, was already at work. nanual of the Spanish desperado.

The picture faded as suddenly as it had

Something glittering lay on the ground. was a slender gold chain with a ring at-A piece of evidence which confirmed

in the wall, forming an angle with the his awful suspicion that Kathleen Dering, house. This enclosing on three sides the whom he had met flying from the house. quaint little Dutch pleasaunce opposite was guilty of the terrible deed. He put the cedar room windows, and the maze- it hastily in his pocket with a groan of vor alone had a key, so the household had goaded the unhappy girl to madness, and in the agony of her despair and desolation, she had killed the man whom she out by Job Hearn to his strange passenger. had so passionately loved. At all costs This was the general way to the stables, he must shield her, even at the cost of his

It was strange that the servants had tioned, it was necessary to keep round reached him in the shrubbery; but their the wood, outside the wall, when one offices were some way from the cedar

This was the one coherent thought dim-

came to it and the iron palisading lower room and the walls of the old house were He did not know that Jenkins the butler, was having a snug game of cribbage

going to the court by one way could easily the watch for Sir Philip's bell, and to run Not that this was likely to happen, for Oliver West was well acquainted with the baronet rarely rang for anything, after

the house and its environs, and he now late dinner, unless there were guests in The other servants had gone to bed. moor and the keen coldness of the air had Only Emma, the kitchen maid before calmed his fever of rage and quieted his mentioned, sat with her feet on the nerves. He was able to pause and calcu- kitchen fender, a yellow-backed novel in

"It'll do you good, my dear, and keep At one time he and Sir Philip had been | you warm while you're sitting up. A fairly friendly, drawn together by certain drop of real 'L. L.,' as I keeps in general congenial tastes; but this did not last private for me and Sir Philip, though he long. Oliver West, a close observer, soon hain't nothink such a judge as his uncle

The book was entrancing and for a time Emma pursued with breathless interest the fortunes of Miss Violet Mont-The old squire had been a reckless spend- morency, the West-end milliner's mantle thrift; the young one was worse, because hand, whose beauty and virtue induced unscrupulous and cunning, he strove to the young and handsome Duke of Dashington to lay strawberry leaves and for-

Then the letters danced before her eyes, the lines ran into one another; Miss Viowere jumbled together in inextricable confusion. The spirit, if weak according a marriage with Sir Phillip, he was sure, to Mr. Jenkins' idea, had been strong enough to cause a result unlooked for by him. Emma's head fell back, her lips

gers-she was fast asleep. Oliver West, threading the long, dim white gate, As he passed along under and the sleeping girl in the dark corner

han' stood on the small deal table, glasses

denied him if the baronet had the faint- | Cards in hand, the men sat absorbed in the game, a flickering yellow oil-lamp But he was less familiar with this side | shining down on them, and casting Remof the house than any other, and though | brandtesque lights and shadows about the he could see a light twinkling through room. The butler's round, red face was the trees, the dense darkness of the shrub- jubilant; a small heap of silver coins bebery into which he plunged, misled him, side him, told why. The coachman He turned down one path after another, rubbed his carroty head until his hair

"One for his nob, that's all Mr. Mimms. stern figure stood before them, at whose hardly able to grasp the meaning of the you think of it now, eh?" The words came clear and distinct upon | terrible words which fell on their ears.

"Come back to the house at once. An awful thing has happened. Your crackling of branches and rustling of leaves | master is lying dead in the cedar room,

> CHAPTER V. WHO DID IT?

THE next day all Gately Regis rang with the news of the tragedy which had taken place at the court. Never within the memory of the oldest

neighbour, had an event caused anything itants on hearing of the mysterious and dreadful manner in which Sir Philip Tre-

"Who did it?" was on every tongue. Oliver paused irresolutely, then ceased But conjecture and surmise were useless. dislike. his pursuit of the woman who had Dr. West was beset with eager questionwent his rounds, his manner unchanged His professional instinct told him there save for perhaps, an additional shade of

Trevor was his worst enemy, he could not He had schooled himself for the part turn a deaf ear to his call now that he he intended to play. That the miserable woman he had loved so madly was guilty He felt his way to the gap where the he was certain. But her provocation had gap where the flying figure had burst been great, though he shuddered to think through the shrubs and saw the house of her crime. His should never be the of this reticence, it would not have

"I went to Trevor Court on a matter of business, and seeing a light through the Jansson, are you aware you put a false half slipping out of an armchair by the open window of the room where I knew | coin into the collection for the missions table, his face grey with the hue, Dr. Sir Philip usually sat, I dispensed with last Sunday? West knew meant death. A deep red | the formality of ringing and admitted mystain dyed his white shirt front, whence | self. I found Sir Philip Trevor lying dead | purpose; I did it to spite those cannibals the blood was slowly trickling on to his as I have described. That is all I can who devoured a relation of mine - a mislow cut evening vest. What awful deed tell you," was the unvarying reply, and sionary." had been enacted here? The doctor no cross-questioning, however adroit, elic-

The police searched carefully about the grounds and in the court itself, but not a dren while teething. If disturbed at Ha! here it was. A small, deep gash at the back of the neck—a stab which had any fresh light on the mystery.

The shrubs in the Dutch garden were worthy to breathe a prayer, but I feel that my wrongs will not go unavenged."

He sought to detain her, frightened by the look in her white face and glittering the look in her white face and glitter

The servants testimony was also worthquence of thought, often peculiar to the most terrible moments of our lives, a flash of memory carried Oliver West back to a certain day when he and a fellow student stood in the fruit market of a small Spanish town ight town ight town ight town is the town in the fruit market of a small Spanish to the tasked and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sylvery". less, as indicating any solution of the enigof memory carried Oliver West back to a for a ride, and then walked down to the by clouds; the picturesque crowd bar- strangely out of keeping with its unimgained, chattered, laughed; it seemed an portance. No, he had not been admitted. Arcadian picture from the ages of romance. Miss Dering was ill, in fact she had not Then a cry, a hoarse murmur, the flash left her room since; the shock of hearing THE road to the court from Gately Regis of knives, as two men closed in deadly such bad news had upset her very much. mbat, and in less time than it takes to | Oliver West, standing by the wall with from the hamlet proper. On the edge of tell it, one lay dead on the ground, while arms crossed and head bent down, started the farthest undulation stood one of the the other was hurried off in custody. as he saw Ellen's light grey eyes fixed on ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure dense pine woods so common in Level- What for? "Quien sabe," was the answer, him with a curious expression, half fear,

In fact, though he did not know it. more than one person in the room was subjecting him to an intense though secother, if followed for about a mile, ended the wild country about the Pyrenees. ret scrutiny. A word had been dropped, in a rustic gate opening into Horace Der- Oliver West during his tour, witnessed a faint whisper only. The leavon, though

The coroner decided that it would not there had been a right of way from time which he afterwards learned was the sign be necessary to call Miss Dering. Since her maid's evidence proved that she had not left the house since she returned from either house without going through this arisen, Again he was alone with the the church on Ash Wednesday morning. murdered man, whose fast-glazing eyes it was obvious that she could throw no hind the rambling old Tudor manor bor- seemed to follow him with a look of men- light on Sir Phillip's subsequent moveplied by Jenkins the butler, who took up thick laurel scrubbery closed in by iron Oliver picked it up with a shudder. It the thread at that point. His master to luncheon, had afterwards written letters, smoked and read papers,

till time to dress for dinner. Jenkins had noticed the addresses as he put them into the bag. One was to Sir Phillip's tailor in town; the other an enlike clipped shrubbery shutting it off on anguish. Was he not equally guilty? He quiry about a horse advertised for sale. the other. Of this door, Sir Philip Tre- had meant well by his warning, but it His master had been speaking to Mimms about it that very day. That was how

The servants generally considered their time their own after late dinner had been taken away. Sir Philip did not like being disturbed over his wine. Yes, it was true that he (Jenkins) and the coachman were having a friendly game of cards, when Dr. West came and told them what had occurred, but Emma Coleman, the

not been alarmed by the cry which had kitchen maid, had remained all the time within hearing of the cedar room bell. It had not rung; if so, she must have heard it. The row of bells was just over her head, where she had been sitting reading in the servants hall. So Emma Coleman said when called. Also that she

heard no cry or scuffling of any kind. No stranger had been seen about the court that day. It would be quite impossible for anyone to come in at the back entrance without being seen from the servants' offices or stables.

To get to the cedar room it would be ecessary to pass through the house, ungarden wall. Sir Philip alone, so far as the household knew, possessed one When the police searched the premises late how best to take Sir Philip Trevor her hand, and a glass of steaming whisky after the murder, the door was found unlocked and its key in the pocket of the This was strangest of all and seemed to point to the fact that the deed was com

mitted by some one around the place. But there was no shadow of evidence against any of the servants. Sir Philip was, though a selfish and indifferent master, not unpopular in his own household; possibly because that as long as things went smoothly, he let it manage itself without interference.

Unwillingly, the coroner was obliged to return a verdict of 'wilful murder against some person unknown.' The baronet was the last of his line, and though some relatives came forward and claimed the personal property of the deceased, the title was extinct.

mourning coaches, and sable-plumed hearse, was well attended. If there was in the neighborhood who had cared a straw about Sir Philip when living, it would have been bad form not to show him proper respect when dead. inhabitants of the village; Miss Plowman, ing was there too, his cynical, aristocratic but composed to a decent gravity; his frock coat, faultlessly cut, was threadbare;

his hat, with its mourning band rusty, though carefully brushed. Oliver West, who stood after the crowd had dispersed, watching the gravediggers finish their work, started as someone touched his elbow, and found himself face to face with Kathleen's father, the last person in the world whom he could

have wished to meet just then. "You are looking ill West, and no wonder! I only came back from town topics of the day and season, last night; but of course I have heard the whole story-how you found the poor fellow lying dead, and gave the alarm and so on. Heaven bless my soul, sir!; what are we coming to? A gentleman foully done to death in his own house: in the middle of a civilized, so-called christian community, and no one can find out by whose hand. This is the fruits of

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Per Jansson - Well, yes. I did it on

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> Judge (to prisoner) - We are now going to read the list of your former convictions. Prisoner - In that case, perhaps, your worship will allow me to sit down.

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> Your time has come, grimly remarked the errand boy, as he delivered a clock at a customer's residence.

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Little Emile (as his sister Elli enters the room with an apple in her hand)-Let's play Adam and Eve, sis. Elli-How? Emile - You tempt me with the apple, and I eat it.

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