# "YOU DON'T CARE, EH?"

Well, most folks do, and that is why

Ceylon GREEN Tea is making Japan Tea take a back seat; the people recognize "pure" tea. Sold in the same form as the celebrated "SALADA" black tea-in lead packets only.

"Oh! Lord Holyhead," stammered she gaining confidence from the vicinity of the garden-gate. "I have never been able to thank you for your great kindness last year. I am afraid you must think me very ungrateful; but, indeed, I heard of it, and whenever I have seen you, I have always wanted to tell you how much Low much we all-felt it. Somehow, I gever could get it out till today. Thank you, really. Good-bye."

She was close to the gate now, and put out her hand, blushing bright scarlet, He pressed it very cordially, and wishing her adieu, jumped on his horse and was off, and it was a filed with flowers off the table at her elbow, as if by accident, but the gleam in her dark italian eyes denoted the storm whose insuperable oblines in the less active the other. I long so to be back in my dear Italy."

Then I won't trouble you," said Holyhead. "You must have a great deal to do I will order my horse and wish you hand shook visibly, at under her sor This.

up in a silk handkerchief. It was some months ago, yet had he not forgotten how certain vague ideas crossed his mind then, which bore reference to the Villa, the parrot and other possessions of Alderman Jones. The same current of thought brighter more engrossing, yet of Alderman Jones. The same current of thought, brighter, more engrossing, yet perhaps not quite so pleasant, took possession of him now. On some minds the force of contrast has a stronger effect than even the influence of association; and Lord Holyhead, as he rode soberly along at a fact's nace with his rein and Lord Holyhead, as he rode soberly along at a foot's pace, with his rein dangling loose on the neck of his astonished hack, called up in his mind's eye a picture to which Bella Jones, with her fresh morning color and her quiet morning tollet—above all, with her frank simplicity and honest diffidence—was as in the from darkness.

simplicity and honest diffidence—was as different as light from darkness. It was not long since he had been sitting in a luxurious and beautiful little room, furnished with every appliance that could be thought of for comfort and amusement, rich in gaudy colors and costly ornaments, which, though not invariably in the best taste, were of high price and indisputable beauty. Groups of choice little statuettes filled the corners, and prints of well-known artists. framatic and otherwise, adorned the gramatic and otherwise, adorned the walls. Books, music, flowers were soatlered about the room, and a large piano sneumbered its somewhat contracted dimensions—a plane over which Holyhead had ere this hung enraptured, driking in its tone, as if such draughts were drained from a fountain always sweet, always inexhaustible. A blazing fire gave an air of home to all this brilliancy; and the out-of-doors view, not very engaging in cold spring weather, was shut out by pyramids of exotics completely blocking up the windows.

ing up the windows.

Enters on this luxurious little scene
a stout, dark-browed lady, with her shining bands of halr pressed closely to her
temples, and an ominous frown, harbintemples, and an ominous frown, naroun-ger of stormy weather, lowering on her forehead. She has the sallow complex-ion and black, piercing eyes of the South; also the sharp, shrill tones of the Italian voice, which, although capable of being modulated by art into the sweetest music, commonly strikes harsh and discommonly strikes are strikes as the same and the same and the same are strikes as the same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same are same as the same are same as the same are same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same are same are same as the same are same are same are same are same are same a agreeable on the ear in ordinary con-

wersation.

She flounces in, without taking notice of Holyhead, sweeps her hand over the keys of the instrument with practised skill, trills off a roulede that makes the window glasses ring again, and sinking into an easy-chair by the fire, puts her feet upon the fender, disclosing a creased stacking and a sligner down-at-heel. stocking and a slipper down-at-heel, while she gives vent to a yawn of such capacious energy as betrays the amount of ennul by no means complimentary to

Holyhead looks as if he meditated de-parture, but did not know exactly how to set about it.
The lady stares at him contemptuously, for a minute or so, pulls a bunch of

for a minute or so, pulls a bunch of keys and a letter out of her pocket, and flinging the latter in his lap, says in no mellifluous accent, "Take it. Read me, then that. What does that mean to then that. Holyhead recognizes the hand of gentleman with whom he has already had no little correspondence; it is, indeed, from the manager of a great theater, declining to make any advance on the liberal offer he has tendered the star. As his lordship, with eral offer he has tendered the star. As his lordship, with her own consent, had previously closed the bargain for her on these terms, he is not surprised that an adherence to the contract should be required, and he says as much, pretty dedictedly.

"Bah!" returns the lady, with an emphasis on the monosyllable that an Englishwoman could never effect: "he seems to forget that I make my own affairwho saved him last year from bankruptcy? who filled the house night after night, though Coronella sang faise through a whole opera, and Tamboretto was as hoarse as a crow? Terms! I

was as hoarse as a crow? Terms! I make my own terms. What does he mean by terms? Effectively, he is "But my dear Signora," interposed the nobleman, with more meekness than was his wont, "I wrote to you in Italy, and you were quite satisfied with the agreement. You yourself bade me accept it on your behalf; I am compromised in this matter as well as you

this matter as well as you now you ought to consider this. Fair play is a jewel?"
"What signifies that?" retorted the "What signifies that?" reforted the siren; "I did not then know the offer that Garotte would make me from St. Petersburg, nor the share I might have had in La Scala, if I had not tied myself to this odious country. What a place! what people! what as climate! what infamous coffee! Enfin, I shall abandon the whole engagement and go

back."

Holyhead was inexpressibly provoked.

There is scheming and there is intrigue behind the imitative scenes in a theater as within the actual walls of a court. Who knows what an amount of thouble, and civility, and subservience, foreign to his real nature, he had lavished to effect the arrangement which he now saw on the point of subversion Bravoura entertained no mean opinion of her own powers; in fact, it was whispered that the celebrated singer considerably overrated her thients, and the manager was satisfied that he could have got sweeter notes for less money elsewhere. He was willing, however, to oblige Holyhead, her was he averse to a name that still looked so attractive in the bills; accordingly, he concluded a treaty of extreme liberality on his own part, and now he the imitative scenes in a theater,

Who Defined "Soap-powder" in the Standard Dictionary Sounds as if some old fashioned soap-maker had written it. Used in dish-water! Yes, and when it is PEARLINE, used in everything where soap can be used. PEARLINE is modern, up-to-date snap; a better snap; it has revolutionized the snap trade. 666

Ask Your Friend

felt he was unfairly used in being required to bid more than the article was worth. Holyhead appreciated his sentiments and shared his indignation.
"You will not," said he, controlling his temper with an effort: "you will think better of it, signora, if only on my account."

adieu," he added, moving toward the beil.

The signora's hand shook visibly, and her deep bosom heaved under her somewhat untidy morning dress. This was not what she wanted at all. She had no more intention of going to Italy than she had of losing her theatrical engagement, but she wanted to be implored to stay, and that her acquiescence should be made a great favor of, and serve as a pretext for the indulgence of a thousand future whims, including a certain fairy carriage with cream-colored pontes, on which she had set her heart. She took, moreover, a delight in tormenting Holyhead, which none but her own sex can understand. She was under countless obligations to him. He had stood her friend for years, and she liked him just well enough to enjoy vexing him. She snatched the bell-rope from his hand, and pointed to a chair in her noblest tragedy attitude, with stiffened arm and down-turned wrist. down-turned wrist.

"Sit down!" she screamed. "We do not part like this! How dare you use me thus?" Then the storm burst, in French, in English, in Italian, in woman's universal English, in Italian, in woman's universal language of gasps and sobs and tears. She accused him of heartlessness, of injustice, of mistrust; in one breath of neglecting her interests; in the next of domineering over her actions. She would never have come to England but for him. He had never influenced her in the least in England or elsewhere, and never should; but it was cruel, it was base, it was infamous, not to advise her now in her need, and assist her in her begotiations. Then she ingenious put him in the wrong, yowing it was his overrated the wrong, vowing it was his overrated opinion of her that made her break with her good friend the manager; that it was her good friend the manager; that it was in accordance with what she believed to be his wishes that she had written to increase her demands; but how could she know what he liked if he never told her, if he never came near her, if he neglected her, and left her to do everything for herself? What had she to amuse her? Whom did she ever see? What a life was hers—triste, stupefying, embetante. Theaters, diamonds, carriages, picnics, what were they to her? It was all Holyhead's fault, and she never could forgive him, not if he was to go down on his knes

not if he was to go down on his knes then and there to beg her pardon, which was the very least he could do. We need scarcely say that "Nobs." as his familiars called him, was a most un-We need scarcely say that Roos. as his familiars called him, was a most unlikely person to assume that humiliating posture. He did nothing of the kind, but he gave in, nevertheless. By dint of promises and assurances, and a little scolding and a good deal of soothing, the signora was induced for the present to postpone her departure for her native land, under the express stipulation, however, that she should not delay her flight an hour after her-engagement was concluded. She longed so for Italy, dear Italy—the very day her theater closed she should start. How fervently Holyhead hoped she would!

The fact is, he had endured rather too many of these scenes. If constant dropping will wear away a stone, it is no less true that the continual action of the element has, on the other hand, a petrify-

ment has, on the other hand, a petrifying tendency on the softer substances, and the fair sex are prone to forget that the most alarming demonstrations, when and the fair sex are prone to forget that the most alarming demonstrations, when often repeated, must fail in their object of intimidation. Even the kettledrum is powerless to rouse the metal of the equine philosopher on whose shoulders it was usually placed, and Holyhead's sentiments of late in a passage-of-arms with Bravoura had been simply suggestive of weariness while it lasted and relief when it was over.

weariness while it lasted and rener when it was over.

Yet he had not strength of mind to free himself at once from the influence exerted by this overbearing and not very attractive woman. A thousand times he resolved that nothing would be so easy as to break the imaginary bonds which held him; a thousand times, from mingled motives of good-nature, indolence and a certain manly consideration of the signora's amour propre, he paused on the eve of a rupture. He knew he had but to say a word, and it was done; yet he hesitated, and every day the task became

more difficult. My little playfellow informs me that if My little playfellow informs me that if you choose to be at the trouble of taking bold Chantlcleer from his roost in his first sleep, and will bring the astonished bird into a lighted room, you may amuse yourself with the following experiment: Place his beak upon the table, and from that beak draw a line with chalk in any direction you please, and the infatuated fowl will not move his head from the spot until the chalk be rubbed out. Doubless he believes firmly that he is held fast by the nose. My little playfellow cites this instance as an example of the want of wisdom in the gallinaceous tribe, but when my little playfellow gets older he may possibly see parallel cases of helplessness in the unfeather. low gets older he may possibly see parallel cases of helplessness in the unfeathered biped. I think I know of more than one whose terror is imaginary, and yet restrictive as the line of white chalk—who lays down his foolish beak in some inconvenient spot, and though everyone else knows him to be as free as air, will not helieve he can move an inch from else knows him to be as free as air, will not believe he can move an inch from it to save his life. Samson snapped the strongest fetters of the Philistines like withy bands, and yet I have little doubt that Delilah could have held and bound the champion fast with a thread of her golden hair. Habit and indolence combined will sometimes weave a tie enduring as the very handcuff of necessity herself

during as the very handcuff of necessity herself.

Holyhead was a widower: like many another such, the failure of his first "venture." to use Mr. Weller's appropriate expression, had rather stimulated than dampad his hopes of a happier future. In his position, manly, good-looking, with a large fortune, a peeress' correct at his disposal, he need have had little trouble in selecting some fair sirl from any London ballroom, who would have been willing to share these advantages; but it is almost as difficult to choose from too many as too few. Like the man who looks for a straight stick in the wood, his lardship found himself. wood, his lordship found himself iching the boundary of his quest withreaching the boundary of his clear with-cut soving exactly what he wanted, and while one was too forward, another too shy, a third somewhat remartie, and a fourth a little affected, he had gradually eccustomed himself to the society of Bravoura and her set till his male riends opined in their discrimination that "Nobe would never marry at all."

He had his own ideal, revertheless, as most mer have. Helvheed's was an arterior and the more comes than handsome, more frank than forward, young fresh, untutored, and

there could scarcely be found two individuals so different as the Signora Bravoura, of all the principal theaters in Europe, and Miss Isabella Jones, Verbena Villa, Regent's Park. I do not affirm that Lord Holyhead traced the least-resemblance between them as he rode slowly away down the long perspective of Portland Place.

Bella goes home rather fluttered and

Portland Place.

Bella goes home rather fluttered and pleased with her morning walk; rather more impatient than usual of the narrowing circumstances which she foresees must ere long shut her completely out from those brilliant circles of which she has had an occasional glimpse. She is the last young woman on earth to plead guilty to nerves, yet the parrot's screams, appear more discordant than usual and she covers him up with a shawl, much to his disgust, and leaving him in total darkness, with a crust and a lump of sugar, at eleven o'clock in the day. She has but little time, however, to consult her own comforts or inclinaa lump of sugar, at eleven o'clock in the day. She has but little time, however, to consult her own comforts or inclinations. The aiderman's breakfast must be prepared, and she must herself preside at that meal, supplying his wants with her own hands, and lending a patient ear to his details concerning his gout and other infirmities, glad at any sacrifice to keep him off the distressing subject that is nearest both their hearts. Gout is not an amusing topic for a girl of twenty, nor is it advisable for a patient of three-score to dwell upon the various symptoms of his malady; but when there is a skeleton in the house, even the proprietors are fain to cover it up with whatever rags come most readily to hand; and the nearest relatives had better drivel on in the emptiest of conversation, acting their several parts with studious forbearance, than advert to a topic on which they are sure to disagree. After breakfast she takes him out for a walk in the brightest part of the day. The aiderman, like most energetic men, is an extremely willful and obstinate patient, one of those who resolutely decline the pill unless it be sufficiently gilded; and although the doctor tells him walking exercise is indispensable, without Bella's arm and Bella's company he could scarcely be induced to step over the threshold. So the good daughter walks out with him day after day, postponing all her own little occupations and amusements to the convenience of papa.

I think the old seldom sufficiently appreciate the step of the day after and the service of the parameter.

ence of papa.

I think the old seldom sufficiently appreciate the forbearance and attentions of the young. Filial duty apart, I think I ought to feel under considerable obligations to my junior when he puts off his pleasures or his excitements to sit and listen to my platitudes, when he consents to sacrifice the poetry of his life to my unquestionable prose. His society is to me like some reviving cordial, a sip of the cup that was once so strong and sparkling, that I drained so greedily, with such a noble thirst. Mine to him must, I fear, be at best but an anodyne, a draught that affects him as would "the drowsy syrups of the east." He is a willing listener; alas! I fear I ride him on occasion much too hard. I marvel he does not yawn at that story I have told him so often about Brummel and the Brighton coach. I wonder whether he really believes in my short-tailed gray horse, or the retriever that was drowned the day we heard of Waterloo, or my famous "inning" at St. Albans, off Catapult's bowling, when the last of the Caesars was a boy? Does he consider me a deliberate and circumstantial liar, or only a fond, foolish old man, whose memory runs away with him? At least, he is patient under the infliction, kind, gentle and considerate; at least, I owe him thanks for riveting one of those links I think the old seldom sufficiently ap gentle and considerate; at least, I owe him thanks for riveting one of those links which are parting so fast between myself and the world that is passing away from me. When he goes back to his horse, or his cricket, or his sweetheart, he will not, I think, be the less light-hearted, or the least successful, that he has smoothed a few yards of the old man's down-hill path toward his grave.

Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis. The crossing of Oxford street, when they extended their walk so far, is always to Bella a subject of grave and nervous responsibility. The alderman's infirmity, and his obstinacy in ignoring it, renders him a likely object to become a victim of gentle and considerate; at least, I owe

and his obstinacy in ignoring it, renders him a likely object to become a victim of reckless driving; and his daughter, like the Roman rustic who pauses till the river shall have flowed by, that he may cross over dryshod, is fain to wait many a weary minute, ere she may venture her charge in the stream of carriages, omnibuses and cabs, which seem to roll on in a continuous and eternal tide. One of the latter passes close to father and daughter as they stand on the footway. daughter as they Its inmate stops the driver with unusual vehemence, but he has shaken both father and daughter by the hand, and greeted them in the kindly voice they have never forgotten, ere either recognize in that worn, haggard face, with its bronzed skin and large beard, the features of their dandy friend, Gilbert Orme. He is indeed much altered; he has acquired that anxious, restless look which so soon stamps age on the countenance; and had it not been for the full, sweet voice, pleasing and musical as ever, even Bella would have failed to recognize him.
She blushed, however, as she did so.
Bella's blushes were easily forthcoming when she was interested, and, rather to

when she was interested, and, rather to her own surprise, she asked him news of John Gordon in the very first sentence. I have my own opinion that, while she did so, Miss Jones found out some hing she had never suspected before.

"He came to town with me this morning," answered Gilbert, "and has only gone to his lodgings to dress in decent clothes. He will be at the Villa before you can get back."

There was something in his tone that struck both his listeners, although each

struck both his listeners, although each struck both his listeners, although each was naturally preoccupied with the intelligence it conveyed. Bella's heart beat fast as she thought she was so soon to see John Gordon, yet she was a little surprised it did not beat faster; and I question if she looked forward to the interview with half the anxiety of her father. father.

Nevertheless, the first thought of the kind-hearted old man was for his young

"You look ill, Orme," said he anxious-ly, "very ill. Have you kept clear of these fevers? Is there anything the matter?"

matter?"
Gilbert laughed, but it struck even Bella that there was something very forced and hollow in his laugh.
"Never was better!" he answered, in a loud voice, that arrested the attention of the passersby. "I need not ask after you, or Gertrude, or my mother; I sugpose they are all well. I suppose I shall see them soon." them soon. "Are you not going there now?" said Bella, more than ever struck with his strange look, and wondering the while whether John Gordon had reached the Villa, and would wait till they returned

Villa, and would wait till they returned from their walk.

"No," he answered, speaking through his set teeth, like a man in pain; "I have something to do first. I cannot stay. I am glad to have seen you. I must not wait any longer Good-bye. Drive on." he added to the cabman. "and make haste, there's a good fellow"; muttering as he sank back into the cab: "You will get there soon enough; you will get there scon enough. What have I done to deserve this punishment?"

scon enough. What have I done to deserve this punishment?"

Bella and her father hastened homeward to the Regent's Park. On their way they encountered Lord Holyhead once again, and Bolla's dark eves brightened considerably as she smiled her acknowledgments of his lordship's very marked and Actaratic solute. She tring marked and deferential salute. She trip-ped on with a lighter step than usual si-ter that courtesy, chattering gayly with her father: and her coming interview with the returned traveler seemed to grow less and less formidable every min-ute. A year ago she could not have faced John Gordon half so coolly after an faced John Gordon half so coolly after an absence of eight-and-forty hours. Do not blame her therefor. We cannot all be mirrors of constancy and fidelity. In a world of change like ours, it is surely better to be less immutable than impressionable, to be more allye to the influence of the present than the past. It may be heresy in love, but it is sound commonsense, nevertheless, in common life. Shall everything around you change—the trees, climate, the surface of the country? Shall you, yourself, as your doctor tells you, lose your own corporeal identity, by the process of waste and supply, once in every seven years, and shall your senin every seven years, and shall your sentiments and affections; madam, undergo ne corresponding mutations? Forbid it all the prescriptive rights and privileges of womanhood! Remember his seneschal's sage advice to the noble Moringer:

"Seven twelvemonths, aid I say?
I'll piedge me for no lady's faith
Beyond the seventh's fair day!"

most mer have. Holyhead's was an artless manfeeted good-humored girl more camely than handsome more frank than forward; young fresh, untutored, and altogether a fitter mistress for the old place is Yarkshire than the town house is to set by the gosson in Grosvenor toware.

Of the same species and the same sex,

muttering below his breath: "You will get there soon enough: "You will get there soon enough: "

CHAPTER XXXIII.

For a certain space of time, how long or how snort they never afterward ansummer remembered, neither spoke more than a few commonplace words of courteous greeting. It asseed no explanation to tell Gilbert that Mrs. Lattimer knew all; that sad, wistin face was more eloquent than the windest exclamations; the resigned hopelessness or her bearing showed more of suffering than would a since our mother Eve was fain to enquent than the windest exclamations; the resigned hopelessness or her bearing showed more of suffering than would a thousand complaints. She had expected him all day. Well she knew that he would hurry to her the very instant he arrived in London, and her unselfish heart ached more painfully for his misery than her own. She had desired that he might be admitted; she had resolved to grant him this one interview, to use her gentle influence as far as possible in softening the blow that was mevitable; and then never to see him again. It was

and then never to see him again. It was almost a rehef to perceive by the expression of his face that he must have made the same discovery as herselr; it hightened her task ever such a little. How different from the meeting she had anticipated twenty-four hours ago: when she was to have given him up voluntarily with such ready generosity. Was it easier to give him up now, when the impassable guit yawned between them? Was the treasure less valuable because she must never so much as think of it

again?
She was the first to speak. Her heart
was sore to see his aftered looks, his
pale, worn face, on which grief and
anxiety had set the marks as of physical pain. She remembered him so well in the prime of health and happiness and manly vigor. What a contrast now! She could scarce keep back her tears.
"You are ill!" she said, and her voice

"You are ill" she said, and her votes shook; while from an impulse she could not resist, she took his hand. "You look wretched. You are completely broken down. Ah, Gilbert, Gilbert, for my sake do not give way like this!"

It was too much. His heart was full, and even a man's pride was insufficient to control his weakness as he bent over the dear hand he had hoped to make his own. She had to find courage and strength for both. Who can tell what it cost her? Who can calculate the strug-gle that tore that fond, true heart? It is set down in a book ruled with no

earthly lines, and some day an angel will add it up and place the score exulting on She broke from him and unlocked her writing-desk. Taking out her husband's letter, she put it in Gilbert's hand without a word nor area took by letter, she put it in Gilbert's hand without a word, nor once took her eyes off his
face till he had read it through, refolded
it and returned it to her with the same
silent gravity. There was neither astonishment, nor anger, nor reproach on
his countenance, nothing but the sad,
hopeless sorrow that cut her to the soul.
She wished he could blame her, argue
with her, quarrel with her—anything
rather than this dumb, piteous resignarather than this dumb, piteous resigna-tion. Once more, and, as it were, to break the spell, she forced herself to

"You know all now," she said. "We have been the victims of a cruel deception, and yet perhaps he could not help it. Believe me, Mr. Orme, I have not injured you willingly. There is but one path before us—we must never meet

He raised his head stiffly. Those low, grave tones were most unlike Gilbert's

Voice.

"Be it so," he replied. "At least, I am consoled to see you can bear it so cheerfully. At least, I am glad to be the only sufferer."

They were cruel words, and she felt them so; but she knew that men are unstable to properly to the strength of their least in properly to the strength of their just in proportion to the strength of their

affections, and she could not bear to think that he should go away and never do her justice, never know the cost of her burnt-offering, purified by a fire that reduced to ashes the altar on which it was kindled "Do not say so." she answered, her eyes

filling fast with tears. "Do not believe I am utteriy without feeling, without heart. Do not think I can take a sponge heart. Do not think I can take a sponge at will and whee out the past, as you wipe off the figures from a child's slate. Do you think I can forget last year, with its changes and its misgivings, and its surprise of unspeakable happiness? Do not make my duty too difficult for me to perform—do not make my burden too heavy for me to bear—do not force meto confers that my misery is more hopeto confess that my misery is more

less, my punishment heavier and more enduring than your own."

His face cleared and brightened in a His face cleared and brightened in a moment. A beam of hope seemed to play on it once more. Something in Ada's tone that spoke of human longing and vain natural regret, seemed to call him. as it were, to the rescue. He was a man, and he argued like a man, pressing into his service all the considerations of sophistry, expediency and precedent which might at least, he thought, persuade, if they were powerless to convince. He rose they were powerless to convince. He rose from his chair, and his whole exterior seemed to glow and change, while the full sweet tones of the kindly voice smote sweetly, as of old, upon her ear. With all the impassioned energy of a man who is pleading for life, and more than life. pleading for life, and more than life. he urged upon her every argument that love could suggest to fly at once with him, and be his own forever. He pleaded his faith, his truth, his fond obedience, above all, his altered condition now, and his future destruction if deprived of her. He was ready to leave England with her was ready to leave England with her that minute—to change his name—to accompany her to the remotest corner of the earth and there devote every hour of his life to her service. They would be so contented, so happy. With a fine climate and a beautiful country, and their own society, all the world to each other, life would be a rapturous dream. other, life would be a rapturous dream. He drew such a picture of their future as dazzeled even his own mental vision. Gilbert was never deficient in eloquence; and the advocate's own being was indeed, wrapped up in his cause. Then he asked indignantly what it was, this obstacle, that stood in the way of more than earthly happiness? A right granted without consideration, and repudiated by the possessor's own deliberate act; an alliance never sanctioned by love, and dissolved by mutual consent of the conthe possessor's own deliberate act; an alliance never sanctioned by love, and dissolved by mutual consent of the contractors. Was this imaginary difficulty to embitter the whole future lives of two guiltless persons? Was a superstitious adherence to a vow made under mistaken conditions, and afterwards broken on the one part, to debar her forever

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Since our mother Eve was fain to listen to the whispers of the serpent, it seems woman's lot to be tempted, woman's lot to be in all cases the besieged and the assailed. Woe to her if she be defeated!—woe to her if she be defeated!—woe to her if she be surprised by a coup-de-main, or compelled to surrender at discretion! In either case, while the conqueror flings abroad his banner and trumpets forth his victory with all the honors of war, the vanquished must be enslaved, reviled, and humbled to the very dust. Voe victist is the battle cry of less unpolished sevages than Brennus, or none more than the gentler sex themselves. I wonder on what principle of justice is founded the award that the less erring of two cul-Since our mother Eve was fain to what principle of justice is founded the award that the less erring of two culprits should bear the whole punishment of their joint crime? I wonder in what page of the gospel I shall find authority for the conclusion that the same offense is in a man a venial folly, in woman an unpardonable sin? Is it breve and generous to trample down the weak, and truckle to the strong? Is it the Teacher's will that his disciples should be the first to "break the bruised reed and guench the smoking flax?" If so, then society, as at present constituted, is indeed established on a noble and Christian-like basis:

basis!

basis:

Tempted she was indeed, and who can tell how sorely? Yet did Ada come out of the furnace pure and radiant as an angel of light. It was hard to see him pleading there so eagerly, hard to know what must be the result of his failure in the one dear hope of his life, hardest of all to stifle the voice that cried for him so loudly in her own breast. Ada, too, was deficient in imagination. She could picture to herself—oh, far too vividly—the happiness of a lot on which she must not even dare to think; could appreciate with a thrill that was not altogether painful the intense devotion appreciate with a thrill that was not altogether painful the intense devotion that scrupled not for an instant to leave country and friends and kindred, and all for her sake; that would willingly and thankfully lose everything else so it gained but her. Men did not usually lovelike this. It was something to have found the treasure; alas, that it had been were only to be given the! Her visions found the treasure; alas, that it had been wen only to be given up! Her visions, too, had been of a golden future, rich in all the blessings of domestic happiness and love; a future that to a woman—and such a woman as Ada—was a very type of heaven upon earth. Now that it was impossible she felt for the first time how she had cherished and leaned upon this future—how she had made it the goal and the object of every thought and every action—how it had indeed become a part of her very existence, without which the life before her was a

come a part of her very existence, without which the life before her was a weary and barren waste.

Then it seemed so easy to make herself and him happy. What was the sacrifice of character and reputation and earthly honor? Nothing for his sake. Nay, it would be a pleasure to prove to him that she too could give up all for one she loved. The opportunity was present, the cage was open; it seemed so easy to be free—so easy but for one consideration.

consideration.
"Gilbert," she said, and the loving look she bent upon him was pure from all earthly feeling. "Gilbert, you have often earthly feeling. "Gilbert, you have often told me that my happiness was dearer to you than your own; that you were capable of any effort, any sacrifice, for my welfare. It was my pride and pleasure to belive this, to know that you were different from others, to feel that I could trust you and depend upon you to the last. The time has come to put you to the last. The time has come to put you to the proof. There is right, Gilbert, and there is wrong. Would you ask me to turn out of the path that leads to heaven even for your sake? Would you wish to see me lost, body and soul? Oh, I know you better than that! You are generous, and chivalrous and good. Assist me in my task, hard though it be. Join me in the painful effort. I need never then be ashamed of the past. Do not deprive me of my only consolation, but let me me of my only consolation, but let me carry with me that memory pure and unsullied into another world." He could almost ha never to see her more. She had enlisted all his better feelings in the cause. Was she not worthy of any sacrifice, though it were his life's happiness, as she stood

there so pure, so sorrowing, so lovable—the soft cheek so pale and wan, the tears gathering fast in those deep, fond eyes? Had she been less beautiful she might have conquered. But no, he could not give her up—could not voluntarily resign her to another, his type of all that is most englaying and attractive. resign her to another, his type of all that is most enslaving and attractive, his very ideal of womanly perfection both in body and mind. Right or wrong, if man could do it, he would win her still. He could not stand upon the heights that she had reached, nor breathe so pure an air as that refined, exalted nature. There was an earthly leavening in his devotion, deep and absorbing thought it was a draw in the could leavening in his devotion, deep and absorbing though it was—a drop in the cup of his affection which, like some cunning poison, sweetened while it strengthened the draught. Banishment from her presence was too severe a sentence; he could not bear it and live—he said so. [To be Continued.]

# Better Work Lately.

A very homely man in Chicago has a very pretty daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked: "Papa, did God make me?"
"Yes, dear," he replied. "And did he
make you?" "Yes," Looking again in the mirror she drew a long breath and rejoined: "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?" Metaphysical Magazine.

## A Place for Everything.

A resident of West Philadelphia tells a good story of himself, which he held as a secret for many months. He was entertaining a friend from out of town last Christmas, when the conversation turned upon wives and their habits. The Philadelphia Telegraph records The Philadelphia had just explained

how careful his wife was, and that she had a place for everything. 'Why, do you know," he said, "after I had dressed this morning and turned out the gas I found that I had forgotten a handkerchief. I opened the bureau drawer, and there in the corner, as usual, was a pile. I took the top one, and did not have time to strike a match. Here is the handkerchief. I have not even unfolded it." He drew it out, and shaking out the folds, showed his friend—the baby's

## PERFECT EGYPTIAN STATUE

Prof. Flinders Petrie has just brought to light from excavations near Thebes an important specimen which he considers the finest example of Egyptian sculpture in existence. In describing this valuable find Prof. Petrie says the ability of the Egyptians in expressing the sculpture in existence. In describing this valuable find Prof. Petrie says the ability of the Egyptians in expressing the characteristics of race has never been better shown than in this statue. The figure is carved in ebony and is highly polished. The original motive is that the girl has before her a monkey, walking upright with a tray on its head. The marks of the edge of the tray are seen on the breasts, the hands of the girl are occupied in steadying the tray. The figure is that of a negress of the Upper Nile. Negresses were brought into Egypt in large numbers as slaves in the time of the XVIII. dynasty, 2000 B.C., to which this figure belongs. The good modeling of the profile, jaw and lip is noticeable. The expression is admirably given, showing the intent, careful air, looking down at the tray which is being carried. The perfect treatment of the under side of the jaw, its junction with the neck, and the pose of the head are points which show a fine artist.

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Do not let any lady who is suffering the miseries of backache and derangement of the kidneys hesitate one moment in procuring Dr. Pitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets. These Tablets are the formula of Dr. Zina Pitcher, the eminent Kidney Specialist, and have cured hundreds of cases of the severest type of Kidney Disease which ordinary remedies could not benefit. They are small in size, chocolate-coated and mild, yet thorough-going in their action—just suited to the requirements of a lady's delicate organism.

Mrs. W. Wallace, whose home is Bell street, Ingersoll, Ont., speaks of the

benefits she derived from the Tablets, "For many years, some ten or twelve, I have had a great deal of trouble with my back and kidneys, the pain getting into my left hip. I have doctored and doctored and tried all sorts of kidney remedies and finelly determined to the as follows: remedies, and finally determined to try Dr. Pitcher's Backache-Kidney Tab-lets I got a bottle from A. E. Gayfer,

druggist, and must say they have done me a great deal of good. The pain in my back and hip is gone, the kidney irritation is removed, and I sleep well now at night. I am please I with the Tablets and glad to recommend them.

Dr. Pitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets are 50 cents a bottle, or 3 for \$1 25, at all druggists, or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Company, Toronto, Ont.

### A Family Characteristic.

A little girl was visiting her grand-ma, who lived on a farm. One of the cows which had learned to jump fences, had a little calf. One day the little calf was seen attempting to jump over a fence. The child, seeing it, exclaimed: "Oh, grandma, see that little calf jumping the fence! It must have inhaled it from its mother!"-The Little Chronicle.

### MARRIAGE LINES.

Married in white, Married in white,
You have chosen all right.
Married in gray,
You will go far away.
Married in black. You will wish yourself back. Married in red, You had better be dead. Married in green, Ashamed to be see be seen. Married in blue, You'll always be true You'll always be true. Married in pearl, You'll live in a whirl. Married in yellow, Ashamed of the fellow. Married in brown, You'll live out of town. Married in pink, Your spirit will sink.

Crossed bugles, a death's head and other marks are stamped on the wings of a pigeon which has just been caught here, writes a correspondent from Lianerfyl, Montgomeryshire, to the London Daily Mail.

Gray ashes or dust sufficient to partly whiten their tunics fell from the sky a few days ago on some con-stables in the police barrack yard at Kilkenny, writes a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

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