The Unknown Bridegroom.

—those of the mysterious stranger were dark, and that one look which she had shot into their soulful she had shot into their soulful depths had served to tear the veil from her own and to arouse her

from her own and to arouse her from a fatal illusion.

"I am sure I cannot comprehend your object in instating that I am your wife," the returned, meeting his eyes with a look of grave accusation. "I do not like to charge you with speaking falsely; but I know that you did not stand beside me during that ceremony in Rosedale chapel; I know that a stranger was there, holding my hand and plighting his vows with all the solemnity which the occasion required, although what his motive could have been in perpetuating such a farce—for such I regard it—is utterly beyond my comprehension."

"Floy! Floy!" exclaimed the young man, simulating a tone and gesture and service that

man, simulating a tone and gesture of despair. "I begin to believe that of despair. "I begin to believe that the fever was on you—that your brain was turned even before you went to Rosedale chapel that night!" "No; you are mistaken—my brain was as clear then as it is at this moment," she firmly replied; "and," she added, "I regard the incidents, that occurred to provent our mar-

that occurred to prevent our mar-riage as providential—" "How can you have the heart to sit there so calmly and say such dreadful things, Florence? You do not love me—you never loved me!" "No, Walter—ns I told you in my letter—I know now that I never loved you as a woman should love the man whom she marries and expects to pass all the years of her life with," she gravely replied. "You made me think I did, for a time,"

pects to pass all the years of her life with," she gravely replied. "You made me think I did, for a time," she continued; "your strong, magnetic nature mastered mine, temporarily—especially on that last day when we were together in the arbor—you literally compelled me to believe that I loved you, and I consented to do as you desired, although sented to do as you desired, although I knew it was wrong. I fainted at I knew it was wrong I fainted at the attar the moment that I dis-covered that the man to whom I believed I had irrevocably pledged myself, was not you. But as soon as I recovered consciousness, a vell seemed to have been torn from my green I was able to reason more seemed to have been torn from my eyes—I was able to reason more bearly than I had ever done, regarding our relations, and I knew at once that you and I could never have been a happy husband and wife. My swoon—I knew now—was caused partly by the shock at finding a stranger beside me—partly by a sense of relief upon learning that I was no wife; for, I had been remaining of my rash step every red I was no wife; for, I had been repenting of my rash step every red
of the way to the church; and, had
that man been five m nutes later, I
firmly believe I should never have
gone to the altar—even if you had
come."

"Heavens! Florence, why will you persist in that illusion? I tell you that you are my wife and I will claim you in the face of the whole world. Why! I have the certificate, signed by the clergyman, here in my pocket at this moment, while, as you very well know, there were three witnesses to the marriage," Leighton exclaimed, with considerable heat, his temper beginning to give

heat, his temper beginning to give way in view of her obstinacy.

"All the same, I know there was no marriage," she steadily replied, although she lost color while he was speaking of the witnesses and cer-tificate. "Ab, Walter," she added appeaplingly, "do not let us have a scene! Pray let us settle this matter in a kind and dispassionate way;

ter in a kind and dispassionate way; let us part friends—"Friends!" he interposed, with surpassing bitterness; "do you imagine that I could ever regard you simply as a friend, even if it were possible for us to part, as you so calmly suggest? Friend! you whom I have held in my arms, close to my heart—so close that you gould feel its every throb; whose lips I have kissed as only; a lover kisses the wopassing bitterness; "do you imagine that I could ever regard you simply as a friend, even if it were possible for us to part, as you so calmly suggest? Friend! you whom I have held in my arms, close to my heart—so close that you gould feel its every throb; whose lips I have tis every throb; whose lips I have worships, and into whose willing ears I have poured the most man he worships, and into whose willing ears I have poured the most sacred thoughts and feelings of my "Don't-please don't!" cried the

"Don't — mease don't lead the girl, shrinking with mingled shame and pain as she recalled these scenes of the past. "I know that I have seemed to respond to your affection; but, as I have before intimated, I but, as I have before intimated, I am sure I was governed more by your magnetic nature than by my own volition—you simply compelled me to believe for the time, that I could be happy, only as your wife."
"You seem to have entirely recovered from the spell," the young man sarcastically retorted, although a startled look had leaped into his eyes at her words. "Do I understand," he pursued hotly, "that you charge me with having hypnotized you into the belief of loving me, when you really belief of loving me, when you really entertained no affection for me—that

mesmerized you into consenting to my wife?" Florence started at these questions Florence started at these questions and her mind instantly reverted to that scene in the arbor, when, as he held her infolded in his arms, and was stroking her hair and face with seeming fondness, all her will power and suddenly deserted her, and she had, almost unconsciously, yielded to his entreaties for a secret and impediate marriage.

nediate marriage. had clung to her-although she tried in vain to shake it offhad tried in vain to shake it off— antil the moment when she had look-ed into the depths of the dark eyes of that mysterious stranger, when the shock had free her instantly. She darted a curious glance at her

These thoughts are maddening—the idea was horrible to her, and for a few moments she did not know what to do or say.

Then she grew suddenly calm.
No, she knew she was not mistaken, in spite of the very plausible version which he had given her, doubtless for the sake of carrying his point.

Walter Leighton's eyes were blue—those of the mysterious stranger were dark and that one look which

room for doubt as to her settled purpose.

"Florence—Floy! my darling! I cannot bear to lose your love—I am crushed, heartbroken, in view of this unaccountable change in you," Leighton exclaimed with a well simulated sob—adopting this role as a last resort—while he dropped his face upon his hands to conceal all signs of the impotent rage that had taken possession of him.

The fair girl regarded him in sorrowful silence for a moment; then she remarked in a kindly, regreiful tone—

"Sometime, Walter, I am sure you will realize and acknowledge the wisdom of my decision."

om of my decision."

"Then, it is a final decision? You really mean that you will never live with me as my wife—that you will never acknowledge the tie that binds us?" he questioned, lifting a sullen

look at her.

"Really, Walter, it becomes almost a farce for me to persist in asserting that no tie binds us; but; since such is the case, let me say, once for all, that I certainly mean every word I have uttered. And now every word I have uttered. And now taking a ring Box from the table beside her—"I wish to return the be-trothal ring you gave me." "I do not want the thing—I will not have it," he returned with child-

"I do not want the thing—I will not have it," he returned with child—ish petulance.

"Surely you cannot wish me to keep it, under existing circumstances," Florence observed with a note of hauteur la hen usually gentle tones.

"If I take it, it will only be to destroy it—to grind it to atoms beneath my heel," retorted the baffled lover with almost savage vehemeace.

"That, of course, will have to be as you choose," coldly responded the young girl, "although, to me, the wanton destruction of any valuable thing seems both foolish and sinful."

She still held the box extended to him while she spoke, and he, beginning to realize that he was making himself ridiculous, suddenly snatched it from her and shoved it into the depths of a pocket.

"I take it under protest," he muttered, "but you shall have it again, when you come to your senses, which—you will find it for your interest to do later on," he concluded with a threatening glance.

She paid not the slightest attention to his remarks, but observed, with quiet self-possession:

"I wished to have these matters

with quiet self-possession;
"I wished to have these matters

"I wished to have these matters settled before I went away, for, to-morrow, we leave for New York, and sail the following day for Europe." "Ah!" exclaimed Leighton with a start, "that was why you told me in your letter not to come to you for a fortnight—you wanted to make short work of this business, and give me no opportunity to make short work of this business, and give me no opportunity to follow you. Very well; I will submit to this condition of affairs-for the present; I will not press you further now, but let me tell you I shall insist upon my rights later on, and shall expect to find you in a more tractable frame of mind when you return. Out of regard for you I will keep our secret until then."

then."
Without giving her time to rehe turned abruptly upon heel, and hastened from the room and the house.

Raving with wrath and disap-rointment, he went directly to his lodgings, let himself in with his latchkey, and ran upstairs to his

ped short on the threshold, and stood like one suddenly turned to stone, his face blanching to the hue of marble, a smothered exclamation of mingled astonishment and fear

and shut the door. CHAPTER VI.

Florence Richardson gave utterance to a long sigh as the door closed after her rejected lover, and yet she was vaguely conscious that yet she was vaguely conscious that it was prompted by a sense of re-lief, rather than of regret, as she realized that that page of her life history had been turned forever, in spite of the man's preposterous claims and threats, she sank back into her chair, where she sat think-ing for some minutes; then flushing vividly, her white fingers crept up to a delicate chain that encircled her neck, and grasping it she drew

forth from its place of concealment a tiny circlet of dull red gold that had been strung upon it. The ring was of peculiar work-manship, being composed of three small strands braided together and fastened with a little plate upon which was engraved a strange de-vice. She had never been able to decipher it, although she had tried

during the excitement and weariness of her return, after that strange scene in the church, until, when she was disrobing for bed, her glance had fallen upon it, and great shock went quivering

companion, and wondered if he really possessed hypnotic powers.
"I do not believe that I should ever have thought of accusing you willingly exerting such an ignoble where the statily drew it from her finger and examined it curiously. Anna having already fallen asleep upon the couch where she had thrown herself.
"What a curant to the statily drew it from her finger and examined it curiously."

An icy shiver ran over her as she hastily drew it from her finger and examined it curiously. Anna having already fallen asleep upon the couch where she had thrown herself. through her.

An ley shiver ran over her as she hastily drew it from her finger

"I could have proven to him that I am not his wife by showing him this," she murmured; "but, somehow, I did not like to—he would probably have made up some story about it as he did about his accident—what a story-teller he is!—and since he did not apoligize, on his own account, for using such hing, I think it is safe to assume that he does not know anything about it. Oh, what an experience! Will the mystery ever he solved?—will I ever meet the man again? I believe I shall never feel quits free again, at least until the puzzle is solved. I should feel almost as if I was wedded to some ghost who had crossed my path and left his speel upon me, but for those eyes so dark and tender! Ah, they were beautiful eyes! And no ghost could have worn a ring—I wonder what this device means?" she added, as she tried to trace the engraving upon the tiny plate. "I will procure a strong magnifying glass at the first opportunity, and study it thorough-ly." opportunity, and study it thorough-

A step outside her door warned her that some one was coming, and, quickly shipping the ring back into its place of concealment, she caught up a book, just as Mrs. Seaver, after tapping lightly, for admittance, entered the resm.

"Why Floy! what a grave, tired-looking face!" that lady exclaimed as she observed the serious expression and troubled eyes of her husband's ward. "Wasn't Mr. Leighton's

and when one day, Mrs. Seaver pro-posed leaving her at home, she read-ily, even eagerly, assented to the about he was in he hands of the canni-

ily, even eagerly, assented to the arrangement.

"It would be somewhat of a nulsance having her to look after," that lady had observed, "for, of course, she could not always accompany us upon our sightseeing, and would have to remain alone at our hotel during our absence. She would not have half enough to do to keep her busy, and would get lonesome and homesick, and perhaps insist upon being sent home. Besides, dear, since you and I will always be together, we can help each other; or, if we should find ourselves in a strait, we could find ourselves in a strait, we could easily get another maid."

about he was in he hands of the cannot bals.

Luckily, he had just recovered from an attack of fever, and was thin and emaciated. The shrewd cannibals demaciated to kill him immediately, but gave him the best they had to eat to fatten him up for the festive occasion. Days passed by until he reached the stage of perfection, and the chief and he was in he hands of the cannot believe.

New the was in he hands of the cannot believe.

Fiorence murmured; "it looks like a relic of some long-past age. But, of course, the man was bound to produce a ring of some sort, in order to carry out the role he had assumed; and so, as he had not provided himself with the conventional circlet, he was policiated to substitute one that he was probably rearling. It is probably an heirloom, for he certainly could not have treasured it for its intrinsic value. It proves one thing, above ever—that his personating Walter could not have been a premeditated act; in that case, he certainly would have provided himself with a proper ring. But it will not do for me to wear it, for it, would surely cause comment and emparrassing in a tiny ivory case that had a secret spring, then looked this in her level box and concealed the key.

It was well that she did last then, for morning found her raving in delirium; and, had it been upon her hand, it must have arroused the curiosity of Mrs. Seaver and others who assisted in caring for her.

As soon as sive recovered, however, her first act had been to slip the ring upon a delicate chain and fasten it about her neek, for Anna was of a prying disposition, and she thought it would be safer there than anywhere clae.

And now as she sat looking at it after the departure of Walter Leighton a curious smile wreathed her lips.

"I could have proven to him that I am not his wife by showing him this," she murmured; "but, somebow, I did not like to—le would be companied. The same way again," "Florence heartily responded." "I shall be necessary. I am on my guard now and will take heet that I do not get the companied way that which hade been that if not one grand in the same way again," "Florence responded with another former responded with another and will take heed that I do not get caught in the same way again," Florence responded with another glance into the fine eyes that were regarding her with an earnest, ad-miring look which caused her heart to thrill with a novel sensation. (To be continued.)

A LUCKY WOMAN.

How Good Health Came to Mrs. Deschesne Atter Much Suffering.

ohesne Atter Much Suffering.

Mrs. Abraham Deschense, wife of a well known farmer at St. Leon le Grand, Que, considers herself a lucky woman. And she has good cause as the following interview will show: "I was badly run down and very nervous. Each day brought its share of household duties, but I was too weak to perform them My nerves were in a terrible condition. I could not sleep and the least sound would startle me. I tried several medicines and tonic wines, but none of them helped me. In fidt I was continually growing worse, and began to despair of helped me. In fact I was continually growing worse, and began to despair of ever being well again. One day a friend called to see me and strongly advised me to try Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills. I decided to do so, and it was not long before they began to help me. I gained in strength from day to day; my nerves became strong and quiet, and after using about a half dozen boxes of the pills I was fully restored to my old time health and cheerfulness. I now think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an ideal medicine for weak women."

Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills feed the nerves with new, rich red blood, thus, strength-

band's ward. "Wasn't Mr. Leighton's call a pleasant one?"

"Not altogether, auntie," Florence replied, flushing, and then she changed the sirbject so abruptly that Mrs. Seaver regarded her with surprise.

She did not give the circumstance much thought at the time, however, but many months later it recurred to her with peculiar significance.

The special allents of women. Get the genuine with the full to her with peculiar significance.

much thought at the time, however, but many months later it recurred to her with peculiar significance.

She sat with Fiorence for half an hour or more chatting pleasantly of their plans for the bouning year until the fair girl, finally appeared to forget the copression and annoyance she had at first betrayed.

The following Wednesday was the day set for their departure; but, contrary to her first intention, Florence had decided to leave her maid behind her, greatly to the girl's chingrin and disappointment, for she had iong been anticipating the trip, and had fully expected to accompany her young mistress, up to within a week of her departure.

But, ever since the night of her romantic, though mortifying adventure, Florence had entertained an inaccountable aversion for Anna; and ever more day Mrs. Seaver 1975.

and I will always be together, we can help each other; or, if we should find ourselves in a strait, we could easily get another maid."

Mrs. Seaver had seen some things in the girl which had caused her to distrust her, and led her to fear that she was not always as true to her mistress' interests as she might be; therefore she thought this a creed correctionity to get rid of her.

The chief acquiesced, and the mission-record correctionity to get rid of her.

that she was not always as true to he mistress' isterests as she might be; therefore she thought this a tag of a door or the first of her. Accordingly Household the misterest accordingly Household the misterest and the models of the motion. The chief acquiesced, and she missions are produced to the motion of the models of the motion of the models of the motion of the models of the worldly one. The missionary and told him that she model have her revenge for the keen disappointment of the series of the models of the models of the worldly one.

But she never once suspected that she would have her revenge for the keen disappointment of the expected of the worldly one of the keen disappointment of the world of the worl

OFFICIAL RECORDS OF HOLSTEINS

The following additional seven-day tests of Holstein-Friesian cows and heifers have been accepted bor entry in the Canadian Record of Merit. The most remarkable of these is that of Faforit 5th, a cow sold by R. F. Hicks, of Newton Brook, Out., to H. A. Moyer, of Syracuse, N. Y. In an official test, under the supervision of Prof. Wing, of Cornell University Experiment Station, this cow produced 550.2 lbs. of milk and 26.34 lbs. of fat, equivalent to 24.31 lbs. of but ter, containing S5.7 per cent. of fat All the other tests in this list were made under the supervision of Prof. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College.

1. Faforit 5th (2.788), age, 3 years 6 days; milk, 550.2 lbs.; fat, 20.84 lbs.; cquivalent butter, 24.31 lbs.; owner, W. S. Schell.

2. Frietertje Hartog DeKol (2.216), age 8 years 23 days; milk, 408.5 lbs.; fat, 14.70 lbs.; equivalent butter, 17.16 lbs.; owner, J. A. Caskey, Madoc, Ont.

3. Echo Bell DeKol (2.276), age 5 years 5 months 17 days; milk, 303.9 lbs.; fat, 14.29 lbs.; equivalent butter, 17.16 lbs.; owner, J. A. Caskey, Madoc, Ont.

4. Gentle 2nd (2.611), age, 5 years 8 months 8 days; milk, 393.5 lbs.; fat, 13.32 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.55 lbs.; owner, W. S. Schell.

12. Cora DeKol Pietertje (3.472), age, 5 years 6 months 17 days; milk, 303.9 lbs.; fat, 14.29 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.55 lbs.; owner, W. S. Schell.

12. Cora DeKol Pietertje (3.472), age, 5 years 10 months 21 days; milk, 305.3 lbs.; fat, 13.32 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.55 lbs.; owner, W. S. Schell.

12. Cora DeKol Pietertje (3.472), age, 5 years 10 months 21 days; milk, 305.3 lbs.; fat, 13.52 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.55 lbs.; owner, J. A. Caskey.

13. Dolly Inka DeKol (3.473), age, 2 years 6 months 15 days; milk, 305.3 lbs.; fat, 12.52 lbs.; owner, P. D. Ede, Oxford Centre, Out.

6. Lassie Pearl (2.356), age, 6 years 5

THE BOY TRAMP

They had just finished supper when there came the knock at the back door. The tender-hearted one rose and, pass-ing into the kitchen, opened the door. We heard a nurmur of voices, then the tender-hearted one came into the dining-room and began to heap a plate with

food.
"What are you going to de?" de-manded the unbelieving one. "Not feed ramps, I hope."
"That's just what I am going to do,"

was the calm reply.

"Now that is very foolish," returned
the unbeliever. "You will have a string
of them bothering the life out of you."
An ominous glitter came in the eyes
of the tender-hearted and rigid lines setof the tender-hearted and rigid lines set-tled about her mouth. "This is only a boy," she said. "I shall give him some-thing to eat."

The worldly one understood. Years

The worldly one understood. Years ago there was a boy who was all in all to the tender-hearted. The grass grows on his grave now, but for the sake of that boy she is good to all boys. Hence the heaped-up plate of savory food she now carried to the boy tramp.

The unbeliever arose and followed her. It is, perhaps just as well to let these

It is, perhaps, just as well to let these tramps know there is a man about the It is, perhaps, just as well to let these tramps know there is a man about the house. This tramp was not very formidable in appearance. He was a boy of 16, possibly, with a nice face, dark, penetrating eyes and a pleasant smile.

The unbeliever began: "Well, what are you driving at now? What kind of game is this?"

under the swaying grasses reached out and touched her heart-strings too.

When she joined the others the unbeliever was still catechising the boy.

"You are pretty well dressed for a tramp," he said; "pretty gay necktie you've got on; pretty high collar—"

The worldly one interfered. "His collar is only celluloid and his shirt is reagged. He is yory noor." lar is only celluloid and his shirt is ragged. He is very poor."
"Why don't you go to work?" de-manded the unbeliever.

"How is he going to get a job?" in-trupted the worldly one. "Will you recommend him?"

"Why, no," hesitated the unbeliever,
"how can I? I don't know anything about him."

about him."

"Just so," returned the worldling.

"Who does know him? And who is going to give an unknown lad a job?"

"He might get some work on the road to-morrow," suggested the unbeliever, dubiously.

Meantime the tender-hearted one.

They are human as much as you. I don't believe that boy was lying."

"Well,' said the unbeliever, "perhaps I was a litte hard on him. But then I guess I called the turn on him, all right. He was a runaway boy."

"And if he had a decent, pleasant home," spoke up the tender-hearted one, "he wouldn't have run away." She rose and loked out the window at the black, threatening sky. "I wish we had not let him go. Poor boy I should like to take him, give him a home and make him happy."

happy,"
"You gave him his supper,"snorted the
unbeliever. "I should think that was

To gave Am his supper, snorted the unbeliever. "I should think that was enough."

Then the unbeliever turned upon the worldly one. "You gave him money," he ejaculated. "Well, I did not know you were such a fool."
"I may be several kinds of a fool," returned the other, "but a boy who does not wish to have a comfortable bed behind bars is a boy over whom I am perfectly willing to be a driveling imbecile."

The unbeliever stared incredulously, "Well," he said, after a pause, "I yield to no one in sympathy for the unfortunate. But you two beat me. I caa't see how you are so easily gulled."

But the tender-hearted and the worldly one looked at each other. They understood. The dead boy in his grave had reached out and touched them.—Edith Sessions Tupper.

Sessions Tupper.

A WONDERFUL BIBLE.

"The most wonderful volume among the half million in the Congressional Library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century,' said a gentleman connected with a leading book is this?"

The boy told his story straightforwardly, He had come from Chicago. Yes, he had beaten his way east on a train. Had been to Buffalo looking for work. Couldn't find any. Was now trying to get back to Chicago.

"That's a pretty good story," jeered the unbeliever. "Now, you know you the unbeliever. "Now, you know you thave run away. Why don't you tell the truth?". beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly il-lumniated in red and blue ink. Within which the chapter tells. There are two traceable the slightest irregularity of line space or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

"A legend relates that a young man "A legend relates that a young man who had simed deeply became a monk and resolved to do pennance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years be patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought in reverence and love, and the patient soul found its only companionship in the saintly faces which were portrayed on these pages. When the last touch was given to the last letter the old man reverently klased the page and folded the sheets together. The illustrated initials in perfection of form and brilliancy of color surpass anything produced in the present day. With all our boasted progress, nothing in Europe or America equals it."—New York Press.

THE LITTLE WOMAN'S RETORT.

The mild business man was calmly rading his paper in the crowded trolley car. In front of him stood a little woman hanging by a strap. Her arm was being slowly torn out of her body, her eyer were flashing at him, but she constrained herself to silence.

Finally, after he had endured it for twenty minutes, he touched her arm and

said:
"Madam, you are standing on my "Oh, am I?" she savagely retorted;
"I thought it was a valise."—Kansas

Increasing Circulation. (Judge.) "Let us," said the ardent youth, To the pretty journalistic miss, "Let us," shyly, "go to press,
So that we may print a kiss."

One edition soon was done—

He knew what he was about,
"Our success is fine," he said,
"We must get some extras out!"

There is generally an opening in