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mmm Clifford was by this time hardly conscious. He had been laid upon the sofa, while Nell herself, keeping enough presence of mind to be of use and to see what the danger was, held ther own fingers to the wound to check

She heard the question and answer-"It was Jem Stiekels. He struck

him through the glass." This reply led to further investigations, and Jem was quickly discovered and brought into the room where his victim lay. Unconscious though he was, having been stunned severely, Jem, of course, got no pity from Nell. And when some of the men suggested carrying him to the cottage where he lodged, which was within a stone's throw of the inn, Nell made no sug-gestion that he should remain where he was, being unaffectedly glad to have him taken out of her sight. Buxom Meg exchanged many a nod and wink and grin with the customers

from the bar, inspired by the utter absorption Nell showed in her lover the young boor in the gentlest of and his danger.
"All my fault, my fault!" the girl "All my fault, my fault!" the girl "Oh, dear, oh, dear, don't send us kept murmuring, as she hung over away like that! We are so very sorry Clifford, watching his face, which had for what has happened to you. We

anxiously to the breathing thing-" which told her that he was alive. Then Meg became abruptly conscious sacred for the gaze of the rough, as he interrupted the other lady. though sympathetic group. And she

he began inquisitorially, when they were left alone. "And what was he up to that made Jem Stickels knife

No good, I'll be bround," grum-"Nell, without raising her eyes from her lover's face, answered mechanically with white lips: "He loves me, uncle. He has asked

But when he came today---' "Ah, what made him come today?" Nell hesitated, and then confessed

"I sent for him." George Claris mumbled his dissatis-

I've seen him loafing about more'n is in. "It was not my fault, of course," said Nell, simply. "And, of course, he had no right to—to—"."

And without large turned his back on the ladies, and, marching out of the room by the opposite end through the back door, left

"To be jealous? So I should ha' thought, Still, he was jealous, eh?" There was a short silence. George Claris spoke again: "Well, lass, it's no talking to wo-"Well, lass, it's no talking to women, 'cause they've got their own way
o' doing things, whatever you say to
seemed to be past caring whether he
Or for the same reason that they do
or for the same reason that they do

peck o' trouble between them two chaps, and neither me nor anybody but yourself can help you out of it.

An' mind, I won't say I'll have this chap turned out of the house, though I've a good mind to. But if the doctor says he's to be laid up here. I'll older ledy gave a little sigh and fall who at home set the Nero with respect to reached the house, the who at home set the Nero with respect to reached the house, the who at home set the Nero with respect to root. She said not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his stock at less than the pany to sell his just go away sharp to my sister in of anxiety. London. Do you hear? I'll have him "I think" properly nursed, that I'll promise, but it'll not be by you. Do you hear?". Nell assented meekly. As long as Clifford was not made to suffer, she felt that there was nothing for it but

Uncle and niece exchanged no more words until the arrival of the doctor, when George Claris told Nell to put on her hat and to go to Miss Bostal's, where she was to remain until he bent her luggage to her there, when the was to start without delay for London.

Nell would not rather have gone than to Shingle End. For was not senti-mental Miss Theodora the very cause of the outrage winch had put Clifford's life in danger? If it had not been for Bostal's well-meaning but filjudged encouragement, Jem Stickels

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would never have dared to think he had a chance with a girl who was so far removed from him in every way as Nell. Now, with natural feminine obstacle, Miss Bostal would be sure to take Jem's part against Clifford, especially when it reached her ears that the latter had come down by Nell's own request. So that it was with slow, unwilling feet that Nell made her way to the colonel's house. Everything turned out as she ex-pected, with this exception, that Miss about Jem than about Clifford, that she insisted on marching off to inquire as to Jem's condition, dragging the un-

willing girl with her.

At first Nell absolutely refused to go. But she had to give way, being touched by the self-reproach of the prim little elderly lady, who blamed herself as much for Jem's misfortune as Nell blamed herself for Clifford's.

"It was all my fault! I feel that I have brought it upon the poor fellow myself!" was the burden of Miss Bostal's lament, just as it had previously

She even shed tears at the thought of facing the young man upon whom she had brought more than misfortune. For she persisted in regarding his assault upon Clifford as another grievance of Jem's rather than of his hated rival's.

Nell said little as they went along. She was on the one hand deeply anxious about her lover, while on the

than that which his face wore as he recognized his visitors it would be

movement to shut the door in the But his patroness was ready with the soft answer that turns away wrath. Pressing forward quickly, and keeping Nell's hand in hers with a tight grip, she edged her way into the cottage, and regardless of the fact that the man and woman with whom Jem lodged were present, addressed

grown pale, with straining eyes, and want to know if we can do any-listened anxiously to the breathing thing—"

Nell was frowning and trying to get away, indignant at the lowly tone her that there was something in this sim-ple grief, this maidenly affection, too upon Nell that Jem's eyes were fixed, "No," roared he. "You can't do nothin'—as yet. But," and he raised soundled them all, with large, wide-nothin'—as yet. But," and he raised sweeping gestures as of a gigantic his voice, and lifted his fist against hen, back into the bar. And Nell and an imaginary foe, as he stared harder her lover and her uncle were left to- at Nell than ever, "I'm blest if you won't find more'n enough to do to an-George Claris, though he, too, was swer the question as'll be put to you somewhat touched, was uneasy and folks-some of you-tomorrow morning!"

Nell suddenly ceased struggling, and everything terrific. fixed her eyes upon Jem's swollen and excited face, in which the veins were rising like knotted cords. "What do you mean, my dear young man?" piped Miss Bostal, in the gen-tlest accents, her mild efforts to calm

the monster appearing every moment more futile and inadequate. "He loves me, uncle. He has asked me, weeks ago, to be his wife. I mean, or leastways Miss Claris does!" hadn't even promised, no, not a word. But when he came today." a swaggering confidence which caused little Miss Bostal to recoil a few steps as if before a physical attack. "And of you don't, why you'll know soon enough. I'm just a-goin'," preceeded

Jem, with sullen emphasis, "to have my pipe and my 'alf-pint," and he took "And what made Jem Stickels knize his beloved clay out of his pocket as him? Come, now, I should have he spoke, "and then I'm just a-goin' to walk over to the Bell at Stroan to thing to do with a chap like him. But ask if a certain gen'leman from Lon'on

> them no alternative but to retire.
>
> Nell was utterly disgusted, not only Nell was atterity disgusted, not only by the part she had been made to play in this unpleasant scene, but by her companion's humble demeanor and lance and their irritability just for the

I've a good mind to. But if the doctor says he's to be laid up here, I'll not have you hanging round. You'll back upon her usual solace in times elder lady gave a little sigh, and fell who at home act the Nero, with re-"I think we shall both feel better."

she chirped, as she carefully opened the back door with a latch key, "when we've had a cup of tea.' It was about a couple of hours after the termination of the scene between Jem and the two ladies, and the clock on the tower of St. Martin's at Stroan had just chimed a quarter-past eight, when a small boy burst into the barparlor of the Bell Inn, and startled the company by the scared expression of his face. He had been running fast, and it was some minutes before he could articulate. In the meantime the questions put to him were so many that the confusion of tongues delayed the lad's announcement still further. It was Hemming, the London detective, who finally drew the boy out of the curious group, and made them wait for him to speak.

With another scared look, the lad at last panted out: "There's a man lyin' out there on the road-the Courtstairs road, a little way past the big house. An' I see him layin'-an' I speaks to him-an' he didn't answer, an' he didn't move, an'-an'-so I run right away, and come here—to tell you. (To be Continued.)

Experience proves the merit of of blood diseases, tones the stomach,

A Californian has invented a bed which "will turn the sleeper over when he is peacefully dreaming." But the sleeper does not want to be turned over when he is in that condition. Let us have something that will turn him over when he has the nightmare. LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, sating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial as I was reduced to such ed to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good." Although a nation cannot live on

enthusiasm, it is its salt and its savour. Without it we degenerate and deep. For an individual, indeed, it seems nobler to fall with it than to succeed without it.—Lord Rosebery. Content is the wealth of nature .-

The Home

As a Test of Character and Refuge.

A Political Safeguard, School and Type of Heaven-Dr. Talmage's

Washington, D. C., Feb. 7 .- Dr. Talmage's subject was "Harbor of Home," and the text, Mark, v., 19: "Go home to thy friends, and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." There are a great many people long-

impossible to imagine.

"Oh, so it's you, is it?" was his surly greeting, as with a scowl he made a movement to shut the day revolve. That word is Home. "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Satdifferent definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, our home." Death will never knock the altar. To him it means a greeting all that country there is not a single at the door, and a smile at the chair, grave. How glad parents are in holi-Peace hovering like wings. Joy clap- day time to gather their children home ping its hands with laughter. Life a again! But I have noticed that al-

> sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out haps absent from the world. Oh, how of a cheerless fire-grate and kneading glad our Heavenly Father will be hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers be for brothers and sisters to meet and murderers in embryo. Vile songs after long separation! Once they part-their lullaby. Every face a picture of ed at the door of the tomb; now they ruin. Want is the background and meet at the door of immortality. sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over the door-sill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair.
> The word "Home" in the one case

means everything bright. The word "Home" in the other case means I shall speak to you of home as a home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage, and may appear in another way behind the scenes so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability And without more ceremony Jem and their petulance and their discon tent; but at nightfall the dam breaks and scolding pours forth in floods and

The reason men do not display their o' doing things, whatever you say to seemed to be past caring whether he or for the same reason that they do 'em. But you've brewed yourself a carried it into effect or not. She said not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the who in public act the philanthropist, Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto. spect to their slippers and their

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days, of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again packed up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the tenpublic and who is irritable in private

is making a fraudulent over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thou-sand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show piety at home." If we have it not there we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putid pool of our own selfish ness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation,
There is the place where we may
lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where
we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. For lorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Ther die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world, with no tent from

scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman Further, I remark, that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. The Christian hearthstone is the only corner-stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, Further, I remark, that home is

marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from the

there will not be enough political principle to make the state achere. Further, I remark, that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less cultivation. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influence thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of ap-probation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geni-ality of your children. And every ebulition of anger and every controllable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty of thirty, or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much some times, when you think he is not aware of it, ing for some grand sphere in which to and you see the result of it before ten serve God. They admire Luther at years of age in his annoying affectathe Diet of Worms, and only wish that tions. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian will find him standing on a high chair prowess. They admire Paul making before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and example are the seeds of character, and children are very they had some such grand occasion apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the anperance and judgment to come. All cestral line, but Herod begat Archethey want is an apportunity to exhibit laus, so iniquity is transmitted. What She was on the one hand deeply an-xious about her lover, while on the other she hardly knew whether to apostle comes to us and he practically Oh, make your homes the brightest laugh at Miss Bostal's extravagances or to cry sympathetically over her grief. grief.

The little cottage where Jem lived beautiful and glorious in Christian not always turn the blinds the wrong The little cottage where Jem lived was soon reached. Miss Bostal's knock was answered, unexpectedly enough, by Jem in person. There seemed to be little the matter with him, except for a cut on his lower lip, the result of the blow with which Clifford had felled him. If his bodily state was sound, however, this was all that could be said for him. A more forbidding expression of sullen ferocity bidding expression of sullen ferocity.

beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me (now and here) to do?"

There is one word in my text around and "The Mill by the Mountain on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as "West's Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents."

Character, and that is the domestic circle." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in an insignificant sphere. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly walls with such pictures as "West's Peath on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto is, we are all placed in just the position in walls with such pictures as "West's Peath on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto is, we are all placed in just the position in walls with such pictures as "West's Peath on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto is, we a There is one word in my text around and "The Mill by the Mountain which the most of our thoughts will Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and intelligence at the books, devotion at at the door of that mansion, and in

tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples most always there is a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, per-The when he gets all his children home with him! And how delightful it will Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly," now it is "face to face," corruption, incorruption; mortality immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Over-whelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dryshod.

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