

That Lass o' Lowrie's.

A STORY OF THE LANCASTERS COAL MINES.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LIZ RETURNS. "Miss," said Mrs. Thwaite, "it wur last meet, an' you mowt ha' knocked me down wi' a feather, fur I seed her as plain as I see yo'."

"Then," said Anice, "she must be in Riggan now. 'Ay,' the woman answered, 'that she mun, though wheer God knows; I dunnot. It wur pretty late, yo' see, an' I wur gettin' th' mester's supper ready, an' as I turns mysen fro' th' mester's oven, wheer I had been stooping down to look at th' bit o' bacon, I seed her face agen th' window, sturin' in at me wild loike. Aye, it wur her sure enow, poor wench! She wur loike death itsem—main different fro' th' bit o' a soft, pretty, leet-headed lass she used to be."

"I will go and speak to Mr. Grace," Anice said. The habit of referring to Grace was growing stronger every day. She met him not many yards away, and before she spoke to him saw that he was not ignorant of what she had to say.

"I think you know what I am going to tell you," she said. "I think I do," was his reply. The rumor had come to him from an acquaintance of the Maxseys, and he had made up his mind to go to them at once.

"Ay," said the mother, regarding them with rather resentful curiosity, "she wur here this mornin'—Liz wur. She wur in a bad way enow—said she'd been out on th' tramp for nigh a week—seemt a bit out o' her head. An' mon had left her again, as she mowt ha' knowed he would. Ay, lasses is foo's. She'd been i' th' Union, too, but o' th' fever. I towed her she'd better ha' stayed there. She wanted to know wheer Joan Lowrie wur, an' kept axin' fur her till I wur tired o' hearin' her, an' towed her so."

"Did she ask about her little child?" said Anice. "Ay, I think she did, if I remember reet. She said summat about wantin' to know wheer we'd put it, an' if Joan wur dead, too. But it did na seem to be th' child she cared about so much as Joan Lowrie."

"Thank God! Thank God!" she said. He would have caught her to his breast, but she held up her hand to restrain him. "Not yet," she said, "not yet. I canna turn you fro' me, but there's summat I must ask. Give me th' time to make myself worthy—give me th' time to work an' strive; be patient with me until th' day comes when I can come to yo' an' know I need not shame yo'. They say I'm na slow at learnin'—wait and see how I can work for th' mon—for th' mon I love."

was a low twitter of birds in the air. The garden Anice had so often tended was flushing into bloom in sunny corners and the breath of early violets was sweet in it. Derrick was conscious of their spring time odour as he walked down the path, in the direction Mrs. Galloway had pointed out. It was a retired nook where evergreens were growing, and where the violet fragrance was more powerful than anywhere else, for the rich, moist earth of one bed was blue with them. Joan was standing near these violets—he saw her as he turned into the walk, a motionless figure in heavy brown drapery.

She heard him and started from her reverie. With another half-dozen steps he was at her side. "Don't look as if I had alarmed you," he said. "It seems such a poor beginning to what I come to say."

Her hand trembled so that one or two of the loose violets she held fell at her feet. She had a cluster of their fragrant bloom fastened in the full knot of her hair. The drooping of the flowers seemed to help her to recover herself. She drew back a little, a shade of pride in her gesture, though the colour dyed her cheeks and her eyes were downcast.

"I cannot—I cannot listen," she said. The slight change which he noted in her speech touched him unutterably. It was not a very great change. She spoke slowly and uncertainly, and the quaint northern burr still held its own, and here and there a word betrayed her effort.

"No, no," he said "you will listen. You gave me back my life. You will not make it worthless. If you cannot love me," his voice shaking, "it would have been less cruel to have left me where you found me—a dead man—for whom all pain was over."

He stopped. The woman trembled from head to foot. She raised her eyes from the ground and looked at him, catching her breath. "Yo' are akin' me to be yore wife?" she said. "Me?" "I love you," he answered. "You, and no other woman?"

She waited a moment, and then turned suddenly away from him. She turned to the tree under which they were standing, and leaning against it, resting her face upon her arm. Her hand clung among the ivy leaves and crushed them. Her old speech came back in the sudden hushed cry she uttered.

"Oh! I conna!" "Thank God!" he said. He would have caught her to his breast, but she held up her hand to restrain him. "Not yet," she said, "not yet. I canna turn you fro' me, but there's summat I must ask. Give me th' time to make myself worthy—give me th' time to work an' strive; be patient with me until th' day comes when I can come to yo' an' know I need not shame yo'. They say I'm na slow at learnin'—wait and see how I can work for th' mon—for th' mon I love."

Unpatriotic Partisans.

The Ontario Government has stirred up the hostility of the Tory Press by its manly determination, as announced in the Speech on the opening of the Legislature, to defend to the last the rights of this Province against the encroachments of the Dominion Government. When the possibility of the Macdonald Government ousting this Province by repudiating the award of the Boundary arbitrators was first mooted by the Reform press, the idea was scouted as absurd by their Tory contemporaries. Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Ontario Opposition also hastened to disavow all sympathy with such a move on the part of his political leader, and recorded his vote in the Legislature in favor of resisting by every lawful means any attempt to dispossess Ontario of what the arbitrators awarded her. But as the early and undefined rumor gained shape and became an open fact, the views of the party mouthpieces underwent a change, and now we find them boldly declaring in favor of spoliation and denouncing Mr. Mowat for having the courage to resist the attempted robbery.

Here is a nice spectacle for sister provinces to gaze upon. A venal press and an unpatriotic party prepared to assist in the robbery of their own Province, rather than admit that their party leader has been base enough to vent his malice upon Ontario, by an unwarrantable exercise of authority, and an unjustifiable refusal to recognize its just rights. A more degrading exhibition of the depths of that partisanship will drag men has never before been witnessed than that furnished by Mr. Meredith and his followers in the Ontario Legislature, and by the Conservative press of the Province, in regard to this boundary question. Small as their representation in the Provincial Legislature now is, we feel safe in saying that when next the electors of Ontario get an opportunity to pronounce upon their acts, it will be still further reduced, if not entirely obliterated. A man or a party that is unable to rise above the trammels of partisanship in dealing with a question that affects the rights of the entire community should receive the unanimous condemnation of the people.

The people of Ontario, outside of the party hacks, are a unit in support of the Ontario Government on this question, and Mr. Mowat will find his hands strengthened in any lawful effort he may make to retain possession of every inch of soil to which this Province is fairly entitled.—[Sarnia Observer.]

Ingersoll's Idea.

On Sunday, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll attended the funeral of a friend's child in Washington. At the close of the services at the grave the bereaved mother asked the great orator to say a few words, to which, after a moment's hesitation, he responded thus: "My friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriachs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch."

Every cradle asks us "whence" and every coffin "whither." The poor barbarian weeping about his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priests of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of life has touched the grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe a common faith leads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I should rather live and love where death is rather than have eternal life and love is not. Another life is naught unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The large and the noble faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death even at its worst is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to

A Mystery Explained.

Members of the most learned and dignified members of the Austin bar got a terrible rebuff from Uncle Mose last week. The old man had Jim Webster hauled up before Justice Grigo for stealing his Spanish chickens. As Jim Webster has political influence, he was defended by two prominent lawyers. Uncle Mose was put on the stand and made out a bad case against Jim Webster, testifying to having found some of the chickens in Jim's possession, and indentifying them by the peculiarities of the breed.

One prominent lawyer then undertook to make Uncle Mose weaken on the cross-examination. "Now, Uncle Mose," said the lawyer, "suppose that I was to tell you that I have at home in my yard half a dozen chickens of that identical same breed?" "What would I say, boss?" "Yes, what would you say if I was to tell you I've got that same kind of chickens in my yard?" "I would say, boss, dat Jim Webster paid up yer fee wid my chickens," and a pensive smile crept around under the old man's ears and met at the rack of his head.

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Professor Blackie's Opinion of Scotchmen. Professor Blackie was one of the speakers at the Brewster centenary festival at Edinburgh. He said he was not in the habit of speaking smooth words of flattery to the Scotch people. He did not think they were a people who had cultivated the beautiful as they should do. They had the forceful, the fervid, the strong pushing of their way in the world, but he did not think they had the beautiful or the graceful. He did not deny that the Scotch nation, thanks to God, had produced great artists, and was producing them, but they had produced great artists as the Hebrews produced great prophets. The Jews were a stiff-necked generation, and therefore the prophets were sent to correct their stiff-neckedness. The Scotch, in his opinion, were a hard-headed, logical, bumptious, utilitarian, considerably-commercial, prosaic and vulgar-minded people; and God had sent to them Sir Walter Scott and these artists to lift them to a higher platform of existence. Because if the Supreme Being had manifested His excellence in all the various forms of beauty in creation to despise the beautiful and only talk of the useful? For what? To fill their pockets with hard cash? Pah! Utility was only a step to something higher; and if they did not worship the true, and the beautiful, and the good for their own sake, then, with all their newspapers, and all their gas lights, and telegraphs, and all their logic and philosophy, they would be weighed like dust in a balance—they would be nothing at all, at all. The highest thing was to be constantly inspired by reference for the beautiful and sublime in God and nature. One fact to show how low they were. His father sent him to Rome when he was one-and-twenty, and there he fell in love with all the beautiful forms in antiquity—with the Venus de Medicis, with Apollo, and the dancing nymphs; and when he came home he thought he would be a professor in Greek or Latin in some Scotch university and by a Whig job he got it. But what did he do? With all his learning he found not a single thing was required. Nobody wanted it. The perfection of human nature was to understand, quæ, quod, and the highest culture to write a Latin sentence without a grammatical error, or spell a bit of Homer or Horace. He hoped that Prof. Brown, in the fine arts chair, would do something to make the arts appreciated even by the petty, pedantic, elementary classes of their wretched Scotch Universities. (Laughter and applause.)

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Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, surgeon in the army during the war, from exposure contracted consumption. He says in a letter addressed to Messrs. J. N. Harris & Co., proprietors of ALLEN'S LUNG BALM, I have no hesitancy in stating that it was by the use of your Lung Balm that I am now alive and enjoying good health.

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