BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XLIII. LIZ RETURNS.

down wi' a feather, fur I seed her as plain as I see vo'.

"Then," said Anice, "she must be Riggan now.

mun, though wheer God knows; I dun- he was at her side. not. It wur pretty late, yo' see, an' I wur gettin' th' mester's supper ready, he said. "It seems such a poor beginan' as I turns mysen fro' th' mester's oven, wheer I had been stoopin' down to look at th' bit o' bacon, I seed her face main different fro' th' bit o' a soft. pretty, leet-headed lass she used to be."

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 ig- It was not a very great change. She norant of what she had to say.

to tell you," she said. "I think I do." was his reply.

The rumor had come to him from an made up his mind to go to them at once.

"Ay," said the mother, regarding them with rather resentful curiosity, "she wur have been less cruel to have left me here this mornin'-Liz wur. She wur where you found me-a dead man-for in a bad way enow-said she'd been out whom all pain was over." on th' tramp for nigh a week-seemit a bit out o' her head. 'an' mon had left from head to foot. She raised her eyes her again, as she mowt ha' knowed he from the ground and looked at him, would. Ay, lasses is foo's. She'd been catching her breath, i' th' Union, too, bad o' th' fever. I towed her she'd better ha' stayed theer. She wanted to know wheer Joan Lowrie wur, an' kept axin fur her till I wur tired o' hearin' her, an' towd 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' choild she cared about so much as Joan Lowrie."

"Did you tell her where we buried it?" Grace asked.

"Av." "Thank you. I will go to the churchyard," he said to Anice. I may find her

"Will you let me go too?" Anice asked.

He paused a moment. "I am afraid that it would be best

that I should go alone.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "Don't be afraid for me. I could not stay away. Let me go-for Joan's sake.

e gave wey, and they pasted together. But they did not find her in the churchyard. The gate had been pushed open and hung swinging on its hinges. There were fresh footprints dropped upon the grass near it. It was this is so. a thin, once gay-coloured, little red It is right that the hour should come we fear that which will come to all that

up. "She has been here," she said.

sprung up about the house, and their rank growth covered the very threshold, You may not know it now, but you will length of life's uneven road, painfully his learning he found not a single thing the shutters hung loose and broken, and know it some day. a damp greenness had crept upon the

Something besides the clinging green- deserve of love or sympathy-and usness had crept upon the step, -- somemight have staggered there and fallen, or who might have laid herself there to cause they thought you beautiful. But downward and with her dead hand when you were that dreadful little obagainst the closed door.

CHAPTER XLIV CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Galloway rose and advanced to meet her visitor with a slightly puzzled others.

"Mr. --- " she began. "Fergus Derrick," ended the young

man. "From Riggan, madam." She held out her hand, cordially,

"Joan is in the garden," she said after a few moments of conversation. "Go to

It was a day very different from the one upon which Joan Lowrie had come behind you. to Ashley-Wold. Spring had set her light foot fairly upon the green Kentish seil. Farther north she had only begun to show her face timidly, but here the atmosphere was fresh and balmy, the hedges were budding bravely, and there column.

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 the Speech on the opening of the Legisspring time odour as he walked down the lature, to defend to the last the rights of path, in the direction Mrs. Galloway this Province against the encroachments 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 "Miss," said Mrs. Thwaite, "it wur rich, moist earth of one bed was blue last neet, an' you mowt ha' knocked me 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 "Ay," the woman answered, "that she reverie. With another half-dozen steps "Don't look as if I had alarmed you

ning to what I come to say.' Her hand trembled so that one or two of the loose violets she held fell at her

agen th' winder, starin' in at me wild feet. She had a cluster of their fragrant loike. Aye, it wur her sure enow, poor bloom fastened in the full knot of her She wur loike death itsen- hair. The drooping of the flowers seemed to help her to recover herself. She drew back a little, a shade of pride "I will go and speak to Mr. Grace," 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. spoke slowly and uncertainly, and the "I think you know what I am going quaint northern barr still held its own, and here and there a word betrayed her "No, no," he said "you will listen

acquaintance of the Maxseys, and he had You gave me back my life. You will not make it worthless. If you cannot love me," his voice shaking, "it would He stopped. The woman trembled

"Yo' are askin' me to be yore wife?

she said. "Me !" "I love you," he answered.

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. "I conna turn yo' fro' me." she said. "Oh! I conna!"

"Thank God! 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 conna turn vou fro' me, but theer'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 you. They say i'm na slow at learnin'-wait and see how I con work for th' mon-for th'

THE END.

The Best Love.

upon the damp clay of the path that led that you are born to is the sweetest you and polluted by the heartless past. From newspapers, and all their gas lights, and to the corner where the child lay, and will ever have on earth. You who are the wondrous tree of life the buds and when they approached the little mound so anxious to escape the home nest, blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in osophy, they would be weighed like dust they saw that something had been pause a moment and remember that the common bed of earth patriarchs and

shawl. Anice bent down and picked it when you, in your turn, should become is? We cannot tell. We do not know beautiful and sublime in God and nature. a wife and a mother and give the best which is the greatest blessing. life or One fact to show how low they were. It was Anice who, after this, first love to others; but that will be just it. death. We cannot say that death is not His father sent him to Rome when he thought of going to the old cottage upon Nobody—not a lover, not a husband—a good. We do not know whether the was one-and-twenty, and there he fell in thought of going to the old cottage upon the the Knoll Road. The afternoon was will ever be so tender or so true as grave is the end of this life or the door love with all the beautiful forms in an waning when they left the churchyard: mother and father. Never again, after of another, or whether the night here is tiquity - with the Venus de Medici, with when they came within sight of the cot- strangers have broken the beautiful not somewhere else a dawn. Neither tage the sun had sunk behind the hills bond, will there be anything so sweet as can we tell which is the more fortunate In the red, wintry light, the place the little circle of mother, father and —the child dying in its mother's arms be a professor in Greek or Latin in some looked terribly desolate. Weeds had children, where you were cherished, before its lips have learned to form a Scotch university and by a Whig job he

Whomsoever you marry, true and crutch. good though he may be, will, after the A chill fell upon her when they stood lover-days are over and the honeymoon before the gate and saw what was within. has waned, give you only what you ually much less, never more. You must thing human, -a homeless creature, who watch and be wary, lest you lose that love which came in through the eves beject, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant-they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own,

To leave home should be a 'sad, not a glad thing. It should not be so easy to turn away from the "old folks" and forget them, and it seems to be to many.

I have said it once, but I say it again There is no love like the love you are born to, no home like the first home you knew, if you have good parents, and that home is that it should be. When you leave it, you leave your best

dorse the amazing success of Mack's rest. We know that through the com-MAGNETIC MEDICINE, and recommend it for both sexes in all cases of sexual weakness. See advertisement in another

The Ontario Government has stirred up the hostility of the Tory Press by its manly determination, as announced in of the Dominion Government. When the possibility of the Macdonald Government outraging 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 symbed in the earth, possessed any other pathy with such a move on the part of purpose than that of fuel. It was next his political leader, and recorded his vote in the Legislature in favor of re- was combustible. Chemical enalysis arbitrators awarded her. But as the early and undefined rumor gained shape change, and now we find them boldly ducts of distillation were developed, un-

rinces to gaze upon. A venal press and benzole, a light sort of ethereal fluid an unpatriotic party prepared to assist in which evaporates easily, and combined the robbery of their own Province, with vapor or moist air, is used for the rather than admit that their party leader purpose of portable gas lamps; so-called upon Ontario, by an unwarrantable ex- percha and India rubber; an excellent ercise of authority, and an unjustifiable oil for lubricating purposes; asphaltum, refusal to recognize its just rights. A which is a black, solid substance, used nore degrading exhibition of the depths in making varnishes, covering roofs and to which partizanship will drag men has covering over vaults; paraphine, a white, never before been witnessed than that furnished by Mr. Meredith and his fol- wax, which can be made into beautiful lowers in the Ontario Legislature, and wax candles. It melts at a temperature by the Conservative press of the Pro- of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent vince, in regard to this boundary ques- light. All these substances are now tion. Small as their representation in made from soft coal. the Provincial Legislature now is, we feel safe in saying that when next the electors of Ontaric 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 partizanship in dealing with a question that effects the rights of the entire community should receive the unanimous condemn-

ation 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 God had sent to them Sir Walter Scott services at the grave the bereaved mother asked the great orator to say a few words, to which, after a moment's hesita-

tion, he responded thas: gild a grief with words, and yet I wish and only talk of the useful? For what to take from every grave its fear. Here To fill their pockets with hard cash in this world, where life and death are Pshaw. Utility was only a step to someequal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The the true, and the beautiful, and the good Home love is the best love. The love future has been filled with fear, stained for their own sake, then, with all their babes sleep side by side. Why should all, at all. The highest thing was to be taking the last slow steps with staff and

Every cradle asks us "whence?" and every coffin "whither?" The poor bar- culture to write a Latin sentence without barian weeping about his dead can answer the question as intelligently and Homer or Horace. He hoped that Prof. satisfactorily as the robed priests of the Brown, in the fine arts chair, would do most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as even by the petty, pedantic. elementary the learned and unmeaning words of the classes of their wretched Scotch Universidie. It was Liz, lying with her face those who bore you, who loved you other. No man standing where the horities. (Laughter and applause. zon 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 ism than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used acthose who press and strain against our cording to directions on the bottle. It and so, better to them always than love would wither from the earth. May the flesh. All dealers sell it, price 25 hearts could never die, perhaps that also cures Burns. Scalds, Frost Bites, be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life and love is not letter addressed to Messrs. J. N. Harris Another life is naught unless we know

> 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 ALL OUR DRUGGISTS now heartily en- death even at its worst is only perfect mon wants of life—the needs and duties others, why not you? It renovates, reof each hour—their grief will lessen day gulates and tones all the organs of seby day, until at last this grave will be to

them a place of rest, peace-and almost

There is for them this consolation. The dead do not suffer. If they live

We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion and it is this: Help for the living; hope for the dead.

Mysteries of a Lump of Coal.

For years no one had supposed that a lump of soft coal dug from its mine or found that it would afford a gas which sisting by every lawful means any at- proved it to be made of hydogen. In have at home in my yard half a dozen tempt to dispossess Ontario of what the process of time mechanical and chemical chickens of that identical same breed?" ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas, and applying it to the and became an open fact, the views of lighting of buildings and cities on a tell you I've got that same kind of chickthe party mouthpieces underwent a large scale. In doing this, other pro- ens in my yard?" declaring in favor of spoilation and de- til, step by step, the following ingred- paid up yer fee wid my chickens," and a nouncing Mr. Mowat for having the lent are extracted from it:-An excell- pensive smile crept around under the courage to resist the attempted robbery. ent oil to supply light houses, equal to old man's ears and met at the tack of Here is a nice spectacle for sister pro- the best sperm oil and at lower cost; his head. has been base enough to vent his malice naphtha; a heavy fluid to dissoive gutta yard's Yehow erystalline substance, resembling white

Professor Blackle's Opinion of Se

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 forcible, the fervid, the strong pushing of their way in the world, but he did not think they had the beautifu 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 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 beau-"My friends: I know how vain it is to ty in creation to despise the beautiful thing higher; and if they did not worship telegraphs, and all their logic and philin a balance-they would be nothing at constantly inspired by reference for the when he came home he thought he would was required. Nobody wanted it. The perfection of human nature was to understand qui, quæ, quod, and the highest a grammatical error, or spell a bit of

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DR. LLOYD, of Ohio, surgeon in the rmy during the war, from exposure ontracted comsumption. He says in a stere addressed to Messrs. J. N. Harris; Co., proprietors of Allen's Lung Bals.

M. J. have no lambda and the state of the state of the says in the United States or Canada.

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army during the war, from exposure & Co., proprietors of ALLEN'S LUNG BALand love again the ones who love us sam, I have no hesitancy in stating that it was by the use of your Lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying good health.

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A Mystery Explained.

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One prominent lawyer then un lertook to make Uncle Mose weaken on the cross-examination.

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"Yes, what would you say if I was to

"I would say, boss, dat Jim Webster

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