APRIL 9, 1910

ou tremble so : and yet

ou must," she answered; they hurt you. I hear toving. Grandfather is me. Keep back from

as only Gwenny Carfax, handmaid: my darling the window and to me, through her grief. glad, John; Gwenny, I came. I have wanted

call him. It is rather

call him. It is rather an see him. I wish you an see him. I wish you ain, Gwenny."

led Gwenny, with great adding on tiptoe to look as if she were weighing

as if she were weighing bigger nor any Doone! have bate lour Cornish rastling. 'Twadn't fair no, no; don't tell me, ay nohow."

It answered ay had been very unfair die of Bodmin champion; fair bout, little maid; I nowledge that." By that her by the construction, the heart of the Cornish more than by gold and

w thee again, young man;
," she answered, nodding
atronage. "Now, missis,
', and I will gae outside
'ee." Though expressed
tely, this proposal arose,
a Gwenny's sense of deliras very thankful to her
departure.
best little thing in the
Lorna, softly laughing,
eerest, and the truest.
bribe her against me. If
son the other side, never,
er. Now no more of your
n! I love you far too
Yes, yes, ever so much!
e a mean advantage of me

e a mean advantage of me ever you like to imagine may double it, after that o, good John; kind, dear if you love me, go."

go without settling any-ked very sensibly. "How f your danger now? Hit ing; you are so quick, can think of; and then I of frighten you." en thinking long of some-answered rapidly, with

"You see that tree with oks' nests, bright against e? Can you count them do you think? From a rou would be safe dear—" I can; or, if I cannot, it would be safe to safe a seet.

do it."
can climb like any cat.
up there in the summer,
young birds, day by day,
the boys to touch them.
ither birds nor eggs there

se, and nothing doing. If six rooks' nests, I am in nt you. If you see but five, off by Carver."
od!" said I, at the mere which frightened Lorna.

y blood grew cold at it;

ing to circumstances, but uch that you need blush to weet face was full of pride,

weet face was full of pride, e gloom I saw; and I would on her feelings by such a h a moment, as an attempt s. I only said, "God bless !" and she said the same very low, sad voice. And below Carver's house in the

below Carver's house in the
at the eastern cliff; and
ugh of the village now to
necessity, betook myself to
not track in returning from
which was neither down the
a course I feared in the
or up the cliffs at Lorna's
way of my own inventing.

or up the cliffs at Lorna's way of my own inventing, is no need to dwell upon. of care was off my mind, of trouble hung there still, as quite certain—if Lorna ave John Ridd, no one else her. And my mother, who me, and with me long time greed that this was comfort. On the CONTINIED.

never to waste our time is

of the most difficult virtues A well-spent day is a source To be constantly employed, sking "What shall I do?" is f much goodness and happi-en Sands.

in Medicine counts for the enormous of DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

own the diseased tissues was ciple of medicine. To cure up new, healthful tissues is thod.

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force, and by overcoming nd disease with new vigor,

and new vitality.
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nd you find yourself out of
ssing health and vigor. then to get back to normal y using this great restorative The blood is enriched, the italized, new firm flesh and rmed, and you feel the snap r as it is being instilled into

D BE CONTINUED.

w Idea

answered rapidly, clearness of voice, which llable ring like music of a

"AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION" -A PICTURE

A STORY OF CONVERSION FOUNDED ON

"How sad, now beautiful sale is in that picture."

"Well," said the nurse, "continue to love her, Miss Marian. I think she must love you, for this sickness is a sort of crucidxion"—and the nurse paused



"Oh, I love her," cried the girl.
"How sad, how beautiful she is in that picture."
"Well," said the nurse, "continue to love her, Miss Marian. I think she must love you, for this sickness is a sort of crucifixion"—and the nurse paused abruptly.

Caked Udders Cured weak to struggle, and her death was like the extinguishing of an altar light.
The grief of her family was piteous, the nurse told me, "and Father," she said, "I am afraid they will take her to St. Louis to bury her in their grand marble temple in the Protestant cemeter).

the angles in heaven will make jubiles in the condition of the condition o

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