TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"You have been sitting here precisely fifty minutes." said her companion, in a slightly grieved tone. "It is not a plessant thing to be told by any one that they are heartly sick of your society after a trial of only one short half shour and twenty minutes. I am ciety siter a trial of only one short half from and twenty minutes. I am sorry you have found the time so ted-ious, but I suppose Mr. Blount was unaccountably detained. Can I do anything for you? Order your horse

"The master is just coming across the lawn now, 'M." interrupted the policy cason, the gray-haired servitor at Hount Grange, putting his head round the door at this juncture. "Thompst I'd let you know, 'm, after you'd waited so long."

"Very good; I will come and meet him," Mabel said, hastily, anxious to avoid any greeting that might lead to the usual "naming of names" before this questioning stranger. "Please go and let Mr. Blount know that I am here."

After which she gathered up her riding-skirts once more, took her dog in her arms, and her whip in her hand and, finally turning, made a haughty little bow to the tall young man in

'Good-morning," she said, coldly, al-

beit gracefully.

"Good morning, Miss—Manvers,"
he returned, with an equally punctious inclination of the head, and a
covert smile that was half satirical and wholly amused, while he follow-ed her to the door, opened it, and bestowed upon her there another bow that must have somewhat resembled the ancient dignified salutation with which the "magnificent" Louis was in the habit of dismissing his attendant courtiers.

"Now what was he smiling at. I wonder, in such a hatefully sarcastic sort of way?" pondered Mabel, slow-ly, as she went down the stairs toward the open hall door to greet the master of the Grange. "Oh, if by any possibility he should be personally acquainted with those Manvers, wha in the world will be not think of me? How stupid that this idea should never have occurred to me before. But, no, it is impossible; I believe that under such circumstances it would not be in human nature to resist betraying the knowledge and enjoying the adversary's confusion for the moment, no matter how consoling and lenient one might prove the next instant. How curious he was! How determined to make me repeat my an swers! I don't remember ever before meeting so unpleasant and altogethe detestable a young man, and hope I never shall again. Catch me mixing myself up with any fellow's gambling debts from this day forth, once get out of this dilemma, which has been considerably more troublesome than f ever bargained for, and rathe than Eddie himself is worth coddly he stared at me—so rude of him—and what a very handsome

But here she came up with Dick Blount, and therefore it must forever remain a mystery as to whether it was Eddie's or the stranger's mus-tache she considered so worthy of commendation. Still, as Edward Trevanion's hirsute ornaments consisted at this time of about twenty-two low. spirited and wandering hairs, situat ed in the region of his upper lip, it was hardly probable that it could have

been his.
"At, how d'ye do, Mr. Blount?" Mabel said, with a sudden sense of relief and protection, as she held out her hand to the fresh. handsome gentleman advancing so rapidly to

Dick Blount, or "old Dick," as he was more commonly called by his friends and acquaintances—whose name was legion— was a man somewhat in the "fifties," tall, strong, athletic, and the master of an income close upon six or eight thousand a year. The Grange was one of the lovellest estates in the county gituated about two miles or so from King's Abbott, and why the owner of thad never taken to himself a wife wast more commonly called by his it had never taken to himself a wife was a question of the asked in Cliston, but never satisfactorily answered. No woman's name had ever been connected with his-in the matrimonial line at least—since, on his uncle's death, he had come to take possession of the he had come to take possession of the property. How and where he had lived previously was little known to anyone, beyond the certainty that he had spent much of his time abread, wandering in a desultory pleasure-seeking fashion from city to city, with probably no ulterior reasons, except those of enjoying the present hour to the littermost. the uttermost

Had he ever loved and lest? Or wooed and ridden away unmineful of the tear stained face that watched with passionate despair his gay defec-tion? Or had he through his young days escaped scatheless from the fire of bright eyes and honeyed voices that must here and there have tempted him during life's journey?

None could say in the quiet little country-side where he had elected to spend his later years. One thing was spend his later years. One thing was ever known—that when, a long time after this, the new owner was having some furniture in one of the Grange rooms removed, he found behind a bed, sunk deep within the wall, a small framed picture, its face turned from the light. It proved to be an old painting of a bright, fair, yellow haired girl, small of feature, but exquisitely lovely, who looked out from the canvas with large, mocking eyes, that perhaps were just a little too that perhaps were just a little too closely set to be, strictly speaking, perfect. Immediately below the portrait was written, in a man's hand, the two words: "Aged eighteen," but whether at that early period of her existence this blue-eyed lady had proved fair and false, or been carried to a clay-cold grave, there remained no clew to determine.

Blount himself made no mention of its hidden picture, either when living

anything less like a disappointed lover than he always appeared it would be hard to find. Though seldom induced to go anywhere himself, he was parhard to find. Though seldom induced to go anywhere himself, he was particularly addicted to hospitality of all kinds, given in his own domain, such as bachelors' parties, picnics, morning entertainments of every detect.ption, and usually two or three balls in the year—which latter were conducted on a magnificent scale, and to which the entire county was into which the entire county was in

to which the entire county was invited, and went.
Far and near there was no man more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial kindly advice, always so gently given, and his ready assistance, while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick Blount,

"Dear me, Miss Mabel," he said,
"how am I ever to gain your pardon
for keeping you such a time in durance vile? The fact is, I never heard
a word about your being here until
two minutes ago, when Mason came
out in a frenzy of excitement to tell
me you had been waiting at least an
hour."

"Scarcely so long as that, I think; but"—with her eyes bent on Boski's dusky head—"Mr. Blount, I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now, what can I do for you?"

what can I do for you?"
"I am going to ask something very dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had felt her courage oozing rapidly away—"something that I feel sure no weman should ask; but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all

"I promise you."
"Well, then"—desperately—"I want
you to give me three hundred
pounds." Blount laughed.

thought you were about to confess to half a dozen murders at least. Si down, Miss Mabel, and tell me all that is on your mind.'

And Mabel, sitting down, told him all her trouble—all about Eddle's evil behavior, and her father's ignorance of it, together with his inability to lay so much ready money just then, and her own determination to come over to him, as the only person she could think of likely to help her in her calamity. When she had finish she looked up at him wistfully out of her teautiful hazel eyes.

"I know I have done a very wrong thing," she said, with quivering lipa-"a hateful, unfeminine thing that will make you despise me forever. But what could I do? You were the only one I could think of to help rae, and

so I came."

"I consider you have done me a very great honor," answored old Dick, promptly, "and I feel proud and giad of it. To whom indeed should you come, if not to your oldest friend? I'll tell you what, Miss Mabel—I'll write you out the cheque now on the spot, and you can take it at once to your naughty brother with your love; and we will never tell anyone—you and I—one word about it."

Mabel's eyes filled with tears. She stooped suddenly and kissed the kindly large brown hand that lay on the

and I am only too pleased to be able to oblige you so easily. And now what shall I get you after your ride and long solltary confinement in the

drawing-room?"
"Nothing, thank you—especially as it wasn't solitary confinement by any nicans," Mabel declared—"quite the contrary. There was a stranger there the entire time, a Mr. Roy, I think his name was. And that is another thing I want to speak to you about. Please do not tell that gentleman who I am, as he might let some of the other officers at Bilton know all about my visit here, and it would certainly come to papa's ears in the long run."

"What did you say his name was."
"Roy—at least so Mason told me." "And who told you he was an offi-cer stationed at Bilton?"

"He looked like it," Mabel said, imply "And, besides, I know all the men at Broughton. Am I not right? Is he not an officer?"
"Quite right," returned Blount; but

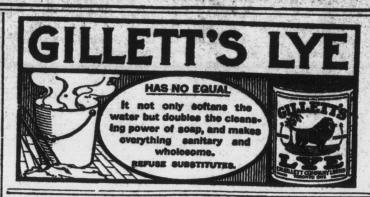
"Quite right," returned Blount; but he seemed strongly inclined to laugh. "And so he spoke to you, I suppose; and you called him Mr. Roy, eh?" "Just so," answered "the queen." "And it was very wrong of me, you know. But when, in some way or other, he asked me my name, I said it was Manyors heraus, the Manyorses. was Manvers, because, the Manverses being your cousins, people would not think about it if Mr. Roy spoke of his meeting me here.'

Blount burst into a perfect roar of laughter.

"By Jove," said he, "that is the best thing I have ever heard! I wonder thing I have ever heard! I wonder which he thought you were—Jane or Martha? He must have considered you grown young and wonderfully pretty since last he had the pleasure of seeing you, some fifteen years ago.

"Oh, Mr. Blount, you don't mean to say he knows the Manverses?" cried Mabel, in real distress, her cheeks the color of two soft summer roses.
"I should rather think so, consider-

ing you were speaking to my nephew, Roy Blount, who is also a cousin of the Manverses," said Blount, with an-other heartless explosion of mirth.
"And so you told him you were Jane eh? His face must have been a picthis hidden picture, either when living or in the act of dying; and certainly light blue orbs with your dark eyes,



een shooting since early dawn.

"And Miss Mildred—where is she?"
"Miss Trevanion has just gone down

by the copse way, toward Grant's farm to see Kate Dempsey, whose 'man' has 'been in trouble,'" Jenkins, the foot-

And so there was nothing left for Mabel but to wait patiently until such

time as any of the members of the household should take it into their

CHAPTER VIII.

Mildred was finding her way leisurely along toward Mrs. Dempsey's dwelling-place, enjoying thoroughly the fresh crispness of the wintery air as she went while the distant sound of the sportener's guing came now and

the sportsmen's guns came now and

then with startling distinctness to the

"People say, 'Who'd be a dog?' " she thought to herself, gayly, as she walk-ed along; "but I say, 'Who'd be a bird

—for at least nine months out of the twelve? Poor little wretches, how unhappy they must be to-day, how terrified. And yet—" Here she was going to add, "And yet what a capital

thing cold grouse is!" when her arriv val at Mrs. Dempsey's door checked the unsentimental reflection.

birds on that particular morning was Deuzil Younge, who having wandered

from his companions in more am-bitious search of game, found himself presently opposite a certain cottage door, with no assured knowledge of his whereabouts, and without a light

for his pipe.

He decided to enter, and ask the good woman of the house permission

to light his pipe at her glowing em-

bers, as well as gain some information respecting his position; so he went

up to the door, which he found open, and bowed his head to enter. And this was what he saw—Mildred Trevanion

—no longer the unapproachable Mil-dred of his everyday life, but a being

boy upon her knees, whose bare feet kicked triumphantly amongst the

"And so Jim is safely out of his trouble, Mrs Dempsey," she was say-ing, a pleased glow of satisfaction on

her fair face as she watched the little

lad in her arms complacently munching the biscuits she had brought

(To be continued.)

Turn the Children Loose.

and girls. Turn them loose and let them live wild—climb trees, jump

fences, chase squirrels, play with the dogs, dig in the garden, pick flowers, hop, skip and jump and do all sorts'

of things that a natural human ani-mal wants to do. The trouble is, our

boys and girls are tamed too much We are all born wild and in the civilizing process have to be tamed more or less. Most of us, however, get tamed too much. We become so tamed

ed too much. We become so tam that we are spoiled.—Good Health.

ida Times-Union.

We hear a lot about women's taste

look at what they marry .-- Flor-

Turn them loose. That is the best way to develop the muscles of boys

soft smiling, lovable—with a

many flounces and fur-belows

Amongst the slaughterers

man, informed her.

heads to return.

you young witch!"
"And I have been calling him by
his Christian name all this time!"
declared Mabel, who was almost comical in her despair. "Oh, Mr. Blount, what on earth shall I do? When is he going away? You know I can never look him in the face again, so do. say he will be leaving shortly."

"He isn't dreaming of going," said Blount—"not for a full month at all

events-not until his leave expires, and then he goes to Dublin to join his regiment. So, you see, you will have to dance with him at my ball the night after next, Miss Mabel, and be sure you are cousinly in your behavior

whatever happens."
"Dance with him!" exclaimed Mabel indignantly. "How can you go on like that when you know I can never speak to him again? Why, what must he think of my coming here on private business to you, and telling him suci a horrid, horrid lie? Mr. Blount"imploringly—"will you just explain things a little to him, without betray-ing Eddie—will you? Oh, if you will only be so kind!"

"Of course I will," said Blount "Yes, Miss Mildred, heaven be praised for it!" said the woman, stopping opposite to her with tears standing in her dark blue Irish eyes. "An if it hadn't been for you, where'd he have been now? "Twas the good word ye had for him with the squire that got him off, I'm tould; an if the prayers and blessin's of Kitty Dempsey can do ye good, ye have them. Oh, asthore 'tis little ye know of the sore heart I had yesterday—an' may the heaven above ever keep ye from knowin'! Pat sey"—with a sudden and utter chang of tone—"tis throublin' the lady y of tone—"tis throublin' the lady yeare, ye spalpeen of the world, come down off her lap this minit, I'm tellin

"Ah, please, no," interceded Mildred's soft voice as she pressed her arm round the boy to hold him closer. "I like him here very much, and he likes being here, don't you, Patsey?" "I should rather think he did," solil-

oquized Denzil, at the open entrance. But the child said nothing; he only glanced up in his protectress' face with rougish, sparkling eyes, and laid his head against her shoulder. He was a remarkably handsome lad of

was a remarkably handsome lad or about four years old, very dark and bright-complexioned, indeed almost foreign in his style of beauty.

"Tell me, Miss Mildred," began the woman again, with the respectful freedom peculiar to her countrywomen, "is it thrue what I've here beauty. on peculiar to her countrywomen,
"is it thrue what I've been hearin'
about ye, that ye're going to be married? Is it threu, alanna? An' to the
young lord that's stayin' at King's

Abbott?"
"It may be so," said Miss Trevanion, laughing. "Stranger things have
happened before now. But I, for my
part, have heard nothing about it."

She paused, blushed a little at the woman's earnest, kindly glance, and then Denzil bethought himself that it was high time he should cease to be a listener to this dialogue. Up to this he had been, almost unconsciously, feasting himself upon the girl's well, uncommon beauty; but the latter part of the conversation startled him, and betrayed his position to himself as an eavesdropper. He advanced, placed his gun against the lintel of the door. table near her.

"Nonsense, child," said Blount, hastily; "what did you do that for? Why, the money is lying idle at my banker's, the money is lying idle at my banker's in the money is lying idle at my banker's in the money is lying idle at my ba

Good morning," he said. "It seems does it not but you know we had not the pleasure of your company at breakfast this morning."

"No. Papa, you see, was not going shooting; and, really, all the rest of you chose to get up at such a ridiculously early hour! Have you had good sport?" sport?

"Pretty fair; the others have done "Pretty fair; the others have done rather better, I fancy. But all the shooting here is capital. I have lost my way a little, I think; at least I have got completely separated from my companions, and just came in to ask permission to light my pipe, which accounts for my being here."

He turned as he mentioned the pipe,

He turned as he mentioned the pipe He turned as he mentioned the pipe, and bowed courteously to Mrs. Dempsey, who, courtesying in return, told "his honor" he was very welcome. "Never fear; I will make it all right for you before Thursday night, Miss Mabel; and, as for him thinking anything had of you why he is the best

thing bad of you, why, he is the best lad in the world, and is, I'll be bound, at this very moment thinking of nothing but the beauty of a certain young lady who claimed kinship with him a little time ago."
"Thank you," returned Mab, feeling

slightly better as she listened to his hearty way of putting things; "thank you again and again, Mr. Blount, for all your goodness to me."
"I have done nothing for you," pro-

teeted old Dick; "and I shall be sericusly angry, Miss Mabel, if you ever mention my 'goodness' to me again."
'They were crossing the hall at this time, and presently gained the outer porch, where he put her on her horse and gathered up the reins for her hand

"Well, good-bye, and take care of yourself; and be sure you look your very loveliest on Thursday evening, or Roy will certainly mistake you for Jane.

"Good-bye," Mabel cried, and laughed in spite of herself at the absurdity of her position, as she rode on beneath the elms once more to the highroad on her way home to King's Abbott.

When she reached it she found the when she reached it she round the house deserted—the two elder ladies, accompanied by Miss Younge, having gone a distance of five miles to return some visits, while the senti-men had Dynamite.

Dynamite, if carefully made and kept will not explode except by shock or a blow; hance a cap or detonator is affixed to a charge just before firing to set it off. Set fire in open air dynamite burns fiercely with a smoky flame, but does not explode unless several sticks are closely piled together or packed in a box. The most common cause of premature explosion of dynamite is separation of its nitrogly. dynamite is separation of its nitrogly-cerin, slight friction or shock causing this to explode and, in turn, explode the dynamite. Separation of nitrogly cerin usually occurs when frozen dynamite is being thawed out; hence so many cases of explosion by careless or ignorant persons who use a perfectly good stove in a course of instruction in how to handle dynamite. The tion in now to handle dynamite. The force of a dynamite explosion is usu-ally greatest downward. Thus a stick of dynamite exploded on a rock with-out being covered will shatter the rock, but will produce little effect in other directions. Like all explosives, dynamite just be enclosed by produce it pleasanter. Thes last day of the sometimes prepared in granular form for producing certain explosive effects, but its action is too rapid and intense for use in rifles or cannon.

The Coffee Cup in Persia.

The expression "to give a cup of coffee" has in Persia a somewhat omlnous significance. This is due to the fact that the coffee cup is one recognized medium for conveying poison. Some years ago the governor of Aspanania, having long been at daggers drawn with the chief of a powerful mountain tribe, determined in this way to put an end to all trouble. He approfessed to entertain a greet degree professed to entertain a great degree of friendship and esteem for the chieftain and invited him to visit him chieftain and invited him to visit him at his palace. The chier unsuspiciously came, accompanied by his two young sons. For a week they were royally entertained. But at last one morning when the chief came into his host's presence he was coldly received, and an attendant stepped forward with a single cup of coffee in his hand, which he offered to the quest hand, which he offered to the guest. The latter could not fail to understand that he was doomed. Preferring, however, steel to poison, he declined the cup and was thereupon, at a signal from his host, stabbed to death.

The moment of finding a fellow-creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation as the moment of finding an idea.—George Eliot.

You can't beat Old Dutch

for taking rust and stains off knives



At Twilight.

I leve to sit by the embers
As they sparkle, and fade, and creep,
While Twilight gathers her children
And tucks them away to sleep.

When the noises of Day are softened To a soothing, mellow croon, Ere the reign of Night is ushered By her herald, the welrd-faced moon.

There's a magic balm in the gloaming For the day-racked weary train, And my care-freed fancy wanders In the paths afar from pain.

The visions and dreams of boyhood Pass before me clear and bright, In the changing coals and ashes, As twilight fades into night.

The pillar of fire before me Takes a deeper and stronger glow; Calling me onward and upward As it did in the long ago.

And I know that my heart grows younger That my soul climbs nearer Truth, For these twilight-hour communings With the things of my vanished youth,

So I love to sit by the embers
As they sparkle, and fade, and creep,
While Twilight gathers her children
And tucks them away to sleep.
David DeMay Farnworth, in Pittsburg
Chronicle.

The Dutch steamer Rijndijk, from Portland, March 23, for Rotterdam, has been damaged off Scilly Islands. It seems probable that the Rijndijk, like the Eemrilk, reported damaged of St. Catharine's Point, struck a THE WORD OF A GER AN.

Your troth was broken ere the trumpets blew; In the fight with unclean hands you rode; rode;
Your spurs were sullied and the sword
you drew
Bore stain of outrage done to honor's And you have played your game as you

began.
Witness the white flag raised by shattered ranks,
The err for mercy, answered, man to
man.
And the swift stroke of traitor steel
for thanks. The

Once bitten we are twice a little shy,
And then forget; but with the moont,
ing score
Our old good-nature, tried a shade too
high
Stiligus its lip, and means to stand
no more.

So now, when you protest with bleating so now, when you protest with bleating throat,
And, broider round your wrongs a piteous tele,
Urging the neutral ones to take-a note That we have passed outside the human pule;
The world (no fool) will know where lies the blame.

If kingland lets your pleadless with the blame.

the blame.
If England lets your pleadings go unheard;
To grace of chivalry you've lost your claim— We've grown too wise to trust a Bosch's word. -O. S. in Punch.

"Beauty is only skin deep." "Leonsider that a wise provision of nature."
"Why so?" "With that limitation the girls are kept busy enough."—Kansas
City Journal.

SIR-PABERI



From now on, while Canada endures, the name of its Premier, Sir Robert Borden, will be perpetuated in the topography of the Dominion. Thus decrees the Geographic Board of Canada, which has just officially adopted the name Mount "Sir Robert" to be applied to the beautiful snow-capped peak illustrated above. On the flank of the mountain is a great glacier, and this has been named "Borden Glacier."

This noble Mountain, whose glittering snow-capped crest rises sharply to a height of between eight and nine thousand feet, is situated 120 miles east of Frince Rupert, to the south of the Skeena River, and nine miles southeast from Doreen Station on the Grand Trunk Pacific line, and is in the heart of the British Columbia Coast Range.

Even on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, famous for its mountains, there are few more beautiful peaks than the newly named "Sir Robert," and while the pointed peak in itself is considered one of the most graceful and dignified in the neighbourhood, the huge glacier, fully a mile in width, lends it additional beauty and interest. This serried mass of frozen snow and ice—accumulating rocks, stones and earth as it moves slowly, inch by inch, down the raise of the mountain—is apparently drained by a winding mountain stream which ampties into the Skeena, and the great sweeping bend of this river, seen in the foreground of the picture, with a fine stretch of the track, indicates the view to be obtained from the railway line. Travellers on the Grand Trunk Pacific get the best view of this lovely made when two miles west of Doreen Station.