# A Love Story.

CHAPTER IX.

At the first-military station I came to I learned that the Red Lancers had gone home. I longed so intently to see Miriam that I took no precautions; I did not trouble about establishing my identity. I went to one of the superior officers who did not in the least doubt my story, and gave me funds to take me home. No thought but of Miriam entered my mind. I had ceased to care about glory or fame; I never stopped to wonder what would be said to me or thought of me; all I cared for was once more to see the face that had bewitched me, once more to hear the sound of her voice. once more to look at her, even should

die at her feet. The hour was coming. The good ship rode proudly over the sea; every wave, every breeze seemed to carry me nearer to my darling; every cloud, every sunbeam, every fresh swell of the water brought me a message from her. I stood for whole hours on deck, avatching the waves and dreaming of my love; and in my dream she was always fair and sweet as I left her. True, it was nearly three years since went away, and during these three years she must have believed me dead. Yet she was true to me, my constant, faithful darling. No one, whether I was living or dead, could take her heart from me. Lovers might crowd round her, riches, honors, everything that life holds dear, might be offered to her; but she would be true to me in death as in life. I remembered that she had once said to me:

"Hutbert, I wonder whether I shall die before you?"

"I hope," I said, "heaven in mercy

will take me first."

Then she raised her sweet face to mine and said: 'If I die first, Hulbert, I shall wait for you just inside the golden gates; and if you die first, my darling, you must wait there until I come. I shall

not be long.' You will never love anyone else Miriam? I said. A light that was not of earth came over her face. 'No," she answered simply; "I have

belonged to you in this life, and I will be yours in the next." After those solemn words I knew that lovers might plead in vain. My darling's heart was mine for time and

eternity—mine, and no other's.
So the good ship sped on, and each hour brought us nearer home. I pictured to myself that meeting; it would be quite the middle of December before we reached England, and I re-membered what December was like in weird winter beauty of Glen Forest knew how Lime Cottage would look, with snow on the roof and icicles on the eves. I pictured myself knocking at the door and then kissing Miriam's face. Oh, heaven, speed the time; send the good ship fair winds, and let

me see my love soon!
I had not a doubt—not a shade of fear, any more than a dying child fears the kind face of its Father in Heaven. We landed at last. I never stopped to think of myself, to rememthat my beard and mustache were the growth of many months, and disguised me so that my darling could not know me; I never thought of the scar, of the change in my face. My heart was on fire. I wanted Miriam, only Miriam—my love, my darling, now so near to me. It was Christmas eve, and I should see her before night. I had but to take the train from London to Carnsore, and then walk on to Glen. Even the train went slowly-steam was not quick enough. I chafed with impatience. People looked at me, some with a smile, some with wonder. I heeded nothing, but at times a great quiet came over me, a wonderful calm. I holding Miriam's hand in mine and kissing her face. I held her clasped to my heart, and heard her bid me thrice welcome home. I cried, "My wife, my darling, I have gone through the darkness of death, but have lived for you!" Then I woke only to feel my impatience the great-

At last we reached Carnsore, and every spot was familiar to me. It was the noon of Christmas eve, and the station was crowded. No one knew me; but, ah, some one not far away, was thinking of me, even though she believed me dead! I shall never get the walk from Carnsore to Glen. The winter sun shone on the hoarfrost, the red berries glistened on the holly-trees, the sky was blue, the air keen, clear and cold. I knew every step of the way. How often I had walked it, morning and evening—how often with Miriam by my side, holding her hand in mine?

could not walk quickly enough. Oh, fair Christmas eve, how your



They were just as I had seen them in my dreams. No fragrance of Indian flowers, no scorch of Indian sun came to me now, but the bracing breath of the winter wind, and the light rustle of the shining hoar-frost. In five minutes she would be in my arms; there was only one meadow to

cross, and then—
I said to myself that I must be calsn,

I said to myself that I must be calm, that I must not tremble, and shake and shudder, that I should frighten my darling if I did so.

I stood at the door, my heart beating, my brain burning, my face all flushed, my hands trembling. Oh, Miriam, my love, my love! I heard the sound of the bell, and I remembered it. I heard light footsteps. Would they be hers? And then the door was ed it. I heard light footsteps. Would they be hers? And then the door was opened. Oh, no; it was not Miriam—not Miriam, but a neat servant-maid who stood before me, looking with wonder at my bronzed, bearded face. Twice I tried to speak, but all sound died on my lips. At length a voice, quite unlike my own, asked was Mr. Dacre at home, and could I see him. The maid opened her eyes in wonder.

"Mr. Dacre," she replied, "had been dead two years." That was the first blow. "He died quite suddenly," she said. "The doctors said it was heartdisease

"Can I see Mrs. Dacre?" I asked. "She keeps her room, sir, and sees no one; she has been ill for years. A dreadful fear came over me, a cold, stony dread, a horror that had no name. I felt that I could not ask for Miriam. Yet what folly; she would be by her mother's side. I looked at the girl, my heart on my lips. Oh, the unutterable suspense of that moment!

"I am sorry to hear it," I said. "Can I see Miss Dacre?"
And a chime of bells seemed playing "Miriam May Dacre, sweet Miriam May." The girl smiled; the same smile crept from her eyes to her lips; this was evidently a brighter theme. "There is no Miss Dacre, sir," she eplied. "Miss Dacre married Sir

Aleck Glen nearly two years ago."
I stood quite still, but I remember that the words stabbed me through the heart just as a sharp sword would have done, that the world seemed suddenly to have fallen in ruins. I stood there dazed, dead in all but the miserable life which would not leave me. The sudden terrible trembling of my own frame recalled me to myself; the very smart of my pain brought the

anguish of life back to me.
"Are you quite sure?" I asked. "Is
there no mistake?" "No, sir. I saw her married—I lived here then. Miss Dacre is Lady Glen of Atherstone, and very happy she is."
"Happy," I gasped—"happy, while
she thought me dead! Married two
years ago, when she believed me

Still the girl stood looking at me, and I—I was helpless to move or stir.
"You look ill, sir. Will you walk in

"No, I will not stay, thank you. You say that Mr. Dacre is dead, Mrs. Dacre ill and Miss Dacre marriedthere is no mistake. 'None, sir. But Atherstone Hall is not far from here; if you were a friend of Mr. Dacre's, my lady would be pleased to see you."

I turned away. I could not speak.
"My lady" meant Miriam, my wife, my love. I went back to Glen Forest, and fell on my face.

I fell on my face, and lay there. This was the end of my love, my toils, my labors, my life. Never more should I care to rise from the ground or raise my miserable face to the bright skies. Never more should I care to join the world of men, to talk, to smile, to sleep, to eat, to laugh, to weep. If the white, soft snow would but fall and hide me from human eyes for ever! Never lay human being so crushed, so desolate as I. A stupor like that of death came over my senses; the very smart of my pain seemed to have num-

Then a sudden revulsion of feeling came to me. It could not be true. It was not true: it was a monstrous invention, a detestable falsehood! Madman that I was, to believe the word of a country girl against Miriam's truth and Miriam's faith. There was one mistake—Miriam was mine. She would never marry Sir Aleck Glen. She did not like him; she would not believe that he was good; she had told me so herself. To think that she, my pure, proud love, would marry him! I rose from the ground, the blood seethed through my veins. I would go at once to Atherstone, and discover the

truth for myself. The afternoon was fast waning into night; the air seemed full of soft, brooding mystery. Christmas eve is never the same as other days; the sky and the trees, the stars and the fields, the wind and the snow, all seem dif-ferent. I went through the forest to the road for Atherstone. The Hall stood in the midst of beautiful undulating grounds, a stately mansion. I look at it with wonder. Was my darling there—my Mirlam, my love? Was she mistress of this superb place? Was she the wife of its proud owner? He had forbidden me to go there, but I would go in search of my lost love. Heaven help him if he crossed my path! Heaven save him if against him I raised my right arm! I opened the park gates, and went on to the lodge; a woman came out and asked me if I had business there. I said, "Yes, and very important business, too." She was a kindly woman, and the sound of my voice—that hoarse, awful voice, which was not like that of any human being—seemed to startle her.
"You look very ill, sir," she said. "Will you walk in and sit down? I will get you some water or milk." She looked wonderingly at the great crim-

son scar and the long beard. "You are from foreign parts, sir?" she said. And I answered, "Yes." I went in, thinking it quite possible

she might say something about Sir Aleck. I sat down in the clean, bright room, gaily decorated with Christmas evergreens, and she brought me a glass of fresh, sweet milk.
"I have been ill," I said, "and you

are very good to me. "I have a son, sir, in foreign parts," she said, "and it makes me feel for everybody. You look very ill," I told her how many months I had lain ill with a fever and my many wounds; then I asked her about Sir Aleck, and how long he had been mai-

ried. I did not mention my darling's name; it seemed to me too sacred to pass my lips.
"He has been married," she said, "over two years."
"Whom did he marry?" was my balls, and the woman's face Lucifer.

brightened. "A Miss Dacre, sir, the daughter of the curate of Glen. She is the most beautiful woman, they say, in Eng-land—but she does not look the hap-piest."

"Why?" I asked, abruptly.

[To be Continued.]

# hours dragged! I reached the forest, and then I believe my senses left me. I remember calling, "Miriam, Miriam!" and the name echoing through the forest and over the trees. I remember hot tears falling from my eyes as I thanked heaven that I had escaped from the land of captivity to my love. Then I saw the cottage, the lime-trees, the church. OUR SHORT STORY The Great Setting of Everlasting Hills."

The freedom with which the denizens, of that, you know. Hens can't hatch of the place came into the office and out billiard balls. pied the type was remarkable. Col. Bet you twenty-five dollars she Slocum expressed the opinion that we 'oughter to glue it together so it wouldn't be so durned touchy," and we really gave the suggestion serious at-tention. Mr. Milo Bush did not often discurb the type, but his conversational displays were sometimes rather disconcerting. We were forced to bear the brunt of his numerous stories, most of the older residents being immune from many repetitions. His idea seemed to be that nothing was too stiff for us, especially after he had made a show of paying something on his subscription — an adroit operation, which consisted in turning in a quarter with considerable flourish and borrowing half

dershot, a former more or less mythical resident of the town. I had heard other stories of Hendershot from both Mr. Bush and Abner Blackmark, and I am inclined to think that he at some time existed.

"Well, now, Hendershot was all right," said Mr. Bush on the occasion in question. "You know about Hendershot—Hi Hendershot, who used to run the Headquarters Hotel? Hendershot—yes, yes, quite a man, Hendershot was. Couldn't tell you all about Hendershot if I took a week off. Wish't I had all the money I lent Hendershot," and he heaved a sigh meant to be pathat I knew he never lent any money to anybody in his life, but, on the con trary, owed money to every man in town.

"Reckless, Hendershot was, with his money. Bet on some fool thing, or give it away, or lose it, or anything. Hadn't till last night when I was a-readin' that item in your paper about the hen's egg old Deacon Brown fetched you, eight inches in diameter. [The egg was eight inches in circumference, but Mr. Bush never recognized such minor points of fact.] Made me think of Hendershot's old speckled hen, Everlasting. Everlasting Hills was her full name, 'cause she sot just like 'em, or more so. More so, I reckon, 'cause a yearthquake will wreck a hill a good deal, but it couldn't never move old hen. She never spent any time laying eggs like the Deacon's, nor no other size, not so fur as I ever heard. Her object in life was setting."

"She preferred eggs to set on, but when they wa'n't handy, wasn't above anything else. Next to real eggs, of course, she'd take artificial ones—these here china nest-eggs. Seemed to get more satisfaction out of 'em than she could out of corncobs, or a piece of chalk, or a brickbat. Next to porcelain eggs she cottoned to door-knobs, white fust, brindle if she couldn't get white Preferred 'em on the ground, but, if necessary, could fly up and make the attempt to hatch 'em out right on the door, bracing one foot on the key, and squawking a good deal down in her throat if anybody opened the door. Powerful hand to Quawk! quawk!just like that-way down in her throat, if she was disturbed when she was set-ting. Hopped on to the back platform of the passenger train one day and sot down on the bright head of a bolt. Seen her mistake at the second stadown, and came back on the freight, setting on a chunk of coal in the tender. Cyclone blowed away the coop one day, but Everlasting just froze to the ground, and kept the broken teacup she was setting on safe and warm. Most of her feathers had been snaked off by the force of the wind, but when old Hendershot went out. tickled half to death to see her there, and tried to pat her on the back, she just squawked down in her throat and snatched a dab at his hand, which drew the blood. Gamiest hen in the Territory; if a b'iling volcaner had bust out in the back yard she'd a-blistered her feet setting on the stones it hove

"But the old hen wasn't such a blam-ed fool, after all. When she had sot on anything three weeks without results she begun to to get suspicious, and sort o' look hard with one eye 'fore she got back on the nest. Then when another week was up, she would just light out and leave whatever it was and look around for something else. Her judg-ment was bad on making fust choice, but she knowed when she'd got en-

"Well, it run along till that hen had sot on just about everything in sight, and she was gettin' pretty hard up for setting material. One day Hendershot was in the billiard-room having a game with Judge Longsdorf, and he was a-nursing the balls, gentle like, down along the rail into one corner, when suddenly that old critter of a speckled hen up and flew into the winder with two squawks and forty clucks, snatched a dab at the cue, and just gather-ed them four balls under her wing and sot down on' em, and closed her eyes peaceful, and begun to breathe deep and steady, as much as to say, "Thank 1 o'clock train. Did he pay his bill?"

heaving, at last I am rewarded.' "Well, as fust Hendershot was plumb beat. Then says he: Boys, bite to eat.' Hendershot, he couldn't her feet up.
be satisfied, and kept walking around "Then Judge Longsdorf picks her up one on her ag'in any other hen, and hen with a regular nest and china stuffed her about four weeks ago eggs. Said he'd put Everlasting ag'in he give up and said he'd just make an the date on the wall, and told strangwho dropped in that it was a grand the International Setting Hen Associa-

shot was standing and admiring her, and pointing out that she handn't moved a feather since she sot down, in come a sandy-haired feller with a red face, and wearing one of these fore-and-aft caps, and funny-looking clothes generally, and squinted his eyes around and seen the hen, and said the

"'Oh, I say,' says he, just like that -'oh, I say, you know, what's the blooming bird on the table for?' 'She's a-setting on four billiard balls,' answers Hendershot, proud as "'Ex-trordnary, by jove!' says the feller; 'does she think she can hatch

"That's her ijee. And I don't know but she might—you hear wot I say?" says Hendershot, swelling up with w'Oh, I say now, she'll soon gat thred

"Bet you 'twenty-five dollars she keeps trying for three weeks, anyhow,' answers Hendershot.
"'Til go you on that,' says the fel-

"Bet you fifty dollars she keeps at it the fourth week," says Hendershot.
"Go you again," says the feller.
"Bet you a hundred she holds out the fifth week," keeps on Hendershot, getting excited.
"Take that, too," comes back the

"'All right,' says Hendershot; 'put

up your money.'
"Oh, I say, I'm not used to that,
you know. Don't do that way in Eng-land, my dear sir. We're gentlemen one day, after having performed the first part of this transaction, he dropped both feet into the capacious wastebasket, and told a story of one Henlike transaction in the capacity wastebasket, and told a story of one Henlike this: His Ighness, fifty guineas on the sweepstake; Joke of Slackwater, a pony on the Goodwood cup; Lady Bink, box o' gloves,' and then he scratched down something, saying, 'Landlord, \$175 on hen.'

"Well, Hendershot, he caught right on, and he wa'n't to be outdone, so says he, 'Of course, that's all right, my lord—both gentlemen—certainly—I'll just put it down in my betting-book, and he dragged out a copy of the Smith Patent Pill Company's Farmers' and Mechanics' Account Book, sort o' talking to hisself—'The President, five hundred on hoss-trot; Chief Justice Supreme Court, \$40 on dog-fight,' and then he scratched down, 'Stray Englishman, \$175 on Everlasting Hills.

"Then says the feller; 'I'm out on little hunting trip—think I'll just stay at your house.' Well, Hendershot was tickled to have him, and put him in the best room in the house, and give orders that nothing was too good for him. And he was just the kind that knowed good things, and he went right in and made hisself at home—had extra grub every meal, lively teams each day to go hunting perahrie chickens, and all that kind o' thing, and run up a bill like the national debt. But Hendershot was tickled to death over it, and used to spend half his time talking with the fel-

ler 'bout the Jukes and things he knowed in England. "And old Everlasting just sot on. They left the winder open so she could get out when she wanted to. It was always her way to hop off the nest just at sunrise every morning, and hustle around and pick up a handful or two of gravel and be back on in ten minutes. Every morning before breakfast Hendershot took a look at her, and during the day he had his eye on her most of the time. Fenced off that corner of the room so she wouldn't be disturbed, and put up a shade so's the light wouldn't hurt her eyes.

"Well, at the end of three weeks Hendershot couldn't hardly contain hisself, 'cause he'd won the first bet. "That's ag'in me, 'pon my honor,' says the Britisher, noting it down in his book, 'but I'll win on the next week's,' and he give his bill another h'ist. Once Hendershot presented his bill, but the Britisher waved it away sort o' graceful and said he'd fix it when they set-tled the bets. 'That's right says Hndershot. 'All gentlemen, know,' and the Britisher boosted his livery bill again.

"When the fourth week ended the hen was still setting right along, and the Englishman owned up beat ag'in. "Same way at the end of the fifth week. Hendershot was so tickled that he couldn't hardly talk. 'But I say, you ought to give me a chance for my revenge; 'go you another week for two hundred.' 'All right,' says Hendershot. And he won ag'in, I'll be hanged if he 'Double the bet and go you says the Englishman, 'British ag'in,' says the Englishman. pluck, you know-never sa, die.' Hendershot agreed, with some remark about the American eagle. 'Tell you what,' says he to Judge Longsdorf, 'old Everlasting is just making the set of her life. It's the billiard balls being so natural, you see. Been used to corn-cobs and chunks of brick so long that a billiard ball gives her new hope. go him one more week at \$800 if she holds out, and he'll do it.'

Well, she held out right enough, and the Britisher was ready to try it ag'in. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' says he. 'There you are, Mr. Landlord.

"The eighth week was up at four o'clock a Thursday afternoon, and they had agreed it was to be the last. A few minutes before four Hendershot walking about pretty nervous, with

one eye on Everlasting.
"'She's a-goln' to do it,' says he.'She ain't moved a feather. She's right there. She's a-winning money for Tonight I'll give her a nest and thirteen eggs as her reward. Yes, sir; thirteen genyooine eggs, you understand-eggs that will hatch. She's the greatest fowl in the United States. I'll back Everlasting Hills ag'in the world.' "Just then in walks the clerk, and, says he: 'That Englishman left on the

yells Hender-"'Great beeswax, no!' shot. 'Two hundred dollars, if it's. a cent. Nor the bet either. You blamed don't tech her! Give the hen a old speckled fraud!' and he reaches chance! Bet you she never stirs for over and gives the hen a poke with four weeks 'cept once a day to get a the billiard cue, and she rolls over with

the hen trying to rig up some scheme and she didn't weigh more than six to get a bet on her. Offered five to ounces. 'Why,' says he, 'she's got glass eyes and wire in her neck. That fellow said the other man might provide his must have been a taxidermist and "Well, when old Hendershot could any other two hens, the others to fol- stand up without help he said some low each other. Finally offered to bet things-without help, too; but there's that the fowl would hatch out the bil-liard balls, red and white ivory chick-'cause they wasn't things you could ens, but everybody fit shy of even this print in your paper, and there's no offer, 'cause nobody knowed what the sense in your bothering with things old speckled thing couldn't do. Finally you can't use. Just go ahead and make an editorial of this, and draw a moral exhibition set of it, and chalked down on the sinfulness of betting if you want to, which I've always said it was, ever since I bet ag'in my own hoss and set ag'in time, an attempt to lower the the critter got scared and run away, world's record under the auspices of and come in ten rods ahead, which I'll tell you about some other time," he went out and left me to finish the article I was writing, urging people to dig deeper cyclone tellars.—Saturday

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT

Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.

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#### 0000000000000 Boys and Girls.

The Little Singer.

There's a funny little fellow in a coat as black as jet, And he lives down by the meadow in

the grass; And if the day be pleasant, or if the day be wet, You will hear him singing as you So when the summer's ended and the days are dark and cold,

While close you sit beside the glowing fire. From a corner, dark and hidden, you hear the cricket bold, Still chirp his song and never seem

-Youth's Companion.

Prof. William Wise, of Toytown. I had occasion to call on Prof. Wm. Wise the other morning before that charming gentieman had finished his morning toilet. I was at once ushered into his presence; for being an old friend, he did not stand on ceremony. cannot stand on anything, having that weakness in his nether limbs, which

comes to people of his years.) It being a warm, balmy day, nurse postponed the completion of his toilet, and left us to enjoy a pleasant chat undisturbed. Now, I have always found conversation with the professor more of a monologue than a dialogue He is as thoughtful as his name implies, but like most folk of his intellectual attainments, he is a man of few words; moreover, he is inclined to abbreviate as much as possible, his discourse being a sort of verbal short-

hand "Hello, Billy!" I said, by way of salutation. My intimacy with him made allowable this familiarity. 'Waow, waow, waow!" rejoined the professor, genially, beatting a tattoo with his heels. This is Professor Wise's original way of saying: "Hello yourself! Come in; sit down and tell us

all the news.' As I gazed at him reclining on the lounge, I ventured a time-worn pun. "Do you know, Billy," I said, "you remind me of your mother's glove, you're both undressed kid." me of Like all learned men, he is a bit slow to see a joke. So, for emphasis, I gave him a little poke in the ribs. Immediately the professor fairly doubled up with merriment. It was al ways this way with Billy. A joke never penetrated his consciousness by way of his ears. The surest way to his risibilities was his ribs. Or, when that

failed, a little chucking under the chin always brought forth convulsions of laughter. "Billy," said I, "I have called this morning to ask your advice on a serious matter."

The professor looked grave-so grave, in fact, I thought that he was going to cry. A timely poke in the ribs, how-ever, immediately restored him to his usual gayety of manner.
"It's a young lady that's the matter,

Bully," I went on. "Not that she's serious. That's where the rub comes in. She never will be serious. Three times I've asked-well, an important question, and each time she evades a direct answer. Sometimes I think that is a hopeful sign, and sometimes I think she takes a cruel delight in playing with me. I'm torn between my hopes and fears. I dare say you've noticed how thin and pale I'm look-

The professor had been regarding me with a meditative look. Now he broke out in a derisive smile. "Baabaa!" he spluttered. It is a more po-

lite way of saying "Tommyrot!" "Now, what I want to know is, shall go about wearing my heart on my sleeve, letting her and all the world see how unhappy I am, or shall I go and flirt desperately with some other girl, or—" I paused and looked at the professor. He had stuck his thumb in his mouth, and was blinking thoughtfully at the ceiling.
"Or would you," I continued—"would

you just appear as gay and jolly as ever, quite as though you didn't mind being played with, and so keep on proposing until finally she gets tired of saying the same old thing, and says 'yes' instead?".

"Goo, goo, goo!" cried Billy, with a wild gesticulation of arms and legs, any one could have told that the professor was heartily indorsing this last course. In his excitable way he simply dropped a couple of final d'sthat was all.

I picked up Billy and clasped him in my arms. "Billy, old man," I cried. "You have decided me; I shall take And I did, and finally won the day;

wherefore I have always regarded the professor as the greatest sage of this day and generation. There never was such a fellow as Billy! If you doubt it—ask his mother.—Harper's Baser.

## "Fix Bayonets."

[The Khan, in Toronto Globe.]. Go put a Boer behind a rock, A pipe-stem curving o'er his lip, He'll shoot as reg'lar as a clock, With meritorious marksmanship.

noble art—a fact 'tis his; He laughs when bombshells round him skip; He growls "verdomph!" and practices

His most resplendent marksmanship. Against the rock his gun he'll nurse, The buttons from your coat he'll clip, And as you dodge around you curse His really splendid marksmanship.

He takes his time—he shuts one eye, "Verdomph!" he touched the trigger trip.
In Scotland I can hear a cry—
Oh! keen, far-reaching marksman-

bugle blast the welkin rends. "Fix bayonets!" runs from lip to lip. Now, boor, thy very life depends Upon thy splendid marksmanship! The charging columns never swerve

They let the thirsty bloodhounds slip;

The sheltered shot has lost his nerve,

It spoils his pretty marksmanship. Clean out the sty! the foemen foil With steel that hath a thirsty lip; It takes a British charge to spoi That much-belauded marksmanship!

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