The Farmer's Seventy Years. At there ho is, lad, at the plough ; He beats the boys for work. And whatsoe'er the task migit bo None ever saw him shirks. And he can laugh, too, till fils eyes Hun o'er with mirthful tears. And sing full many an old-time song, In spite of seventy years.

In spite of scientify founds I this twolve o'clock Thim for a halt-hour's rest." And farmer John took out his lunch "A harder insk it is," said he, "Than following up these steers, Or mending fences, far, for me-To feel my seventy years.

"You ask me why I feel so young, I'm sure, friends, I can't tell, But think it is my good wife's fault, Who kept me up so well; For women such as she are scarce In this poor vale of tears; She's given me love and hope and strength For more than forty years.

"And then my boys have all done well, As far as they have gone, and that thing warms an old man's blood And helps him up and on; My girls have never caused a pang, Or raised up anxiou - foars; Then wonder not that I feel young And hale at seventy years.

"Why don't my good boys do my work And let me sit and rest? Ah! frincis, that wouldn't do for me; I liko my own way best. They have their duty ; I have mine, And till the end appears I mean to smell the soil, my friends," Said the man of seventy years.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MANSE AT ROWAN-GLEN.

Weary I am, and all so fair, Longing to clasp a hand; For thou art very far, sweet love, From my mountain land.

Dear are the clouds yon giant bens Fold o'er their rugged breasts. Fold o'er their rugged breasts. Grandly their straggling skirts lift up Over the snow-flecked crests.

Dear are the hill-side glooms and gleams, Their varied purple hew, This opal sky, with distant peak Catching its tender blue.

Dear are the thousand streams that sing Down to the sunny sea, But dearer to my longing heart Were one bright hour with thee. Helen Marion Burnside

trouble.

It was towards evening, at the close of It was towards evening, at the close of a lovely September day, that a rough equip-page laden with luggage, with a black retriever gamboling joyously beside it crept rather slowly down the long lovely road by the Deeside leading to Rowan-Glen, one of those rare gems of Highland scenery that are set so ruggedly in the Cairngorm mountains.

Fay had just sheltered her sleeping baby from the rays of the setting sun; and sat wearily in the jolting carriage, trying to recall all the familiar landmarks that greeted

There were the grounds and preserves of Monorieff, with their lovely fringes of dark pine trees and silvery birches, and a little further on the wicket gate that led down to the falls or linn of Rowan-Glen.

By and by came a few low cottages built of grey stone, and thatched with heather fastened down with a rough network of ropes. One or two of them were covered with honeysuckle and clematis, and had tiny gardens filled with vegetables and dowers, pinks and roses mingling in friendly confusion with gooseberry bu es friendly and cabbages.

A narrow planked passage ran through the cottages, with a door at the other end opening on to a small field, with the usual cow-house, peat and straw stacks, and a little shed inhibited by a few scraggy cocks and hens which with "taa coo" herself are the household property of all, even the poor est, of the Highland peasants. Fay looked eagerly past them, and for a

ant forgot her trouble and weariness for there in the distance, as they turned th corner, stretched the long irregular range of the Cairngorm mountains, with the dark shadow of the Forest of Mar at their base; while to the right, far above the lesser and more fertile hills, rose the snowy heads of those stately patriarchs-Ben-muich-dkui and Ben-na-

nd Ben-na-bourd. Oh, those glorious Highland mountain with their rugged peaks, against which the fretted clouds "get wrecked and go to pieces." What a glory, what a miracle they are! On sunny mornings with their infinity

have no other friend. I am married, and this is my baby, and my husband does not want me, and indeed it would have killed me to stop with him, and I have come takity. "There's a deal said about the virtue of you, and he must not find me, and you must take care of baby and me," and here her tars burst out, and she clung round the okd lady's neck, "I have money, and I can pay the minister; and I am so fond of you both hat we turned anybody from the Manse." -do let me stay." "Whisht, whisht, my dearie," returned

-do let me stay." "Whisht, whisht, my dearie," returned Mrs. Duncan, wiping her own eyes and Fay's. "Of course you shall bide with me; would either Donald or I turn out the shorn lamb to face the tempest? Married, my bairn; why you look only fit for a cotyour-self; and with a bairn of your own, too. And to think that any man could ill-use a creature like that;" half to herself; but Fay drooped her head as she heard her. Mrs. Duncan thought Hugh was crued to her, and that she had fied from his ill-treatment, and she dare not contradict this and," continued Fay, with an agitation "You must never speak to me of my hus-band," continued Fay, with an agitation

"You must never speak to me of my hus-band," continued Fay, with an agitation that still further misled Mrs. Duncan. "I should have died if I had stopped with him; but I ran away, and I knew he would never find me here. I have money enough -ah, plenty—so you will not be put to expense. You may take care of my purse; and I have more...a great deal more." and Fay was helpless. "Mother and child," he murmured; "it

"Mother and child," he murmured; "it is always before our eyes, the Divine picture; and old and young, it touches the manhood within us. So you have come to bide a wee with Jeanie and me in the old Manse, my dear young lady; ay, and you are kindly welcome. And folks do say that there is no air so fine as ours, and no milk so pure as our brindled cow gives, and may be it will give you a little color into your checks." your cheeks." "Don't you remember me, Mr. Duncan?"

You may take care of my purse; and I have more—a great deal more;" and Fay held out to the dazzled eyes of the old lady a purse full of bank notes and glittering gold pieces, which seemed riches itself to her Highland simplicity. "Ay, and just look at the diamonds and emeralds on your fingers, my dearie; your man must have plenty of this world's goods. What do they call him, my bairn, and where does he live?" But Fay skilfully fenced these questions. She called herself. Mrs. St. Clair, she said, and her husband was a landed proprieter, and lived in one of "Don't you remember he, mr. Duncat i asked Fay, somewhat disappointed to find herself treated like an ordinary visitor. "Don't you remember Fay Mordaunt, the little girl who used to play with you in the orchard? but I am afraid I was older than

orchard? but I am afraid I was older than I looked." "Elsie used to play with me in the orchard," replied the old man, wistfully; " but Jeanie says she has gone to Heaven with wee Robbie. Nay, I never remember names, except Jeanie—and may be Jean comes handy. And there is one name I never forget—the name of Lord Jesus;" and he bowed his old head rever-Mrs. St. Chair, she said, and her husband was a landed proprieter, and lived in one of the midland counties in England; and then she turne | Mrs. Duncan's attention by asking her if she and baby might have the room her father slept in. Then Jean brought in the tea and buttered scones, and the milk for the baby; and while Mrs. Duncan fed him, she told Fay about her own

ently. "Come away, my bairn; Donald will For the kind, white-headed minister. have plenty to say to you another time,' said Mrs. Duncan, kindly. "He is a bit whom Fay remembered, was lying now in his last illness; and he had had two

in his last illness; and he had had two strokes of paralysis, and the third would carry him off, the doctor said. "One blessing is, my Donald does not suffer," continued Mrs. Duncan, with a quiver of her lip; "he is quito helpless, poor man, and cannot stir himself, and sent lifts him up as though he were a baby; but he sleeps most of his time, and when he is awake he never troubles—he just talks about the old time when he brought me first to the manse; and sometimes he fancies Robbie and Elsieare pulling flowers in the garden—and no doubt they are—the "Ay, but He'll no let me wander far; I have always got a grip of His hand, and if my old feet stumble a bit I an just lifted up. No, I could not forget His name, which is Love, and nothing else. But per-haps you are right, Jeanie, lass, and I am a bit sleepy. Take both the bairns away, and watch over them as though they were lambs of the fold—and so they are lambs of His fold," finished the old man. "And may be the Shepherd found them straying, poor bit creatures, and sent them here for you and me to mind, my weuman." in the garden and no doubt they are—the darlings, only it is in the garden of Para-dise; and maybe there are plenty of roses and lilies there, such as Solomon talked

me to mind, my woman." CHAPTER XXXIV. TRACKED AT LAST.

Thus it was granted To know that he loved me to the depth an height Of such large natures; ever competent, With grand horizons by the sea or land, To love's grand survise. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

various ailments from the far-famed hot springs, or to enjoy the salubrious air and splendid scenery that made W—— so

The piazza was always the favorite lounge at all hours of the day, but especially towards evening. A handsome striped awning, and the natural shade of the splendid tropical plants that twined round the slender pillars, gave a pleasant shade even at noonday. Broad low steps led to the gardens, and deck chairs and cushioned rocking chairs were placed invitingly at intervals. intervals.

Intervals. A gay beyy of girls had just taken posses sion of these coveted seats, and were chat tering with the young men who had jus followed them out of the hot dining-room but no one invaded the quiet corner when

"Yes, dear,"—but Margaret spoke absently—"but you do not ask me what I have been doing, Raby." "No,"—very slowly; and then, with a touch of sadness, "I begin to think it is better not to ask." " Poor fellow,"—laying her hand on his arm caressingly. "Yes, I understand you are beginning to lose hope. What did I tell you last night—that it is always the dark-est hour before the dawn. Do you remem-

have entertained angels unaware; and it shall never be said of us, Jeanie woman, that we turned anybody from the Manse." est hour before the dawn. Do you remem ber how fond Crystal was of that song? Well, it is true, Raby : I have been stop-ping away for some purpose this after-noon. Crystal and Miss Campion are

"Here !" and at Raby's exclamation more han one head turned in the direction o

than one head turned in the direction of brother and sister. "Yee, in W——. Do not speak so loud, Rahy; you are making people look at us. Take my arm, and we will go into the shrubberies; no one will disturb us there." And as she guided him down the steps, and then across a secuded lawn, Raby did not speak again until the scent of the flowering shrubs told him they had entered one of the quiet paths leading away from the the quiet paths leading away from th

house. "Now, tell-me, Maggie," he said uickly; and Margaret obeyed at once. "I was at the station, as we planned

and saw them arrive; so for once the infor-mation was correct. Crystal got out first, and went in search of the luggage. I concealed myself behind a bale of goods-wool packs, I believe—and she passed me quite closely; I could have touched her with my hand. She looked very well, only thinner, and I think older; it struck me she had grown, too, for she certainly looked aller.'

"It is possible; and you really saw her ace, Margaret ?'

"Yes; she was looking away. She is as beautiful as ever, Raby. No wonder people stare at her so. She is as much like your ideal Esther as she used to be, only there is a grander look about her altogether —less like the girl, and more of the women" leart."

"Ah, she has suffered so; we have all aged, Maggie. She will think us both changed."

Margaret suppressed a sigh-she was almost thankful that Raby's blind eyes could not see the difference in her. He was could not see the difference in her. He was quite unconscious that her youthful bloom had faded, and that her fair face had a settled, matured look that seldom comes before middle age; and she was glad that this was o. Neither of them spoke now of the strange blight that had passed over her young life. Margaret had long since ceased to weep over it; it was her cross she said, and she had learnt its weight by this time. night.' its weight by this time. "Well, Margaret?" for she had paused

"I did not dare to leave my place of con-cealment until she had passed. I saw Miss Campion join her. She is a plcasant, brisk, looking woman with grey hair, and rather a young face. I followed them out of the station, and heard them order the driver to bring them hore." oring them here."

"Here ! To this house, Margaret?" "Yes—wait a moment—but of course I knew what Mrs. O'Brien would say—that there was no room; so I did not trouble to follow them very closely; in fact I knew it would be useless. When I did arrive I went straight to Mrs. O'Brien's parlor and asked if she had managed to accommodate

the two ladies." " 'I did not know they were friends of yours, Miss Ferrers,' she said, regretfully. 'But what could I do? There is not a vacant different classes in Scotland on a footing of equality at least once a day and makes her people the most liberal in Great Britain. "And you ladies, if you wish to be as fresh as roaches, even after having danced bed in the house, and I knew the hotel would be just as full; so I sent them down to Mrs. Maddox at the corner house, down the whole night, take porridge. It is this food—a medicine as simple as it is easy taken—which makes those beautiful colors rise, and which maintains that freshness yonder—it is only a stone's throw from here. And, as I told the ladies, they can join us at luncheon and dinner, and make use of the drawing-room. I knew Mrs. Maddox had her two best bedrooms and the from the advance of the throw of the throw of the throw the which you will admire so much on the cheeks of the Scotch ladies when you visit front parlor empty.' Of course I thanked Mrs. O'Brien, and said no doubt this would them in their own country ! ' Arise Correct, and said no doubt this would do excellently for our friends; and then I walked past the corner house and found they were carrying in the luggage, and Miss Campion was standing at the door talking to a colored servant."

"You actually passed the house? Oh, Margaret, how imprudent. Sup-posing Crystal had seen you from the window?" "Oh, my cloak and veil disguised me;

DR. BLACHE states in the Bulletin Thera you fall in love with them. Now that colonel, Crystal, I can't think what fault you could find with him; he was manly, entlemanly, and as good looking as a man

an ideal of your own." "And if I answer, yes," returned the girl, quickly, "will you leave off teasing me about all those stupid men. If you knew how I hate it—how I despise them "!!"

"All but the ideal," observed Miss Cam pion, archly; but she took the girl's hand in hers, and the shrewd, clever face soft Philippoteaux, with a dozen assistants, has been engaged constantly on the work for the past six months, and some idea of its magnitude can begained from thefollowing

in hers, and the shrewd, clever face soft-ened. "You must forgive an impertinent old maid, my dear. Perhaps she had her story too, who knows. And so you have your ideal, my poor, dear child; and the ideal has not made you a happy woman. It never does," in a low voice. "Dear Miss Campion," returned Crys-tal, with a blush; "if I am unhappy, it is only through my own fault; no one else is to blame, and—and—it is not as you think. It is true I once knew a good man, who has made every other man seem puny and has made every other man seem puny and insignificant beside him; but that is because he was so good, and there was no other can be made of malleable iron or steel. At the centennial exhibition a piece of steel

rolled by a mill in Pittsburg was so thin that it weighed less than a book leaf and could be blown off the hand easier than paper the same size. The sheets for steel lace will be rolled down to a low gauge and the patterns pressed into them. The lace him," observed the elder woman, stroking

the patterns pressed into them. The lace can be made light or heavy, and is suitable for ladies' and children's underwear, and perhaps for trimming hats, wraps and resses.

My ideal, oh yes; whom have I ever seen who could compare with him—so strong, so gentle, so forgiving? Oh, you must never let me talk of him; it breaks my

Ex.President Porter, of Yale, who is in harge of the revision of Webster's Dic-tionary, says: "The word 'dude'! I believe to convey a specific idea, expressed by no Come away, Margaret," whispere "Come away, Margaret," whispered Raby, hoarsely, in her ear. "I have no right to hear this; it is betraying my dar-ling's confidence. Take me away, for I cannot trust myself another moment and it is late—too late to speak to her to other word, and though it may be hard to

The Scotch man's Porridge.

(Max O'Rell, the Frenchman.)

poorhouse.

Universities.

give the meaning which the word conveys, I think it will be incorporated in the sys-tem." It will thus be seen that from President Porter's standpoint the word (To be continued.)

"dude" is much more energetic than the thing itself. Who ever heard of a dude conveying "a specific idea ?" It would make him tired.

EXPERTS say that curtains and fine lace

THE word "dude" is about to receive

CURRENT TOPICS.

make him tired. A VERY singular incident was noted in connection with a recent mill fire in Carl-ton, Mich. The building was burning fiercely; but the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire had finished. The pumps were also running and had kept the boiler supplied, so there could be no explosion. It was a "Porridge 18 the secret of the Scotsman' with a man who can contend if ye can with a man who can contend if ye can with a man who can content himself with a mess of boiled oats, while you require three or four meals a day, at two of which you must have butcher meat! "It is porridge which keeps your head cool, your bowels free and your feet warm. " It is operidge which keeps your head "It is porridge which quickens the cir-culation of the blool. "It is porridge which softens the skin of the skull after the tumblers of the previous curaind. so there could be no explosion. It was a peculiar spectacle to see the engine driving away at a slashing speed in the midst of the flames, but the motion somehow saved it from fire. All the rest of the machinery was a total loss. evening. "It is porridge which keeps the Scotch workingman from ending his days in the

# How to Break Up Baby's Cold.

poorhouse. -" It is porridge which permits the son of ie humblest peasant to aspire to the alghest positions by enabling him to live on the bursary secured at one of the Scotch When I find baby has taken cold, not so feverish and sick as to require packing, which one dreads to do because of the increasing danger resulting from any ex-posure afterwards, but a smart cold in its first stages, with red eyes and running nose and stuffed head, I take the little one in my "It is porridge which makes those men of iron called Livingstone and Gordon. And finally, it is porridge which puts the lap several times through the day, and again at bed time, and, removing boots and stockings, rub the little feet—soles and tops and ankles—with sweet oil or gouse oil, and then heat them long and well before and then heat them long and well before an open fire till the skin will absorb no more oil. Then I bathe and rub the little bared back from neck to hips, especially along the spine, with oil also; shielding baby's back from cold draughts and letting the warm rays of fire light and heat it just right, chafing and thoroughly heating till skin will absorb no more oil. Wrapped in flannel and tucked away in her warm nest for the night, baby often wakes in the

Why the Tramp "Scooted." Miss Ada Dodd is the handsome 16-year for the night, baby often wakes in the morning with but little trace of her cold. If there is hoarseness with other symp-toms of an oncoming cold, for a simple lives near this place. She keeps house for her father and brother and is known as the est shot with a rifle or shotgun in the remedy I like to give baby boiled molasse region. A few days ago she was alone in the house when a villainous looking tramp slouched up, seated himself in a chair on with a bit of butter or sweet oil or hen's oil in it, or a few teaspoonfuls of onion syrup made of sliced onions and brown sugar, which helps soothe the throat and the porch and ordered the girl to get him some dinner. She went into the house and took down her double-barreled rifle and r the bowel the aggravating source of the cold. told the tramp to leave. "Bah," he re-plied, "I ain't afraid of any woman shoot-Housekeeping.

### ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE. ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

Nearly 200 students in 1886. 16 grad entique that in chronic and simple bron-hitis petroleum in doses of a teaspoonful efore meals produces satisfactory results. uates and certificated teachers in the faculty. Total expenses from \$40 to \$60 per term or from \$150 to \$250 per year in advance, including Music and Fine Arts. L= Half the Music and Art graduates of before means produces satisfactory results. In phthisis the experiments have not yet been long enough continued to ascertain whether the results are permanently bene-ficial, but it diminishes the expectoration, which also loses its purulent character. this school are now employed as teachers in other Colleges. Address, B. F. Austin, Principal.

# What Becomes of Bad Boys.

Old Lady-I'm sorry to hear a little boy

use such shokking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear? Urchin-Yes'm. Dey gits ter be hoss

car drivers .--- Tid-Bits

#### ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTONS-Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratch-ing. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming which oreen bleed and ulcerate, becoming yery sore. Swayne's OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It'is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE'& SON, Proprie-tors, Philadelphia. Swayne's OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents. list of materials consumed: White lead, 3,000 pounds; oil, 3,322 gallons; essence (urrpentine), 3,240 gallons and a car load of colors. for 50 cents.

### A Masher Crushed.

Would-be masher, addressing a young lady coming out of the matinee-you like a carriage, miss?

Young Lady (pretending to mistake him for a coachman)—No, thank you, driver; my own coachman awaits me around the corner.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Leadville, Col., hasn't funds enough to keep its public schools open, but supports 1,100 saloons.—Springfield Republican. The women in New York are said to

nave reached the acme of costly street dressing. Max O'Rell, the well known French

writer, arrived in New York from Liverpoo on Saturday.



The treatment of many the ousands of case those chronic weaknesses and distressing iments peculiar to females, at the Invalids otel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., is afforded a vast experience in nicely adapt-g and thoroughly testing remedies for the tread warneds neguliar moleches.

and thoroughly testing remedies for the circ of woman's peculiar maladies. **D**<sup>1</sup>iorov<sup>2</sup>h Feverit, of this great and is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimo-nials, received from pationis and from physi-cians who have tested it in the mora aggre-vated and obstimute, cases which had balled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of euffering women. It is hot recommended as a "curreal," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar allments.

"curcally," but as a most perfect Specifies for woman's peculiar allments. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-gris," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthy boon, being unequiled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is une-qualed and is invaluable in allaying and sub-duing nervous excitability, irritability, ex-haustion, prestration, hysteria, spasma and other distressing, nervous symptoms com-monly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing appendency. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

br. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully physician, and adapted to woman's delicat

tressed to hear this account of her kind old friend. "Well, our nephew, Fergus, rides over from Corrie to take the services for the Sabbath. He is to be wedded to Lilian Graham, down at the farm yonder, and sometimes at the farm; and they do say, when my Donald has gone to the land of the leal, that Fergus will come to the Manse; for though he is young, he is a powerful preacher, and even St. Paul bids Timothy to 'let no one despise his youth;' but I am wearying you, my bairn, and Jean has kindled a fire in the pink room, for the nights are chilly, and you and me will be going up and leaving the big doggie to take care of himself." But i the big doggie? was of a different opinion; he quite approved of his hostess, but it was against his principles to allow his mistress to go out of his sight. Things were on a different footing now; and ever since they had left Redmond Hall, Nero considered himself responsible for the safety of his two charges; so he quietly followed

notorious. . The piazza was always the favorite loung

considered himself responsible for the safety of his two charges; so he quietly followed them into the pleasant low-ceilinged bed-room, with its window looking over the old-fashioned garden and orchard, and laid himself down with his nose between his paws, watching Jean fill the baby's bath, to the edification of the two women

Jean helped Fay unpack a few necessary bean neiped r'ay unpack a few necessary articles, and then went down to warm the porridge for her master's supper; but Mrs. Duncan pinned up her grey stuff gown and sat down by the fire to undress the baby, while Fay languidly got ready for bed. a fair delicate blonde, who was evidently the belle, for she was surrounded by a It was well that the mother and child had fallen into the hands of these good least half a dozen young men. "I have half a mind to go and speak to him myself only you would all be watching me." "Miss Bellagrove cannot fail to be the Samaritans. In spite of her wretchedness and the strange weight that lay so heavy on her young heart, a sort of hazy comfort stole over Fay as she lay between the coarse lavender-scented sheets and listened to her cynosure of all eyes," returned a beardles

baby's coos as he stretched his little limbs

"Ay, he is as fine and hearty as our Rob-was," observed Mrs. Duncan with a

sigh: and so she prattled on, now praising

he baby's beauty, and now commenting on

stony hillside. She hardly woke up when Mrs. Lunca

would as soon have turned a shorn lamb away, and left it exposed to the tempest," as shut their door against Fay and her

Fay was not able to rise from the bed the

ext day; indeed for more than a week he was almost as helpless as a baby,

It was a delight to her motherly nature

Duncan was quite in her

the warm firelight.

ie was,'

hild.

Mrs.

ould see to that.

ought to be." "I do not care for good looking men." "Or for plain ones either, my dear. I expect you are romantic, Crystal, and have an ideal of your own."

which also loses its purulent character. Miss PHEBE COUZINS, who was ap-pointed to succeed her father as United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Missouri, has been turned out by the Pre-sident. The office has been given to a Democratic worker named John E. Emer-son. And they do say that Phebe made a good Marshal. She had performed all the duties of the office during her father's ill-ness, and under the rules of Civil Service Reform was entitled to succeed him. A PHCHURE of Niagare Fells which is to A PICTURE of Niagara Falls, which is to taken to London for exhibition, is one of the largest ever painted, being 380 feet in length by 45 in breadth. The artist, Paul

eason." "No other reason, except your love for

her hand gently. "I have long suspected this, my dear." "Ob, you must not talk so," answered Crystal, in a tone of poignant distress; "you do not know, you cannot understand. Ob, it is all so sad. I owe him everything.

of wondrous color so softly, so harmoni with every cloud that sails over them, and now with deep violet shadows hunting their hollows, sunny breaks and flecks, and lowing stretches of heather. Well has Jean Ingelow sung of them:

. . White raiment, the ghostly capes that screen them, the storm winds that beat them, their thunder Of th

And the paradise of purple, and the golden slopes

for surely there could not be grander or fairer scene on God's earth than

moment later the vehicle stopp before a white gate set in a hedge of laurels and arbutus, and the driver got down and came round to the window "Yonder's t' manse. Will I carry in the boxes for the

'No, no, wait a moment," replied Fay hurriedly. "I must see if Mrs. Duncan be at home- Will you help me out?" for her imbs were trembling under her, and the weight of the baby was too much for her placed the baby in her arms, and left them with a murpured benediction, and went down for a gossip with Jean. "And a lovelier sight my old eyes never saw?" she said."" than that young creature, whe looks only a child herself, with the bonnie boy in exhausted strength. She felt as though sh could never get to the end of the steep little garden, or reach the stone porch. Yes; it was the same old grey house she rememher arms, and her golden-brown hair cover-ing them both, 'Deed, Jean, the man must have an evil spirit in him to ill-treat bered, with small diamond-paned the windows twinkling in the sunshine ; and as she toiled up the narrow path, with Nero barking delightedly round her, the door opened, and a little old lady with a white a little angel like that. But we will keep her safe, my woman, as sure as my name is Jeanie Duncan," and to this Jean agreed. They were both innocent unsophisticated women who knew nothing of the world's hood drawn over her white curls, and a gardening basket on her arm, stepped out int the porch. Fay gave a little cry when she saw he ways, and, as Mrs. Duncan had said, "they

'Oh "Oh, Mrs. Duncan," she said and she and the baby together seemed t totter and collapse in the little old lady' arms. "Gracious heavens !" exclaimed the star

tled woman ; then, as her basket and scissors she was almost as helpless as a baby, and had to submit to a great deal of rolled to the ground, "Jean, lass, where are you? here are two bairns, and one of them looks fit to faint—ay, why, it is never our dear little Miss Mordaunt? Why, my nursing Jean about; for she was a brisk, bustling little woman, and far more bairn—" But at this moment a red-haired, freckled woman, with a pleasant, weather-beaten face, quietly lifted the mother and child, and carried them into a dusky little parlor; and in another minute Fay found herself lying on a couch, and the baby crying lustily in Jean's arms, while the little old But at this moment a red active than her three-score-and-ten years warranted. to dress and undress Fay's bonnic boy. She would prose for hours about Robbie and Elsie as she sat beside the homely Jear's arms, while the little old lady was bathing her face with some cold, fragrant water, with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

ner cheeks. "Ay, my bonnie woman." shesaid, "you have given Jean and me aturn; and there's licking your face—and for all he knows you **are** better now—like **a** Christian. Run **away**, Jean, and warm a sup of milk for the biarn, and maybe his mother would like a cup of tea and a freshly-baked scon e, give me the baby, and I'll hold him

what could it all mean ?

lapper young man with the unmistakable Yankee accent; but to this remark Miss Bellagrove merely turned a cold shoulder. "His sister has been away most of the

afternoon," she continued, addressing al good-looking young officer who held her fan. "It was so clever of you to find out that verflowed its banks, and was running down married ; yes, of course, every one mus notice the likeness between them; but then they might have been cousins, and she does seem so devoted to him." But here a whispered admonition in her ear made Miss Bellagrove break off her sentence rather

abruptly, as at that moment Miss Ferrers tall figure, in the usual grey gown, was seen crossing one of the little lawns towards the piazza. "She is wonderfully distinguished look

ing," was Miss Bellagrove's next remark. "Most English women are tall, I do believe; don't you think her face beautiful, Captain Maudsley;" but the reply to this nade Miss Bellagrove change color ver prettily. Raby was profoundly oblivious of the

nterest he was exciting; he was wondering what had detained Margaret all these hours nd if she would have any news to bring

As yet their journey had been fruitless. They had reached New York just as Miss Campion and her companion had quitted it; they had followed on their track-but had always arrived either a day or an hour too late. Now and then they had to wait until a letter from Fern gave them more

decided particulars. Occasionally they made a mistake and found that Miss Campion had changed her plans. Once they were in the same train, and Margaret

never found it out until she saw Crysta leave the carriage, and then there was no time to follow her. Margaret shed tears of disappointment, and blamed herself for her own blindness; but Raby never re-

were very pleased to get 'id of her, and what he was deing, and who dusted and arranged his papers for him now she was no longer there. But of course Mrs. Heron would ace to that no sanguine expectations in his mind; on the contrary, as his practised ear recognized

There, give me the baby, and 111-1010 num while you are gone." "There's Andrew bringing in a heap of boxes," observed Jean, stolidly; "will he be setting them down in the porch? for we hust not wake the minister." "Ay. ay.", returned Mrs Duncan, in a bewildered tone; but she hardly took an the sense of Jean's speech—she was rock-ing the baby, white, sunken face that lay on the chintz cushion. Of course it was little "Monor and the porch of the porch of the sense to that." "Jean had plenty of work in her' hands, her footstep, he breatned a show provention "Dear Raby." she said, softly, as she took a seat beside him and unfastened the took are of me at dinner, and I had a pleasant American widow on the other side who an used me very much—she told me some capital stories about the Canadian took the some capital stories about the Canadian reply. some capital stories about the Canadian ist could it all mean? "Mrs, Duncan," whispered Fay, as she a wee bit clouded to every day matters," I begin to like Ferguson immensely; he is ised herself on her pillow, "I have come she said;" but he knew that he a little broad, but still very sensible in "Did "Did the sense of the said of the sense of the sens

besides, there is a long strip of garden between the house and the road. I could hardly distinguish Crystal, though could see there was some one in the parlor. And

ing. You can't bluff me." At that moment a chicken ran across the yard. When it was several rods away and still on the run, Miss Dodd brought the rifle to her shoulder and fired. The chicken fell dead. The now, what are we to do, Raby? It will never do to risk a meeting at table d'hote; in a crowded room, Crystal might see us, and make her escape before I could manage to intercept her; and yet, how are we to intrude on Miss Campion? it will be dread-fully awkward for us all." "I must think over it," he answered, quickly. "It is growing dark now, Margaret,

is it not?' "Yes, dear, do you feel chilly-shall we

go in ?" "No, I want you to take me farther there is a gate leading to the road, is there not? I should like to go past the house; it will make it seem more real, Maggie; and you shall describe exactly how it is situated."

Margaret complied at once-not for vorlds would she have hinted that she wa already nearly spent with fatigue and want of food. Cathy, the bright little Mulatto chambermaid, would get her a cup of tea and a sandwich presently. Raby's lover-like wish must be indulged; ...he wanted to pass the house that held his

six men in one day applied for leave to purchase their discharges from the Mounted Police at that post. The action of the men at Calgary is said to have treasure. It was bright moonlight by this time and the piazza had been long deserted. The shadows were dark under the avenue, or been followed by a number of the men a been followed by a number of the first at Macleod. There appears to be no specific cause of complaint except one of general disgust with the management of the force. It speaks well for the sterling principles of the road was thickly planted with trees. Just as they were nearing the corner house —a low white building with a verandah run-ning round it—Margaret drew Raby somewhat hastily behind a tall maple, for he keen eyes had caught sight of two figures standing by the gate. As the moon emerged from behind a cloud, she saw Crystal plainly: Miss Campion was beside her with a black veil thrown over her

grey hair. Margaret's whispered "hush!" was

magnetic hint to Raby, and he stood motionless. The next moment the voice that was dearer to him than any other Captain Riley, of the propeller Philadel-phia, reports the successful use of oil in calming the troubled waters on his last sounded close beside him—at least it seemed so in the clear resonant atmos-"What a delicious night; how whit

that patch of moon-lighted road where the trees do not cast their shadow so heavily. I like this quiet road. I am quite glad the boarding-house was full I think the cottage is much cozier.'

"Cozier, yes," laughed the other; " but that is a speech that ought to have come out of my middle-aged lips. What an odd Effect of the Coal Famine.

out of my middle-aged nps. What all out girl you are, Crystal; you never seem to care for mixing with young people; and yet it is only natural at your age. You are a terrible misanthrope. I do believe you would rather not dine at the table d'hote only you are ashamed to as as as Hotel Clerk-" No, sir, we can't accom modate you, You have neither baggage nor

"I have ho right to inflict my misan coal dust in my hair." thropy on you, Miss Campion; as it is, you are far too indulgent to my morose do."-Scranton Truth.

"Morose fiddlesticks," was the energetic "But there, I do like young peop to enjoy themselves like young people Why, if I had your youth and good looks of beer and gets it. Fourthe the past season. conceited ;

young American-wasn't he a colonel -tried to make himself as pleasant as he

'Did he?'' was the somewhat

### A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I be-lieved myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I,looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from a commis-sion of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's ball he dut its head square off. The girl looked around to note the effect of her shot on the tramp. He was half way across the yard and making for the fence, with his tattered coat tails straight out behind him. He never stopped or looked back as far as he could be seen flying down the road. " I pulled up to notch his ear with the other ullet as he got over the fence," said Miss A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Ada, in telling her father of the incident Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. but I had to laugh to see him scoot that couldn't take aim."—Falling Waters, Pa., espatch to Boston Herald. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can

never repay.'

## Good Enough for the Price.

Private letters from Calgary give a strong Tenant-Say, there's a million rats in indication that the policeman's lot is hardly a happy one at that place. It is stated on good authority that about twentythat house of yours. Landlord - Wells?

Tenant-What are you going to do

about it? Landlord-Do about it? Nothing. You don't expect me to stock the place with white nfice for \$18 per month, do you?

A Pill in Time Saves Nine !

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants" taken at the right time, with little expense and no incon venience, will accomplish what many dol the men that while such a discontented lars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changin liet, water and climate will find invaluabl Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

In vials convenient to carry.

General Middleton's Retirement. Sir Fred Middleton has received a private letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, commanding Her Majesty's forces, complimenting him for his able direction of the Canadian militia, and expressing, regret that owing to the compulsory retirement system the Imperial army should lose so valuable an officer.

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells sheller. Futuam s Corn Extractor snells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

In the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday M. Falliers, Minister of the Interior, replying to an interpellation in re gard to the disturbances at the funeral of Eugene Potier, the Communist poet, on Kovember 8th, said that the duty of the Government was to enforce respect for the law. «Having decided to oppose the display of red flags, it was the function of the Ministry to take the necessary measures o prevent such a display. He would never allow the display of a flag which is the emblem of a revolt. (Applause of the

organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausca, from whatever nause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dys-pepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial. "Favorite Prescription" is a posi-tive cure for the most complicated and ob-

"Bavorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obtinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, pariful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or failing of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, beering-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, instantion, pain and tenderness in ovaries, companied with "internal heat."
As a pergulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from grindle of the wome heat in the sense of the companies of the sense of the companies of the sense sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense o

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oney." " I know I haven't ; but I came to town in a freight car, and there is considerable "Well, comb it out carefully, and that'll

There is a white horse at Roscon Mich., that visits a saloon daily for its glass r and gets it. ir thousand persons made the ascen n Nevis mountain, Scotland, during -Don't imagine that a diminutive

talkative citizen is a sweet-tempered, soci-able and gentlemanly fellow because he shares hands and smiles and chats with every one he meets. Perhaps he's a can-

west-bound trip. Having the schoone Sherwood in tow and encountering a heavy gale on Lake Michigan, he tried the experi ment of towing astern a canvas bag filled with oil and punctured sufficiently to per

with oil and punctured sufficiently to per-mit of its escape. The effect was marvel-lous. The heavy seas in the vicinity of the schooner were at once transformed into smooth swells, which not only eased up the schooner, but permitted of her being towed more rapidly than with th seas breaking over her.

Oil on the Troubled Waters

Boot Cleaning Not to Their Taste.

(Battleford, N. W. T., Herald.)

spirit should be rife amongst them there are comparatively few descritions. It is worthy of note that the posts of Calgary and Macleod are under the command and supervision of Mr. Herchmer's most loval upporters.