## MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER CHAPTER XXIX

calmed her fears, and she was calm, And told her love with virgin pride; nd so I won my Genevieve, My bright and beauteous bride."

By arrangement, I stopped at the Willow Cove, to pick up Marble. I found the honest fellow happy as the day was long; but telling fearfully long and wonderful yarns of his adventures, to the whole country round. My old mate was entstantially a man of truth; but he did love to astonish "knownethings." He appears to have succeeded surprisingly wall, for the Dutchmen of that neighborhood still recount anecdotes of the achievements and sufferings of Captain Marvel, as they usually call him, though they have long ceased to think the country belongs to the United Provinces.

Mosee was glad to see me; and after passing a night in the cottage of his mother, we proceeded toward Clawbonny, in a conveyance that had been sent to Willow Cove to meet me. It was a carriage of my own, one of my own negroes soting as driver. I knew the old team, and will acknowledge that thus saw mysoif, as it might be, rein-

the old team, and will acknowledge that team forced themselves to my speak I thus saw myself, as it might be, reintaked in my own. The same feeling came powerfully over me, as he drove to the aramit of an elevation in the road that commanded a view of the vale and buildings of Clawbonny. What a moment was that in my existence! I cannot say that I was born to wealth even as wealth was counted among us sixty years since, but I was born to a competency. Until I lost my ship, I had never known the humiliating sensations of poverty; and the feeling that passed over my heart, when I first heard that Clawbonny was sold, has left an impression that will last for life. I looked at the houses, as I passed them in the sion that will last for life. I looked at the houses, as I passed them in the atreets, and remembered that I was houseless. I did not pass a shop in which clothes were exposed, without remembering that, were my debta paid, I should literally be without a coat to my back. Now, I had my own once more; and there stood the home of my ancestors for generations, looking comfortable and respectable, in the midst of a most inviting scene of rural quiet and loveliness. The very fields seemed to welcome me beneath its roof! There is no use in attempting to conceal what happened, and I will honestly relate it. The road made a considerable circuit to descend the hill, while a footpath led down the declivity, by a shorter out, which was always taken by pedestrians. Making an incoherent excuse to Moses,

down the declivity, by a shorter out, which was always taken by pedestrians. Making an incoherent excuse to Moses, and telling him to wait for me at the foot of the hill, I sprang out of the carriage, leaped a fence, and I may add, leaped out of sight, in order to conceal my emotion. I was no sooner lost to view, than, seating myself on a fragment of rock, I wept like a child. How long I sat there is more than I can say; but the manner in which I was recalled from this paroxysm of feeling will not soon be forgotten. A little hand was laid on my forehead, and a soft voice uttered the word "Miles!" so near me, that, at the next instant, I held Lucy in my arms. The dear girl had walked to the hill, as she afterward admitted, in the expectation of seeing me pass on to Clawbonny; and comprehending my feelings and my behaviour, could not deny herself the exquisite gratification of sharing in my emotions.

"It is a blessed restoration to your rights, dear Miles," Lucy at length said, smiling through her tears. "Your letters have told me that you are rich; but I would rather you had Clawbonny, and not a cent besides, than, without this place, you had the riches of the wealthiest man in the country. Yours it should have been, at all events, could my means have compassed it."

"And this. Lucy, without my becoming your husband do you mean?"

Lucy blushed brightly; though I can-

ing your husband do you mean?"
Lucy blushed brightly; though I canot say the sincere, ingenuous girl ever ooked embarrassed in avowing her pre-

she smiled, and answered my question.
"I have not doubted of the result, "I have not doubted of the result, since my father gave me an account of your feelings towards me," she said, "and that, you will remember, was before Mr. Daggett had his sale. Women have more confidence in the affections than men, I fear; at least, with us they are more engrossing concerns than with you, for we live for them altogether, whereas you have the world constantly to occupy your thoughts. I have never supposed Miles Wallingford would become the husband of any but Lucy Hardinge, except on one occasion, and then only for a short period; and ever since I have known that Lucy Hardinge would never—could never be the dinge would never—could never be the wife of any one but Miles Wallingford."

And that one exception, dearest,— that 'very short period ? Having confessed so much, I am eager to know Lucy became thoughful, and she

house. When I first saw Emily Merton I thought her more worthy of your love than I could possibly be; and I fancisd it impossible that you could have lived so long in a ship together, without discovering each other's merits. But, when I was placed with you both, under the same roof, I soon ascertained that, while your imagination had been a little led aside, your heart was always true to me."

"is this possible, Lucy? Are women really so much more discrimating, so much more accurate in their opinions, than us men? While I was ready to hang myself for jealousy of Andrew Drewett, did you really know that my heart was entirely yours?"

"I was not without miggivings, Miles, and sometimes those that were keenly painful; but on the whole, I will not say I felt my power, but that I felt we were dear to each other."

"Did you ever suppose, as your excellent father has done, that we were too much like brother and sister to become levers, too much accustomed to be dear to each other as children to submit to passion? For that which I feel for you,

said, when I had a contrary experience of my own crustantly present, Miles? I saw that you though there was some difference of condition between us (silly fellow?), and I fell persuaded you had only your own difficence to overcome, to tail your own deep of the control, cruel could be the most of the control, cruel doubt to hang over me?"

"Was it a woman's part to speak, Miles? I endeavored to not naturally—believe I did not asternally—and i left the rest to God. Blessed be Hismerg, I am rewarded!"

I folded Lucy to my heart, and, passing a moment of sweet sympashy in the embrace we both began to talk of other things, as if mutually conscious shat out feelings were too high-wrought for the place in which we were. I lead no tenantry to some forth to meet am-nor were American transis much addicted to such practices, even when they were to be found; though the miserable sophistry on the subject of landlord and tenantr—one of the most meet a security of the did not then exist among us, that I am sorry to find is now getting into rogme. In that day, it was not shought "liberty" to violate the fair ovenants of a lesse; and attempts to cleast a landed proprietor out of his rights were called cheating, as they ought to be—and they were called nothing else.

In that day, a lesse in perpetuity was thought a more advantageous bargain for the tenant, than a lease for a year, or a term of years; and men did not be regarded to be a favor conferred on him who had they were called cheating, as they ought to be—and they were called cheating, as they ought to be—and they were called on thing else.

In that day, it was not fancied to be a remant of feudality, but it was regarded as a favor conferred on him who had they were called on the proper of the sign of the times; signation of the first proper of the proper of the sign of the times; signation of the first proper

pared me for a reception by these children of Africa, even the outcasts having united with the rest to do honor to their young master. Honor is not the word; there was too much heart in the affair for so cold a term; the negro, whatever may be his faults, almost always possessing an affectionate heart. At length, I remembered Marble, and taking leave of Lucy, who would not let me accompany her home, I threw myself down the path, and found my mate cogitating in the carriage, at the foot of the hifl.

"Well, Miles, you seem to value this land of yours, as a seaman does his ahip," cried Moses, before I had time to apologize for having kept him so long waiting. "Howsomever, I can enter into the feelin', and a bleased one it is, to get a respondent is bond off of land that belonged to a fellow's grandfather. Next thing to being a bloody hermit, I hold, is to belong to nobody in a crowded world; and I would not part with one kiss from little Kitty, or one wrinkle of my mother's, for all the desert islands in the ocean. Come, sit down now, my lad—why, you look as red as a rosebud, and if you had been running up and down hill the whole time you've been absent."

"It is sharp work to come down such a hill as this on a trot. Well, here I am at your side; what would you wish to know?"

"Why, lad, I've been thinkin', since you were away, of the duties of a bride".

at your side; what would you wish to know?"

"Why, lad, I've been thinkin', since you were away, of the duties of a bride's maid"—to his dying day, Moses always insisted he had acted in this capacity at my wedding—"for the time draws near, and I wouldn't wish to discredit you, on such a festivity. In the first place, how am I to be dressed? I've got the posy you mentioned in your letter, stowed away safe in my trunk. Kitty made it for me last week, and a good-looking posy it was, the last time I saw it."

"Did you think of the breeches?"

"Ay, ay; I have them, too, and what is more, I've had them bent. Somehow or other, Miles, running under bare poles does not seem to agree with my build. If there's time, I should like to have a couple of bonnets fitted to the articles."

"Those would be gaiters, Moses, and I never heard of a bride'smaid in breeches and gaiters. No, you'll be obliged to come out like everybody else."

I do for the behaviour Shall I be obliced to his Mis Lucy.

No not exactly Mis Lucy, but Mrs.
Brise—I botteve I would not be a lawful marriage without that.

Heaver for at the I should lay a straw in the way of your happiness, my dear boy; but you'll make a signal for the proper time to clear ship, then—are known I always cannot a guid.

Heaves for the translation of the proper time to clear ship, themyou know I always carry a quid."

I promised not to clear ship, themyou know I always carry a quid."

I promised not to clear ship, themyou know I always carry a quid."

I promised not to desers him in his need, and Moses became materially easier in his mind. I do not wish the reader to suppose my mate fancied he was to act in the character of a bridgemaid. The difficulties which beset him will be best explained by his last remark on this occasion, and with which I shall close this discourse. "Had I been brought up in a decent family," he sid, "instead of having been set affost on a tombstone, matrimony wouldn't have been such unknown seas to me. But you know how it is, Miles, with a fellow that has no relatione. He may laugh, and sing, and make as much noise as he pleases, and try to make others think he's in good company the whole time; but, after all, he s nothing but a sort of bloody hernit; that's travelling through life, all the same as if he was left with a few pigs on a desert island. Make-believe is much made use of in this world, but it won't hold out to the last. Now, of all mortal beings that I ever met with, you've fallen in with her that has the least of it. There's some make-believe shout you, Miles, as when you looked so bloody unconcerned all the time you were ready to die of love, as I now l'arn, for the young woman you're about to marry; and mother has a little of it, dear old soul, when she says she's perfectly satisfied with the son the Lord has given her, for I'm not so blasted virtuous but I might be better; and little Kitty has lots of it when she pretends ahe would as soon have one kiss from me as two from young Br ght; but, as for Lucy Hardinge, I will say that I never saw any more make-believe about her channes are the distinguishing traits of Lucy's virtues. I was excessively gratified at finding that Marble rightly appreciated one who was so very, very dear to me, and took care to let him know as much, as soon as he ha

his speech.

We were met by the negroes, at the distance of half a mile from the house. Neb acted as master of the ceremonies, or commodore would be the better word, for he actually carried a bit of wallow tall business that was borrown. Neb soted as master of the ceremonies, or commodore would be the better word, for he actually carried a bit of swallow tail bunting that was borrowed from the sloop, and there was just as much of ocean in the symbols used, as comported with the honors manifested to a seaman. Old Cupid carried the Wallingford ensign, and a sort of harle-quinage had been made out of marinspikes, serving mallets, sall-maker's palms, and fids. The whole was erowned with a plug of tobacco, though I never used the weed, except in cigars. Neb had seen processions in town, as well as in foreign countries, and he took care that the present should do himself no discredit. It is true, that, he spoke to me of it afterward, as a "nigger pre-session," and affected to hold it cheeps; but I could see that the conceits he had got up for the occasion, as he was mortified at the failure of the whole thing. The failure happened in this wise: no sconer did I approach near enough to the elder blacks to have my features fairly recognized, than the women began to blubber, and the men to toss their arms and shout "Masser Mile," "Masser Mile"; thereby throwing everything into confusion, at once placing feeling uppermost, at the expense of "law and order."

To descend from the stilts the seemed indispensable to do credit to Neb's imagination, the manner in which I was a grainstion, the manner in which I was a received by these simple-minded beings was infinitely touching. All the old ones shook hands with me, while the younger of both sexes kept more aloof, and if went through the operation, and went through the operation, and went through the operation, and went through the operation of the corgonal operations of those humble, dark-colored beings, who then formed went through the operation, and went through the operation of the corgonal operations of those humble, dark-colored beings, who then formed the congretulations of those humble, and went through the operation of the corgonal operations of those humble, and went through the operation of the corgo

younger of note sexes kept more aloo, until I went to each in succession, and went through the ceremony of my own accord. As for the boys, they rolled over on the grass, while the little girls kept making courtesies, and repeating "Welcome home to Clawbonny, Masser Mile." My heart was full, and I questioned if any European landlord ever got so warm a reception from his ten-antry, as I received from my slaves. And welcome I was indeed at Claw-

got so warm a reception from his tenantry, as I received from my slaves.

And welcome I was indeed at Clawbonny; and most welcome was Clawbonny to me! In 1804, New York had atill some New York feeling left in the State. Strangers had not completely overrun her as has since happened; and New York deelings had some place among us; life, homes, firesides, and the graves of our fathers, not yet being treated as so many incidents in some new speculation. Men then loved the paternal roof; and gardens, lawns, orchards and churchyards, were regarded as some thing other than levels for railroads and canala, streets for villages, or public promenades to be called batteries or parks, as might happen to suit aldermanic ambition, or editorial privilege. Mr. Hardinge met me at the gate of the little lawn, took me in his arms, and blessed me aboud. We entered the house in silence, when the good old man immediately set about showing me, by ocular proof, that every thing was restored as effectually as I was restored myself. Venus accompanied us, relating how dirty she had found this room, how much injured that, and otherwise abusing the Daggetts to my heart's content. Their reign had been short, however, and a Wallingford was once more master of the five structures of Clawbonny. I meditated a sixth, even that day, religiously preserving every stone that had been already laid, however, in my mind's intention.

The next day was that named by Lucy as the one in which she would unte herself to me forever. No secret was made of the affair, but notice had been duly given that all at Clawbonny might be present. I left home at 10 in the morning in a very handsome carriage that had been built for the occasion, accompanied by Moses attired as a bride maid. It is true his dumpy, aquare built frame rather cariestured the shorte and silk stockings, and as we offer a stocking and as we offer a stocking and as a stocking and as we

was sufficiently apparent by his looks and movemence to say nothing of his speech.

"Miles, I do suppose," he remarked, as we treated along, "that them that haven't had the advantage of being brought up at home newer get a fair growth. Now, here's these legs of mine; there's plenty of them, but they ought to have been put in a stretcher when I was a youngster, instead of being left to run about a hospital. Well, I'll sail under hare poles this once, to oblige you, bridemaid fashion; but this is the first and last time I do such a thing. Don't forget to make the signal when I'm to kins Miss Lucy."

My thoughts, were not exactly in the vein to enjoy the embarrasement of Moses, and I silenced him by promising all he asked. We were not elegant enough to meet at the church, but I proceeded at once to the little rectory, where I found the good divine and my lovely bride had just complete their strangements. And lovely indeed was Lucy, in her simple but beautiful bridal attire! She was unastended, had none of those gay appliances about her that her condition might have rendered proper, and which her fortune would so easily have commanded. Yet it was impossible to be in her presence without feeling the in fluence of her virgin mich and simple elegance. Her dress was a spotless but exquiritely fine India muslin, well made and accurately fitting; and her dark glossy hair was embellished only by one comb ornamented with pearls, and wearing the usual vell. As for her feet and hands they were more like those of a fairly than of one human, white her countenance was filled with all the heart-felt tenderness of her honest nature. Around her ivory throat, and over her polished shoulders, hung my own neckasee of pearls, strung as they had been on board the Crisis, giving her bust an air of affuent decoration, while it told a long story of distant adventure and of well-requited affection.

We had no bride's maids (Marble excepted), no groom smen, no other

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We had no bride's maids (Marble excepted), no groom's men, no other attendants than those of our respective households. No person had been saked to be present, for we felt that our best friends were with us, when we had these dependents around us. At one time I had thought of paying Drewett the compliment of desiring him to be a groom's man, but Lucy set the project at rest by quality asking how I should like to have been his attendant, with the same bride. As for Rupert, I never inquired how he satisfied the scruples of nis father, though the old gettleman made many apologies to me for his absence. I was heartlly rejoiced, indeed, he did not appear, and I think Lucy was so slao.

The moment I appeared in the little drawing-room of the rectory, which Lucy's money and taste had converted, into a very pretty but simple room, my "bright and beauteous bride" arose and extended to me her long-loved hand. The act itself, natural and usual as it was, was performed in a way to denote the frankness and tenderness of her character. Her color went and came a little, but she said nothing. Without resuming her seat she quietly placed and arm in mine, and turned to her father, as much as to say, we were ready. Mr. Hardinge led the way to the church, which was but a step from the rectory, and in a minute or two, all stood ranged before the altar, with the divine in the chancel. The ceremony commenced immediately, and in less than five minutes I folded Lucy in my arms, as my wife. We had gone into the vestry room for this part of the said and the said and

the congratulations of those humble, dark-colored beings, who then formed so material a portion of nearly every American family of any means.

"I wish you great joy and ebbery sort of happiness, Masser Mile," said old Venus, kissing my hand, though I insisted it should be my face, as had often have been precised to the same of t sisted it should be my face, as had often been her practice twenty years before. "Ah! des was a blessed day to old masser and missus could dey saw it, but. And I won't speak of suoder blessed asint dat be in heaven. And you too, my dear young misses; now, we all so grad it be you, for we did t'ink, at one time, dat would nebber come to pass."

Lucy laid ber own little white velvet-like hand, with the wedding ring on its fourth fluger, into the middle of Venus'

hard and horny paim, in the sweetest manner possible; reminding all around her that she was an old friend, and that

her that she was an old friend, and that she knew all the good qualities of every one who pressed forward to greet her, and to wish her happiness.

As soon as this part of the ceremony was over, we repaired to the rectory, where Lucy changed her wedding robe, for what I fancied was one of the prettiest demi-toilette dresses I ever saw. I know I am now speaking like an old fellow, whose thoughts revest to the happier scenes of youth with a species of dotage, but it is not often a man has an opportunity of portraying such a

bride and wife as Lucy Hardinge. On this occasion she removed the comb and veil, as not harmonizing with the dress in which she respected, but the necklace was worn throughout the whole of that blessed day.

As soon as my bride was ready, Mr. Hardinge, Lucy, Moses, and myself, entered the carriage and drove over to Clawboany. Thither all Lucy's wardrobe had been sent, an hour before, under Chloe's superintendence, who had barely returned to the church in time to witness the ceremony.

One of the most precious moments of my, life, was that in which I folded Lucy in my arms and welcomed her to the old place as its mistress.

"We came very near losing it, love."

place as its mistress.

"We came very near losing it, love,"
I whispered; "but it is now ours unitedly, and we will be in no hurry to turn
our backs on it."

This was a lete a tete, in the family
room, whither I had led Lucy, feeling
that this little ceremony was due to my

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Town Shall I be oblined to the state of the state

"Thank you dearest. But will Rupert be able to keep up a town and country house?"

"The first, not long, for a certainty; he is long, you know better than I. When I have been your wife half a dozen years, perhaps you will think me worthy of knowing the secret of the money he actually has."

This was said pleasantly; but it was not said without anxiety. I reflected on the conditions of my secrecy. Grace wished to keep the facts from Lucy, lest the noble-hearted sister should awaken a feeling in the brother that might prevent her bequest from being carried into effect. Then, she did not think Lucy would ever become my wife and circumstances were changed, while there was no longer a reason for concealing the truth from the present applicant, at least. I communicated all that had passed on the subject to my deeply-interested listener. Lucy received the facts with sorrow, though they were no more than she had expected to learn.

"I should be covered with shame, were I to hear this from any other than

"I should be covered with shame, were I to hear this from any other than you, Miles," she answered, after a thoughtful pause; "but I know your nature too well, not to feel certain that the sacrifice scarce cost you a thought, and that you regretted Rupert's self-forgetfulness more than the loss of the money. I coniess this revelation has changed all my plans for the future, so far as they were connected with my brother."

brother."

"In what manner, dearest?—Let nothing that has happened to me influence your decisions."

"In so much as it effects my views of "In so much as it effects my views of Rupert's character, it must, Miles. I had intended to divide Mrs. Bradfort's fortune equally with my brother. Had I married any man but you, I should have made this a condition of our union but you I knew so well, and so well knew I could trust, that I have found a deep satisfation in placing myself, as it might be, in your power. I know that all my personal property is already yours without reserve, and that I can make no disposition of the real, even after I come of age, without your consent. But I had such faith in you as to believe you would let me do as I pleased."

"Have it still, love. I have neither need, nor wish to interfere."

"No, Miles it would be madness to

give property to one of such a character
If you approve, I will make Rupert and
Emily a moderate quarterly allowance,
with which, having the use of my

Emily a moderate quarterly allowance, with which, having the use of my country-place, they may live respectably. Further than that I should consider it wrong to go."

It is scarcely necessary to say how much I approved of this declaion, or the applause I layished on the warmhearted doner. The sum was fixed at \$2,000 a year, before we left the room; and the result was communicated to Rupert by Lucy herself, in a letter written the very next day.

Our wedding-dinner was a modest, but a supremely happy meal; and in the evening, the blacks had a hall in a large laundry, that stood a little spart, and which was well enough suited to such a scene. Our quiet and simple festivities endured for several days; the "uner" of Neb and Chloe taking place very scon after our own marriage, and coming in good time to furnish an excuse for dancing the week fairly out.

Marble got into trousers the day after the caremony, and then he entered into the frolic with all his heart. On the whole, he was relieved from being a bride's-maid—a sufficiently pleasant thing—but having got along so well with Lucy, he volunteered to act in the same capacity to Chloe. The offer was refused, however, in the following classical language:—

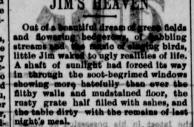
"No, Misser Marble; color is color,"

refused, however, in the following clear sical language:—
"No, Misser Marble; color is color," returned Chloe; "you's white, we's black. Mattermony is a berry solemn occerphaehun; and there mustn't be no improper jokes at my uner with Neb Clawbonny."

TO BE CONTINUED

There is much self-denial in restraining our disposition to do all we feel prompted to do. It may be a very great act of patience to leave undone what we would like to see done at once. It may be a great act of humility to suffer those about us to see that we are as weak as others in the fiesh. The valour of the valiant woman without her prudence is not wisdom. Leve for the order, love for the community, love for the poor — well, that is best shown by keeping oneselt—Archbishop Ullathorne.

There is much self-denial in restrain



filthy walls and mudstained floor, the rusty grate half filled with ashes, and the table dirty with the remains of last night's meal.

With a wild longing to fall asleep again and never awake, little Jim buried his face beneath the bedclothes. Was this awful life to go on forever and ever? Would he have to wake to-morrow and the day after, and all the days and years to come, to just such an existence as this? If he could only grow used to it, and be content as were other boys of his class it would mean some lessening of his sufferings, but he had not grown used to it and possibly never would grow used to it, since he had not done so in all the years that he could remember.

That he could remember! And yet there seemed to have been another life—a life, oh, so different! in the dim long ago, though all that remained to him now was the mere ghost of a recollection of it, a blurred-over vision of flowers and trees such as he had dreamt of just now, and a little green embowered next of a house, the home of somebody loving and lovely and good, who held him in her arms so fondly and tenderly that he could compare it to ....hing but the picture of the dear Virgin in that big wonderful church into which he had peeped once or twice during his long days' journeyings. Perhaps it was really the beautiful Blessed Virgin he was thinking of, and perhaps this vision which flashed now and again across his mind and disappeared when he fain would have kept it was just the memory of the heaven from which he had come, from which all little boys and girls were sent, as he had once heard somebody say. But why did God ever send little boys and girls from heaven to such a terrible place as this?

His wondering thoughts were rudely interrupted by a gruff voice from a corner.

"Get up," the voice sald angrily. "Is it there you are still at this how of the

interrupted by a gruff voice from a corner.

"Get up," the voice sald angrily. "Is it there you are still at this hour of the day! You ought to have been out long ago, and have earned the price of your breakfast by this. Be off with you now, and lose no time about it. And don't dare to come back without bringing something with you, unless you want to feel the weight of my stick on your back!" A hand reached out for the black bottle that stood conveniently placed on the floor, and her words were presently lost in a sound of gulping. Mrs. Diggs was suffering from one of her bad attacks of "bronchaytis," and as usual had frequent recourse to the whiskey bottle.

usual had frequent recourse to the whiskey bottle.

Little Jim was out of bed, and soon was dreased in his ragged clothes. After a cautious glance at the figure in the corner, which had again fallen into sonorous slumber, he stole noiselessly out, taking a piece of dry bread from the table as he passed it. It wan't much of a breakfast for a boy of seven, but Jim was thankful for small merched. but Jim was thankful for small mercles, Unless his patron was in particular good humor, and that happened seldom, the boy never had any breakfast unless, as she said, he had "earned it" either by

she said, he had "earned it" either by begging or atealing. In the beginning, Jim had been required only to help Mrs. Diggs in her trade of professional begging; the boy's pretty face framed in golden curls had been enough to soften the hearts of the most hardened. But now Jim was growing to be a tall and lanky lad whose appearance appealed less forcibly to the charitably inclined. Moreover, Mrs. Diggs gin-sodden face had begun to tell its own tale, and to close up wells of charity. So that now Jim's guardian was more often induced to steal than to beg.

uterly incapable—no matter how many object lessons and cuffings he might get of emulating Mrs. Diggs in the clever sleight-of-hand by which she managed to plifer and secrete both money and goods without fear of detection.

steight-of-hand by which she managed to pilfer and secrete both money and goods without fear of detection.

And Jim was going to have no more of it—he had made up his little mind to that. As yet he was not quite certain of his plans, but he kept one object fixedly and determinedly before his mind, and that was to get away to the country as quickly as ever he could. Perhaps it was the sight of that daisy a week ago which had first raised such wonderful aspirations in his breast. Daisies were not plentiful in Mudoombeby-sea, and when Jim had caught sight of the little white petalled, pink-tipped blossom growing in a sunny corner of his city back lane, it seemed to him one of the most beautiful, most marvellous happenings of his short life. Nor was his ardor damped when, on drawing the attention of a youthful acquaintance to this wonderful discovery of his, the youngster replied scornfully:

"That's nothing! There are hundreds and thousands of them things growin' wild in the fields in the country where my grandmother lives!"

So there was a country here on earth after all, Jim thought, as well as the one he remembered in heaven. And somehow daisies always had seemed an integral part of that heaven he had lost, daisies hanging in long chains held by slender beautiful fingers whose careasing touch on his cheek he had not forgotten. Then who would care to remain in this smoky, crowded, unkind city when there was the possibility of reaching the beautiful country of his dreams after even any amount of difficulties and obstacles? He wasn't going back any more to the dingy, dirty room in the narrow back street—his Granny, as he had been taught to call her, must look to some one else to procure her her breakfast and keep the black bottle alled when most find some one else to

as he had been taught to call her, must look to some one else to procure her her breakfast and keep the black bottle filled; she must find some one else to beg and steal for her, some one else to kick and cuff and swear at when the weary day's work was done.

So Jim trudged on and on through the city streets, through familiar and unfamiliar places, past loug lines of hovels, unbroken save by the tawdry grandeur of the gin palace, then past rows and

rows of mansions, and of glittering handsome shops, past all, with the one object
of putting them behind him as soon as
ever he could. He had nothing to guide
him as to the direction he should take,
for Mrs. Diggs had never lett him for long
out of her sight, and the only part of this
great city with which he was familiar was
the low lying streets and alleys bordering on the harbor and the quays. But
he relied simplicity groun the saver, for
some one had told him that it came down
from the mountains, and though he did some one had told him that it came down from the mountains, and though he did not know very well what mountains were, he felt they must be part of the country. And then the line of the river seemed also the line of the setting sun, which he had been used to watch even-ing after evening with feelings of loneli-ness and envy, for surely the sun must go to sleep in heaven that were to the

ing after evening with feelings of loneliness and envy, for surely the sun must go to sleep in heaven, that was in the country, too. And with these thoughts and hopes to inspire him he went along cheerfully, forgetting to be hungry or tired, till sometime in the afternoon he found himself at last outside of the city, with the dull-looking houses and streets all huddling closer together as they disappeared into the distance behind him. At first he felt vaguely disappointed; for though this must surely be the country, it was not at all like the paradise of his dreams. For this was the land of market-gardening—plain, practical market-gardening, be it understood, where instead of the lovely artices fields and hedgerows there lay great squares and narrow oblongs filled with rows of lettuce and onions and celery and cabbages, these latter looking to Jim's critical eyes just like long lines of great green roses stretching away on every side. But then, on the other hand, there were the lovely blue hills, all wrapped up in a veil of haze. Jim turned towards them with a new feeling of hope and longing, and at last, after he had walked mile upon mile, he found himself in a real country lane, a lane tringed with blossoming haw-thorne hedges—for the month was May—and mossy banks whereon the daisies sprinkled themselves as plentifully as stars in the sky on a frosty winter's night, with here and there a late primrose or violet—though Jim did not know them by name

on a frosty winter's night, with here
and there a late primrose or violet—
though Jim did not know them by name
—still blooming in the shade.

The boy knelt down in the grass,
already dampened with the evening
dews, and gathered a small bunch of the innocent, sweet blossoms, holding them up to his face and drinking in their fragrance with an expression of rapturous delight. He wandered on farther, stopping now and again to fisten to the song of a robin, or the piping of a brown thrush perched on the topmost bough of a pine tree. Then all at once he realized that he felt strangely tired, something more than tired. For even to a boy of Jim Diggs Spartan upbringing a long day's tramping without other sustenance than a dry crust of bread eaten early in the morning was likely to prove trying. He sat down hurriedly, to keep himself from falling; a frightening sensation of weakness, of faintness, came over him, as he let his head fall limply on a mossy pillow. Then there came a singing in his ears, a silvery sound as of soft rain falling on his face and theu—no more. Little Jim had swooned.

How long he remained there, food only knows, for the lane was lonely and little frequented. But on a sudden a motorcar, a gorgeous thing in crimson and gold, awept round the corner with a warning 'hoot-toot," In it sat a lady and gentleman, the latter ruddy and good-natured of face, while his companion had a very sweet and gracious expression, none the less sweet and gracious if now, as often indeed, its beauty was over-shadowed by an expression of sadness.

"O Wilfrid, look!" she oried eagerly, laying a staying hand on the arm of her husband, who stopped the car quickly at innocent, sweet blossoms, holding them up to his face and drinking in their

Ing to be a tall and lanky lad whose appearance appealed less forcibly to the charitably inclined. Moreover, Mrs. Diggs' gin-sodden face had begun to tell its own tale, and to close up wells of charity. So that now Jim's guardian was more often induced to steal than to beg.

The begging had been distasteful enough, but never so hopelessly hateful and repellent as was the stealing to Jim's sensitive little soul. Besides he was so wkward at the business, proving utterly incapable—no matter how many complete the stealing to always take everybody's troubles are made to be at a stayling hand on the arm of her husband, who stopped the car quickly at sight of the unhappy little figure lying by the roadside. In another moment the man was down beside Jim, his wife kneeling beside him, while he poured a spoonful of brandy between the half-clenched teeth of the little waif.

"Never mind, dear, he'll be all right in a few moments," he said quietly, catching sight of his wife's blanched face. "You always take everybody's troubles

Oh, but Wilfrid, the poor little crea-

ture! He looks so ghastly! And you know I always think of—of our little Will"—tears shone in her eyes and her lips quivered.
"I know, dear, I know," her husband

answered softly. "The poor little lad, he seems half-starved, more than half-starved. But now, the color is coming back, he will open his eyes scon."

In a moment or two, that had happened and as the boy looked about him, dazed

and wondering, Mrs. Latouche said,
"He has just the same eyes as Will,
don't you think, dear?"
"It is all that is like him." Wilfrid "It is all that is like him," Wilfrid Latouche answered, with a pitiful glance at the pinched features and shrunken limbs of his charge. "There, my boy! You'll be all right now," as Jim staggered weakly to his feet. "You must have fasted too long and overtired yourself.

## Torpid Liver in the Spring

In the spring both the liver and kid-

In the spring both the liver and kidneys are overworked in an effort to remove the poisonous impurities which accumulate in the system during the winter and in overcoming the trying effect of the changing temperature.

Once the liver gets sluggish and torpid, there are all sorts of troubles with the digestive system. Sour stomach, fatulency, wind on the stomach, acute indigestion, irregularity of the bowels and bilious headache are among the symptoms.

and bilious headsche are among the symptoms.

The liver must have assistance.

The process of restoration will be hastened if the kidneys are also invigorated and strengthened, for on these two organs depends entirely the purification of the blood. Both these filtering organs are acted on directly and promptly by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason there is no treatment which will more quickly rid the blood of poisonous waste matter than this great presciption of Dr. Chase. Put it to the test this spring and escape the tired, languid feelings consequent on a poisoned system.