In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntiess hero, came; And planded firm Britannia's flag On Canada's fair domain. Here may it wave, our boast and pride, And joined in love together, The Thistie, Shamrock, Rose entwine, The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers, side by side. For freedom, home, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and nobly died. And those dear rights which they main tained, We swear to yield them never! Our watchword evermore shall be

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may tuose ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'ret freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On merry England's far famed land, May kind heaven sweetly anale; God oless old Scotland evermore. And Ireland's Emerald Isle! Then swell the song both load and long, Till rocks and forests quiver, God save our Queen and heaven bless The Maple Leaf forever!

## AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

It happened in this way. John Dun-son, a successful young lawyer, had worked until he was tired, and had gone there to

rest. Chamounix was a charming enough place, the valley girt by frowning Alps, covered all over its bosom, save the tiny village, with waving grain, ready for har vest, and growing fuxuriantly green; its carefully laid off squares very much re-sembling a green and gold coverlet. The resemblance was more striking when the smiling fields were seen from the Mer de Glace. The tawny Arve, flinging its fu sy body through the valley, seemed to char acterize some of his friends—if the emer-ald tint of the fields dil not. Altogether Dunson was content

The tourists stopping at the Hotel Royale were dry and proxy for the most part—thin and elderly English women, economising their income by continental excursions. With their thick shoes, unbecoming apparel, and masculine stride, they could be seen going here and there, bent upon seeing everything worth seeing When Dunson would occasionally encoun ter them, a touch of the hat served to ease his sense of duty towards his fellow his zense of day to the barty indifferently went their respective way. Mont Blanc gener ally kept his white crown wreathed with drapery, and those who rose early were "left" morning after morning during that hezy June weather.

Durson's windows opened toward the mountain and he has

mountain, and he had gotten up once or twice to see the sun rise. He would lis-ten carelessly to enthusiastic descriptions After you mount them they will not darkness while the vast dome of Mont Blanc was a mass of glittering silver, &:, at the dinner table until his pulses would stir somewhat at the picture. The next morning would find him out early upon the veranda of the hotel, watching the clouds sway about the mountain and conquettishly fing their fleecy petiticoats about him—to the grim monster's evident delight. For an occasional rift in the drapery would disclose a smiling, silvery form, which the clouds would hasten to conceal. And this sort of thing would be the creating the conceal of the conceal of the conceal of the case of the ca of the glory of it—the silent valley in darkness while the vast dome of Mont drapery would disclose a smiling, silvery form, which the clouds would hasten to conceal. And this sort of thing would continue far into the morning, after the sun had spread over the valley. So Dun son grew tired of losing his sleep to intile "Yes—that's so," said he, dubiously, nursues, and after one or like exerct the sun had spread over the valley. So Dun son's description.

"Yes—that's so," said he, dubiously, dome of Mont Blauc clear and distinct, which is the said of the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the grand glowing dome of Mont Blauc clear and distinct, proprints the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and the pink away are pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink away are pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds, suddenly rose and so red away, leaving the pink away are pink and shining clouds, like a flock of brilliant birds are

He revolved several other mountain resorts in his head, and decided that the Simplon would suit him, and began to make his preparations for leaving Cha

Elaborately packing his portmanteau one afternoon, he went down to his table d'hote dinner, unsuspicious of danger, at peace with himself and his fellow man and woman. The diligence from Geneva had got in a couple of hours previously, but it had brought just so many fierce looking tourists with a business look about them, the 'doing' of the valley of Chamounix and Mont Blanc being distinctly visible upon their determined countenances. This had so often happened that Dunson ceased to feel interest in the arrivals Conceive his astonishment, then, when he Conceive his assonishment, then, which is perceived by the perceived by the perceived by the perceived by the perceived when it is made and making. I think you him, quietly eating her dinner. With will admire especially my Mont Blanc at rejoined quietly eating her dinner. tleman with a decidedly military appearance, and a white haired, rosy-cheeked old lady, whom the young woman, during the progress of the dinner, called "papa" and

Ere dinner was half over. Dunson had remarked to himself: "I shall enjoy the balance of my stay here, to a moral cer-To his fine fancy she could ho

Becoming suddenly affable and social with his righthand lady neighbor, he rendered himself so agreeable that she asked him, after a while, if he would not assist in the drawing room after dinner in singing or at a rubber of whist. Modestly averring that he was an indifferent hand at either of these accomplishments, he said that his willingness to do his best should atone for his mediocre abilities. This gave him a neat entry into the draw ing-room, which be had heretofore avoided like a pestilence. And so satisfied was he with his successful diplomacy in this direction, that he would have smiled with the consciousness of merit had his friends proposed him for plenipotentiary to Pum-

dinner neighbor, he soon had the satisfac-tion of seeing his graceful stranger, accompanied by her father and mother, enter also, and seat berself upou a divan

nature's shrine—where there is little fear of intruding upon business in act or thought; and it required not many minutes before our friend was bowing profoundly before Gen. Willing, Mrs. Willing and Miss Mary Willing. The young lady half rose, and flashed her clear eyes over him as she smiled responsive to his "delighted with the pleasure of meeting you." And at her musical voiced "The pleasure is mutual," John Dunson sat down by her side, mentally warning himdown by her side, or this innocent

the young man, "yes. Papa has but recently been retired from the army, and I have never left Leicestershire, except for short visits, until three weeks ugo. I have been running wild, papa says, with my grey hound and my pet deer, and he is now going to take me into the world, and have me learn many things in the way of conventional deportment and such things. I dare say you will soon agree with papa that I am sadly needful in the points men

ctenes, I fear," sighed she.
"You will explore everything, I supose," interrogated Dunson, "see the
fer de Glace, Montanvert, and so on ?" a
"We want to see everything, but we do ot care to be burried over this beautiful country. Papa and mamma and I are going to take it nicely and easily, and enjoy everything leisurely."

Yes, indeed-and have had many lorious runs over hedge and fields, until home—as papa himself. Mamma has often predicted a broken neck—but you see it is

Questioned she—
"There cannot be much riding over

the-mountains, can there?"
"Oh, plenty of it," said John promptly.
"Let's see. There will be your father,
mother, yourself, a guide and—yes, and
a guide. That will take five—four mules."

"Mules!"
"Certainly; mules. No horses in homounix. Mules are surer footed, and they have got them in plenty. As I said, you will want five—four mules. You will lave the hotel and find them waiting will leave the hotel and find them waiting for you at the foot of the mountain.

After you mount them they will not tumbled downward. Now they are mount tumbled downward. Now they are mount tumbled downward.

son grew tired of losing his sleep to little purpose, and after one or two experiences like the above, he left the clouds to play around hoary Mont Blanc without interference from him.

Breakfast ended, there was a book of his sketching materials, and off he would trudge, to climb an Alp a hundred or a thousand feet, as he thought his physical infirmities would warrant. Then he would lie and read, or use his pencils, until his mortal appetite would force his thoughts below, when he would go down.

Said she, laughing—
"You describe so well—how you must have enjoyed your rides!"

you mean; I only took one. Three or four days after my maiden trip, when I felt able to walk, I packed my sack and went out on foot, avoiding the very sight of a mule. So I have rambled girl, with her bosom heaving, her pure about, read, smoked, lunched,

sketched, and been serene and unjoited." "You sketch? Then you will snow me your sketches, won't you? And when our filled my appreciative visit to Chamounix is over I will show siasm and—appetite you mine.

"Yes, I sketch in a desultory fashion.
You will find little to admire in my fitful work But I will cheerfully show them you all this beauty around you?"
The can you think of orealized a said in repreach, shining her liquid eyes upon him, "with all this beauty around you?"
The can you think of orealized? to you upon the terms mentioned-

"Do you mean by moonlight?" "No. Midnight, without any moon."
Thus, by chatting, these two became acquainted, and before they separated the starry eyed Mary had given frank consent that Mr. Danson should accompany herself and parents upon some of excursions He, thankful, reserved the ght to refuse a trip only when it would e necessary for him to ride a mule. and land a fish, and sketch unrecognizable be necessary for him to ride a mule, scenery to equal perfection. "Yes," Dunson went to his apartments, his head thought he, "I certainly shall enjoy the eyes and sketches; and his eyes lighted upon his luggage all nicely packed and ready for the morrow's diligence. Without a word he set to and unpacked everything, whistling the while "From Greenland's Icy Mountains;" went to sleep and dreamed that he had applied for a patent to thaw out Greenland with a wonderful motor—said motor being liquid, brilliant eyes of Mary Willing. being the

CHAPTER II.

Very early the following morning, while the shadows were yet upon the valley, Mr. Dunson arose, carefully dressed, and descended to the broad hotel piazza. He concluded easily that Mont Blanc should shake off his surliness and give an exhibition of his beauties Resorting to the salon with his gratified morning in honor of the late arrival.

Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were gathered upon the versads, field glasses in hand, their eyes upon the mountain. Dunson's eyes quickly glanced over the crowd, as he bowed 'good mornnear the piano.

Ceremony is less stately here, where all are bent upon pleasant pilgrimages to nature's shrine—where there is little fear of intruding upon business in act or "What a lunatic I am not to know she is

self, "beware, my friend, or this innocent creature will hurt your peace."

"My first visit to Chamounix," said she, replying to a brilliant question from than rising at four in the morning," said soldier for more laborious undertakings than rising at four in the morning," said the fine old gentleman with a smile. "And when Mary waked us in order to see the sunrise upon the mountain, smiled his wife, "we forgot the hour in the

smiled his wife, "we forgot the hour in the hope of getting a nice view of it."

If the aforementioned Mary had seemed charming the evening before, she was absolutely so this balmy, shadowy morn-ing, as she stood, dressed in a neat, travel-ling costume, a soft crimson shawl half-hooding her fresh face, the starry eyes full

that I am sadly needful in the points men tioned."

"This book; me as companion," thought John, "as she proposes I shall discover her conventional deficiencies." And to her, looking frankly and clearly into his eyes, he gallantly observed, "you shall let me doubt your want of any graces, until I can live a hundred years or so in your vicinity to discover them."

"A hundred hours will prove a sad sufficiency, I fear," sighed she.

"That's very kind of you?" will assert kind assert you as a carring about Mont Blanc, now dropping like a poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the propose of the clouds that were rolling and curling about Mont Blanc, now dropping like a poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the fresh face, the starry eyes full of interest and a limition.

Seating themselves, they took a preliminary view of the clouds that were rolling and curling about Mont Blanc, now dropping like a poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the fresh houd and curling and curling about Mont Blanc, now dropping like a poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the fresh houd and curling and curling about Mont Blanc, now dropping like a poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the fresh for the clouds that were rolling and curling about Mont Blanc, now dropping like a poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the poff of smoke almost to his base, gaining the poff of smoke al

Miss Wibing "That's very kind of you," said Mr. Dunson, sitting near her, "for, do you know, pe ple anathematise those wanton clouds every blessed morning. They are very exclusive, the misty sirens; they shroud the mountain and tumble over him, poking their rosv fingers into his grim sides, rolling pell mell, like fright-ened sheep, downward, then quickly roll end sheep, downward, then quickly rolling up agai, turning pins and silvery as they reach his brow, or looking dark and envious as they are pushed aside and others take their places. But they manage to monopolice him nine mornings out of ten—and that is why people abuse them and

"They are playing hide and seek," said she, her eyes following the playful she, her eyes following the playful vapours swaying, quivering, and darting here and there.

"But on, see! The clouds are lifting—we shall see the glorious monster yet in

his n tural majesty"

"B auty unadorned," began Dunson, and stopped. "Yes, honor will be done you, I thick, upon this your first appear ance The vapory curtains are rolling up the body of the mountain. See how bril-

that the attempt was abandoned directly, while others, who could not sketch at all, succeeded in getting admirable likenesses. Dunson divided his admiration between Mont Blanc and Mary Willing, and his usual placid, merry temperament was stirred strangely as he noted the sincere,

wondering enthusiasm of the beautiful ek- flushed with excitement. At length, "Now for breakfast," said he, "getting up so early and seeing Mont Blanc has

filled my appreciative system with enthu "How can you think of breakfast?" she

The sun was now throwing his radiance amending your proposition only so as to give me a sight of your sketches each summits, and the shadows were leaving

rejoined quickly, looking at her, "beauty is indeed wonderful!" "Is it not?" she said, looking again toward the gigantic hills

"It is, indeed," said he, emphatically. not turning his admiring eyes from her unconscious face.

## CHAPTER III.

Our friend was soon upon a charmingly pleasant footing with the Willing party, and each hour in the lovely Mary's presence served to foster more strongly his growing admiration and regard. The man and girl became excellent friends, and her power over him was strikingly evinced some days later when, in answer to the General's invitation, Mr. Dunson proclaimed his readiness to ascend the mountain with them. He even descanted with apparent cheerfulness upon the pleasure of going up to the Mer de Glace on a mule.

a mule.

Their preparations made, they proceeded,
walking to the foot of the glacier, and
found the mules waiting, with a hardy
Swiss guide in attendance. Each of the Swiss guide in attendance. Each of the four mounting a patient steed, our friend found, on falling into line, that he brought up the rear, Miss Willing being just before him, and the General, straight and military, leading the way. leading the van. Said the fair Mary-

"Make your horse move forward, and let mine take his place, or let us ride side by side."

"Make my 'horse' jamp over the moon!" grumbled Dunson. "He's a fix—
ture just where he is as regards this procession, and whip or spur have no influence with him. Have you forgotten my semarks about diving tangent? He particulars to Dunson, "You just did get me in time, didn't would be in the didn't you? If you hadn't I would be in as a hero—his reputation rising to that she was wellaway from the place of have done to let you finish your visit to Chamounix so abruptly! But don't praise me. It was selfishness."

Her parents were profoundly thankful, and the hotel soon knew the particulars of the Alpine adventure. Dunson rated as a hero—his reputation rising to that the view finish your visit to Chamounix so abruptly! But don't praise me. It was selfishness." by side."

"Make my 'horse' jamp over the moon!" grambled Duneon. "He's a fixture just where he is as regards this procession, and whip or spur have no influence with him. Have you forgotten my remarks about driving tandem? However, I shall try to be content," he added in reach resignation as her time sheets.

"Just what I am doing," replied he, promptly, his eyes upon the silky braids of brown hair coiled at the back of her small, shapely head, shading the snowy neck

An hour and a half of this upward toiling brought the party to the Mer de "We are now in winter's domains," said

"We are now in winter's domains," said Mr. Dunson, heroically. "From this elevation to the summit, Mont Blanc is ice-bound from century to century."
"How wildly grand is everything!" said the young lady; and, not heeding Dunson's protound bow and his "the compliment is returned" she continued, "it is well worth twenty such trips to see so much of mature," wondrous handlwork."

said the wicked young man. "You are going to dream of a mule the size of Mont Blanc, earthquakes and broken bones, to-

Blanc, earthquakes and broken bones, tonight, or I am a false prophet."
"I am bardier than you faucy," she said
smiling, and with a faint coloring.
"Yes m. Say it to morrow!" and his
saucy eyes fairly forced hers downward.
"You are wicked and unfeeling," she
reproachfully said, and moved torward reproachfully said, and moved forward on foot, to join her parents, who were advancing toward the edge of the glacier. "Unfeeling!" solitoquised Dunson, ig-noring the first part of the verdict. "After two hours' mule back riding she accuses me with being unfeeling! Well, this is something like evidence to support the idea that women speak by contraries.

Procuring alpenstocks of white ash, iron-pointed and about five feet in length, at the small refreshment station, and pull ing thick woollen stockings over their shoes, the party proceeded to cross the shoes, the party proceeded to cross the glacier. With the aid of the stocks and stockings there was little dauger of slipping into any of the numberless chasms, narrow, but with blue and yawning lips that they were often obliged to step across.

Mary dropped a fragment of ice into an opening, and listened to it ringing from side to side, its metallic click being finally lost in the depths.
"How terrible to fall in there!" she

"How terrible to fall in there!" she murmured, looking solemnly at Dunson. "What would become of me?" "It would be a nice pickle," assented he. "You would be delgantly preserved between the ice walls, and a thousand years hence, if you should be found, you would be as perfect in flesh as now; a good deal caller though."

deal colder, though."
"Ugh!" she shivered. 'Let us hurry
over this fearful ice sea. The idea of being lost in one of these crevices is terri-

The loitering pair were left some yards sehind the more methodical and less omantic older people.

"Do not let the icy surroundings create

a coldness between u-," laughed John, as he moved lightly forward. "Eh ?" said she, glancing smilingly back ward, her lips apart, cheeks rosy with exercise, the embodiment of elastic, beauti-

Great God! Don't look back!" shouted

ohn. "Look before you!"
She turned her head quickly forward, and saw, almost at her feet, an ice crack, long and nearly four feet in breadtn. Stopping her body suddenly, her feet flew forward, and she started over—into the gaping crevice whose depths were fathom-less. With remarkable presence of mind she pressed the iron point of the alpenstock she carried into the opposite wall of ice before her. But the momentum. until his mortal appetite would force his thoughts below, when he would go down and get dinner, or, as was oftener the case, open his bottle of Macon and discuss his sandwiches to his solitary satisfaction.

Mr. Dunson concluded like an animated railway train, and be thankful it is over."

Mr. Dunson concluded like one who has done his duty, and looked compassandwiches to his solitary satisfaction.

Sandwiches to his solitary satisfaction.

Sandw and half her body was over the lividiipped shasm; her eyes were closing, when the man with a hoarse cry was upon

## her, his hand grasped her arm like iron, and darkness came over her. CHAPTER IV.

Dunson's strong arms bore her over the space intervening between the fearful spot and the further side. His face was white and set-his breath gasping. And, as the thought swept over him that in one instant more, but for his hand, his sweet burden would have fallen a thousand feet, and lain for centuries close wedged be-tween the pitiless ice walls, he strained her unconscious form convulsively to him, and the burning moisture sprang to his eyes. The mere fancy was agonising, and he felt, as the yielding body lay in his nervous, clasping arms, that he held all that was and sweet and womanly, the dearest thing in the world.

The horror-stricken father and mother followed him closely, and, when he had laid her down in the small traveller's staon, set to work to revive her. Dunson was prompt in assistance. He rushed out, grasped his hands full of snow, rushed back, tumbled the snow over her white face and into her mouth, dropped a little also between the colourless lips, shook himself, and was down to the valley for a doctor. He was bounding away like a chamois when the guide stayed him, told him such accidents happened not infrequently, and sometimes sadly fatally, and that the "belle demoiselle" would shortly be "all well." Half persuaded, the young man returned to the

But the guide said truth. The crimson came cheerily back to her lips, the still bosom began to throb, the eyelids to quiver and at length to lift the long lashes from the starry eyes-and Mary looked faintly and questioningly around her. Her mother and father held each a hand, and were now smiling on her through thankful eyes. And she also saw John, his eyes moist, his chest yet heaving, try-ing to smile. Soft colour began to flood her face, while her memory came back, and her eyes closed again. Then, as full memory returned, she re-opened them quickly and shudderingly, to assure her-

ever, I shall try to be content," he added in mock resignation, as her trim, shapely figure moved before him, gracefully and elastic, in spite of the Buscephalus that bore her.

Solemn and dignified the mules zig-zagged apward.

"How elegantly you ride," observed "How elegantly you ride," observed "Wes," said John, a desperate choking at the throat, "I threw myself flat on the ice and slid a dozen feet to prevent going over with you, which I would have done had I ran to you. I was just in time"—and he paled and shivered at the thought—if he had falled.

"Well," smiled the young woman, "I was light now, but I do not want to

"Dunson, en route.

"Do not look at my riding," commanded she. "Give your attention to the lovely cross that fearful Mer de Glace again," and she stood up, slightly swaying through

faintness.

Dunson regarded her for a moment,

and turned to her father.
"General," said he, "please make her lie down sgain." Then to the guide he gave some commands, and they were off into the wood.

Presently back they came, the guide carrying some young spruce saplings which they had cut.

they had cut.

"We are going to carry you down to Chamounix upon a throne," said John to the young lady, who was curiously eyeing the proceedings. "She shan't have the blance of her life jolted out of her, going down the mountain on a thundering mule," growfied he, under his breath. "Indeed! But you are not going to carry me as if I were a baby," asserted the fair object of his solicitude, "I can ride as well as ever."

ide as well as ever."

John appealed again.
"Tell her to mind when she is spoken to, general, please. She could never stand the inverted way in which a mule would undertake to get her to the hotel."

And he continued his preparations.

The father could but agree with him,

and indeed the effort at standing had shown Mary that she was not strong. So she took a glass of wine, consented to the arrangement, and sat dubiously eyeing the litter which she was to be throned upon directly. She watched Dunson intently as he worked away.

"How do you propose for me to manage upon that thing?" she inquired. No answer.
"I think I would rather ride upon my

mule," continued she.
Silence. After a little, John completed it, placed soft shawls upon the litter, and bundled upon a number of articles that she might lean back upon. Then, motioning the guide to one end of the arrangement, he said:
"Now, Miss Willing, your chariot is all

ready-mount!"
"Why, that is as nice as a bed, and has

runners like a little sled," said she, admiring John's handiwork. "And how are you going to get me down the moun-tain? Will you give it a push and slide Dunson shivered. "You have slid enough," said he.

So, cozily settling their daughter upon her chariot, Gen. and Mrs. Willing mounted their steeds. Dunson and the guide, firmly grasping the "runners" of the litter, ed the caravan and the descent was

Miss Mary sepirits rose finely. Presently she began to rate her "lead mule."

"You do not go nearly so fast as my other mule did this morning," complained she. Dunson grinned, and went perspir-ingly on. "I am Phidias—or something," chrped the young woman, "and I am driving the sun."
"Phidias! Yes-per fidious," panted

John, "to mix mythology in that fashion."
"Goodness! what a talent he has for puns! Silence, sir! Horses do not talk—
or mules either."
"Have you forgot about that one in

the Bible, who—"
'Silence!" again commanded the rosy. faced Mary. "How dare you talk ?"

John essayed to turn his head, to see how the fair was faring.
"Eyes to the front! Forward! March!

"Squadron! Fleet would be more like puffed Dunson, the brine pouring down his face.
"Halt!" from the captain. "Rest!" And the soft eyes beamed warmest kind-

liness and compassion upon the "lead horse. The order was obeyed with alacrity.
The caravan came to a stand-still, the father and mother looking kindly upon the young man who was caring so gently and tenderly for their darling. "Tired to death ?" inquired Mary of

Dunson, innocently.
"Most," was the economical reply, as his handkerchief went over his face. "No breath to waste on words."
"Ungrateful!" said she pouting, but

with the friendliest eyes. "How much do I weigh?" with a winning smile. "A simpleton," said the soulless John "Oh, goodness! Did anyone ever!" ed the distressed damsel, as Gen. and cried the Willing broke into a hearty laugh. Pick me up and march this instant, sir and don't speak again till you are bid,"

"Yes'm," said he, with ready penitence.
Then he arranged her nicely and carefully, and she could not help laughing at his mock wee-begone expression.
Going slowly, and resting frequently, they reached the valley safely, and the hotel at length, where the fair Mary was not to hed for a day by her fond parents.

Danson strolled about during this interval, thinking it was Sunday, and picked the valley bare of flowers, which he made invalid's room.

He resolutely set to and climbed like a Darwinian aborigine, reaching almost invalid in the control of the c Next morning she was down, fresh and

smiling, her delicate paleness adding to, instead of detracting from, her loveliness. She greeted him with the frankest welcome, putting a white hand into his; and, her sweet face growing grave, she thanked upon the glacier.
"Papa and mamma would have grieved

o," she said, her voice trembling slightly. His clasp tightened, and his face flushed with deep feeling as he simply replied-"I am very glad I was in time, for I should have grieved too." "It was very noble," she said, looking at him with admiration. "You risked your life."

our life."

A plucky mountaineer was lowered to him by a rope, the rope knotted under his

as a hero-his reputation rising to that extent that he scarcely knew what to do

with it.
The following weeks were spent in rambling, idly sketching and enjoying the beauty that Nature so lavishly displays at

They were seated one afternoon, those They were seated one afternoon, those two, upon a fern-carpeted knoll that stood like a gnarled knot upon the mountain side. She was sketching a giant Alp that rose some miles across the valley, thrusting its snow-capped summit among the cloads. Dunson was lying near her, lazily studying her face, and admiring the pretty hand that wielded the pencil. Sne said, after a lengthy survey of the giant over the way—

way"Do you see that line winding like a black thread up the top of yonder i taia, Mr. Dunson ?"

"No," replied he, not turning his eyes away from her. "Well, but look?" she insisted. "I think I can see an animal—something moving— about half way up the side. It looks no

"That's what it is," said her friend, solemnly, slowly looking toward the spot designated in the distance.

"As if I could see a mouse that far!" she began indignantly, turning her eyes

upon him.

Then they both laughed.

"It was some uncommercial traveller," he told her, "risking his neck. The animal that are the second and he told her, "risking his neck. The ani-mal that resembled a mouse was a mule— and if she would look very closely she could see something like a flea upon the mouse's back—that was the traveller." Mary laughed, and said she didn't want to risk her pretty neck again. "Wouldn't it be awful—to fall off of some-

thing thousands of feet down?" And the fancy of such a termination to this innocent life made that foolish Dun-son spring suddenly to his feet, grasp her hands, and say hoarsely—
"My God, Mary, do not think such a

thing! It would kill me.
Wasn't it silly of him?

"Oh," said she, "you hurt my hands. See—they are quite paralysed," she pouted, as she looked at the white, sinewy members. And that poor fellow took one of them in both his, kissed it tenderly and—asked her for it!
She flushed as she listened and drew it

away, interrupting him in a trembling frightened voice.
"Don't, Mr. Dunson; please don't!"

He went on to explain—
"I love you, Mary, my winsome, stareyed darling—I love you. Give me your
love in return, sweet one."
He was eloquent pleading this cause. He went on to explain

She turned from crimson to paleness, and burst into tears.
"Oh—oh!" she sobbed. "How un-

grateful I must seem-I did not know-"No, sweetheart, you will not seem un-grateful—you cannot be. And I do not ask you to violate the feelings of your pure soul. If you cannot love me—but you will, won't you?" and his face and eyes were full of the most suasive plead-

she sobbed on. The Dunson saw that he had frightened the sweet, happy girl. She had never known of other love She had never known of other love besides that of the doung parents who had reared her so carefully in the fair old Elm Wood in Leicestershire. He set about

Wood in Leicestershire. He set about soothing her.

"There, there, my darling—that is, Mary—Miss Willing, I mean. I did not mean to pain you. You will forget it after I am gone. But to my longing heart you so embody all that is sweet and pure that I cannot help loving you. Let me still be your friend—yes, I will be your friend yet? friend vet.

He gently repossessed one of the hands. kissed it souly, let it lingeringly go. Then he gathered up her sketching material, which had suffered during the confusion, "Eyes to the front! Forward! March! and stood waiting for her. She rose, I command this squadron," promptly raised her tear stained face, glanced timidly at him-gave a short sob-and silthey returned to the hotel. The changing gold purple in the glowing west was not greater than this one. The light-hearted girl was suddenly a woman, the merry natured man still and aching with the pain of a heart's scattered illusion

Neither of this interesting couple ate any supper. Mary locked herself up and cried to her heart's content. Dunson elaborately repacked his baggage and got ready for the Simplon. Miss Mary also failed to come down to breakfast next morning. When she finally came slyly out of her apartment to go for a walk with her mother, she learned that her merry friend was gone. She had her walk in silence, and then—oh, inconsistent one!—fled into seclusion again, and again dissolved in tears. Why? Answer, lady reader, you with the brown hair and liquid eyes, who are scanning this story and wondering if there is an end to it. Why did this innocent creature, during the succeeding days, grow quiet and pensive, flushing at times like a rose, when no one was near her, and again bursting incontinently into tears for no assignable reason? It is for you to solve the proem-ye well skilled in human heartsthe writer of this history is only chronicling dry fact.

## CHAPTER V.

John Dunson went to the Simplon. ced social interest in the silent, handsome young traveller-but he made no confidantes. He was trying to kill the weary longing at his heart, and sought to bring about this murderous reformation by violent bodily exercise. And so well did he succeed in his fell undertaking that he him earnestly for having saved her life upon the glacier.

tame up missing one evening. The good-hearted people turned out to find him, hearted people turned out to and ann, full of zeal and earnestness and ropes, and at length succeeded. Some one, peering cautiously over a frightful precipice, saw him lying upon a ledge about thirty feet below. The ledge was probably three feet wide, and there the precipice sheered below. The ledge was probably three feet wide, and there the precipice sheered off straight below, a thousand feet. The man lay still, an arm hanging down.

JAN. 24, 1885.

unconscious arms, and Mr. unconscious arms, and Mr.
was hauled carefully up
carried to his hotel.
Doctors set his shoulders a
settled down to nurse him
lent fever, which disordered
brought forward memories name "Mary" often figure derness in his poor voice as dear name would sometimes moisten the eyes of the wat

Thirteen days after the mountain the sufferer ope Feeling faint and weak, he them about the room, trying question of where he was a the matter. As consciousness him, he feebly conjectured the enough doctors in the room nalit medical to finish any un mountain might leave income he succeed that a door oper and a lovely face was fram starry eyes, which looked ward the bed. His weak lip whisper "Mary!" and his w grew large with eager hope would not vanish. But it d he was faintly thankful for t brought her face to him, and

to sleep.
Some hours later, he as much stronger, and found a English physician fingering to "How do you feel, sir?" tor. Pretty well, thank you,

Smiled the physician—
"You will soon be all rig" gave the patient a glass of "Your friends have been

"Have they?" Then it Dunson that he had made the hotel. "What friends?" "When you get a little st tell you," said Esculapius.
"All right, doctor. Excite and make the fever rise—!! right away," snapped the rising colour and faint conte "Can you bear a surprise

good man, kindly.
"He asks a man that has a precipice, and is still ali-bear a surprise?" ponde Satisfied with the reply looked toward the door a And while Dunson was starting, wondering how a sane n

pound such a question, a lighthe room, and a soft, tre said—
"Good evening, Mr. Dung
He turned his head qui Mary Willing, sweet and being tenderly at him and trand making a doubtful s

Said he-"Mary! I did not dream you? Is it really you, Mary Joy sent a surging flush of face, lighting his eyes with ha took his hand and held it,

ooth hers.
"I beard that you were hu to you," said the simple thi "My darl—pure heart! cious friend," murmured the upon the lovely blushing

were sorry, then, at my Mary?" asked he. And radiant as she bent her he mured, the long lashes over "Yes. I thought I should so long in reaching you."
"My Mary -my Mary!"
"And your father and moth "Indeed, yes. Did you

to you as I was—nearly—" ful creature stopped, blushin "When are you going Mary ?" Not until you are quite tated she.
"Then I'll stay ill," said t prompt resignation. "I an

for them? They were as a

ill a long while, Mary—while." "No-don't," whispered sl John-Mr. Dunson-"
"Oh, I am not offended. soon you would call me Joh terrupted the sinner, havi well. I shall stay ill—for w you will leave me," said the valid.

"Will I!" she said, blus "Mary—my darling—pity Say you have learned to lov to me, sweetest one."
All the yearning eagernes his pleading face. For anseest maiden placed a soft ha

chin and leaned her rosy, against his cheek. John soliloquised present "If her parents are only se "If her parents are only se Willing! Why, of course-have been 'Willing.' And oh, she is willing! Yes; b' unwilling. Mary, how abo he, aloud. "Stay there, da move," he added tyrannot lifting her wreet in univine lifting her sweet, inquiring you love me, my pure one. hear your own sweet mout

"I-love-you," came the whisper. "John!" continued the d "John."

The Half was Neve of the wonderful powers that best of all medicines, It has been tried and proare numberless and the reposed) incurable cases that to its influence, is astouthave trouble with your l or Bowels, if you suffer fro and Piles, if you are a vict tism or Malaria, take Kidn will find it the remedy you Ayer's Pills cure constip the appetite, promote di healthy action, and regula tion. They are pleasant

A Settled Fa low Oil is the best househ internal and external use soreness, lameness and infla