A NICE STATE OF THINGS.

Here's a state of things, now, in this land of the Where the people are reckoned the rulers to be, When a few men with money to the rest of us

say, "If you want any sugar our price you must For we've got up a 'trust' and bought the

whole lot,
And the rest of the people may all go to pot."
So the day will scon be here I really opine
When none but the rich can say "Sugar is

Here's a nice state of things in this land of the When a few moneyed men say to you and to

"We've got up a 'trust' now in kerosene oil And all you low fellows who labor and toil Must buy it of us, and pay us our price, Or go in the dark, like the rats and the mice. So in most of our homes soon, I really opine, The old "taller dip," or nothing will shine.

Here's a nice at te of things, I really must say, When greedy monopolies carry the day, And lock life's necessities, pocket the key, And say, "Go without, or else buy or me. But the "trusts" keep increasing in numbers Go without, or else buy of me.

alway.

And the path of the poor man grows rougher The next thing may be matrimonial "trusts,"
When to wed we must "see" them and "down
with the dust."

But there's ominous mutterings over the land. And the wings of our eagle begin to expand; There's a look in his eye that bodeth no good To the harpies who gamble in poor people's

For this is a land for the poor and oppressed, Where the true honest toiler is as good as the

And each hated "trust" will die very dead When the American eagle swoops down on its W. E. Penney.

New Haven, Conn.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXXVII-Continued.

The morning was radiantly beautiful—the The morning was radiantly beautiful—the sparkling waves rose high on tiptoe to kiss the still boistsrous wind,—the sunlight broke in a wide smile of spring-tide glory over the world! With the burden of my sgony upon me,—with the utter exhaustion of my over-wrought nerves, I beheld all things as in a feverish dream,—the laughing light, the azure ripple of waters,—the receding line of my native shores, everything was blurred, indistinct, and unreal to me, though my soul Argus avad. in. to me, though my soul, Argus-eyed, in-cessantly peered down, down into those darksome depths where she lay, silent for ever. For now I knew she was dead. Fate had killed her, not I. All repentant as she was, triumphing in her treachery to the last, even in her madness, still I would have saved her, though she stroye to murder me.

of her, and, drawing the key of the vault from my pocket, I let it drop with a sullen splash into the waves. All was over; no one pursued me; no one enquired whither I went. I arr.ved at Civita Vecchia unquestioned; from thence I travelled to Leghorn, where I embarked on board a merchant trading vessel bound for South America. Thus I lost myself to the world; thus I became, as it were, buried alive for the second time. I am safely sepulched in these wild woods, and I seek no escape.

solitudes, none can trace in the strong stern man with the careworn face and white hair any resemblance to the once popular and wealthy Count Oliva, whose disappearance, so strange and sudden, was for a time the talk of all Italy. For, on one occasion when visiting the nearest | town, I saw an article in a newspaper, headed the white, wistful face, and there was a "Mysterious Occurrences in Naples," and I strong resemblance between mother and read every word of it with a sensation of dull child. Both had the same beautiful violet amusement.

From it, I learned that the Count Oliva was advertised for. His abrupt departure, together with that of his newly married wife, formerly Countessa Romani, on the very night of their wedding, had created the utmost excitement in the city. The landlord of the hotel where he stayed was prosecuting inchild wondering what all this sorrow meant. quiries—so was the Count's former valet, one Vincenzo Flamma. Any information would be gratefully received by the police authorities. If within twelve months no news were obtained, the immense properties of the Romani family, in default of existing kindred,

would be handed over to the Crown.

There was much more to the same effect, and I read it with the utmost indifference. Why do they not search the Romani vault? I thought, gloomily; they would find some authentic information there. But I know the Neapolitans needs me most; yet death itself would be well; they are timorous and superstitious; they would as soon hug a pestilence as explore a charnel house. One thing gladdened me: it was the projected disposal of my fortune. The Crown, the Kingdom of Italy, was surely as noble an heir as a man could have. I returned to my received house, where the surely as noble an heir as a man could have. I returned to my received house, which is the surely as noble an heir as a man could have. I returned to my received house, which is the surely as needs me most; yet death itself would be less bitter than leaving my child."

"Still," said Lady Hutton, "as you cannot have both, I think you are acting wisely. Hild a will have everything to make her happy with me." to my woodland hut with a strange peace on my

aoul.

As I told you at first, I am a dead man,—the world, with its busy life and aims, has naught to do with me. The tall trees, the birds, the whispering grasses are my friends and my companions,—they, and they only, are sometimes the silent witnesses of the torturing fits of agony that every now and then overwhelm me with historness. For I suffer always. That is natural. Revenge is sweet !-but who shall paint the horrors of memory? My vengeance now recoils on my own head. I do not complain of the law of compensation-it is just. I blame no one—save Her, the woman who wrought my wrong. Dead as she is I do not forgive her; I have tried to, but I cannot! Do men ever truly forgive the women who ruin their lives? I doubt ir. As for me, I feel that your own child?" the end is not yet. . . . that when my soul is released from its earthly prison, I shall still be doomed in some drear dim way to pursue her treacherous flitting spirit over the black chasms of a hell darker than Dante's :- she in the likeness of a wandering flame—I as her haunting shadow;—she, flying before me in

coward fear,—I, hastening after her in relentless wrath, and this for ever and ever.

But I ask no pity, I need none: I punished the guilty, and in doing so suffered more than they—that is as it must always be. I have no regret and no remorse; only one thing troubles me, one little thing, a mere foolish tancy. It comes upon me in the night, when the large-faced moon looks at me from heaven. For the moon is grand in this climate; she is like a golden-roud empress of all worlds as she sweeps in lustrous magnificence through the dense violet skies I shut out her radiance as much as I can; I close the blind at the narrow window of my solitary forest cabin :and yet do what I will, one wide ray creeps in always—one ray that eludes all my efforts to expel is. Under the door it comes, or through some unguessed cranny in the woodwork. I have in vain tried to find the place of its en-

The color of the moonlight in this climate is of a mellow amber,—so I cannot understand why that pallid ray that visits me so often should be green—a livid, cold, watery green; and in it, like a lily in an emerald pool, I see a little white hand on which the jewels cluster thick like drops of dew! The hand moves, it lifts itself, the small fingers point at me threateningly they quiver . and then they beckon me slowly, solemnly, commandingly onward! . . . onward!... to some infinite land of awful mysteries where Light and Love shall dawn for me no more!

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER

The time was the close of a bright, warm day in June; the place a little parlor in the most picturesque cottage to be found on the estate of Brynmar; the scene a strange one, the first that lived in the memory of Lady Hutton's ward, and the one that influenced her whole life.

There seems at times little or no harmony between nature and man. Outside the cottage, the bonny woods of Brynmar were full of the brightness and beauty of summer. The golden sunbeams lingered almost tenderly on the tall, green trees; the wild flowers gave forth a rich tribute of rare perfume; the birds sung gayly, and the busy bees hummed from flower to flower, gathering sweet honey from the fair blossoms. In the shade of the wood there was a deep silence, unbroken, save by the rippling of the little brock and the faint rustling of the leaves-a summer evening such as poets sing of: a golden flush of color, a glory of per

fume and barmony.

Inside the cottage was a scene that told of the deepest human woe. The beauty of sunbeam and flower could not touch it. There was sorrow which nothing human could soften or alleviate. In vain the ruses and jasmine peeped in at the bright windows, and bent their fair heads as though in sympathy. In vain the summer breeze came in laden with the fragrance of the hawthorn and the newmown hay; in vain birds sung and flowers bloomed; in vain did the eweet voices of nature seem to whisper of love and hope; it was all in vain, for a human heart was breaking there, from excess of sorrow and woe.

It was a strange scene. The parlor was bare and poorly furnished: no carpet, no pictures, no books, nothing that told of comfort; stern, dread poverty was shown in the few articles of furniture; in a small chair near the centre of the room sat a lady magnificently dressed, costly velvets and rich silks swept the cottage floor. She was in the very prime of life, a tall, stately, well-formed figure, a clear-cut, calm, patrician face, bearing the impress of many troubles. No one ever called Lady Hutton beautiful, but in exquisite refinement of every feature, In the expression of the clear eyes, and the smiles that at rare intervals lighted her face, there was a charm deeper than that of vivid coloring or perfect form. Her dark-brown hair was plainly braided, her dress, in its simple elegance, was perfection. She looked what she was, a thorough English gentlewoman, calm, elegant, and refined. If any storms of passion had ever crossed her quiet face, there was no trace of it now; if scorn, or hate, or love had ever dwelt in that quiet heart, they were all dead. She seemed as one who looks out upon the world, yet takes little interest graved upon it. in It.

Far different from the calm, passionless lady, was the beautiful woman who half ter's wearing that ring she would have risked knelt, half crouched upon the floor, and her life account than have given it to her. covered with hot, bitter tears, the white, soft fingers of a little child. A waving mass of rich, golden brown hair fell over her shoulthough she strove to murder me. fingers of a little child. A waving mass of Yet it was well the stone had fallen; who rich, golden brown hair fell over her shoulknows, if she had lived! I strove not to think ders in splendid confusion and disorder; the face, though deadly pale and stained with tears, was a most beautiful one. There was a supple grace in every line of her figure, a dignity even in her self-abatement, yet Magdalen Hurst was but a simple villager, owing none of her rare beauty to noble birth or high descent. She had no thought of her beauty. If ever woman's face looked as though her heart were broken, Magdalen Hurst's looked so now. Passionately, wist-Wearing the guise of a rough settler, one who works in common with others, hewing down her face on the little head—kissed her as tough parasites and poisonous undergrowths in though she hungered and craved for love—order to effect a clearing through these pathless kissed her with all the warmth of affection kissed her with all the warmth of affection

and the passion of despair.
"My little Hilds," she cried, "look at me; let me carry your sweet face in my heart; look at me darling."

The little one raised her wondering eyes to the white, wistful face, and there was a eyes; the mother's hair was golden brown, but the child's prosty curls were of pure, pale gold; the same delicate, charming features, the same white brow and arched rad lips. "I am half sorry I came," said Lady Hut-ton. "You will unfit yourself for your jour-

ney, Magdalen." "I could not have left without seeing her. said the woman pleadingly. "Oh, Laly Rutton, can you not tell what it is to have your heart torn in two, as mine is? I must give up my husband or my child. He is in sorrow, in exile, and in want. She will have a home and a mother. I must go to him; he

"I know that, my lady," sobbed the woman. "I know it, or I would not leave her. I do not fear for her, but my heart aches for my little child. I shall feel the clasp of her arms round my neck; I shall feel her warm, soft lips on my face; I shall hear her voice and listen for her footsteps. My life will be empty and dark without

her."
"Choose for yourself," said Lady Hutton quietly. "If you wish to alter our arrangements, there is time to do so.".

"Do not torture me, my lady," cried the poor mother. "You know I must go to him. In lives such as yours there comes no sorrow such as mine. Uan you not understand what

A quiver, as of sharp pain, crossed the lady's calm face for one instant.
"I can understand it," she replied gently:

"and that is why I have brought Hilds here.

Believe me, Magdalen, I shall act by her as though she were my own." The woman made no reply. With every moment that passed her face seemed to grow whiter and her sorrow deeper; she clasped the child in her arms as though nothing but

death could part them.
"My own child!" she murmured; "my own little child! I nursed her, loved her, cared for her. I would have shielded her with my life, and I am looking at her for the last time. Oh, my lady, change your plan. Say if I return I may claim her. How can I live without her? How can I die? What answer can I make the Great Judge when

He asks me for my child?" "You are only doing what you decided yourself was for the best," said Lindy Hutten. 'I cannot change my plans; they are founded on common sense. If for fifteen or twenty years I educate your daughter, and she becomes a refined and delicate lady, you' would not surely wish to drag her down again to your level, remembering what that level is?"

"No," replied the woman, shuddering as

with deadly fear, "anything rather than that."
"You are not the first," continued Lady Hutton, in her cold, passionless voice, whose life has been wrecked at its outset; others have had the same troubles, perhaps even greater. Life is ended for you. The

> 1. 1. 1. 1. 1

as my daughter that it would be fair to ask

marry well, and live honored and esteemed. Yet you would have her exchange all this for poverty and shame."
"But, my lady," said the woman, "he

may alter, he may repent, and then-Hush," said Lady Hutton; "I believe it reform a really bad man. See, I have would be rich, and he needed money. Lord brought the money Magdalen. Now tell Hutton did not decide all at once; he went me, is there apything more I can do for you? I trequently to the Hall, and on one occasion Do not ask me to alter my conditions. I took his favorite companion, Stephen Hurst, cannot do so. If I take Hilds now it is for with him. life; and I exact from you a solemn promise. Stephen found his visit a very dull one; that you will never seek her again, never ask he did not care for the pomposities of Sir for her, but remember always that for her own good you have parted with her until you

still more tightly in her arms. Her lips lingered lovingly on the fair little face, the

meet in another world."

my heart will be empty, and she will have no mother; she will never know me, never love me.

Lady Hutton took from her purse go'd and bank-notes and laid them upon the table. "The sum we agreed upon is there, Mag-dalen," said Lidy Huttor. "It is growing late, you had better say good-by to Hilda. We must léave you now; write to me when you reach your journey's end. I can only hope your future may be happier than your past has been."

still touching the child's face. Then Magdalen Hurst rose and took trom her finger s thick, plain gold ring.

"Lady Hutton," she said gently, "may I give this to Hilda? Will you let her wear

A low moan came from the white lips

With her own hands Lady Hutton fastened the ring to a little chain the child wore.

"I promise you," she said. "Hilda shall always wear it. I will put it on her finger when she is old enough." It was a plain ring, made in a peculiar way; the single word "Fidelity" was en-

If Magdalen Hust could have foreseen all that would arise from the fact of her daugh-

"Good-by, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton. "I trust you will have a prosperous voyage. Never let a fear for Hilda's welfare cross your mind; she will be to me as my own child. Bid her farewell. See, the sun is set-

ting; we must go.
She turned aside while the unhappy mother held her child in that last close embrace. In that minute Magdalan Horst died as loving, suffering women die. Death, when it came, held no pang helf to bitter as that which rent her heart now. She covered the little wondering face with eager, passionate kisses; she pillowed the golden head on her breast and bent in untold agony over it.

"Hilds," she whispered, "my own little child, I shall never see you again. Say 'good-by' and 'God bless you, mother.'" The child repeated the words, then clasped her arms round her mother's neck.

"Let me stay with you," she cried.

love you best." In one moment it seemed as though the mother's soul must leave her. Then she clasped the child, murmuring words that Lady Hutton never forgot mournful eyes followed the little figure, drinking in, as it were, every movement, every action. The child passed forever from its mother's home. She gazed after it, watched the sunbeams shining on the sweet face and golden hair, watched the stately lady take the little one in her arms and dry her tears, watched the child as it smiled, and then knew herself forgotten. With a cry that rang out in the clear summer air. startling and shrill. Magdalen Hurst fell to the ground, and the sunbeams played upon her white, unconscious face; while the child from which she had parted elept softly and sweetly in Lady Hutton's arms.

CHAPTER II.

Five years before the opening of our story there was not a happier or more beautiful girl in Scotland than Magdalen Burns. Her ather was head gamekeeper to Sir Rulph Erskine, her mother had been Lady Erskine's maid. They married and lived in a pretty cottage close to the woods of Brynmar; they had one little daughter, called Magdalan, to suit some fancy of her mother's. On the same day that little Magdalen was born atil the little cottage, a daughter and helicus was born at the Hall. Ludy Erskins was, however, dangerously ill, and her baby was nursed by Mrs. Burns. As the heiress of Brynmar grew up she retained a great affiction for her foster sister. Lady Erskine offered to send little Magdalen to school, but love him." the sturdy gamekeeper refused. He was quite willing, he said, for his daughter to learn reading and writing, but he did not want a useless fine lady about the house. Magdalen must learn to wash, to brew, and to hake; then, at some future day, she Magdalen, would make a good, sensible wife. What, "I will for instance, could be better for her than to marry one of the young gamekeepers, who the little household.

So Magdalen learned to read and write and nothing more; but nature allows of no interference, and she had originally intended man. The girl had a dowry that sometimes a princess lacks; she was gifted with wonderful hearty beauty and pour you what you never saw upon the stage," said the keeper. "You never saw a father who meant to lash his daughter's lover like a whipped hound unless he side." Magdalen Burns for something more than the gifted with wonderful beauty-beauty not common with those of her class-refined, delicate, and sensitive. Her face was lovely, spiritual and full of poetry; her violet eyes were clear and true; the sweet, sensitive lips were charming in their sunny

smiles.

The little hands, trained to brew and pake, retained their whiteness; the tall, graceful figure was not spoiled by the life of almost ruder labor. Nature does strange things, and she had given to this daughter of a Scotch peasant beauty and grace that might have

been envisd by a queen.

Miss Erskine, Magdalen Burne' toster. sister, in no way resembled her. She was perfectly well-bred, with a cool, calm, stately manner, somewhat dignified and haughty, and a clear, fair, patriolan face ; but no one ever thought of celling the heiress of Bryn- less, but you have taught her to love you; and mar a beauty. Despite the difference of it you do not marry her and make her happy.

no light can penetrate it. Let your child ment between the two girls. Miss Erskine and slay you—you hear me? I say it—I, whe live and be happy, as she never could be with often left her stately home to roam in the never broke my word. Now please yourself."

you, Do you think after fifteen years spent woods with the lovely young girl whose face

He turned away without one word more her to return to such a home as yours? times Magdelen Burns was asked to the Hall. him.

Miss Erskine had many lovers, but she cared only for one, that was the young Lord Hutton, the handsomest, gayest, wildest man in all the Highlands—reckless, careless, debonair Lord Hutton, the prodigal son of a prodigal race. He liked Miss Erskine, and is easier to change the leopard's spots than to his friends advised him to marry her; she

. Stephen found his visit a very dull one Ralph or the inanity of Lady Erskine. Both bored him slike, and, besides, there was no billiard table at the Hall. Lady Erskine dis-Magdalen Hurst clasped the little child approved of gambling in even its innocent vory terrible in her eyes. Miss Erskine never golden curls, and the sweet lips.

"My darling will be a lady," she said, "a graud lady; she will have dresses and rare summed up by Mr. Hurst in his amiable way as "mixture of bores and nobodies."

Having no mischief ready-made to his hand, Stephen went out to seck it for himself; he sought and found it in the shape of the game-keeper's beautiful daughter. Wandering one day through the woods of Brynmar, he sauntered down a broad rath to enjoy a cigar. The day was fine and the cigar a good one. Stephen sat on the trunk of a fallen tree in order to enjoy both, and as he sat there a girl, beautiful as a fairy vision, came tripping down the path.

Stephen Hurst saw her with a thrill of delight; he had been idle and listless; here was something to do; here was a beautiful young face, pure, sweet, and happy, he could girl drew near. She did not perceive him some idle questions as to the nearest way to magnificent resource to be able to meet this beautiful, simple girl, out in the bonny woods of Brynmar. He never calculated on Donald

Burns' strength of arm or strength of will. Lord Hutton could not imagine how it hap pened that Stephen Hurst, who used to complain the whole day long of the duliness of the place and every one in it, suddenly grew attached to it, and absolutely tried to persuade him to prolong his stay.

Brynmar woods could have told him why.

There was no day passed that Stephen Hurst did not meet Magdalen under the shade of their tall trees.

What need to tall the story? He wood as idle men do woo when they have no other occupation, and she learned to love, as the young and happy love when they are so wooed. She thought him a king among men; no one was so handsome, so brave, so kindly he was like one of the knights of old. Who else spoke so gentle and

musically? What voice, what face was like his? She never thought of herself; she never asked herself if it were him to think of better and higher things, to wrong or foolish to spend long hours in these summer woods, listening to the sweetest and falsest words that ever fell from false lips. How true he seeme What had she done that this great happiness should come to her, the priceless love of this greatest and noblest of men?

Poor Magdalen! did she ever see him as he was-mean, false, and narrow, without one good instinct, without one noble quality? Old she ever see him as he was-handsome, with a coarse, animal beauty, selfish, cowardly and ungenerous? Never, until the time came when all things were made clear to her eyes. The golden veil of Romance had full in over him: he was a here, a knight, he loved her, and what could she do to show her gratitude for so priceless a treasure as this love?" So while the warm, bright summer days lasted she met him under the shade of the tall green trees, and she learned to love him as women love once in life, and can never love again.

How it would have ended, no one can tell; but one morning, while the dew still lay upon flower and lesf, Magdalen went out to see her lover. They walked for some long time up and down the broad path, forgetting everything save themselves and their own happiness, when all at once the keeper, white

with rage, stood before them.
"So," said he slowly, "this is it! I have slways said that fatal beauty would prove a curse. Go home, Magdalen; leave your lover with me. Stay-do not let me be rash. Is he your lover? Does he profess to love you?"

"He does love me," said Magdal in proud-ly; "and—oh, father, do not be angry—l Sherpoke bravely, although trembling with

fear. "I am not angry, child," said the keeper gently. "Go home-I will settle this." "You will not hurt him, father?" pleaded

"I will not disturb one of his well arranged carls," said the keeper grimly. " Leave him to me."

nothing much to fear.
"Well, my friend," he said insolently,

don't act the virtuous peasant. I have seen that kind of thing so often on the stage that I am tired of it. "I tell you what you never saw upon the

There was something in the hot angry hissing voice, that shook Stephen Hurst's craven heart.

"Do not let us make any error," he said hastily; "your daughter is a beautiful girl, and pure as an angel. I would not utter one word derogatory to her to save my life." Donald Burns's face softened at these

"Have you taught my child to love you?" he asked; "tell me in one word. I will the sentence of ten years transportation was know the truth."

quietly. "Then listen to me," said the keeper, "You are a fine gentleman, I suppose-one from the Hall; she is poor and almost friend-

woods with the lovely young girl whose face

He turned away without one word more,
every one declared resembled a ploture. At leaving Stephen Hurst looking yacantly after

would it not be cruel and unjust? Be brave for her sake, Magdalen? You have yourself decided where your duty lies."

"I know," said the poor mother plain nothing but her praises, and he did not want tively, "one way or another my heart must break."

"You fancy so," said Lady Hutton; "one can bear much, yet live on. Hilds will be can bear much, yet live on. Hilds will be happy and well cared for. If she lives she will grow up a basutiful, accomplished lady.

"I know," said Lady Hutton; "one way or another my heart must break."

"You fancy so," said Lady Hutton; "one different pretences at the cottage. Donald can bear much, yet live on. Hilds will be happy and well cared for. If she lives she will grow up a basutiful, accomplished lady.

will grow up a basutiful, accomplished lady.

The said the poor mother plain nothing to do. I must either merry the girl gious, loving, sensitive mature wandering in these stupid woods," her wandering in these stupid woods," the father never wandering in these stupid woods," her wandering in these stupid woods," the father never in the summer's wandering in these stupid woods," the father never in the study of the father never the father never the father never wandering in these stupid woods," the father never in the father never he carelessly threw up a few small silver coins:
"Heads win," said he with a smile, "I will
wait upon the keeper to morrow."
"Five weeks before Stephen Hurst left E

vised Miss Erskine to use her influence to pre-

vent the accifice. "Let the girl marry some steady, honest young man in her own station," he said; she will have a chance of happiness then. If she marries Stephen Hurst, she will be wretched for life."

Miss Erskine tried her influence, and Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine tried theirs, but all in vain; when did love ever listen to reasimple Magdalen Burns became Stephen Auret's wife.

CHAPTER III.

The histy, unequal marriage made no sensation. Few knew anything of Mr. Hurst, except that he was one of the gentlemen who visited the Hall, The beautiful girl who lived in the quitt's eclusion of Brynmar woods was known and admired; no one expressed any surprise at hearing that she had married a gentleman from London." One or two simple, honest young keepers sighed, and wished they had been more favored by forune. Donald Burns and his wife were divided between sorrow and joy-sorrow at losing the light of their home; joy that their te uviful daughter had married a real gentleman, a friend of Lord Hutton's.

Mass Erskine was the only one reach it to blush and to glow. Here was a felt keen, unequalled regret; she had pure, innocent young heart. He could teach it to love. All that he said to himself as the Lord Hutton and in the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and in the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the lord hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the could be said to himself as the lord Hutton and the lord Hutto Lord Hutton spoke in such strong child. erms of Mr. Hurst, that she knew Man until he, to attract her attention, spoke; then it would be better for her foster-sister to Magdalen Burns raised her eyes to his face, die than to become the wife of a man utterly and in that one look met her fate. He asked reckless and without principle; even high words passed between the two, who had the Hall, and she replied; then gradually he hitherto felt nothing but kindness for each drew from her her name and her simple little history. Nothing could be better, he said to himself. There was no one to interfere while himself. There was no one to interfere while going to marry had long been one of Lord the Hall, Hutton's chosen friends, for which retort the heiress naver pardoned her.

Stephen Hurst married the beautiful, simple country girl, and took her to London. He established her in third-rate lodgings in Pimlico. When fortune favored him he supplied her liberally with money; when it frowned he contented himself by abusing her. He was not naturally a cruel man; he would never rejoice in torture for torture's sake, but he was selfish and egotistical, mean and false. As much as he could love anything he loved the fair, sweet young wife whose loving worship never abated, even when poverty and want pressed sorely upon them; and though he cursed her in a passionate moment for being a tie upon him, yet he was always to her a king among men. But her dream of happiness was soon ended. She never saw Stephen Burst as he really was, but she had seen enough to perceive there was no hope of a peaceful or happy life with him. In her sweet, womanly, gentle way she tried to remonstrate with him, to persuade teach him some of the sweet and holy lessons she had learned in the little church by Brynmar woods; but he laughed her to scorn. in good humor he contented himself with ridiculing everything good and pure; when angry he would pour out a flood of blasphemous ideas and words that frightened the gentle girl, who had been taught to reverence all that he scoffed and sneered at.

It was some sime before she discovered that he had no source of income save what he do rived from gambling and betting. It was a bitter sorrow to her. She implored him to try some honest method of living; she offered to work for him, but he only laughed at her ideas, and told her when he could afford it he should open a gambling solion at

B fore long he did so, and then the real terture of hor life began for Magdelen Burst The change was cruel from the bonny woods of Brynmar, from flowers and trees, from the happy, peaceful cot-tage life, to the narrow atrect, and the close, stifling rooms of the little house. When the hot gas was all lighted, and no sound could be heard save the rattling of dice and the angry murmurs of excited men, she would sit and dream of the home she had left, of the evening sky with its pale, gleaming stars, of the night wind whispering amid the trees, of the sleeping flowers and birds, of the little brooks that sung all night, and of the beautiful hush and calm that fell upon the woodsthat scene so different in its beauty and purity from this.

Still, her love never abated, never wearied or grew less; she hoped against hope. But a greater trial was coming. Stephen Huret nemed all at once to lose his good luck. He never touched a card without losing he grew moody and irritable, then desperate and in an evil hour he fell into the lowest depths. He forged the name of a young nobleman who had frequently played at his house. The forgery succeeded, and the suni of money he obtained was a large one; but might, perhaps, in time succeed him? He was magdalen hastened away, and the two men was not ambitious, this honest Donald Burns. gazed fixedly at each other. Stephen Hurst crime closely. He was watched, arrested, Education was all very well for Miss E skine; did not quite like the strong hands that she would, perhaps, marry a lord; but his trembled with cagerness. He was a coward all principle, and hated all restraint, and tried. The gay, dashing, Stephen Hurst, who had purposely thrown off at heart, but thought in this case there was a lord principle, and hated all restraint, found himself now a prisoner for one of those conditions are mother in the management of nothing much to fear. orimes which the law punishes most severely. Then, when the world justly fell from him, when good and bad alike looked with abborrence upon him, he learned the value of

Magdalen Hurst clung to him still. Others might believe him guilty—he might be con-demned and punished—it made no difference to her, he was her king, though a fallen one. Woman-like, she loved him even more tenderly and truly in his adversity than she had done in his prosperity. Others lamed him; she knew how he had been tempted; she made a hundred excuses for him, even while she deplored his crime. When the day of his trial came, men gazed with wonder on the beautiful white face, so full of auguish and despair. Her eyes never left him, and her lips quivered with every word that told against him. When snow the truth."

given, one long, low ory, never forgotten by
"She does love me," replied Stephen those who heard it, rang through the court, and Magdalan Hurst felt as one dead.

Something like a sharp quiver of pain passed over Stephen Hurst's fact as he saw this; but even the heavy sentence had not power to quell his light, trifling, thoughtless spirit. He bowed almost gayly to jarge and jury, could not even understand the light in which Magdalen viewed his orine.
To him it was a piece of "unheard" of had luck"—an "ill turn of the tide"—a " misfor. tune!" but he never called it a sin or an

Five weeks before Stephen Hurst left England little Hilda was born; he only saw her wait upon the keeper to morrow.

And that was the man Magdalez Hurst once. What there was of a better nature in him was touched when his fair young wife the cottage no one ever knew. When Lord Hutton heard that his random friend was to good impulse vanished almost before he kiss. od the little face. He made his wife promise that she would come to him if she could, and

she intended at any cost to keep her word. Magdalen Hurst never knew how the day passed that took her husband away. It was one long dream of unutterable anguish, Awakening from it she found herself clone in the great city of London-alone, save for her little child. She would not go home, where they would talk continually of the man she loved, where every idle word utter. ed against him would pierce her loving, faithful heart; so for three years Magdelau emained in the great city, working hard to aintain herself and her child. During that

Donald Burns and his wife died. Mits Erskine, who married Lord Hutton, returned with him from abroad, and went to Brynmar. Then Magdalen received a letter from her husband, begging her to go out to him; but she had not the means. She tried to save money, but found it impossible out of her small earnings. Another year cassed, and then Magdalen put saide her pride and went back to Brynmar. She found her foster eister, Lady Hutton, in the bitterest depths of sor. row; her husband and little child, to whom she was passionately attached, were both drowned by the upsetting of a beat upon the bank and saw them die before her eyes, unable to render them the least assistance. She saw her little daughter's golden head disappear in the dark, cold water; she saw her hus-

band struggle in vain to save himself and his Many suns rose and set before Lady Hut. ton saw anything again; and on the very day that her husband and child were brought home to Brynmar to be buried, Magdalen Hurst reached the little cottage where her simple, happy childhood had been spent.

To be continued.

A GENERAL TIE-UP

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employés, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a tornid or sluggish liver will produce serious ment and better care. It too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsis. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets re a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are proud, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless. barmless.

The only way to shine, even in this false world, s to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may he a thick crust, but in the course of time truta will find a place to break through.

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Always buy the best because it is the cheapest in the end, and not only is Burdeck Blood Bitters the best medicine known for all chronic diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Blood, but it is really the cheapest, as it needs less to cure and cures more quickly than any other remedy.

How happy is that faithful and prudent man who, in his every fault, does not hesitate to chastise himself by hearty contrition, and exa teriorly by a good contession and works of satisfaction.

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Some time ago being very greatly troubled with colds and coughing, I went to the drug store and got Hagyard's Poetoral Balsam. In a short time I was well. I have found it a sure cure and am thankful that I used it, and now would not he without it. E. A. Schaefer, Berlin, Oat.

Employment, which Gallen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

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Medical and scientific akili has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Cenery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is



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