

The True and The False

"My dear child must not move in this matter at all. It does not become her to do so. Besides, it would do no good, my love; it would do harm. Falconer must be left to suffer some of the painful consequences of his own mad passions and rash acts, before he will ever think it necessary to bring them into subjection to his reason and conscience. It will not do always to interfere to counteract the wholesome discipline of suffering."

"But, oh, mamma! is not this a dangerous thing? He is so wretched! What if in his anguish and despair he should ruin himself, as I have heard of others doing? What if he should be lost to us forever?"

"He will not! Your father, love, watches over him with the affectionate interest of a parent. Your father will prevent his coming to evil, and ensure his coming to good."

"My dearest, dearest father! Oh! mamma, my undivided heart—my whole life, devoted solely to him, would not repay him for all we owe him!"

"Hush, love! It is irreligious even to talk of repaying him. Can we repay our Heavenly Father for all we owe Him?"

"And the greatest blessing our Heavenly Father has given us, mamma, is my earthly father!"

"Yes, Maud! Yes, love, for there is none like him in the world. Daniel Hunter was always good and great beyond other men. And every advancing year he has grown better and greater. When we were young, Maud, I loved him as much as I thought it was possible for heart to love. And every advancing year I have loved him better and better. And now that we are growing old, I love him best of all!" said Augusta, with tears of deep joy welling up in her eyes.

Then after a little while, she said: "We have had trials and sorrows, Maud; who has ever escaped them? We have had bitter political enemies; we have been envied, hated, slandered; our best actions ascribed to the worst motives; our most earnest purposes often thwarted, our brightest hopes often dashed. And we have had domestic sorrows—crushing, heart-breaking sorrows. Your loss was such an one. Yet, still, I have been so blessed in him, Maud! so blessed in him. That is the reason I want my darling to be blessed in her husband—then all the joys of her life will be multiplied, and the sorrows of her life will be comforted. And I feel confident my child will be blessed. I feel such faith in Daniel Hunter, that I am sure he will convert and comfort her Falconer, and make him worthy to be comforted. My darling, hope and be comforted!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

While the March winds were still piping, Daniel Hunter and his family once more sought their temporary refuge home at Howlet Hall. Mr. Hunter immediately turned his attention toward the carrying on of those incomplete works of improvement that years before, under his favorable auspices, had been commenced in that section of country.

The new parsonage, designed and built by Mr. Hunter at the Summit for the Levels, was now completely finished and comfortably furnished, and ready to receive its tenants. And early in May the young pair, with their infant brood, migrated thither.

Letty Hunter accompanied them, to help take care of the children, she said. Had Letty only consulted her own comfort, convenience and happiness she would certainly have preferred to remain with her almost adored brother and his beloved wife and daughter at Howlet Hall; for, though of all his sisters and brothers, Letty, in character and disposition, least resembled Daniel Hunter, she had the truest appreciation and highest admiration of his character, and the warmest sympathy with his thoughts, feelings and purposes, and she was always happiest when forming one of his blessed household. But from her youth up Letty Hunter had been the cheerful little, (indeed, the singing little, good-toothed) girl of her family—and had always merrily resigned her own interests and inclinations to the necessities or the exhortations of others, as if such self-sacrifice had been the most natural thing in the world, and the finest "falsie." I hinted before that Letty, like everybody else in the world, had had her own particular trial, and it was briefly this: About the time that Mr. Lovel came counting her sister Lucy, Letty also had a lover, in every way most worthy of

the love which she gave him without measure. He was a poor and struggling son of the people. That did not matter to Letty, except that it made her love him all the more. His small business lay in a distant western village—that did not matter, either; Letty would have gone with him to Kamshatka or Terra-del-fuego. But, alas, all her brothers and sisters were married and gone except Lucy and herself, and if they also married, their old parents would be left alone; and as the idea of making a sacrifice for others had never once entered the brain of the petted beauty, Lucy, nothing remained but for Letty to resign her lover, which she quietly did. And, disappointed and dejected, he departed for his western home, while she remained the light and warmth and comfort of her father's and her mother's fireside. And she jested and sang as much as ever, though for a time she grew thin and pale; and when they prescribed bitters and wild cherry as a good nervous tonic, she laughed and took it. For years no one ever knew the sacrifice that Letty had made. And to the day of their death, her aged parents never suspected it. And when the venerable pair were gathered to their fathers, Letty found great comfort in the thought that she had remained with them, and had cherished and supported them to the very last, and that they never had imagined how much it had cost her. Letty was now thirty-three years of age, and looking older and dressing older, yet not feeling older than that. The love of her youth still lived in her heart, and kept it young. That is sometimes a blessing, but oftener a curse to its subject. It is a blessing when joined with a strong mind—a curse when linked with a weak one. In the former case it will make its subject sympathetic and attractive—in the latter it will make him or her only affected and ridiculous. It made Letty wiser, more loving, more sympathetic to the young, while it misled her into no youthful affections.

During all these years and since her parents' death, Letty had had several very eligible offers of marriage, but she had politely and thankfully declined them all. "Her heart still clung to the mouldering past." Many loved Letty, but few understood her, and none guessed that undoubtedly that quaint, quizzing countenance—below that queer funny, comical, ever-changing, ever-varying smile and glance—in that heart that seemed to be an ever-springing, ever-varying smile and glance—in that heart that seemed to be an ever-springing, ever-sparkling font of merry wisdom, wit and humor, there lived and burned an eternal passionate longing, unquenchable by time and absence—yes, by death and the grave. To see him once more, to hear him talk, to discover what it was that had kept them apart these many years, that they might otherwise have passed together—to be reunited to spend the noon and evening of life with him she had missed in the early morning—this was the desire that in its intensity caught her breath away, when she dared to think of the possibility of its fulfillment. Since then, she had never once heard directly from the lover of her youth, (her old friend, as in her heart she gingerly called him, for Letty, at times, was thoroughly ashamed of the secret passion that would not yield to either years or reason.) She knew nothing about him, except that the little western village to which he had emigrated was now a thriving town; that he himself was a prosperous merchant, and that he was unmarried, and she felt that he loved her still, she felt it, without fully believing it, for the spirit often discerns the truth that the intellect refuses to acknowledge, and the proud heart often laughs to scorn the simple wisdom of the heart, until time, the final umpire, decides between them. So Letty, against all circumstantial evidence to the contrary, and against her own reason and judgment, felt that her old friend cherished her memory still. But if so, why had he not sought her? Ah! there was some misconception, some misunderstanding. And sometimes, when the desire to see him again became so strong, so importunate, such a silent cry wrung from her heart, she would feel an almost irresistible impulse to write to him. But something would always restrain her; something would always oblige her to crush down the impulse, to stifle the cry, and go on in silent, cheerful endurance as before. And so the weary years passed, and Letty became an old maid. Yet she was never without a suitor—the present one being Mr. Bill

Ipsy, whom Letty's blended characteristics of fun, frolic, wisdom and goodness had amused, attracted and completely won. But Letty would none of him, any more than of anybody else. She laughed at him, and said that she meant to be "an old maid governess" to her little nieces and nephews. Her friends never surmised the true reason why Letty remained single, for the very name and existence of her old friend, Joseph Barton, was forgotten by them. She was an enigma, beyond their solving. They said she was entirely too hard to please in a husband, fastidious and particular for a world like those, and a life like ours. They said that she was cut out for an old maid. Well, it might have been so; but if to have a constant, integral heart, and to lack the facility of shifting her affections to any object that chance might throw in her way, was to be "cut out for an old maid," it was a right sorry compliment to her sisters, who were cut out for anything else. But this is a digression, for why should we concern ourselves with the past history of Letty, who was one of those persons whose outer life is entirely devoted to others, and whose inner life is a secret to all. To resume: I said that she would gladly have remained with her favorite brother and his family at Howlet Hall, but she saw a young brood of babies, having a fond mother, yet sadly needing a mother's care, and she resigned the beloved companionship, intellectual pursuits and elegant ease in her brother's home, and went to the village with the Lovels, to assist her pretty, beautiful sister in bringing up a nursery full of infants. In doing this, Letty never thought that she was making any unreasonable sacrifice, or doing anything more than the plain duty required of her. And to Daniel Hunter's earnest exhortation, and entreaty that she would leave his house her permanent home, she replied:

"Not where I should be happiest, dear brother Dan, but where I should be most useful, must I live." And so she departed.

And Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, with their daughters, and their relative, Sir Henry Percival, remained together at Howlet Hall. Sir Henry Percival was certainly as deeply smitten with the beautiful Maud Hunter as it was possible for him to be, and yet he passed the whole of his life in attendance upon Honoria! It is difficult to explain exactly how this happened. It might have been necessity, habit or fatality—the compulsion of a rounding circumstance and of people's expectations—the obligation enforced upon him by his antecedents—the tyranny of the past over the present; or it might have been only the young lady's own exaction, which in the gallantry the young gentleman could not resist. At all events, they were always together—in their early morning ride, in their forenoon readings in the library, in the afternoon drive, in the evening lounge in the drawing-room, and everywhere at all hours of the day, they were together. And the Hunters looked upon their engagement as a settled thing, and wondered how anyone could have been so Maud, who was now the inseparable companion of her parents.

And Daniel Hunter continued to occupy himself with the improvement of his neighborhood. New stone-quarries had been opened in the Barrier, and new coal and iron mines were searched for and discovered in the Ridge. A woolen factory, and an iron foundry, and saw-mills were erected at the Summit. And good and reliable workmen were held out to mechanics and laborers from the over-stocked city, to come and settle there. A county paper was established, and a high school for boys projected. And private buildings went up rapidly at the Summit, and the roads were cut, and a railroad was contemplated. But these plans of improvement required time to realize them. Even with Daniel Hunter "to the fore" and his "shoulder to the wheel," they could not be perfected in a year.

Daniel Hunter, with his constitutionally affectionate though unimpassioned nature, and with his habitual endeavor to unite and harmonize his public, social, domestic life—had drawn his wife and daughter deeply into all his wishes and purposes for the good of his neighborhood. And Mrs. Hunter and Maud, when no urgent household duty compelled their presence at home, were ever to be found with him upon his scene of labor. And very often he appealed to the taste and judgment of wife and daughter, to embellish the design of some building, or decide the bend of some road. These were delightful days to the three. To be thus laboring for the welfare of their neighborhood, and actively employed out doors during all the beneficent spring and summer weather, brought them vigorous health and cheerfulness. Maud found herself full of hope and joy, for she had perfect faith in her father's power to bring her early trials to a happy issue, and through him she often heard that Falconer was at Donzoni's studio, and in a fair way of doing well.

Mrs. Hunter was happier than ever before—happier in herself, and happiest in her husband and daughter.

Even Daniel Hunter had lost that habitually pondering, careworn, anxious expression that seemed to have permanently settled on his countenance. And he now looked younger, stronger, and in better health than for years before. And his wife thanked God in her heart as she said:

"Yes! this active, useful life of a country gentleman is exactly what he needs now—it is exactly the life that will unbind and refresh and recreate his health and energy!"

Yes! this was a delightful regenerating life for him; would it might have lasted longer! But Daniel Hunter was, above all things, a statesman and politician, and he could not by any possibility divide himself from the political interests of his country—they attracted him with an irresistible force.

And now a new question of national policy arose, of a nature so important and exciting, comprising in itself so many bitterly conflicting interests, that the two great political parties—the conservatives were shivered into factions, and the old boundary lines of politics destroyed in the new storm.

Daniel Hunter's old party was split by the hardest of radical factions, who dubbed themselves the "Out and Outs," while the conservative half were honored with the name of the "Old Guards." The State election for representatives was approaching, and this stormy question was shaking the Commonwealth to its very centre. Conven-

tions were called and then violently broken up. Mass meetings were summoned to deliberate, but met only to fight. Stump orators went abroad, and sometimes to praise and eulogize and carried in triumph, and sometimes mobbed and half murdered. And the Old Guards and the Out and Outs never met singly, or in numbers, without pitching into a battle of words or blows—a l'outrage. This support of state affairs, with his party divided against itself, as well as against all other parties, gave Daniel Hunter the greatest pain and anxiety—trouble that was soon augmented by a letter from Donzoni, informing him that his protegee, Mr. Falconer O'Leary, had left his studio, left incomplete two or three very promising works of art, and that he had gone "to parts unknown."

The simple fact was this: At the very first note of alarm at the first sound of the trumpet heralding a fierce, political strife, Falconer had thrown down chisel and hammer, model and copy, rushed from the studio, and hurled himself, body and soul, pell-mell into the very thick of the fight. And when the general Maud was weeping over his disappearance, Daniel Hunter soon heard of him, stumping the district from one end to the other, and attracting to him all the fierce, political incendiaries and madmen, malcontents that comprised the radical faction of the old party. According to the State Constitution, Falconer O'Leary was as yet not of an age to become the candidate for their Representative in Congress, but as there is no state in the United States to the combined power of a resolute will, fierce passions and overwhelming eloquence, Falconer O'Leary was certainly the most powerful champion they had in the field—the very Achilles of the Out and Outs.

It is not to be supposed that Daniel Hunter was forgotten in this contest. Some time before the electioneering war had reached its highest point of excitement, Mr. Hunter had been repeatedly, and by many voices, summoned to the rescue of the Old Guards. He was called to the field of political action by appeals made to him through the columns of newspapers, by letters from personal and political friends, and finally by a committee from the Old Guard Convention, who travelled from the distant city in order to become their candidate for the House of Representatives and to show him the opinion of the convention that he was the only man certain to win over the votes of the majority of the faction, and thus reunite and consolidate the party.

Thus argued, Daniel Hunter consented once more to enter the arena of political strife. And the committee departed with his answer.

This determination of Mr. Hunter was excessively distasteful to all his family; but it was from various and opposite reasons that they disliked it. Miss Honoria was extremely vexed, because, as she confided to her friend, Mrs. Lovel:

"My father can win no new fame from an electioneering victory over a village stone-cutter—who is, as I am informed, the nominee of the Out and Outs. And then only to think of a man like my father, who has filled the highest offices in the State, who has been twice in the Senate—who has been resident Minister at the highest courts of Europe—who has been in the Cabinet at Washington—who has been twice the Governor of this State! I say now just think of the humiliation it is to have him come down from that position, to run against a village stone-cutter, and take his seat in the House of Representatives by the side of the newest men there—village mechanics, too lazy to work, and thoughtless to make any stump speeches, and country pettifogging lawyers, too worthless for their legitimate business, and who have taken to politics."

Mrs. Lovel coincided entirely with Miss Honoria's sentiments, sympathized with strong feelings, and said she wished her brother were not so—"stupid."

(To be continued.)

MODERN MEDICINES.

No sane mother would wish herself treated under the conditions of medicine or surgery of half a century ago. Why then should she give her little one the old-fashioned medicines of half a century ago, which more likely than not contain poisonous opiates that cannot cure the child, but merely drugs it into temporary insensibility. Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine prepared with all the care and skill of modern medical science. And the mother who gives this medicine to her child has the guarantee of a government analyst that it does not contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. This medicine cures all the minor ailments of little ones, and makes baby a healthy, laughing, happy child. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FORTUNES FROM BLACKING.

Estate of the gross value of £350,737, with net personality £168,139, has been left by Mr. Thomas Berry, of Parklands, Dunham Massey, Cheshire, and of Blackpool, who died on August 31st.

Mr. Berry was head of the firm of Messrs W. Berry, Limited, blacking and boot-polish manufacturers, of 523 Rochdale road, Harpurhey, Manchester, and of Homerton, London. He left £4,000 for charitable purposes, including £1,000 to the Salford Royal Hospital.

Other fortunes which have been left by persons interested in the manufacture of blacking or boot polish are as follows: £259,557 was the personal estate left by Mr. William Berry, of the same firm and brother of Mr. Thomas Berry. Mr. William Berry left over £50,000 for charities, principally around Manchester. £152,037 was the estate of Mr. Pierre Paul Fitté, of Knightsbridge, and of Goring-on-Thames, polish manufacturer, connected with the "Nugget" polishes. £100,373 was the value of the property left by Mr. William Robert Lewis, of Richmond, Surrey, and of Birmingham and Newmarket, who was also interested in the manufacture of the "Nugget" polishes.

Where the Money Comes From. (London Advertiser.) Fifty million dollars are to be spent this year in Canada by the great railway companies. Most of the money comes from the old country, too. It will flow into every channel of business, and help to lay the ghost of hard times, which politicians have conjured up.



The agricultural wealth of the United States, brought to public notice recently through statistics showing figures running into many hundred million dollars, and covering the various sources that the farmer has at his command, is a progress during the past decade that is little short of marvellous. That for a considerable number of years the world has acknowledged the supremacy of this country as a wheat producer is an established fact. In the matter of many other food products America is in the very front rank from the standpoint of exportation. Through skill and hard work the husbandman has made the native soil yield him treasures that foreign consumers readily accept in exchange for golden coin.

But with all the ingenuity making for superior quality whether it applies to the grains of the field, the raising of live stock or the manufacturing of the innumerable products for the sustaining of human life, there is one branch where the smallest nation in the world usually leads the rest. Danish butter has attained to a prominence that to-day extends throughout the entire world. Not only in England and Germany, with their own advanced dairy systems, but in Africa, in South America, in Australia, in fact everywhere, the quality of the butter that Denmark sends abroad is considered the chief reason why such a demand exists for this product of the Danish dairy.

There is nothing at all mysterious about the manner in which Danish butter is evolved from the fluid stage of cream into the solid product. Not far from Copenhagen the co-operative dairy, "Trifolium," is the example which has followed by the smallest nation in the world. The process of butter-making reaches its highest point of perfection.

Successful Co-Operation. At the International Congress of Agriculture, held at Rome, the honors of distinguished representation went by acclamation to Denmark because of this country's contributions to the science of butter-making. It was generally conceded that the co-operative plan in effect among the Danish farmers lent itself admirably to the most successful results. Wherever you travel in Denmark, these co-operative dairies form rallying points for the farming interests that concern themselves with butter production. Throughout Jutland, the several smaller islands and in Zealand where Copenhagen is located, this phase of agriculture is the most conspicuous to the eye, as it is the country's greatest money bringer.

Me the one successful dairyman in the United States has had the benefit of a visit to "Trifolium," where the officials in charge are at all times glad to explain the methods in use. "Trifolium" is located in the very heart of the "butter country." All around the cattle show the results of such feeding as can only come where the grazing facilities are the best. The clover fields extend for miles without a break. Farm after farm give evidence of a prosperity that has made the Danish dairy of this kind in the world.

In this matter of co-operation the owner of the great estate, as well as the farmer, with his limited acres, stand shoulder to shoulder. Into the co-operative dairy, the management of which is in the hands of men chosen from among the big and little suppliers of place as guide, the secret of butter-making will soon be an open one to you.

Up to the moment when the milk arrives at the dairy the respective farmers may be said to work independently of each other. The profit-sharing business begins with the man in charge taking account of the various receptacles containing milk and arriving by the hundreds.

In the Separator Hall. In the separator hall the milk is once more weighed, then begins the skimming process, the six main separators capable of taking care of 1,000 pounds of milk an hour.

The skimming process is completed by the creamers and the curd breakers in which the milk is placed on a platform where they take them up and scalded. As the curd is ready for their destination, with the curd down, every drop of remaining drops into a trench which beneath the carrying chain. Many of the sand pounds of the richest cream thus saved annually to the dairy.

From the pasteurizing apparatus the cream is carried over cooling machines and then passed into the curdling tanks. Close by are located the great refrigerators for the manufacturing of ice. Here is seen the wonderful attention paid to hygienic matters. The tiled floor and walls, the high ceiling, the many windows admitting pure air, everywhere it is sanitation which is given chief consideration.

The Churning Room. The churning room is easily one of the most interesting features of the establishment. From here the buttermilk is pumped to the respective tanks and

then transferred to the cheese-making department. In the butter packing room you gain an insight into what is meant by the neatness of a Danish dairy. Dressed in spotless white, the men and women engaged at this work are selected because of their appearance, which denotes careful attention to details in personal matters. Here the butter is placed in those hermetic cans that soon are to leave for England or for places thousands of miles distant. The British islands have long held a monopoly on the Danish product because of the high grade, which, however, exacts a high price.

A glance at the business end of this, probably the world's most perfect dairy, shows a no less thorough organization than that which makes the product the some of perfection. Directors of many agricultural colleges in this country, together with leading officials of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, who have paid "Trifolium" a visit, speak in the highest praise of this part of the business. But from every part of the world there have come at one time or another to this model dairy men with the set purpose to learn the secret of Danish success in this domain. France, Russia, Japan have had their dairy experts at "Trifolium."

The fact that Siberia is now recognized a factor in butter-making is largely due to the Danish dairymen who have gone to that country to set the teachers. Since the war between Russia and Japan agriculture has made rapid strides in this part of the vast empire. Before long Siberian butter will become an active competitor for the world's trade. Without the co-operative success of this dairying industry in Denmark it is probable that such exceptional results would not have been obtained. The farmers of the United States, especially throughout the West and Northwest, are beginning to understand that their prosperity depends on such similar methods as prevail in Denmark.

PINK PILLS WILL CURE RHEUMATISM.

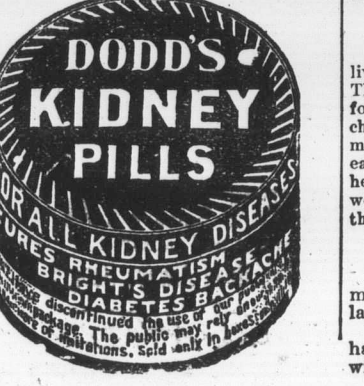
Every Form of the Disease Yields to This Blood Building Remedy.

It is easy to make the statement that a medicine will cure rheumatism, but the rheumatic sufferer must have more than mere statements; he must have both reasons and proof. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all forms of rheumatism. Here is the reason: Rheumatism is a disease of the blood. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood. This new blood drives out the poisonous acid, loosens the aching joints, and rheumatism is banished. Thousands have testified to the truth of these statements, and here is further fresh proof. Mr. Ruel Montgomery, of St. Jerome, Que., says: "For many years I was a victim of rheumatism and was almost a cripple. My work made it necessary for me to be on my feet a good bit of the day, but my limbs became so swollen and the pain so agonizing that I was forced to stop work. I tried remedy after remedy, but nothing gave me relief, and I began to think I would never get better. At last I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In less than a month I noted a slight change in my condition. I continued the Pills for three months and at the end of this time the swelling had disappeared, every pain and ache had left me and I felt better in every way. I was completely cured and once more able to go about my work with ease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly worthy of all the praise I can give them."

See this article giving just as strong evidence as you can find for rheumatism.

Over-Crowded. Nearly half a million in New York live in tenement houses and cellars. There is a story of an inspector who found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family. "How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector. "Very well," was the reply, "only the man in the furthest corner keeps boards."

KNOW HER. Fortune Teller—And now, sir, you must beware of a tall, fair-haired lady, with blue eyes. Visitor—And a blue dress and white hat? Yes, yes, I know; she's my wife.



Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are linked together. The girl who takes Scott's Emulsion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic. The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form. It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.