

School of Education and Expt.
MR. WM. CAVEN BA
PRINCIPAL
BEST HOURS.—Intendi should
how to secure the best hours.

Fate of Sir H

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NEA AND HER FATHER MEET.

Whence art thou sent form us
Whither the goal?
How are thou rat from us
Toun that were wiled
As with severing of eye-lids and eyes,
sundering of body and soul.
Who sh'ld raise thee
Or what man shall praise,
That the praise and the
Alas! thy beauty! alas! thy body!
head!
What wilt thou leave me
Now this thing is done!
A man wilt thou give me.
A son for a son,
For the sake of my eyes, the desire
the desirable one.

—A GERMAN C. SW.

Erle had followed him into his
nat Mr. Huntington took no note
lie could, he would have spoke
and him to leave him

He wished to be alone with him, to tell him all that he had done, and to hear his forgiveness. He wished to be alone with him, to tell him all that he had done, and to hear his forgiveness. He wished to be alone with him, to tell him all that he had done, and to hear his forgiveness.

How had he died? Erle had in-
ferred that he had been killed,
and no one told him. Erle had in-
ferred something about a child; but he
understood any more than he un-
derstood that. He had sent to tell
them that he was coming, and he
heard Erle's voice, broken with emo-
tion, certainly vibrated in his ears, but
he did not know that it had reached him.
He had known that that mother was a
woman who would claim the dead body
and he would have hidden himself and
his hair.

What a beautiful face it was, how
all that had marred it in life was
now; the sneers, the hard bitter
things.

smoothed away, and sometimes smile rested on the young lips. As he was at rest now! Some strange clung damply to his temples, Huntingdon stooped over him, then aside with almost a woman'sness, and then he sat down on beside him and bowed his gray head, hands.

He was struck down at last! If only Erle had lain there in Percy's could have borne it better. But no! What if she should come and reach at his hands! "Come home to your own Nea, father"—had he ever

Had he ever forgotten her standing in the snow with her baby hidden in her shawl, and her sweet thin face to his? Had he ever ceased to love and yearn for her when his anger was bitter against her? Surely that must have leagued together to keep him from his son, and his recognition of his soul, or he would never have hardened himself against her! He had taken her boy from her; he had taken her youthful weakness with the sign of wealth, and then he had left her with her own devices. He had not taught her to "wash his hands in innocence, or

heard to the things that were right
and night that boy's dead face,
likeness to his mother would he
memory. Oh, Heaven! that
indeed childless, that none of these
might have come upon him.

"Uncle Rolf, will you not come
with me?" implored Erle; "the
quite quiet now, and all the people
gone," but Mr. Hantington only
his head—he had no strength to
his chair, and he could not tell Erle
The poor boy was terribly alarmed
uncle's looks; he did not seem to
stand anything he said; and what

Trade should take it in her head—
—if only he could get his uncle aw-
But even as he framed the wish
opened noiselessly, and Mr. Hu
raised his eyes. A tall woman w
hair like his, and a pale, beau
with an expression on it that al
his blood, looked at him for a
then silently passed up the room,
her dress brushing him as he
motionless, paused beside the co
it was thus that Nea and her f
again. But she did not notice h
was only one object for her eyes—
white figure of her boy. Silently

with that awful look of woe on her face, she drew the dark head into her arms, and laid the dead cheek against her own, and as she felt the irresponsive and chilled touch, her dried-up mouth quivered, and the tears streamed from her eyes.

She was calling him her dear only boy.

She had forgotten his cowardly character; the faults and follies of his living; he had been little to her, and she had claimed the dead as her own; she had forgotten all; she was the young girl again, as she smoothed the dark hair, and pressed the lips that she could not feel.

"Nea," exclaimed a feeble voice. "Nea, he was my boy looking up, she saw the tall boy of her father, and two wrinkles stretched out to her. Ah, she thought of the present again. She laid her head on the pillow, and drew the quilt over him; but all the beauty seemed to die out of her face, and she to her father.

"My boy," she answered, "for you never loved him as

Evapor
Peaches, per lb., "
Apricots, per lb., -
Pitted Plums, per lb.
Black

FITZGERALD