

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY MARAH ROCKE.

(Concluded.)

"Yes, yes, forcy; Aunty'll tote 'em all way, jist yo' shet yo' eyes and go to sleep," and pressing a napkin wet in cool water over the hot eyelids and throbbing brow, she hurried downstairs and hurried Uncle Jim off after the doctor with all possible speed.

"Mind yo' don't let no grass grow under yo' feet, ole man," were her parting words, as she went back to Mabel, whose side she never left for many a weary day, save for necessary food and articles needed, taking what rest she could snatch on a low cot at the foot of the bed.

"Typhoid fever," was the doctor's dread verdict, and slowly now the sick girl talked in a confused way of the scenes that ran riot in her fevered brain. Wearily, for the fierce fever had well nigh burned the life from the dark stream coursing so rapidly through her veins. She was growing very weak now, and the dread of the bright autumn leaves as great as when first she was taken, and ran like a sad refrain through all her babblings.

One day, when Aunt Chloe had left her for a few minutes to prepare some beef tea, a rap called her to the door, and opening it, she saw Mr. Harry Vane, whom she had not forgotten. He had never been a favorite of hers, and she regarded him with suspicious looks, and in a reply to a request to see Miss Mabel, said curtly:

"No, sah, yo' can't see her. She's dun got the tifoid fevah, and de doctah tole me not to let nobuddy come neigh what'll ixcite her."

"Oh, that explains why I have not heard from her so long."

"Mebbe so; she aint writ no letters this long epell."

"I must see her, if only for a moment, I promise you not to excite her," he said, but Aunt Chloe was obdurate and he was obliged to be content with the promise to see her in the morning, if she was more quiet, and so took his leave.

Early next day he called, and as Aunt Chloe led him to Mabel's room he was shocked to see the change her illness had made. She lay quiet this morning, a wet bandage covering the head from which the soft, wavy curls had been cut away, the pale cheeks, hollow and sunken, the eyes closed, and the wasted hands crossed on her breasts, as if in her last, long sleep.

Could this be the pretty Mabel of whose wild-rose beauty he had been so proud? He could not realize it, and sat down where he could watch her and be himself unseen. Suddenly she opened her eye.

"Ray, Ray," she called, shrilly, "I want you to get me some of those great, white roses, quick, they are so fresh and sweet. There are such heaps of them, and all white, pure and cool—not red, burning red. The leaves are red—hateful red and yellow—and they come dropping down on me so fast they choke me. See, they have covered me almost up," she said, and she pointed to the white bed cover. "Oh, I forgot. He's gone and I'm so lonely."

Her eyes were loving around the room excitedly, and Aunt Chloe interposed her portly figure between the bed and visitor, as she motioned him to leave the room. Soon the eyelids drooped, and she was again in a stupor, and following him out, Aunt Chloe found him standing just outside the door, waiting for her.

"I tole you 'twould be jist dat way. She can't b'ar for no one to be in dar 'cept me," she said.

"It's terrible to see her like that. Is there no hope?"

De doctah ses as how she'll pull frough, mebbe, wid good nurein', and I cal'late she'll get dat."

"Who is this Ray she calls so much?"

"Oh, dat's her dopted brudder. He's gone away, row. Went jist'fore Miss Mabel was tuk sick. He'd feel pow'ful bad to know how bad de pore chile is. He 'ou't a pow'ful heap ob Miss Mabel. Yo' kin find yo' way down well nuff" and she went back to her patient.

He passed on down the staircase, and as he passed the open parlor door, his eyes fell on a cabinet photograph, which occupied an easel on the parlor table. Stepping in, he took it in his hand and gazed long and earnestly at it. The dark eyes, full of conscious power, looked back into his. The broad, white brow showed the possession of a rare intelligence, and the firm mouth, shaded by a silky mustache, indicated a nature noble and firm in high resolves. At the bottom was written: "Ever yours, Ray Ventnor." Near by lay a parcel of unopened letters, directed to Mabel, which had accumulated during her illness, and reading the addresses one by one, he came on two of his own, and several in a clear-cut, masculine hand.

"From 'Brother Ray,' no doubt," he thought, and with a sudden pang, he thrust them in his pocket. "I guess it's jist as well that she doesn't see these. I thought there was some explanation of the cool manner in which she treated me of late," he said to himself, as he passed out and closed the door.

## CHAPTER III.

Three months have passed slowly away since the visit of Mr. Vane. Mabel sits by the bright wood fire, for the days are chilly now, and she is still feeble, though the soft glow of returning health is beggning to show faintly on her cheeks. Her head is covered with a short growth of crinkly fuzz, in time to replace the wavy crown of which she was shorn. Sorrowful

## WAR WELL WAGED.

WHAT greater enemy of mankind than disease, and what nobler work than to fight against this death dealing enemy of humanity. The most successful war against disease is being steadily carried on by Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness, etc., cannot resist its powers.

events have followed each other rapidly in the last few months. First, Ray's departure, then her own dangerous illness, and just as as she was considered out of danger, poor Uncle Jim had succumbed to the terrible fever, and his poor, worn-out frame made but a feeble resistance to its terrible advances. In two short weeks they laid him away to rest in the quiet churchyard, and they were left alone, she and poor Aunt Chloe, who seemed lost without her "ole man."

During the long days of convalescence, Mabel had thought much and deeply. She better understood her own feelings now, and the cause of the strange unrest which had filled her being, and when at last she was able to meet Harry, she told him as gently as might be, the change that had taken place in her own heart. The love she had felt for him was but a girl's romantic fancy, and not the deep, true love that should fill her whole being if she were to be his wife. He had refused to release her at first, but she remained firm, and he at last left her in anger, with the taunt that probably "Brother Ray" might know something of the change in her feelings.

The hot blushes burned on her cheeks as she recalled it and wondered where he was, and if he had quite forgotten her. Not a word had she heard from him since he had left her, though she had sent to the office many times, but always in vain. Two or three letters were given her by Aunt Chloe when she got able to read, but none from him, and she had given up hope now.

Perhaps they would never meet again, for in the spring they were going to leave the old home, she and Aunt Chloe, and go back to her childhood home away in Tennessee. Her mother's sister lived there still, and wished her to come and take the place of the daughter she had lost and missed so sadly, and they had decided to go. They were only waiting to sell the farm, or arrange matters in some satisfactory manner.

A large commodious dwelling in the distant suburbs of Memphis. Wide verandas surround it on all sides, onto which open the narrow, French windows. They are all open now, as if to woo the cool breeze which has sprung up, and which floats softly in, laden with the perfumed breath of the great, odorous magnolia blossoms. Sweet and refreshing it seems to the weary invalid just escaped from the fierce clutches of "Yellow Jack." Hotly contested was the battle, but a naturally good constitution, aided and abetted by the united efforts of old Aunt Chloe and Mabel, have combined to gain the victory, and Ray Ventnor is once more on the royal road to health.

Aunt Chloe, on one of her trips to the city, had recognized him as he was entering a hotel, and waddled home to Mabel with the news. Forgetting the long years of silence between them, and thinking only of the olden days when they were so dear to each other, she lost no time in going to him the next day, but found an earlier visitor had been there. He had been suddenly taken ill with what the physician feared was an attack of yellow fever, which had been epidemic, but had disappeared from the city, and she insisted on having him conveyed to her home, a former attack having rendered the inmates unlikely to absorb the poison.

He is out of danger now, and all the old misunderstandings and silence have been explained, together with the true and fervent love each had felt compelled to hide deep in the recesses of their own hearts, and which had outlived all the weary pain of silence and separation. So sweet it is to Mabel to have him with her once more, and know that for them there is to be no more parting, and as Ray leans back among his luxurious pillows and watches the dear form with all its old-time grace sitting about, as she ministers to his comfort, his heart goes out in thanksgiving that he has found her at last—his heart's delight.

One puzzle they cannot solve, and that is, what became of the letters he had written to her while yet in her northern home. Many more he had sent her during his wanderings, telling of the good fortune he had stumbled upon in locating a mining claim, which had proved to be a valuable investment, and which had yielded him an ample income. Then during the two years he had passed in school at St. Louis he had written again with the same result, and becoming discouraged, had written to the postmaster, to find that she had long been gone, he knew not where. And now, ere he started on a trip to Germany to complete his musical education, he had determined to go himself to the old home and try to trace his dear little sister, never absent from his thoughts since he pressed a good-by kiss on the sweet lips so long ago, under the trailing jasmine.

"You will never find her now, Ray. Aint you sorry?"

"No," he whispered, as he drew the fair head down beside his own, "no; for I have found—my wife."

## THE BEAVER TRAP.

Phineas Parker was awake before the first streak of dawn, one cold winter morning of 1710. Phineas was a bright-eyed lad of twelve, stout of heart and strong of limb, and no little help to his father in those days when living, in Connecticut Colony, at least, meant plenty of hard work for everybody.

The Parker house was, like most others of the time, a log-house, well built and well filled with children. It was pleasantly located near the Hop River, and commanded a beautiful view up and down the valley. Behind it the forest stretched for many miles, broken by an occasional clearing, in

## ON TRIAL FOR 99 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line of Electrical Appliances in the world. They have never failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we will back our belief and send you any Electrical Appliances now in the market and you can try it for Three Months Largest list of testimonials on earth. Send for book and catalog Free

W. T. BAER & Co., Windsor, Ont.