

who was laid up with a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs; while Sylvia was too much occupied, between her new duties as Miss Fetherstone and her engagement to her cousin, who had at last won his uncle's consent, to heed anything else.

Thus it happened that Clara's strange conduct remained unnoticed except by Ted, who was quick to see anything that concerned his friend, who was equally with him at a loss to understand it; while the girl herself was strange and irritable in her manner, and more than once her maid had surprised her in her room weeping passionately.

Having entered into the little conspiracy which was to explain Miss Frith's conduct and bring her to a sense of her iniquities, the two young men rose to leave the library. The lawn-tennis contest was over, and the players had re-entered the house, for the courts were deserted. As the two friends passed in to the hall the door of Mr. Fetherstone's study opened, and he put his head out.

"Is that you, Ted? Come here, will you? You also, Mr. Burke, if you please," he said, hastily; and obeying the summons, they went into the study.

They found Mr. Fetherstone not alone. Lady Ellison was there and Clara, who knelt beside her with a look of forced composure on her face. Sylvia and Charlie were there, and Superintendent Graves from the police station was standing with his face set and impenetrable as usual.

"We seem no nearer the end of this mystery," Mr. Fetherstone said, in a nervous, fidgety manner, "and I am exceedingly anxious to solve it. Superintendent Graves, after having given the case due consideration, thinks that the thief must be in the house. We can discover no way by which the house could have been entered."

"At the same time," Lady Ellison, interposed, gently, "we have full confidence in the servants. They are all of them tried and faithful, and their feelings have already been sufficiently outraged by the strict search over the house."

"But your ladyship should remember that the ladies and gentlemen in the house were quite willing to let their wardrobes and trunks be searched," said the police-officer, respectfully.

"Yes; but in their position they were above suspicion," said Lady Ellison, in her soft voice. "The household were not, and I would rather never recover my jewels than cause such unpleasantness in the house."

"My dear Lady Ellison," Mr. Fetherstone said, gently, "there must be no question of unpleasantness. We have a duty to perform, which must be done in spite of pain; and I will go on until the thief is discovered and the suspicion which has fallen on all the members of the household shall be cleared."

Lady Ellison held Clara's hand in hers, and as she listened she felt it grow cold as marble. She turned her sightless eyes on her face in alarm.

"What is it, my child?" she said, in a low tone. "Are you faint? Would you like to go?"

"No, mother," the girl answered, calmly; "there is nothing the matter with me."

But as she spoke she released her hand from Lady Ellison's with a little pressure, and moved across to the window. Mr. Burke's eyes following her, saw that she was white as death. The grave, tender gray eyes which watched her so anxiously came back slowly from their scrutiny clouded with pain.

"Would you not think it advisable to send for further assistance from London?" Mr. Burke said; and as he spoke Clara turned from the window and flashed her brown eyes upon him with her long look of supreme contempt and indignation. "I do not question Superintendent Graves' ability," he hastened to add; "but a second opinion might be desirable."

"Indeed I think so," Mr. Fetherstone said, quickly, like a man who saw a way

out of his perplexities. "I have some slight acquaintances with the Chief Commissioner of Police, and I will send him a note by to-night's post."

There is no doubt that he will send us some one to help us out of the difficulty," said Ted, in a relieved tone. "Clara," he added, going to her side, "is not the air cold for you?"

"No," she answered, shortly; then she came quietly forward, but just as she was about to speak Mr. Burke looked up eagerly.

"Do you know," he said, quickly, "that I almost think I know something of this?"

"You, Dick?" cried Ted. "What do you mean?"

Clara was standing beside Ted, and almost involuntarily she caught at his arm. She was white and trembling, and the young man saw that she was incapable of standing alone. He put her into a chair, and holding her hand in his, waited for Mr. Burke's explanation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SONS OF SCOTLAND.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Sons of Scotland! Land of Freedom!
Sons of noble sires, all hail!
Let the watchword aye be "Freedom!"
Thou shalt evermore prevail!
Let the wrong be deeply hated,
Let the right be prized like love,
Martyr courage unabated,
Trusting in our God above!

Sons of Scotland! hard's historic
Sang thy deeds of noble fame;
Let not tyranny's plottings
Tarnish thy unsullied name.
History gives us what we cherish,
Ours to still maintain the right,
May that history never perish,
Though we perish in the fight!

Like the waters from our fountains,
Giving strength to flesh and bone;
Like the thistle on our mountains,
Harmless, if but let alone!
Ours to shield the needy stranger,
Ours to put the wrong right;
Ours to stand in time of danger,
And, if need be, fight to fight!

Dear old Scotia! land of flowers,
Land of mountains, hill, and vale;
Land of sunshiny shade, and showers,
Land of river, loch, and dale;
Land of ever-changing beauty,
Land of liberty and love;
Scottishmen! tread the path of duty,
Till we reach the land above!

Miss Nevada swept a net less than \$9,100 worth of gold dust during her fortnight in the place.

Extensive ruins have been disclosed by the boundary survey between Guatemala and Mexico. That region was evidently densely inhabited in ancient times, but is now almost wholly deserted of soil. That the process of decadence had begun before the abandonment of the region is shown by the walls and terraces evidently built to check it, and which still retain some tiffage patches. The ruins consist mainly of stone floors raised above the ground, upon which, no doubt, lighter superstructures were built. These ruins are considered older than the more familiar ones in Yucatan.

The Poet's Corner.

Joe.

"This grave were ye meanin', stranger? Oh, there's nob'dy much like here;
It's only poor Joe, a dazed lad; been dead now bet-
ter'n a year.
He was nob'dy's child, this Joe, sir— orphaned the
hour of his birth;
And simple and dazed all his life, yet the harmlesst
crestur on earth."

"Some say that he died broken-hearted; but that's
all nonsense, you know;
For a body could never do that as were simple and
dazed like Joe.
But I'll tell you the story, stranger, an' then you can
readily see
How easy for some folks to fancy a th'ing that never
could be."

"Do you see that grave over yonder? Well, the
minister's daughter lies there;
She was a regular beauty, an' as good as she were
fair.
She'd a nod and a kind word for Joe, sir, whenever
she pass'd him by;
But, bless ye, that were nothin'—she couldn't hurt
even a fly."

"It wasn't very often, I reckon, that people a kind
word would say.
For Joe was simple and stupid, and alius in some-
body's way.
So I s'pose he kind o' loved her, but then that were
nothin', you know;
For there wasn't a soul in the village but loved her
better than Joe."

"An' when Milly took down with consumption, or
some such weakness as that,
Joe took on him o' lookin' (there were noth'n for
him to cry at).
An' he'd range the woods over for hours, for flowers
to place by her bed.
An' Milly, somehow or other, kind o' liked his dazed
ways, they said."

"But when winter was come the died, sir, an' I will
remember the day
When we carried the little coffin to the old church-
yard away;
It was so bitter cold we were glad when the grave
were made,
An' when we were done an' went home, I s'pose
poor Joe must have stayed;—"

"They found him here the next mornin', lyin' close
to the grave, they said,
An' a lookin' like he was asleep, but then of course he
were dead.
I suppose he got chilled and sleepy, and how could a
body know
How dangerous that kind o' sleep is, as never knowed
nothin', like Joe?"

"So they say that he died broken-hearted; but that
only shows, do you see,
How easy for some folks to fancy a thing that never
could be.
For now you have heard the story, you'll agree with
me, stranger, I know;
That a body could never do that, as were simple and
dazed, like Joe."

On The Long Road.

JAMES HENRY HENRY.

There is a pathway far from here,
A thinking pathway like a sea
And thine sweet soul to me most dear
Walk on it with thine dreams set free.
I think they long to reach across
The distance 'tween here and there,
To cheer us in our heavy loss
And make our worldly road more fair.

I think they long to make us glad,
And brace our faith with columns strong,
Or dry the tears that show us sad,
And fill the air with heavenly song.

And we? we only stand and wait,
With folded hands and lifted eyes;
As if some soul had closed a gate
That opened into Paradise.

Had closed the gate and drawn the bar,
Ah me! and still we look and pray,
And wish that we could climb so far,
And wonder if we ever may.

Those souls I loved before they died,
I love them in their sphere divine—
And though the human forms are dead,
The graves that hold them still are mine.

Aye, mine! I sometimes think that I
Can feel the heart-beat through the sod,
Or think it is as if the sky
Had opened wide to show me God:

Had crunched my narrow earthly walls
And raised me into Heaven's space,
Where glory on the angels falls
To robe them in a wonderous grace.

I reach, I pant, I yearn, I climb
Beyond the lessons of my day;
I fight against the bonds of time,
Fighting still that upward way.

And yet I never seem to mount,
My golden goal is far and dim,
I feel the heaving clouds are grim,
And overhanging clouds are grim.

What is it that I cannot find?
What is it that I crave and need?
Is no delusion of the mind,
This strong and comprehensive greed.

Yes, all my life long I have sought
For something high above me—yet
It came not where I sought,
The battle-field where hopes are met.

But still I feel that it must come,
My own, the dream fulfilled, to me—
A faith to lead me toward my home
And fix my altar steadfastly.

I know not what that heaven is
Where those three souls have found their rest,
But I believe 'twill answer this
Great longing in my mortal breast.

And so from day to day I go
Firm-footed on the path of pain,
And take the cold winds as they blow,
And face the lightning and the rain,

It is so far! and though I reach
Still forward, eager for the star
That shines where God alone can teach,
And where youth learns—it is so far!

Bonnie Strathgryre.

BY SANDIE McIVANNE.

There's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye,
And pastures in Midland and lawlands far by;
But there's nae greater luck that the heart could de-
sire
Than to herd the fine cattle in Bonnie Strathgryre.

O, it's up in the morn as I a'wa' to the hill,
When the lang summer days are awa' and the
hill
Till the peak o' Ben Vorlich is girdled wi' fire,
And the evenin' fa's gently on Bonnie Strathgryre.

Then there's mirth in the shieling and love in my
bree,
When the sun has gane down and the kye are at rest:
For there's many a prince wad be proud to aspire
To my wisomess as Maggie, the pride o' Strathgryre!

Her lips are like rowans in ripe summer sun,
And mild as the starlight the glint o' her eye;
Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the brier;
And her voice is sweet music in Bonnie Strathgryre.

Set Flora by Odein and Maggie by me,
And we'll dance to the pipers' swells loudly and free,
Till the moon is the heavens climbing higher and
higher,
Side us sleep on fresh braes in Bonnie Strathgryre.

Though some to gay towns in the lawlands will
roam,
And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home;
Yet I'll aye herd my cattle and big my ain byre,
And love my ain Maggie in Bonnie Strathgryre.

Little Tim.

Little Tim was the name of him
Of whom I have to tell,
And his abode, on the western road,
In the busy town of F—;
And as the train went up and down,
He peddled through the cars,
His stock-in-trade—load lemonade,
Cakes, peanuts and apples.

Conductor Dunn was the only one
Who wouldn't let him sell,
And so, 'twixt him and Little Tim,
There often was a row.
At last one day they had a fray,
And Timothy declared
He'd fix Old Dunn, as sure as a gun,
If both their lives were spared.

So off he went with this intent,
And sold his stock-in-trade;
His earnings hard he spent for food,
And stored for the grade.
This place, you know, is where trains go
Upon the steep hill side,
And where with hard it isn't hard
To get up quite a slide.

He took a stick and spread it thick,
Remarking with a smile:
"There'll be some fun when Mr. Dunn
Commences to strike!"
He lay in wait—the train was late—
Then came a puff of hard,
With a'ady load, right up the road,
Where he had spread the lard.

They tried in vain; that fated train
Could not ascend the grade;
The wheels did spin with horrid grin,
Yet no advance was made;
Then Little Tim—'twas hold in him—
Cried out in accents shrill:
"Remember me, good Mr. Dunn,
When you get up the hill!"

MORAL.

Success in trade is up a grade
Which we should all ascend;
And with a will help up the hill
Our fellow man and friend;
Up on the road don't accommodate
The takers after gain,
Or ten to one, like Mr. Dunn,
You won't get up yourself.

Uses of Adversity

If some were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and mine, indeed,
Its sweetest consolations.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Fate as would die and hope depart,
Life would be disencanted.

The Other Name.

BY LORD ROUGHROCK.

They seemed, to those who saw them meet,
More casual friends of every day;
Her smile was unreserved and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so still and tame
Would flutter like a captured bird.