BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR

CHAPTER XXIX.

The reaction from intense anxiety and long continued strain was almost too much for me. I threw myself back on the steps, laughing, shouting and cheering, and was still laughing and cheering wildly when Uncle Lee threw strong arms round me and said to the bystandors:

The majesty of the law have been pheld. Now let justice be done!"
Gaunt, powder-begrimed and ragged,

the major's person gave evidence of the two hours' struggle he had been through. All seemed to look to him for advice and direction. His ragged honesty and common-sense and high purpose prevailed in the counsels of the The troopers were posted about the city, a proclamation issued that the prisoner would be tried without delay, and if found guilty would be visited with the extremes of the law, and in the meanwhile the poor wretch was conveyed under heavy guard from the courthouse to the county prison, amid the groans and curses of the bystanders. Had I cared to look in the brutish face I could not have done so, for he hung it low and shrank trembling and terrorbefore the malignant eyes The words of the last turned on him. verse of Robert Kidd's song that I had been singing in the morning rang in my ears as I looked on:

. To the execution dock I must go! To the execusion dock. where all the people flock— I alone to bear the snock, I mus. go!

We seemed to have lived through many days since I had parted from Dide in the freshness of the early morning, lingered in the city till late in alternoon, for the major felt bound to see that every arrangement was made to guard against a possible night at-tack, and I had to look up and settle with the owner of the dead colt. The populace were outwardly quiet, but sullen and discontented, and every-where dark looks followed us, for they recognized the major as one of the leaders of the defence and me as the mes enger of succor to the garrison, and we could hear murmurs of execration as we passed. In the early part of the afternoon our footsteps had been per dogged by two men, evil-eyed low-browed, and with them the woman who had so freely cursed me and mine. They seemed, however, to abandon They seemed, whatever sinister design they may have had against us, for as the day we saw them no more, and it was with sigh of relief that we boarded the morning's conflict far behind us.

Glad Dido didn't know this morning how much I was to use that air pistol," remarked the major, stretching front of us, and cutting himself some tobacco. "Of all the bullets with me I ain't got but one left. "Of all the bullets I took

"But if it hadn't been for your pistol I should not be going back to her now," I said. She will love it better since it kept me from swinging to a

never yet missed what I aimed for," observed the major; "but I tell you what, Robert, you would never have swung from no lamp-post! If I hadn't' a' had bullets enough to pick off every fellar that laid a hand on you, put my last bullet through yo'r rather than see you tortured. And I'd ask you to do the same to me

couldn't, Uncle Lee," I said, gravely. "My Church won't let me e in that way, not even to save my dearest from torture or dishonor. You see the Church has always sancti-fied suffering, she teaches that there is no dishonor where there is no sin, and should much prefer to be excused from torture if I could get the lowest place in heaven in any other way, but, at the worst, it is only a few hours against all

I ain't given to controversy, but there air some dogmas I couldn't swaller," declared the major, with em-phasis, "and I'm mighty glad I'm not salled upon to do so.'

I think he saw how tired and worked un I was, for he put his arm round my shoulders and said, compassionately, "I guess you don't want to see nor talk about no more shootin' or murders. It's been kinder rough on yo'r nerves all yo'r life from yo'r infancy up, and can find pleasanter things to think about and talk about." And he began to speak of Dido, of

our approaching wedding, of the future before us, of a happy home with many blessings of youth, health, of perfect trust in each other, of tender, wholesome affection, of contentment in moderate circumstances, and this sweet vision soon shut out the horror of the preceding hours.

"Robert," said the major, hesitathopert, san the hajot, hestactingly, after a pause, breaking in on my happy dreams—"Robert, I don't wish to be impertinent nor premature, but if it ever come that you war castin' about for a name, and it war a male, it would for a name, and it war a male, it would be a glory and a happiness to me to see perpetuated, as it war, the illustrious name of John C. Fremont, the hero of Emancipation and the immortal Pathfinder, the exponent of Republican prin ciples and the creator of the Far West!"

"I won't forget your wish, Uncle Lee," I said, laughing and blushing happily, as I pulled my hat down over my eyes to conceal my embarrassment.
"Not but what I know that yo'r grandfather have the first right to a added the major, with suggestion, great consideration.

Now I knew my grandfather to be a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, and that if there were two things firmly fixed in his mind they were, first, that the War of Independence had been fought and won by the French and the Civil War by the Irish; secondly, that the whole West, Northwest, Southwest, and Far West had been discovered and opened up to civilization by the French ex-

plorers and settlers, followed by Irish mmigration and colonization. General Fremont was of French des-cent, as my grandfather frequently pointed out to the major, and it was therefore permissible to recognize his exploits, but would it not be a sacrilege in the old Chevalier's eyes to have his name supersede the historic Roderic of the De Macartys? There was but one name worthy of such honor, and had not grandfather always said that if he had had the naming of me in my infancy I should have been christened in honor of France's legitimate king, Henri Dieudonned' Artois?

But now our short railway ride was finished, and I was rested and happy, free from morbid presentiments, rejoicing in the sweet coolness of the evening air, and ready for a brisk walk towards

ne and Dido!
'Say! I'd get home quick if I was you," said the station-master, mysteri-ously, coming up to us. "Maybe it's none o' my business, but there was four low-lookin' cusses came upon the freight-train from Raleigh about half an hour ahead of you. They have been drinking, and I didn't like their looks, so when they asked me what time the evening train would be in and which way Major Haliburton lived, I told 'em you train was already in, and I started 'em on the road away from your house, 'stead of towards it. But they may have been set on the right track by some one else, and I been kinder uneasy

We did not wait to hear him out. We started on a dead run down the road, both of as trembling and white to the lips, for the same thought possessed us both.
"Shall we take a short cut through

the woods?" asked the major, hoarsely
"Better the road. She may be at the gate to meet us. If she'll only stay to the house!" and the major. "There's yo'r

groaned the major. grandfather, and three strong niggers, and all the dogs. But it's so light yet she may take it into her head to meet In the long spring twilight it was

still almost almost as bright as at noon. It was only too probable that she would tempted out.

e tempted out.

"Oh! my beauty! my girl! why did
ever send for you to this God-forsaken
ountry?" he moaned, as he ran; then, a
oment later, "And I ain't got but one country? I handed him some of mine, but they roved to be too large, for our pistois ere of different make and calibre.

Change pistols with me," he begged. got more nerve than you."
See that bay-tree blossom!" I asked. Firing as I ran, my bullet cut the blossom's stem, and it fell into the

You'll do!" said the major. But in answer to my shot came sound that set me wild with terror-the deep-mouthed baying of a hound! I struggled on frantically, and ever ouder and clearer grew the melancholy ail. I was dripping with perspira tion from my rapid run, but cold chills came over me for dread of the fatal significance of that sound, and the

teeth chattered in my head. At the turning of the road we saw her, though we were yet half a mile away. And we saw something that made us grip our pistols tighter—dark, ugly forms crouching in the bushes behind her and creeping stealthily up to her. She stood there, unaware of her danger, gazing up th road towards us, erect in her ma cent beauty and elastic strength. noble hound crouching at her feet was on the alert, however. We could see him raise his head with a prolonged howl, and step round uneasily. God bless the poor brute! We knew he would defend her as nobly as hound could do it. If only the ruffians were not armed he might protect her till we

reached the spot.

But a shot rang into the air, the hound leaped up, then fell at his length.
She turned in affright and the rufflins funeral pyre of all that was precious nerveless grasp with a crash on to a

stone at my feet and exploded.
"My God! and I have bullet

I hardly recognized as the major's. I could not move. The blood was flowing from my arm, and I knew in a dazed sort of way that I must be wounded. Then my leg gave way under me, and a shock of pain told me that the splinters of my bursting weapon had entered it. With a wild way that I must cry of despair I tried to drag myself forward on the uninjured limb, seizing branches of trees with my left hand to pull myself along. I heard Oneida pull myself along. I heard Oneida shriek, I saw them lay their vile hands then I saw the major raise his pistol, and with a groan of agony I hid

The last sound I heard as I swooned way into unconsciousness was the longmelancholy baying of the

CHAPTER XXX.

More than thirty years have passed since that evening in North Carolina, and I cannot yet write of it with calm-A merciful unconsciousness kept me in its bondage for many a day, and when I awoke, at last, to the full perception of my surroundings I was puzzled. For I saw Miss Sophy bustling about my sick-room with tender importance, and at her throat and on her cap the wonderful pink bows that Dido and I had slyly joked about. I heard my granfather calling, "Has the lad waked up yet?" calling, cheerily,

Could it be possible that it was all a horrible vision of disturbed sleep? Where was Uncle Lee? And would the gracious figure of Oneida soon come in to rouse me by dropping an armful of dewy Banksia roses on my face? But when I tried to move, there were my bandaged leg and arm, my aching head and strained shoulder to witness to the reality of my dream. Yet, if it had been as I feared, what did the pink

and let them nurse me tenderly, while I waited, waited in vain for some mes-sage, some token that would soothe the awful disquiet at my heart.

But the hours slipped by and no message came to me. I would raise my eyes every time the door opened, only to close them again in disappointment and dread. An entire day of con-sciousness had passed before I could could frame my lips to the question that mbled upon them.
Pepe, I must speak. Do not try

Why are you and Miss Sophy the only ones to come to me? Why is there no message? I must know. I cannot bear this stlesses. bear this silence. The suspense is kill-

My grandfather moaned. "Listen. he said, and his face was old-Eric,' oh, so old !-and his voice was choked and uncertain. "We let her go to meet you, unsuspecting of danger. Then I heard a shot and the baying of a hound. I seized a rifle and ran as fast as these aged limbs could carry me, followed by two of the negroes. could see her standing at the gate, b I could not see you or them for the turning in the road. There were more then the ruffians noticed coming, and fled. We found you three lying not far from each other. She was so beautiful, Eric! so radiant with youth and joy! There could have been no suffering, physical or mental. The bullet had done its work mercifully, and she had not had time to realize the extent of her danger, still wearing a smile of welcome for

you!"
Here the old man broke down sobbed pitifully for a moment. Then he raised his head suddenly and looked at me. "The ballet was not theirs. It was from his pistol!"

"I know, Pepe; I remember. But that must be our secret," I grouned. And what of him? Could he survive

"We lifted him up, but he never moved or spoke again. We found no slightest trace of wound or hurt upon him. The surgeon said death must have been instantaneous. His heart broke with the shot that pierced

I could not hear more just then. It was not for many days that I learned how ill I had been, how the surgeon had feared for my reason if I wake too suddenly to the full consciousness of the tragedy, and how, for my sake, these wo devoted souls had put away sorrow and mourning, my grandfather training his voice to cheerfulness and his face t smiles, and Miss Sophy laying her darling in the grave, and then coming back to array herself in her smartest finery and sit by my bedside to await the dawn of returning consciousness.

I wish I might have seen my beautiful Dido's face once more before they left her in her grave under the live-oak with the wild jessamine and Bunksia roses blooming over it. The uncle who so worshipped her, who would have given his life a thousand times for hers, and yet had been doomed to die in taking her life, lay by her side. Oh, if he had only known one little moment had only known one little moment sooner that rescue was so near! Oh

the pity of it! the pity of it!

How distant, how unreal all else seemed in life beside these two graves! I could hardly understand how my grandfather could have any power grieve over the news that reached us om Detroit that the old homestead at Hamtramck had been burned to the ground. To me the news came almost as a relief, for I could not have endured the torture of looking at all our loving preparaitons for bride's home - coming. Every little carefully planned comfort, every suggestion of the feminine pres ence expected there would have be fresh arrow of grief to my heart; and the tower-room, that dainty bridal-boudoir. would have been like the tomb itself to my stricken soul. I was glad, then, that it was burned-burned the very funeral pyre of all that was precious in surrounded her. With a yell I raised my pistol to shoot the first who should loss of his home, with all its memories my pistol to shoot the first who should lay a hand on her. One moved, I tried to pull the trigger, but ere I could do so something cold as ice seemed to touch my arm, the pistol fell from my to fell from my touch my arm, the pistol fell from my touch my arm, t since Dido was taken from us, but after the disaster to the homestead he had a slight stroke of parlysis. Miss Sophy God! and I have but one cried a voice that in its horror yrecognized as the major's.

"cried a voice that in its horror was then well enough to be up and limpton was then well enough to be up and limpton." ing round, yet I was still very crippled and helpless. The mild winter favored our recovery, but the gloom of the tragedy hung over us, and I could see nothing, think of nothing, save the pre cious graves under the jessamine and roses. The simple stone above them bore no inscription but this: "Haliburton. Levi Tracy, aged 46. Oneida Mary Virginia, aged 21. Died December 24, 1868. May they rest in peace!" There was no need of epitaph. The story of their death would never be forgotten by those who loved them; it had est remain unknown to these outside the sacred circle.

The intense, debilitating heat of the Southern summer set in early that year, and, fearing for my grandfather's strength, we brought him northward by easy stages to the New Jersey sea coast. With the autumn we removed to New York, where we took rooms at a modest boarding-house, for I was not fit to re we must husband our resources as carefully as the comfort of the aged invalid would allow, until I was strong enough

to take uy my duties as bread-winner. With change of scene and the tonic of sea-air, both my grandfather and I made rapid strides towards re-covery, and could begin to look the future in the face with less of the horrible depression that had prostrated us mentally and physically while we lingered near the scene of tragedy. without the solace of work or home the winter dragged wearily by, and the first sad anniversary almost unmanned

"Erie," said my grandfather, at last he was too sad nowadays to call me by the old, happy nickname of Rory— Eric, I am too old to found another home, and you, alas! have no cause to do so. I ask one favor of you, and this

strength is not equal to looking upon of my manhood, and my old heart turns with longing to the home of my infancy. Take me back to France and let my aged bones lie by those of my father and mother, and of his father, the first Marquis de Macarty. If, in the providence of God, I may once more salute France's legitimate sovereign before I die, I shall feel the only thrill of happiness possible to me again in this life of sorrow and uncertainty.

And so the early spring of 1870 saw

Central Park to enjoy the sweet May sat down on a bench to rest. I suppose was but natural that, as I saw the carriages of the wealthy roll past me, I should repine and wish that I still held a portion at least of the fortune I had een euchred out of. and strong I had been almost indifferent to the loss of my fortune, except as it involved the treachery of friends; indeed, I sometimes fancied that I could deed, I sometimes fancied that I could once proud, erect figure thing to once proud, erect figure thing thing thing thing thing the proud thing not provide Pepe with such comforts as his age and invalid condition demanded, I telt myself growing bitter and discon-tented. A middle aged gentleman, apparently of our own moderate circum was resting, and entered into conversation with us.

There goes a lucky man," he said, indicating the occupant of a luxurious I looked up and recognized the bland, urbane countenance of my former trustee, Mr. James Arthur. I also saw that he, too, recognized us, but he turned his face away without as much as a nod and looked straight before him, too comfortably prosperous allow himself to be disturbed by the sight of less fortunate pedestrians side the road, and lolled back on cushions with the air of one who felt himself wholly deserving of the abundance with which the Lord ad prospered him

'He was shrewd enough," continued my informant, as we watched the barouche bowl easily along till out of "to foresee the coming of sight. ron and copper industry on Lake uperior, and prudent enough to invest heavily in mining property and in the construction of freight barges for the ore-carrying trade. He persuaded others to invest with him and establish fine plants, then he ran the concerns into debt, threatened insolvency, and froze out the other shareholders until time, then seized a lucky turn of affairs, worked the mines at a tremendous profit, which all went into his own and his nephew's pocket. Now his nephew has died, and he is in sole control, with many additional millions to his credit.'

But did not the nephew leave widow?" I asked, hesitatingly. "Yes, but he made a pecuiar will. The widow was to have a third of the property and to choose which of three portions indicated it should be, the rest going to his uncle. The widow, or some inscrutable reason, chose to take as her share a Cuban sugar plantation which he had made millions out of in its day, but which was now ruined. Her lawyers made it clear to it no longer represented a third of his property, nor as much as a thirtieth probably, but she stuck to her bargain with unaccountable persistence, the stranger that she has no fortune of her own and her family are not what you would call wealthy. There must have been some sentimental attachment to the place to influence her. So all Moir's shares in his uncle's enter-prises have thus reveated to Arthur, lucky dog that he is!"

I rose soon after and wheeled my grandfather home. There, pale and tired, I threw myself on a couch and gave way to all my pent-up bitterness. That carriage was mine!" I degold livery were mine, mine, mine! I paid for them all! I should be riding in them now with you at my side, Pepe! You should loll in your babaouche in Central Park every day. How can he dare to enj y himself in his stolen property? Does his con-science never give him uneasy moments?"

But my grandfather shook his head Do not think of me, Eric. I sadly. am too near the end to care. You are young, and feel injustice as keenly as l should were I your age, but why should even you desire wealth? It could not bring us back what we have lost, and we have been happy until now in our moderation, because what we had we held or earned honestly. Let us still be content, even if we are reduced to bear some privations. It is all so little, so little when we are waiting to

oin our dear ones in eternity!" We parted from Miss Sophy with demonstrations of regard and many gratitude. She flung her arms round my neck and kissed me good bye "for Dido," and promised that her life henceforth should be devoted to the memory of our darling. Every winter she would visit the precious grave under the Southern skies, and during the remaining months of the year she would give her time and strength and what she had of fortune to the protection and training of orphan girls, doing what good she could in Dido's name.

"And you, Eric," she said, earnest-ly, and with her usual disposition to lay out every one's future for them, "you must feel as I do that Dido's love you was too unselfish to have any thought but for your happiness. You are just entering your prime, you are not yet thirty years of age, and the longest and best part of your life is still before you. She would not wish still before you. She would not wish the future years to be lonely and bereft of home and ties through any mistaken ideas of fidelity to her memory. I cannot say any more, and you do not wish to hear any more at present, when our hearts are still freshly bleeding, and we can see nothing before our eyes but her angel face and form! You need not

tell me that you will never forget her -I know you will not, but as I may you again, I have to say, as that which may some time bring you comfort when you have to choose how your future life shall be ordered.'

God bless Miss Sophy! God bless all that she was to me and mine in our darkest hours! God bless her true heart and her sound judgment, little peculiarities and her great vir-She went out of my ever, but she has lingered long and arm. gratefully in my memory and my I would have wished then to turn

from the world of sin and sorrow, and to lay my weary bleeding heart upon the altar of God and offer Him again the life and service I would so gladly have dedicated to Him in the first fervor of youth and strength. But if my were to my grandfather then, is the days when he was yet hale and hearty, how much more so now, as, with whitened head and frail, bent form, the once proud, erect figure clung to me thank God that this duty lay so plainly before me, rousing me from thoughts self and sorrow, and providing me with a motive for action and an object for affection in a life so suddenly shared the bench on which I and maimed. Oh, Dido! Dido! and mained. On, place: Diace: blace: how can I express what it was to have such a presence as thine taken from me, such a form as thine smatched from my arms? How could i bear it, save from the hand of Him who gave even as He hath taken away, in the depth of the riches of His wisdom and mercy Sweet love of my youth! May eternal rest enfold thee and perpetual shine upon thee forever in the King-

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MISSION OF DOROTHY.

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR.

Cyril Moore, lawyer, was not noted for the suavity of his manner nor the mild-ness of his glance. Both were unusualsevere this morning, and he inclined to deal gently with his dis-turber. He had been interrupted in the consideration of an important matter, but Dorthy Dale's brown eyes never flinched before his deep-set gray

"Please, may I talk to you a few minutes?" she asked, in her soft little

"I am very busy," he returned, "and gave orders that I was not to be disturbed." The elevator boy showed me your

office, and there was no one in the other room, and so I came in," said The lawyer made an impatient movement, mentally resolving upon the cen-sure which Wilson should receive for leaving the entrance to the office un-

guarded.

Two little red spots had crept into Dorothy's face, but she went on

ly:
"You see," she began, "I— The lawyer again moved impatiently and frowned, but his small visitor per-

sisted was a keen note of anxiety in her voice, but the brown eyes never wavered. And what was there in their depths which brought to the lawyer's mind a vague memory and made him look at his visitor with a stirring of interest, then hesitate and finally push aside the papers over which he had been absorbed and say shortly:

"What is it? I can give you a few minutes."
"Oh, thank you," said Dorothy

"It is about that position in politely. the Hilton school."

Cyril stared in surprise. What could this little, old fashioned girl have to say about that? It would be interest- "Cyril! Why-

ing to know. He pushed his papers clared. "Those horses were mine, the farther away and leaned back in his coachman and footman in green and seat. "Sit down," he said, pointing to a

"Sit down," he said, penning to a chair. Dorothy obeyed with a grave "Thank you," settling herself comfortably in the chair, which was so high that her feet were quite a distance from the ground. Her blue felt sailor hat was pushed back on her head and several soft brown rings of her hair had found their way to her forehead. She lifted her clear eyes to the lawyer, and again

their depths vaguery stirred his heart.

"You see, auntie lost all her money in Boston, and so we had to come here to live. Auntie owns a little house here, and she says that is better than And yesterday Mrs. Prudean nothing. told her they wanted a teacher in that school and that auntie must try to get

it right away."

"On, indeed," ejaculated Cyril.

"You see," she went on, in a confidential tone, "auntie knows a lot of things. She belonged to ever so many clubs in Boston. Every one says that she is so clever.

Dorothy paused to see if the lawyer was properly impressed with the importance of her aunt's acquirements.
"Yes," said Cyril, politely.
"Mrs, Pruden told auntie that you

could let her teach the school, but last evening a letter came from Mr. White in Boston to say auntie must come to see him right off. You see he attends to all of her business. So she had to go to on the early train this morning."
Dorothy stopped, out of breath. Cyril uttered an interrogative

nice surprise for her when she does come back for me to tell her I came to see you about it. "Then she doesn't know what you are doing?" queried Cyril.
"Oh, no. I waited till she was

afraid she might be too late when she came back, and then, it would be such a

gone."
"Where do you live?" questioned

Cyril. "Over on Rose Crescent."

The lawyer did not recognize the locality, but there had been many changes in the old town during those

years in which he had been absent from

"Auntie will be a splendid teacher,

You see, she's so sweet. Won't you please try her?" In her eagerness Dorothy arose and stood beside Cyril, placing her hand in its woolen mitten on his arm."
The little action thrilled him. A

sudden realization of the loneliness of his life smote him, again the child's brown eyes awoke that memory "Please won't you?" urged Dorothy,

with an unconscious pressure of Cyril looked down into the eager face

with an expression in his own that fe had seen there during later years. "I'll see what I can do. I must know more of her qualifications. "I mean." he explained, kindly, "if she knows all the things that the person who teaches

best. 'Oh, thank you. I'll go now.' Dorothy slipped off the mitten and gravely tendered her hand to the lawyer. He rose and bowed over it with more ceremony than he had for many years shown any other member of her sex

in that school must know I'll do my

Dorothy flashed a confiding smile at him and tripped jauntily away through the outer office, much to the surprise of Wilson, who was now at his post

afternoon when, on going into the lawyer's private room, he found him putting his desk in order and was waved away with: "Don't bother me with that now. It's such a fine afternoon I think I'll take a walk and look at that

Dorren property."
Wilson went back to his desk. He furtively watched the lawver as the latter put on overcoat, hat and gloves. It was the first time within his knowledge that Cyril had set aside an impo tant matter. What had happened

The lawyer walked on with rapid stride. There was in the air a s tion of the spring which was not yet near.

On the corner an organ grinder was playing popular airs. A little farther n a flower vender was offering bougu of violets for sale. The scent of the flowers floated up to him, and the nemories awakened earlier in the by a pair of childish eyes were again stirred. Cyril bought one of the fragrant purple clusters, fastening it i lapel of his coat with a smile.

had he done such a thing?

As he walked along his glance fell upon a lamp-post bearing the name Rose Crescent."

A sudden remembrance came to him

of his little visitor in the morning That was where she had said she lived He recalled his promise to do what he could for her aunt. Why not call upon her and find out her fitness for the position? He pansed to glance up and down the street.

But the child had not told him her

aunt's name or their number. Then it was useless to consider it further. Still he would like to please that child. He was walking on when he heard a flying of small feet behind him and his name called. He turned this little visitor of the morning. me called. He turned around to see

window and saw you passing. I thought perhaps you were coming so see us."
"Weli," said Cyril, smiling, "you

did not tell me your number.
"I forgot, she laughed. It's in here." They had been walking back, and now she stopped in front of a modest house standing back from the street.

"Come in," she said. "Auntie's just got home. I didn't tell her about

Cyril followed her up the garden path and into the house. She led him into a room opening off a small hall.

A lady seated before an open fire rose at his entrance. She was not very young and she was very sweet looking. with great brown eyes.

"Madame," began Cyril, "I—"
He broke off abruptly, looked bewildered, then ejaculated: "Rebecca

"You see, auntie, I went to see Mr. Moore, about that school. I was afraid you'd be too late, and—" began Dorthy. But neither her aunt nor the lawyer

seemed to hear her. The latter was saying: "She has eyes like yours." "You see, auntie," began Dorothy once more, but stopped as Cyril spoke again. "To find you here!" His face was flushed and his eyes were shining. There was a bright color in the cheeks of Dorothy's aunt, too. Dorothy was looking at her in surprise. Why, she know Mr. Moore! Then she would

surely get that school!

"Are you still Rebecca Powers? When I saw you last I thought that you were going to marry—"
Miss Powers interrupted him quietly.

You were mistaken: but I remembe you had a bad habit in those days of jumping at conclusions.' "That one has cost me dear—all these lonely years," he said.

He took the bunch of violets from his coat. "I remember you were always fond of violets, Rebecca. Are you He held the fragrant blossoms still?" towards her, and Miss Powers, after a glance into his face, took them from his

hand. She held them to her lips a oment, then fastened them carefully in her bosom. Dorothy was becoming impatient, but o her great amazement just then Cyril

stooped down and kissed her aunt.

Then he turned to Dorothy. "I am going to ask your aunt to take charge of one pupil," he said—" one who needs her very much." "One pupil!" exclaimed Dorothy. Dorothy smiled at him. "And I was

But again neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her.

Nerve Wracked and Insomnious.

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Hamilton's Mandrake Pills cure Con-

WHY I BECAME

DECEMBER 6

HORACE E. CHAPMAN, C. T. S. PUBLICATI That which first le in Anglicanism as than a human origin other words the exe Supremacy, through which Court without Court of Appeal of A ters of Faith.
The first time I

Privy Council was v t Brighton, a cer of ritual, and thereb an exceedingly on. The result v prosecution, which Judical Committee tion. The judgementary orable to Mr. among other things tion of the celebra Now the eastward ed by the Ritualisti as being of supreme object was to sy knew then noth the Judical Commit it occupies as bein the Royal Suprema final and Supreme all matters, wheth stir the judgement the statement that notice of any of t **Judical Committee** Afterwards, and which threatened s wno held the Do

Presence of our Lo munion. Mr. Ber published sermons which he professe trine, and the sern ly deemed so extra dox by the Prote Church Associatio cute him. This case also w to the Judical Con Council. That tribunal, represe supreme governor land, decided that ad gone perilous Articles, yet he ha

England, for any against Mr. Benn was only real in t This satisfied e remained to prea trine more stron what a denial of al was right or he doctrine as the R before God, adm the Real Absence

-on the hand, i

posed that his vie

ented the teach

Three other ev quence to the the passing of Regulation Act; the Oath of Ho Lords, by Lord the appointment be Dean of Arch The Public We was a measure bishop Tait, Beaconsfield, wh

the suppression

any three person

even though not bring a charge a any of the follo candles which the purpose of standing (when munion) with hi mixing water and ments." This ments. with a proviso saw fit, could prevent their g struggle took p of this veto Commons; the 1 and Church par it. The measur ised to be effic Ritualism, with which the Engl wearied. It is that it was the raised the "No scathing sarcas tion of the He Ritualists as t

Undoubtedly excitement to people; and it the Church of a department statesman one moral police fo England. People did no what to do. 1

their reason, meetings, prot kinds of things pass, and were I was grea Council was n the distance, b sharp in the n cess by this B

the final arbit representing t was passed to has signally i do what you please" has the attempt. tion by Lord of Homage," Bishops to H

produce a de Lord John alluded to Lords, and in which he came like a