There's a jolly Saxon proverb, That is pretty much like this: That a man is half in heaven When he has a woman's kiss. But there's danger in delaying. And the sweetness may forsake it. So, I tell you, bashful lover, If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow Steal a march on you in this; Never let a laughing maiden See you spoiling for a kiss. There's a royal way to kissing, And the jolly ones who make it, Have a motto that is winning-If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon, Anybody wear a crown, But a man must win a woman If he'd have her for his own. Would you have the golden apple, You must find the tree and shake it If the thing is worth the having,

And you want a kiss, why, take it-Who would burn upon a desert, With a forest smiling by? Who would give this sunny weather For a dark and wintry sky? Oh, I tell you there is magic, And you cannot, cannot break it; For the sweetest part of loving

SELECT STORY.

A LORDLY LOVER.

Is to want a kiss and take it.

By the author of 'A Mere Schooleirl,' 'The Ace of Spades,' etc.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTINUED. "My bonny lass, this 'll be a sore trial at work against him. ation overhanging her lover.

The first witness called is Lord Rixon. When he rises from his seat and comes particularly distinguished.

on him one careless glance, which, how-There he stands, his hands blackened do that, you'd do anything.

It is one man's word against another's. Who can doubt which will carry the er frowns.

"You were in the grounds last night at half-past nine, my lord?" asks Dr. Rolf, the coroner, when formal preliminaries are finished, and the earl had been provided with a chair.

"Yes: I was smoking."

"And you heard a pistol shot?" "Yes; it attracted me towards the spot from which it seemed to proceed. On turning one particular bend in the park, I saw two men stooping over a lady, who one of them then put into his pockets. I fancy." Of course, I made a dash, but I only succeeded in capturing the prisoner."

Bert's face is pale, and his teeth are set. During the long hours of night he There is an adjournment for a month, to has had abundant time to realise all the difficulties of his position, but to hear this man swearing away his name, his the plunder, and, if possible, to obtain character, perhaps his very life, is almost more than he can endure in silence. "Had you noticed any disturbance be-

fore the pistol went off?" "No, none. The evening was one of

"Would you recognise the other man if you were to see him?"

Lord Rixon pauses, then shakes his head thoughtfully.

"I fear not; he was off like a hare directly I approached. I had not so much as glimpse of his features."

Thrt is the gist of the evidence he gives, nor do any questions put to him shake his testimony. At last he is politely thanked and dismissed, whereupon a man clad in the brown velveteen of an out door servant takes his place.

"Yes, sir, my name is John Richardson-Jack for short, and I'm head gamekeeper to Sir Ralph Bailey." he declares, in his loud, hearty tones. "I know Bert

"Yes sir; it was when I was making my round of the park I came across him; lying flat upon the ground, he were, his face buried in his arms. He looked like a man in trouble," he volunteers to add. "Was the prisoner alone?"

"Yes, sir, quite." "Whereabouts did this meeting take

"Behind the bushes, a'most close to where Mrs. Gargrave were afterwards address." shot," he says, with evident unwillingness to make the admission

"Do you happen to recollect the hour?" "Perhaps a quarter to nine, sir-leastways, it hadn't gone nine o'clock, and I knew it had turned half-past eight, be-

cause I didn't leave my cottage till nearly "Not to say words sir. On'y I shouts, 'Hullo! who are you!' and he says, 'Don't | cared for my poor girl, and that she rath-

is speaking accurately, "so I winked and Rixon." left him, thinking no harm, sir." The last words came apologetically. and the man glances towards the brokendown figure of the squire, who, with his view with Olive before his departure. white, drawn face and bloodshot eyes,

can hardly be recognised as the fussy, garrulous, little baronet of yeterday. He himself is the next person to be surfaced summoned, but the coroner only asks him Perhaps it is as well that she should have friends begin to shun her, and beautiful

into the park. "So that anyone planning the robbery, ducements as he can offer.

might reckon with some certainty on meeting her in the grounds between nine and ten?" "Yes," he answers in the same listless

The coroner turns to address the jury.

against you," answers Dr. Rolf, scanning | fect of drought on the roots.

more attentively than he has hitherto done, the determined face and compressed lips of the accused.

But his warning is disregarded. shot Mrs. Gargrave." A wild sensation runs through the

cruel to her, but to tell her that he loved pistol and two bundles of letters. her after all. And he-he mocked her, until she seemed to grow beside herself

and presented it full at his face." "How dare you utter such lies? Will

fellow to speak," exclaims the coroner, est to him. a distressed look crossing his face. With a moan of agony the baronet heap back again into his chair. There is odious package, he hesitates. a most painful hush. Then the lawyer

-Dr. Mary Walker. nods to Bert to proceed. "Lord Rixon seized her wrist, bending sight in the deep, dark bed of the river, scream, to give up the weapon. At the same instant, he pressed the trigger." It is, at least, a most startling story. For the instant even the coroner seems

nonplussed, and scarcely to know the next step to take. In the consequent pause, Lord Rixon rises, his face as unmoved, his bearing as nonchalent as ever. The mere aspect of the man goes far to allay the half-formed suspicions already

for her," he says tenderly, thinking of "I am sorry to have to bring any womthe bright eyes and soft lips which had an's name into a case like this," he says. watches for the rebound, and expects to watches for the rebound, and expects the rebound is the rebound in the rebound is the rebound in the re bid him good-bye as he started on his "Unfortunately, however, it seems desir-see it drop upon the bridge. But fortune way to the works this morning. At that able to prove that the prisoner may have favors bim. The impetus it has receivtime no rumor of Mrs. Gargrave's murreasons even stronger than a desire to ed, is just sufficient to carry it through, der had reached his home, nor had he clear himself, for bringing this unwar-then it falls, falls! He can see it no received any summons to his present dis-rantable charge against me. He was, I longer. mal duty. He, who believes Olive to be believe, at one time engaged to marry

her in my company." The base words come out quite smooththing like admiration runs through the white as a sheet now, white to the lips; feel quite safe. court. He is a handsome man at all whilst the foreman of the jury has sprung times, and today, with an unusual bright- to his feet, listening with staring eyes ness in his eyes, but, perhaps with less and open mouth to the insinuations color than usual in his cheeks, he looks which may darken the character of his of the river. favorite child. When the earl ceases,

and stained by toil, his hair looking this | And indeed that the earl has done himmorning shaggy and unkempt, and there | self no good by the revelation, is abundgoes his accuser-debonnaire and aristo- antly proved by the scowls that adorn

amongst the spectators. Even the coron-"I fail to see how this information bears pon the matter in hand, my lord." The earl bows.

"I merely mentioned it to show additonal motive for inducing Cartwright to dwellers of that smoky locality. injure me if possible," he answers. "If that is not needed, I regret that I troubled Olive. Cried all night did you? And you to listen."

Whereupon he subsides again, a curious smile playing upon the lips which he has covered with his hand. In his heart the thought is passing, 'I've paid you off my was lying on the ground. They were fine spy, more thoroughly even than if both busily taking off her jewels, which I had merely brought you to the gallows,

Nor is he far wrong. In another ten minutes, proceedings are, for that day, brought to a conclusion. give the police opportunity to hunt up further intelligence, as well as to trace some clue to Bert's alleged accomplice. In the meantime, the prisoner is escorted back to jail.

That evening, no town in England is without a placard, giving as many details the calmest and most peaceful I ever rec- as can be collected of the missing ornaments; of which, however, the brooch found at Pompeii is the only one fully

described. That evening, too, Lord Rixon leaves the hospitable roof to which his traitorous hand has brought such desolation. Already every other guest has departed and the great rooms seem lonely and desolate. To the man who dines in solitude. with merely the memory of two blue eyes, now dim in death, and a guilty conscience to bear him company, they must appear oppressive indeed. But of his feelings upon that point, he gives no sign. It is not until the dog-cart is awaiting

him, and his luggage is already being carried out, that the library door opens, and Cartwright well; him and me was boys up, alone with his grief, amongst his might be a bit sorry for me." books, ever since the close of the inquest,

the squire's healthy face look at least same instant she exclaims: twenty years older. "Good-bye, Rixon," he says. "Don't

"I should, indeed. There's a bachelor

Trove. The fishing is rather good, and I wish I'd never been born." he invited me some time since, so I thought I'd look him up." "Couldn't do better; but I shall ex-

pect you here to spend the night before this horrible inquiry commences. I shall be glad to see you then. Sometimes, do you know, I used to imagine that you shoot me, Jack; I'm waiting for a lady," er returned the feeling. Don't forsake replies the man, in the full belief that he me altogether, now that she has gone

sight, the earl is wishing he had found means and opportunity for another inter-

Not but what she will be all the more pleased to see him when he turns up again, as he speedily decides, with that He himself is the next person to be sarcastic smile of his just curling his lips. the fact that it was a frequent habit of imprudence has placed her. His evi-Mrs. Gargrave to wander out after dinner | dence at the inquest will have been a revelation to her own people, and suppose "She used to fancy she liked the cool they are hard upon her? It will but cruel taunting words. What wonder that, air after leaving the dining-room," the make the girl more willing to exchange poor father says, with a catch in his voice. the discomfot of her home for such in-

CHAPTER VIII.

It is early next morning that a train, apparently without many passengers in it, is rolling heavily over the Tay bridge. The sun is shining as brilliantly as it best in which to receive such a note as There is a profound stillness in the room, as everyone listens for his first word.

When suddenly the prisoner speaks.

"Com I make a decoration?" has been doing now for nearly a week past; the heat is intense, although July is scarcely yet well in; and farmers are be-"Can I make a deposition?" he in- ginning to talk contentedly of an early and abundant wheat harvest in the same mother has hurriedly despatched her in "You had better not. It can be used breath that they grumble about the ef- spite of her protests.

Yet, in spite of he absolute lack of air under any circumstances, there is one

first-class compartment of the train, of which both windows are tightly shut, "I desire nothing but that it may be while the bark-blue curtains, drawn to used," the young man says. "For I am exclude the light, seem further to add to innocent, utterly innocent of the crime. the stifling atmosphere. Of this, how-The murderer stands there. Lord Rixon | ever, the solitary occupant of the carriage never seemed to think.

He is busy drawing out of the open crowd. The silence seems to deepen, if dressing case on the seat opposite to him, a number of glistening jewels, that sparkle "I overheard them talking together. like drops of water as they meet the There was something said about some glance of a sunbeam, which has strayed letters which they appeared to have through some crevice between the blinds. brought, in order to exchange. Then With them, entangled amongst the gleam-Mrs. Gargrave implored the earl not to be | ing coils of the necklace, is a tiny, inlaid

Drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, Lord Rixon wraps it about the with auger. Just as he was moving off, shining mass, tying the four corners toshe tore a tiny pistol out of her pocket gether in hard knots, during which process some sudden alarming thought apno one prevent this scandal, this malign- finds the scissors that form part of the ing of the dead?" exclaims the tortured case fittings; then a quick search ensues and making a fierce rush at the prisoner, the hem of the handkerchief. He snips as though to silence him by main force. the piece off with one hand, while with "Sir Ralph, I am bound to allow the the other he lets down the window near-

There is not a second to lose; already the middle of the bridge is past, but even and Alonzo Staples. seems suddenly to collapse, sinking in a with his arm raised to cast away that For suppose, instead of passing between

the girders and sinking forever out of

t back until she was obliged, with a little it should strike some single iron bar, and so be kept back from destruction? Yet to rid himself thus securely of the hateful evidences of his crime is worth some risk, and it is now or never! In another half-minute the chance will be gone, so, drawing in one long, deep breath,

he hurls the parcel out of the window. Nor does his plan fail. flight from him, just graze the edge of one of the round rods; he could scream in his agitation, as for an instant he

The affair has affected his nerves constill engaged to Cartwright, wonders, with Miss Olive Marsden, and he is I know, siderably more than did the commission pity for his child in his heart, how she aggrieved that the young lady has seen of the crime itself. But that was done will bear the thought of this awful accus- fit to break off the match, owing to his without premeditation. This effort has insolence on one occasion, when he found been the result of some hours of anxious thought. For with those incriminating stones in his possession, even Lord Rixforward to face the coroner, a stir of some- ly. If Bert has been pale before, he is as on, with all his nonchalence, could not

> And they are are gone at last! The one means of proving Cartwright's innocence is, the earl assures himself, at the bottom

The train is entering the station. With As he passes the prisoner, he turns up-"You dastardly coward," he cries "to be well, though where indeed can be the ever, seems to flash over his whole person. mention a girl in that way. If you could need of further precaution; to shut the dressing bag and open the curtains. Then as he is standing up, he calls the newspaper boy and buys an armful of literature to while away the rest of the journey. many hitherto, just merely curious faces He will think of Blanche and her detestable diamonds no more.

The morning, which is so glorious in Scotland, has dawned quite as brightly in Rickton. But the golden sunbeams are totally unsufficient to bring any sort of light to the face of one, at least, of the

"No wonder that your head does ache, you did right so far! To have brought shame upon a household that has always been looked up to and respected." "Mother, I haven't! What shame can

there be? What have I done?" asks the poor girl, for the twentieth time. "Engaged yourself to a murderer, first, Yes, I say you did, miss! He's a murdernow if he wasn't then. Don't you be in- give you back your heart. I neglected to

solent! And then go talking and flirting air it properly and the moths got in it. with a gentleman as you never saw before in your life, just because my back's turned. I, for one, am not surprised that Bert wouldn't have anything more to say

In answer to which tissue of contradictions, what can Olive say or do but give he gives you just what you ask for. He another of those woeful sighs that seem knows this is the best form in which to to come from the deepest depths of her to take Cod Liver Oil. troubled young heart.

"You'd have been a deal better if you'd gone to the school as usual this a coat on much the worse for wear at the morning, of course," resumes Mrs. Mars- elbows. As he took his seat he apoloden, "Only your father, he's so foolish, gized for wearing so rusty a coat outside he spoils you dreadfully. If it hadn't his study. been for me trying to keep you a bit in order - but there, much thanks I get. However, as you have a morning at home, you may as well go and practise your best when budding. I should say you singing, instead of standing dawdling

The mere suggestion of such an occupation is enough. It comes as the final straw to break Olive down. And without any warning she suddenly burst into sobs.

"As though I could possibly sing with all this trouble to bother me," she murmurs. piteously.

"Oh, mother, you throat take a sip of Hawker's balsain of tolu and wild cherry. It cleans the throat tolu and wild cherry. It cleans the throat twell as in their speeches in favor of good material, can do so by ordering our Elephant Brand of Paint, our superior outside and inside varnish, nice all this trouble to bother me," she murmurs. piteously.

"Oh, mother, you

Sir Ralph appears. He has been shut murs, piteously. "Oh, mother, you Mrs. Marsden is touched, in spite of and even Lord Rixon is moved to some her wrath. But soft kindness has no the grounds of Sir Ralph at any time last slight compassion, as he percieves the place in her creed. She turns her head a lines that have, since yesterday, made little to hide the tears in her eyes, at the

"Sorry, and so I am. Sorry that you should have disgraced yourself and us and suppose that I credit one syllable of that all. And if you thought a little more of the sort of sorrow and a little less about "Thank you, Sir Ralph." He can ut- the fine things that villain premised you,

you'd be all the better, miss.' "He didn't promise anything fine," annow? You'd like to know if anything swers the girl, half indignantly. "Why fresh comes out, so I'd better have your should he? But he said that he loved me," breaking into a little wail of misery, "and that's more than anybody else does party staying at my cousin's place at Loch now, it seems. Oh, how wretched I am,

Whereupon she betakes herself to the solitude of her own room, there to dream away a few of the vacant hours in reminscences of the last few days of her life. And perhaps it is to her own surprise, that, in spite of others filled with far greater excitement, those moments which most frequently recur to her memory are such as were spent before Lord Rixon appeared upon the scene at all, when Bert and she were tasting the first sweetness of a mutually confessed love.

The same sort of agitation and worry, however, occurring, as it does, day after day, is not apt to raise depressed spirits. Besides all Rickton knows her story, and whenever she leaves the house it is to encounter either the stare of insolent eyes, him mad. He said that any fool ought or else cold looks and averted faces. Old to know that. Olive, hitherto the admired and envied of all the girls in her own position, becomes, instead, an object of pity, or a mark for as one week succeeds another, she grows doors, and shutting herself up in a shell of reserve quite foreign to her bright

It is not the most promising state of mind for any girl to reach that of utter lonliness and despair. Certainly not the turning from the grocer's, whither her

The elephant hit the bars of the tiger's cage a whack with his trunk. What do you want? growled the tiger.

I wanted to know, replied the elephant mildly, if you knew we had gone into Of course I do: what do you take me other form of food is assimilated. Well, smiled the elephant, I don't have

to take you for anything, thank goodness; but if I did, I suppose I'd take you for medicine, and he blew a trunkful of dust into the tiger's cage.

A good travelling companion, Hawker's liver pills, they remove all the evil effects | stimulates the appetite, enriches of overeating or drinking, without dis- the blood, overcomes wasting and

pears to occur to him. Hurriedly he Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of father at this point, rising from his chair for the coronet and initials marked upon in the bladder, kidneys, back and every its exceeding promptness in relieving pain | Fine Flavoring Extracts,_ part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten

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the back o' this binch we're sittin' on? Mrs. Mulgrew - It says For Women Mrs. O'Dooley - Let us move on an' ax

We're out o' place here intirely.

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thinks o' doin' weth me. A Boon to Horsemen. - One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely re moved a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the While it also includes all minor departments of rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee keeping, Greenhouse and Grapery, Veterinary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fireside Reading, Domestic Economy, and a summary of the News of the Week. Its Market Reports are manufally complete, and puch attention is paid to removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

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"You see," he said, "I'm budding."

"I beg your pardon, papa," replied little Marian, quickly, "but things look the were going to seed." To relieve huskiness and dryness of the House Painters.

throat take a sip of Hawker's balsam of

tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It esremov at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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Waal, said the old lady, if the airth is eound and goes reound, what holds it up? Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction, he replied. The old lady lowered her specs, and, by

way of climax, responded: Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth. I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down! That's what's the matter!

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him that he would go straight to heaven

when he died. Now, what do you think

of that? Oh, that's just like him - he

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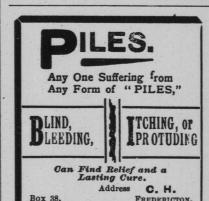
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