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[FOR "THE POST" AND "TRUE WITNESS:"] HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

IN NOOKS AND CORNERS.

I asect Robbers-Ways of Geiting Bid of Them-Mrs. Cartyle's Terrible Bug-Bear The Bed-Bug.

INSECT BOBBERS. Now, when the annual clearing up time has commenced, it would be well, even in the midst of the bustle of great preparations and wonderful achievements in the house-cleaning line, to bethink us of the mischief often unthought of and unsuspected that is going on in nooks and corners. Much of it has, perhaps, been going on for months without a single inkling of the terrible truth having dawned on the at all times vigilant mind of the careful housekeeper.

If there is one thing more abhorrent than another to housewifely instinct it must be the appearance in a cleanly and well-ordered home of those lower forms of insect life that are associated invariably with surroundings

of squalor and misery.

With the warm air of spring myriads of such start to life in the most unheard of Cockroaches with all their horrid tribe of relations infest those pantry shelves remotest from the kitchen-maid's long-handled brush, and damp closets swarm with nameless abominations on legs that might scare the most strong-minded member of Sorosis, and almost inspire with antipathy

even a Thomas Edward.

In suppoards where food is stored, what can be so detrimental to healthy appetite and relish as to surprise some of these unwelcome visitors regaling themselves at first hand on the choicest dainties the larder affords. How very discriminating, too. they are in their selection, always choosing the juiciest tart, the flakiest pie, the clearest jame on which to feast themselves. As the Dublin cake-woman remarked, "Sure, 'tis they are the lads that knows what's good for them.

WAYS OF GETTING RID OF THEM.

Darkness and dust and damp, those prolific parents of a noisome offspring, must be banished from the home precincts before quiet and security can be restored. Different substances, both mineral and vegetable, are recommended by competent authorities in household matters, to be strewn in the haunts of these insect pests, but the surest remedy seems to be abundance of light and air, and a vigorous use of the broom and scrubbing brush, with plentiful shower baths of scalding hot suds at short intervals. No treatment can be too heroic that ensures their prompt ejectment.

For the benefit of those parsons who are anxious to try speedier means for banishing nature's scavengers from the abode they may have taken up in human dwelling, the follow

ing suggestions are given;—
Cucumber parings for cockroaches.
Chloride of lime for fleas. Camphor for mosquitoes. Flour of sulphur for plant insects.

Green tea for filer. Camphor pepper and cedar chips for mothe.

Lime for beetler.

MRS. CARLYLE'S TERRIBLE BUG-BEAR-THE BED BUG.

No one who has read Jane Welsh Carlyle's letters, and has the slightest sense of humor, can fail to be struck amidst the recounted of all her housekeeping difficulties and trialsscant income, inefficient servants, captious husband, though, poor man, he did his best to atone afterwards by a noble and tender remorse,-no one can read very far in these pathetic glympses into her home life, the letters written to her friends, without now and then stumbling one reference to this fear-

In one letter especially the horror seems to have reached its climax, when she tells triumphantly of herself and the servant lass having had out some bedatead, long suspected of furnishing a harboring-place to such gentry, and there, on a wild hill-side, slaying them by fifties, and even up into the hundreds.

Instead of at once breaking, or rather burning, up the article of furniture, which have been the safeat and most economical thing to do in the end, the four-poster was reinstated, apparently disinfected and harmless, only to still further shock poor Mrs. Carlyie's very soul by condrachms; mix and apply to a tooth. tributing countless resoimens of its former tenants to a visitor's shawl thrown by chance across the end of it.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29.—One of the most delicate and notable surgical operations per-Things had been brought to this terrible pass with her, it is likely, by having em. ployed one caroless servant after another, for servant succeeded servant with alarming frequency in the Carlylean household, to act | tation of a portion of the eye of a rabbit to the eye of a human being. The object of the operation was to relieve the obscurity of the as deputy in the hunting and exterminating

"Mad as a bed bug" has in later days bideye of a patient which was caused by innamden fair to displace that older adage, "Mad mation, and which produced in time an as a March hare,' but if the bug be mad he, at least, like Hamlet, shows method in his madness, for once having taken possession he In one of the hardest tenants to eject, and he is almost certain to re-appear at stated intervals, just when it was fondly hoped that he was put away and done with. Like that poetic and mysterious person who "fed on poisons," a hard experience has enabled him at the Germantown hospital under the immeto thrive on a most extraordinary regimen, diate direction of Dr. L. W. Fox. The operadotes of coal-oil and similar delicacies having seemingly had the effect of toning up his system wonderfully, and a housekeeper at cleaning time many is horrified to find in her most expensive and elaborate " high top " walnut a stock of specimens large and varied enough to enrich of it has been a matter of interest among the the most enthusiastic entomologist's collec-

In order to thoroughly stamp out the exist ence of this household plague and leave his ravages only a memory, the best of house-keepers assert that there is only one way making his life miserable by repeated and daily harrassings, till at last he begins to consider seriously the question so long debated by philosophers: "Is life worth living." MARIANA.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county z the United States and Canada to seil a patent article of great merit, IN ITS MERITS. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the ex clusive sale by deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house owner, it might not be necessary to make "MAY EXTRAORDINARY OFFER" to secure good agents at once, but we bave concluded to make it to saw, not only our configence in the melrits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our awents now at work are making from \$150 to \$300 a month clear, and this fact makes it as of or us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will juy onr business a thirty days' strial and fail to clear at east \$100 in this time, Abovs ALL EXPENSES, can return all goods unsold to us and we we will refund the morey pild for them. No such complayer of agents ever dared to make such offers nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double this amount. Our large desorptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to, everyone, out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and securistic agency in time for the boun; and go to swork on the terms as much in our extraordinary offer.

Addition of the terms as and in our extraordinary offer.

Addition of the terms as and in our extraordinary offer. to every house owner, it might not be necessary to make

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. THE ANGELUS.

Ring soft across the dying day,

Angelus!
Across the timber tinted bay,
The meadow hushed with sunset ray—

Ring out, and float and melt away, Angelus!

Angelus I. While through the deepening vesper glow,

The day of toil means long ago,

Angelui

Angelus !
We see a shrine in roses dressed,

Angelus L

Angelus!

Ange.us !

And lifted high, in vision blest, Our every heart throb is confessed,

O, has an augel touched the bell,

For now upon its parting awell,
All sorrow seems to sing farewell;

There falls a ream no words can tell,

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY WM. SMITH O'BBIEN.

O'Brien on the day that he was sentenced to death, and sent to Thomas Francis Meagher.

Never despair: Let the feeded in spirit
Bow like the willow that stoops to the last,
Droop not in peril! Tis manhool's true merit
Nobly to struggle and hope to the last.
When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken

Faint sinks the heart of the public with fear Stand like the oak of the forest—unshaken,

Never despair, boys ! oh ! never despair.

Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore, Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages,

Stand the rude torrent till danger is o'er.
Fate with its whirlwind our joys may all sever

True to o meelves, we have nothing to fear, Be this our nope and our anchor for ever,

Never despair, boys! oh! never despair.

*These lies were sent to me by William

Smith O'Br - 1 the evening of Monday, October

9, 1848, the lay on which sentence of death was passed upon him.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A SMALL COLLECTION OF USEFUL HINTS.

Soot applied to corns is said to destroy

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia,

drink a little cold water in which has been

A refreshing and nourishing drink for an

invalid: Stir the yellow of un egg into a glass

of lemonade; if this is too rich use more

Water that stands in notal tanks or silver

Shyness cramps every no tion, clogs every

The habitual intercourse with others will

give you the ease and manner that shvness

destroys.

Any kind of a bath, or any other process

that will produce a general perspiration, and

thus bring about a reaction, will cure a cold-

Simply inhaling fresh air largely, by deep in-

spiration, is sufficient to nip an incipient cold

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind

words, especially to those who gather with you around the same hearth. In many fam-

ilies a babit of nagging, crossness, or illnatured

gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of

A correspondent in the Scientific American tells how he got rid of a number of warts

the wart back and forth upon the bone until

the roo's became irritated or sore, when the

At a recent meeting of the London Medical

Society, Dr. Blave stated that extraction or

incision of teath was unnecessary. He was

enabled, he said, to cure the most desperate

case of toothache, unless the disease was con-

nected with rheumatism, by the application

of the following remedy to the tooth; Alum.

reduced to an impalpable powder, two

drachms; nitrous spirit of ether, seven

A DELICATE OPERATION.

formed in the world occurred in this city to-

day, it being nothing less than the transplan-

eye of a patient which was caused by inflam-

opaque surface. The patient was a servant

girl, whose eyes had become almost totally

useless, as far as vision was concerned, by

reason of the whitish coating, which made

both of the orbits opaque, and she was so nearly blind that objects of considerable size were barely distinguishable at the small dis-

tance of five feet. The operation took place

tion, leaving all technical language in the

description out of it, is simply the engrafting

of a piece of the corner of the eye of a human

subject. As it is the first operation of the

kind ever performed in America and the

third ever occurring in the world, the success

prominent opthalmists of the country.

For The Nervous

Clonmel G. 1, October 12, 1848.

dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

to mix constantly in society.

love that lies deep beneath.

wart will soon disappear.

in the bud.

ubon his hande.

lemonade, and drink part at a time.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Never desprir! Though adversity rages

The footnote was written and signed Meagher.]

Never despair! Let the feeble in spirit

[The following verses were written by Smith

FRANCES L. MACE.

CHAPTER XVII.

No one enjoyed the ball at Bayneham more than the stately countess, who rejoiced in seeing all those of brilliancy and note in the county assembled under her son's roof. She listened with exquisite delight to the praises the Duke of Laleham lavished upon his young hostess. As Barbara could never be mistress of that grand

old castle, it was well to have some one whose beauty and grace were so universally admired. When Lord Bayneham joined his mother, asking her to take a walk through the rooms with him, he was surprised and delighted to find that for the first time she spoke with warm

Far up where holy fillies blow, The beckening bell notes rise and flow, Through dazzling curtains of the west, affection and admiration of his wife; still more when they came to a quiet little boudoir, where Hilda had sought refuge for a few minutes

repose.
"Tired" she said, in answer to her husband's question—"just a little, Claude. I am tired with pleasure and happiness; it is all so bright and beautiful."

Lord Bayneham smiled. To Hilda's great surprise, the countess, who had never embraced her since her wedding day, went up to her and kissed the fair face that flushed with joy as she

did so.
"You have charmed me this evening, Hilds," said Lady Bayneham kindly. "I shall begin to believe that you win all hearts." She passed on, leaving the husband and wife

together.

'Claude," said Hilda, "I am too happy. I had but one shadow of trouble—that was I had but one shadow of trouble—the was I had but one shadow of trouble—the was I she does; she will care for me almost as much as she does for Barbara Earle."

as she does for Barbara Karla."

"A great deal more," replied Lord Bayneham, looking at the fair loving face.

"Then I have nothing left to wish for," said
Hilda, with a sigh of unutterable content.

"I cannot stay with you, Hilda," said the young earl. "Rest for a few minutes, then I will fetch you." She smiled as he looked at her, and many long years passed before Claude Bayneham saw the same expression of happiness on her beauti-

In the far distance Hilds heard the sound of the music, broken every now and then by the wailing of the wind, that bent the trees and mourned with the cry of a lost soul round the castle walls. She was a very fair picture, seated with sine was a very light of the little boudoir, the firelight gleaming in her costly jewels, and throwing a haif halo round her golden head. The remembrance of Lady Bayneham's words was sweet to her. Young, beautiful, and loved, she had not one

sorrow or care. She might have laughed at the dismal wail of the winter wind. It was chanting some sorrowful dirge of grief and want, we and death. What had such to do with the beautiful, brilliant lady who listened, with a smile on her lips, thinking how perfectly happy she was? Then, remembering she had promised Berbie Carlyon the last dance before supper,

Lady Hilds rose to return to the ball-room.
"I was just coming for you," said Lord
Bayneham, drawing his wife's arm in his;
"Greyson has been here in search of you. He wants to speak to you; it is something about the arrangements I suppose. I will send him

to you." Greyson was the but er, who had served Lord Water that stands in metal tanks or silver pitchers without a probabilist lining is unsafe for drinking. The same is true of water that stands for any length of time uncovered in a server that stands for any length of time uncovered in a server that stands for any length of time uncovered in a server that stands for any length of time uncovered in a server that stands for any length of time uncovered in a server that stands for any length of time uncovered in a server that server t to say. His young mistress stood near a large recess; it was half divided from the ball-room word. The only way to overcome the fault is by a buck orimson curtain.

"Mylady," he said, producing a folded paper,

"I have been asked to give you this, without let-

ting any one see or hear of it."

Lady Hilds hastily opened the note. It was almost illegible, as though the hand that wrote it had trembled and shook.

"Lady Hilda Bayneham," it began, "the doctor tells me I am dving. I have been dying for two days past, but I cannot leave this world until I have seen you. I shall have no answer to the questions I must be asked unless I see and speak to you. It is from the threshold of eternity I summon you. Do not delay; and as you value the love and happiness around you, do not say one word of this. I am lying at the little cottage near the Fira."
"How strange!" said Hilda as she read the

little note over again. "Who brought this, Greyson?'
"Old Mrs. Paine, from the Firs, my lady."

wart and press it against the bone. Move quired.

asked me to give it to you soon, and when you were quite alone." The butler imagined, as old Mrs. Paine had done, that it was a request for alms. Every one shall I say? in sorrow or want sought Lady Hilda, and no Lady Hild

one ever sought her in vain.

As there was no more to be said, Greyson hastened to resume his duties, leaving the lady bewildered and surprised with the note in her

"It must be an appeal for money," she said, "I will not be anxious over it. I wish whoever wrote the letter would have asked plainly for

what is wanted.' She tried to believe it was but a somewhat uncommon way of soliciting money. Yes they were solemn words: she heard them above the soft, sweet, dream-like music that filled the ballroom -above the courtesies and homage offered to her; above the voice of flattery and love they rang out clear, cold and soleme, "From the threshold of eternity I summon you."

Bertie Carlyon wondered what spell lay on those rosy lips—they were mute and still; the bright, beautiful face had a troubled, wondering look.
"I fear you are very tired, Hilda," said Lord

Bayneham to his young wife.
"I am not tired," she replied hastily, "but I Then she stopped abruptly, remembering those other words, "As you value the love and

"You are what?" said Lord Bayneham smiling, yet wondering why his wife's face flushed and the words died upon her lips.

She made some evasive reply and turned away.

It would have been a great relief to have shown him the note and asked him what he thought.

He would have understood it, but a strange fear and dread had seized the brilliant lady; she dared not discbey that command.

At the head of that succeptuous banquet she was obliged to talk and listen, obliged to give her whole attention to her duties. Yet there

were many who thought their young hostess looked strangely tired and distrait. She was grateful when the Duke of Laleham took his departure. The other guests were not long in following his example.

"We have had a delightful night," said Barbar Bale or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and Barbar Falls or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and Barbar Falls or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and Barbar Falls or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and Barbar Falls or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and Barbar Falls or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and Barbar Falls or the little familie areas and had a delightful night, and be supplied to the dying woman; it is possible? Can it be true?"

"It is true," said the dying woman; it is is true, and the dying woman; it is possible? Can it be true?"

"It is true," said the dying woman; it is possible? Can it be true?"

"It is true," said the dying woman; it is is true, and the dying woman; it is is true, and the dying woman; it is is true, and the dying woman; it is possible? Can it be true?" bara Earle, as the little family group assembled

in the boudoir; "but even pleasure fatigues one. I propose—and you must second my reso ution, aunt-that no one speaks another word. Let us retire; Hilda looks very tired and worn

ont."
"Though it would be delightful to talk over the ball," said Bertie, "I for one obey Miss Earle;" and off he went to the smoking room: Yet even when they were all gone, when she abcod in her room alone, Hilds still heard these

mysterious words.
"Who is it," she thought "that from the threshold of eternity would summon me?"

Almost for the first time in her life Almost for the first time in her life
Lady Hilada Bayneham found herself unable to sleep. The golden head tossed wearily
to and fro. For the first time she listened
to the wailing of the wind, as to a strange, wild
music that told of sorrow and despair.
"I will end this suspense, she thought. "No
one will be down much before twelve. "I will
increase sight and goto the First If Claude dis-

"She lies up-stairs, my ady," continued Mrs.
Paine. "Shall I go up with you, my lady?"
"No." she replied, "I need not trouble you.

The poor creature wants some little assistance, I have no doubt; I will go slone."

Even as Lady Hilds went on the narrow staircase she heard those solemn words, "From the threshold of eternity I summon you." The mystery was solved. She knocked gently at the door of the room, and a faint, sweet voice bade

her enter. When in after years did Lady Hilda forget the scene? The room was small but clean, and even pretty. There was a little white bed with white hangings, a neat toilet—table with a few ornaments. A little table stood near the bed, a small fire burned cheerily in the grate.

Lady Hilds entered the room quietly, mov-ing gently lest any sound should annoy the one who lay dying there. She went up to the bedside and then uttered a loud cry of surprise. White and worn, with a deep shade upon it, lay the same beautiful face she had seen in the summer. The woman before her was the one who had asked her so long ago for a flower at the lodge gates. The sad, large eyes seemed to burn as they looked at her, the lips trambled and quivered, but could not utter a

"You wished to see me," said Lady Hilds, bending over her. "I came as soon as I could I have disturbed you. Wait a few minutes and

The burning eyes closed as she spoke, and Lady Hilda stood silently gazing at the beautiful face, wondering what was the story it told. Deep lines of sorrow were on the broad, white brow and round lips. As she gazed upon the face it seemed in some strange way to become familiar to her, as though years ago she had seen and loved it in her drams; then the faint, sweet voice was heard again.

"Are you Lady Hilda Bayneham?

"Yes," she replied, "I am Lor 1 Bayneham" wife.

"You were Lady Hutton's ward?" continued the sick woman.
"Yes," said Lady Hilda quietly, "she was

my adopted mother; I knew no other."

She stopped shruptly, for the dying lips ustered a wild cry and the white face was turned to her with a look of deadly anguish that was almost despair.

"Hush!" said Lady Hilda gently; "what is it? You will make yourself worse. What can

do for you? The woman held out a thin, white hand and clasped the soft fingere of the young girl; she held them up to the light, looking at the costly

rings that glittered there.

rings that glittered there.

"Let me see your other hand," she said.
Lady Hilds gave it to her, and she glancen eagerly at it. On the third finger shone a plaid gold ring. When the woman saw it she pressed it eagerly to her lips.

"Who gave you that ring?" she saked.

"Lady Hutton," was the reply. "She placed it on my finger on my sixteenth birthday. Why do you ask me these questions? What do you

do you ask me these questions? What do you know of me?" For all answer the sad, sweet eyes looked into her face, as though trying to read every thought of her heart.

"I could not die until I had seen you," she "I have hungered and thirsted for one eatd. look at your face, for one word from your lips.
My heart craved for you, so that I could not die. I am breaking my oath, but it was a cruel

"None," replied the man, "except that she one; besides. I must know what answer to give when I stand before the great white throne. God gave me a precious jewel and I left it with another. He will ask what I did with it. What

Lady Hilda thought the poor woman was raving, and she laid her cool band on her bot brow. Still those sad eyes seemed to drink in

every change on her face.

"When I gave my jewel away," she continued,
"I swore that I would never reclaim it; but I
cannot die until it is mine again. She will
know perhaps in the other world that I have broken my oath; it must be so. Hilda, look at me. Have you no nemory of me? Have you never seen me before ?"

"Your face is familiar to me," replied Hilds

wondering at the strange address; "I have seen something like it in my dreams."
"Nothing more?" cried the woman, a wild sob bursting from the pale lips. "Is there no memory of the long, sweet nights when that golden head was pillowed on my breast, of the long days when I nursed you in my arms, of the hot tears I have shed over you—is there noth ing that tells you of my love, my sorrow, and despair? Ah, how many years is it since I clasped my little child in my arms and took what I believed to be my last lock at her Hilda, I should rise, I should kneel there at your feet and ask you to pardon me, but I did

all for the best. Lady Hilda's face had grown very pale, her happiness around you, do not say one word of happiness around you, do not say one word of his?"

"I do not quite understand you yet," she
"You are what?" said Lord Bayneham smil- whispered; "tell me more plainly who you

The white face turned to her, the lips trembling, the large, sad eyes filled with tears.
"I have hungered and thirsted for you," she continued; "my heart burned within me, parched and withered for one glance at that face. Oh, darling, bend over me, lower still;

look at me; pardon me. I am your own un-happy mother—you are my only child."
"My mother!" said Lady Hilds gently; "is it possible? Can it be true?"

me, then I can die in peace.'

Lady Hilds bent over the drooping face, so full of wild sorrow.

"Tell me about it," she said gently; "I do not understand."

Then by the gray light of a winter morning Magdalen Hurst told her story—told of her simple, beautiful cirlhood spent in the bonny woods of Brynmar; of the fate that came to her there when she
met handsome, reckless, unprincipled Stephen
Hurst. Sheet told the sad story of
her married life, with its wretched ending, when the gay, haudsome lover of her youth stood in the dock and the fatal sentence was pronounced against him—how he wanted her to join him in that far-off land; and in order to do so she had parted with her only child.
"It was not that I did not love you, darling,"

pleaded the sweet, faint voice. "I died in that hour; life has only been a burden to me since. I had nothing to give you but shame, misery, and reproach, the burden of a tainted name, rise at eight and go to the Firs. If Claude dis-covers that I am out, he will think I am taking poverty and toll; She gave you wealth honor

that seems to be forgotten now."
"Let it be so," said Magdalen Hurst; "no good could come of telling the story, only bitter shame and sorrow to you. I gave you that ring, Hilds, on the day I left you. I meant to keep my word, and never see you again, but I could not. My heart seemed to burn with the thought of you. When I reached England, after that long absence, I took no rest until I had discovered all about Lady Hutton's ward. I heard that Lady Hutton was dead, and that you were married to Lord Baynebam. I had but

where days at the fodge gate until I saw you. The wild rush of joy comes back to me now. I saw a lady with a lovely face and golden hair; my heart gave one bound, then a solemn silence fell over me. It was you, my little Hilda, no longer a child whom I could little Hilda, no longer a child whom I could clasp in my arms, but grown a beautiful, stately lady. When you came near I saw that your face was like what mine was when the world called me fair. I longed for one word. You gave me a flower; see, all these months I have kept it. Your sweet eyes smiled on me, your voice pierced my heart, and I wonder now that voice pierced my heart, and I wonder now that could have taken revenge. I could have covered.

"How you have loved me, mother!" said Lady Hilda. "Why did you not send for me

before?"

"It is better so, darling," said Magdalen.
"You might have betrayed the secret if you had known it. Before the sun sets I shall have your father. Let me rest my head upon you

For the last time Lady Hilda pillowed the drooping head upon her arm.
"I loved him," said Magdalen, "all my life;
I love him now. All is clear at the hour ot death; I understand him at last. I thought he was a hero, Hilda-a grand, noble, brave gentleman; he was simply a handsome, good-natured man. I worshipped him, and he knew Hilda, and I think he loved me. My poor father and mother were proud of grand match.

Lady Hutton tried everything in her power to persuade me to break it off. She told me that I should be wretched, and I have been rightly punished, for my answer was that I would sooner be miserable with Stephen Hurst, than be happy with any one else. "I need not tell you the story of my married life," she continued; "I need not dwell upon your father's sin. He broke the laws and met with his punishment. The tragedy of my lite began after he left England. His sentence was transportation for ten years. At first he seemed heart-broken, and wrote continually, begging me to join him. I had no money and no friends. Heaven keep you, my child, from ever feeling a grief like mine when Lady Hutton offered me money to go to my husband, if I would leave you with her. I left you. He knows what it cost me. You were three

years old then, and lovely as a fairy. I went that long journey with an aching heart. Truly, I was going to my husband, but I had left my child. Ililda, as night I used to go crazy with grief; night brought you back to me in my

band was, Many suns have risen and set since then, but the old pain comes back to me as strong and as sharp as ever. He had written. pressing me to come, but the very sight of my pale face seemed to vex him. His first question was not of my child or my journey, but what I had done to lose all my leauty. Did I think he should care to show such a wretched, pining, miserable creature as his wife?

"I answered him not a word, Hilda; the lifeblood seemed leaving my heart. It was for this I had left you. Yet even then, ungrateful, unkind and unloving as he was, he was still my hero and my king. It took many years of ne glect to lessen my love.
"I need not trouble you, my carling, with

the history of those ten years. To me they were one long martyrdom. Surely Heaven has kept count of all I suffered.

The time came when Stephen Hurst was

once more a free man; that is eight years since. He was even then handsome and full of high spirits.

"Margie,' he said to me, one day, 'Margie,
"Margie,' he said to me, one day, 'Margie,

you must try and work your way back to England. I am going off to the diggings. You cannot accompany me.
"I implored him to let me go. I promised to

"I cannot be hampered with a woman," he said roughly. "Go back to England. My plaus are made. I shall make my fortune at

"I remember his handsome face, with its

""Good-by, Maggie, he said lightly; we bave not had the best of luck. I think our marriage was a mistake after all; no good has come of it. Get back to England as soon as you can and make yourself comfortable.

were lost to me, and my husband had deserted were lost to me, and my nusband had deserted me. I did what other women do. I fell upon my face and cried out for death to release me from all sorrow and lay me to rest."

Magdalen Hurst paused, as though the sor-

continue her life's history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

past life, she spoke again. "I lived through it, Hilda," she said; "death

applied to his solicitor in London I should re-

white, savage look came over his face when his eyes fell upon me. He bowed to his friends and walked hastily away to one of the large, grand mansions near. I followed him, not for money, Hilda—not because he was rich and prosperous—but for love of the handsome face that had once smiled into mine; for love of him who

"I followed him up the broad night of steps; the hall door opened, he entered, and I stood upon the threshold.

; "Stephen," I said, 'speak to me only one word, and I will never trouble you again,'

"For all answer he called with a loud voice,

tor who annoys me. If she comes here again shut the door in her face or call a policeman to eject her." "His eyes glistened as he spoke ; there was a

husband's magnificent home. I do not remem-

Hilda, caressing the white, beautiful face,

"I have little more to say, my darling, re plied Magdalen Hurst, "I must give you ore warning. Your father would like to discover you now. He knows that Lady Hutton was my friend. If he should hear that you were her ward, and see your face, so like mine in its youth, he will claim you as his child. Avoid all obance of meeting him if you can. I have heard that a strange gift of foresight comes to the dwing. It has come to me, and I see trouble

upon them a deep and solemn silence. Death was drawing near; his awful shadow cast an achen palor on the face of Magdalen Hurst and

worder why I have suffered—I, so young, so innocent, so unconscious of all wrong—promise
me to remember that all those things which
puzzle us here will be set right in another
world. I shall soon know why my life has been
so sad and sorrowful."

As the shadow fell more deeply and darkly,

the golden head of the young girl lay near where her mother's hand could touch the loved face. Lady Hilda was not frightened; she had seen death once before, and knew its power. All fear, all thought was lost in the great knowledge that she was with her own mother at

Hour after hour passed, and the shadow leepened; there were no more words, for Magdalen Hurst's strength had failed her. Until and she listened to every word that fell from those pure young lips. But when the grim those pure young lips. But when the grim presence stood by her, she made one great

And then the aching and wearied heart was at rest Death left a strange beauty on the white face; the closed lips were a smile as of one who had found peace. Warm tears fell from Lady Hilda's eyes as she crossed the white

Mrs. Paine came up when she heard the sick woman had ceased to suffer.
"I am glad she sent for me," said Lady Hilds,

Mrs. Paine saw nothing peculiar in that, but she wondered why Lady Hilda shudderd when strange hands began to touch the lifeles

can attend to it, I suppose? Mrs. Paine was eloquent in her protesta-

she said, "but I do not know her name. What shall I say when I ask for the papers?"

A crimson flush covered Lady Hilda's face. Was she, her beautiful, deeply-wronged mother, to lie in a nameless grave? No, it could not be;

plied, with quivering lips.

Lady Hilda knew it would not be possible for her to return to the cottage if her vow and her secret were to be kept. She bent once more over the quiet, dead face, and kissed the smiling; cold lips. She looked her last at the mother she had known only in her dreams and in death; then she went out, leaving the dead alone. In the same cold, tearless voice, she gave her final orders to Mrs. Paine.

again when it is all over."

Like one in a dream, she left the cottage where her dead mother lay. The grey mist had be-come damper and thicker; it seemed to infold her like a garment. Despite the cold and fog, when Lady Hilda reached one of the iron sests placed in the broad path, she sat down-not to rest, but to collect her thoughts. Her brain whirled; it was impossible to arrange her ideas. She was stunned and dizzy, Could she have rise at eight and go to the Firs. If Claude discovers that I am out, he will thin I am taking a morning walk."

If covers that I am out, he will thin I am taking a morning walk."

If covers that I am out, he will thin I am taking a morning walk."

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If covers that I am out, he will thin I am taking a morning walk."

If covers that I am out, he will thin I am taking a morning walk."

I lived through it, Hilda, "she said; "death cover the voing, the cover that I am out, he will the power to he cover, and all that the walk and saved, to was lappy, but because of the power to her one of the cover that I am out, he will the cover that I am out, he will the power to her one of the cover, and the power to her one of the cover, the child of shame and reference of a name great when I am out, with the grief she fett for her what the will the cover, the child of what she was lappy, but loved, and saved, to will the power to her one of the cover, the child of shame and reference of a name great will be covered to the cover the cover the cover the transfer of a name great will be covered to the cover the

this morn ng will do me good. If Lord Bayne ham saks for me, bell him I am gone outs but shall be back soon after eleven.

If Pauline thought there was anything extraordinary in her lady proceedings, ahe made no comment.

The air was cold and bleak, the sky dull and leaden; there was a graymist that hid the trees as Lady Hilda when on her way through the park once a new idea came to her and made her park. Once a new idea came to her and made her park.

She reached the little cottage at least. Mirst would be saked franches when Lady Hilda, who wishes to see mer.

She reached the little cottage at least. Mirst cannot her save up, and busily engaged rife prenaring the palled. The save up, and busily engaged rife prenaring the palled when Lady Hilda, who wishes to see mer.

The down and a protond reverence to the golden haired lady.

"It was condeaded the little cottage at least. Mirst cannot here were the seed and lored so were to reveal one when lady Hilda, who wishes to see mer.

The old woman made a protondar reverence to the golden haired lady.

"It was conducted to the save of the conductive to the story of my fire must not be conducted when Lady Hilda, who wishes to see mer.

The old woman made a protondar reverence to the golden haired lady.

"It was cond suddealy before her, "You are very reautiful," said Magdalen Hurst fordly, as her hand lingered on the golden haired lady.

"You have someon here very ill—like to die, who lady the see vening; is the is very ill—like to die, world."

"You have someon here very ill—like to die, who wishes to see mer.

The old woman made a protondar reverence to the golden haired lady.

"You have someon here very ill—said Lady Hilda, was relieved to find it was woman who wished to see her.

"You are very reautiful," said Magdalen Hurst fordly, as her hand lingered on the gold. Hurst fordly, as her hand lingered on the golden haired lady.

"You have someon here very ill—like to die, world."

"You have someon here very ill—like to die, who wished to see her.

"You are very rea

and once loved me.
"I followed him up the broad flight of steps:

"For all answer ne called with a loud voice, and a man-servant came to his summons.
"John," said he to him, "look at this woman, that you may remember her. She is an impos-

'His eyes glistened as he spoke; there was a har', cold, cruel look on his face that hurt me even more than his words. He neither spoke nor looked at me, and I have never seen him since. I turned with trembling steps from my

could have taken revenge, I could have covered could have taken revenge, I could have covered bis name with infamy, I might have stricken the smiles from his handsome face and have held him up to scorn and hame; I might have done these things had I not loved him! Even then I would have laid down my life to serve and save him." The faint voice grew still weaker, and Lady

prayed her to rest.
"I have little more to say, my darling, re

the dying. It has come to me, and I see trouble for you, my darling, from his hand."

"I must bear it, mother, patiently, as you have done," said Lady Hilds. Then there fell

dimmed the light of her eyes.

"Hilda, darling," she whispered, "if there should come to you as there has come to me a wonder why I have suffered—I, so young, so in-

sight and hearing were closed for this world, her eyes were fixed upon the face of her child,

efforc.
"If ever you see him, Hilda," she murmured, "tell him I forgave him, and loved him and blessed him as I died."

hands over the quiet breast, and smoothed the long veil of golden hair from the white brow.

"Good by, mother," she said, pressing her warm lips on the cold, dead face; "good by. You were lost to me in life, and found in death. on will sleep well until I join you."

in a cold, calm voice, that startled her as she spoke; "she nursed me years ago, and I am her

"Let some one come and stay with you," she said; "I will arrange all the payments. Let the funeral take place on Tuesday, and let her be bur ed in the churchyard at Oulton. You

tions.

"She has lodged with me for many months,"

"She has lodged with me for many months,"

a plain stone might mark her grave, but those papers should bear no false name, let come what "Her name was Magdalen Hurst," she re-

been dreaming? Last night, only a few houts ago, she was the brilliant queen of a brilliant throng, beloved and admired, perfectly happy, without a cloud in her sky; now she was sick with the weight of her own misery. Mingled with the grief she felt for her beautiful mother's

Hilds told the simple story of her love—told it with sweet, shy blushes that gladdened the

weary woman who gazed upon them.
"Has he never asked who your parents were?" she said.
"His mother did," replied Hilda; "but all

little money; I walked from London to your home here, and watched for three whole days at the lodge gate until I saw

joy did not kili ms. I have seen you since. I could not leave the place where you lived. I took this room, and two months since I fell ill here. I have waited impatiently for death, knowing that when my last hour came I should ask for you, and you would come."

gone to rest, and no one but you will ever know who sleeps in the nameless grave you must provide for me. I should like to tell you now of

it. If he had married some one with sen e enough to have seen his faults and have helped him to mend them, life might have been dif-ferent to him. He married me for my beauty,

"At last I reached the place where my hus

work and help him, but all in vain.

plaus are made. I shall make my fortune at the diggings and then go home to spend it. If I fail, then I must die there. In either case you would be equally in the way! "Then he bade me good-by, Hilda, and left me alone in that strange land. He took leave of me carelessly and lightly as though he should return in an hom."

"Hilds, in my passionate, serrow I prayed to die. What had I done that such heavy woe should fall upon me? I had but a few shillings.

Tuesday afternoon," she said. "I will see you again when it is all over." I was alone in a strange land ; you, my child,

rows so vividly remembered were fresh upon her, and for some few moments was unable to

When Magdalen Hurst had sufficiently re-covered from the painful remembrances of her

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