

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

SONS OF THEIR FATHERS.

The wanderer turned to gaze his last,
On mountain, hill and vale;
The scene's the witness of the past,

us think we not that Eric's sons
Forget the glorious past,
Nor tries to emulate the one

MARGARET SCULLION,
St. Gabriel.

LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XVIII, CONTINUED

But Leoline had something of Miranda's courage,
as well as her looks and temper; so she
tried to feel as brave as possible, and not think

What would Sir Norman say? What would
he ever think but what he had found her gone.
And what was destined to be her fate in this

Leoline's hand trembled so with eagerness,
she could scarcely hold the paper; but her eye
glanced rapidly from line to line, and she stopped

face and two great dark eyes wandered
slowly round the room, and rested at last on
her, standing, like a galvanic cord, as if

This descent from the convent, which showed
her visitor was human, and gifted with human
prudences, re-assured Leoline a little; and to

Well might they look at each other; for the
two faces were perfectly the same, and each one
saw himself and herself as others saw them.

"I greatly fear, fair Leoline, that I have
startled you by my sudden and surprising en-
trance; and if ever you see the statue of a mon-
ster's alarm to one so perfectly beautiful, I shall

"Hubert looked to see Leoline start and blush,
and was deeply gratified to see her do both;
and her whole pretty countenance became alive

"The Earl of Rochester's page!" she repeated,
in the same quick, excited way, that surprised
and rather lowered her in that good youth's

"Did you not come from France—from Dijon,
recently?" went on Leoline, rather inquisitively,
as it struck her heart.

"Certainly I came from Dijon. Had I the
honor of being known to you there?"

"How strange? How wonderful!" said
Leoline, with a paling cheek and quickened
breathing. "How mysterious those things
turn out! Thank Heaven that I have found

This speech which was Greek, algebra, high
Dutch, or thereabouts, to Mr. Hubert, caused
him to stare to such an extent that, when he

"I am something more," said Leoline, hold-
ing his hand between both hers, and bending
near him; "I am your sister!"

The Earl of Rochester's page must have good
bravado; for never was the real more radically
unaffectedly confident than he. To this un-

"Indifferent? Not I! I have no idea how
wildly excited I am!" said Hubert, in a
voice not betokening the slightest emotion.

"Never mind, I shall not tell you again.
You don't doubt it, I know from the first mo-
ment I set eyes on you that if you were not my

"I shall do so as soon as I am out of this;
but how can I tell you anything here?"

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"Cannot, really, Leoline! At least, not until
to-morrow, and you are Lady Kingalee!"

"I do not think there is much danger of that,
but whether he does or not, rest assured you
shall be free to-morrow!" At all events, it is

"But I should, though!" said Leoline, with
spirit. "and more decidedly! I shall wear
nothing of the kind, Sir Peter!"

"Every one to her fancy!" said Hubert
with a French shrug, "and my pretty sister
shall have here, in spite of earth, air, fire, and

"You will not fall me!" exclaimed Leoline,
suddenly clasping her hands.
" If I do, it shall be the last thing I will fall

"The last two words were addressed to the
window, which he noisily opened as he spoke.
Leoline caught a glimpse of the bright

"Sir Norman Kingsley's consternation and
horror on discovering the dead body of his friend
was only equalled by his amazement at how

Sir Norman was completely at a loss, and beside
himself with grief; for never was the feeling of
sorrow, astonishment and mystification. The

"Another one!" he said, coming leisurely up
and glancing at the little form with a reverent
professional eye. "Well, I think there is room

"You are mistaken!" said Sir Norman,
sharply; "He has not died of the plague. I
am not even certain whether he is dead at all."

"This," proved to be a talisman of alacrity;
for the man pocketed it, and briskly laid hold
of Ormiston by the feet, while Sir Norman

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EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES OF DEATH.
ORIGINAL METHODS CHOSEN BY FAMOUS MEN
TO SHUFFLE OFF THE MORTAL COIL.

Lady died of jealousy at the success of Sir
Godfrey Kneller.
Quin, the comedian, died while emptying a
glass of Bordeaux.
Henry I. died of an attack of indigestion,
due to a surf of lamprays.

THE GIRL WITH ONE STOCKING.
At a recent sitting of the United States
Senate, Mr. Vance, set colleagues and specu-
lators a row by reading in splendid style

A PHYSICIAN'S OBJECT LESSON.
Every bee's honey is sweet
The hostess showed the owner.

"Ob, mother," cried a youngster who had
been visiting an elder brother in school, "I
learned lots to-day." "What was one thing

ALLEN'S LUNG
BALM

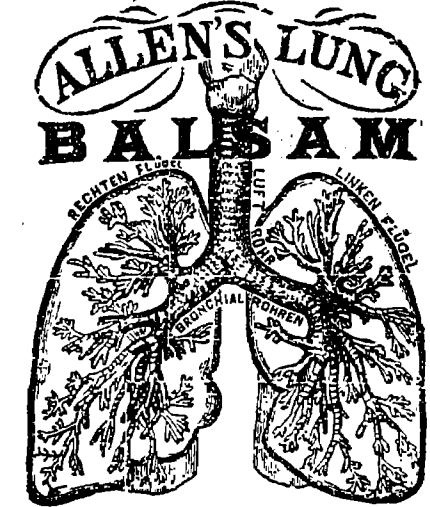
Valentia, the Spanish theologian, died be-
cause he was accused by the Pope of having
falsified a passage in St. Augustine (?)

Castello, a Spanish painter of the seven-
teenth century, died because he recognized
his inferiority to Murillo—a degree of self-con-
scious humility to which no painter has since

LACING THE LIVER IN TWIN.
THE ORGAN ACTUALLY CUT ALMOST IN TWO BY
COUSERS.

MAXIMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.
Every bee's honey is sweet
The hostess showed the owner.

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Habits, the Dr. J. C. ...
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This is the only



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