Cane Canem A tramp went up to a cottage door To beg for a couple o' dimes or more The cottage door was opened wide, So he took a cautious look inside. Then over his features there spread a grin As he saw a lonely maid within. A lonely maid within the gloom Of the shadiest part of a shady room Into the room the tramper went ; Over a dog that maiden bent.

His eyes were set and full of fire, And he viewed the tramp with evident ire. "Run for your life!" the maiden cried; " Run for your life through yonder door I cannot hold him a minute more!"

Without a word he turned his face And leaped the fence with careless grace. Then lightly along the road he ran-A very-much-put-out young man.

The maiden loosed her bulldog's neck And gazed at the tramp-a vanishing And peal after peal of laughter rent The air with the maiden's merriment The dog was of terra-cotta ware— She won him that week at a lottery fair. Eva Best in Detroit Free Press.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED. Nay-sometimes seems it I could even bear To lay down humbly this love-crown I wear. Steal from my palace, helpless, hopeless, poor, And see another queen it at the door---If only that the king had done no wrong, if this my palace where I lived so long Were not dolled by falsehood entering in. There is no loss but chango; no death but sin; No parting, save the slow corrupting pain Of murdered faith that never lives again. Miss Mulock.

The following evening Margaret walked down the narrow path leading to the It was a glorious evening, warm with th dying sunset, gorgeous with red and golden

Broad margins of yellow sands, white beadlands, mossy cliffs with the scatte poppies and pink-eyed convolved growing out of the weedy crevices; above, a blue ineffable sky scored deeply with tinted clouds. and a sea dipping on the shore with a long ,low ripple of sound; under a boulder a child bathing her feet in a littlerunlet of a pool, while all round, heaped up with coarse wavy grasses, lay seaweed -brown, coral-line, and purple-their salty fragmance steeping the air; everywhere the sound of cool splashes and a murmur of peace. The child sat under the boulder alone,

The child sat under the boulder alone, a small brown creature in picturesque-looking rags, a mere waif and stray of a child, with her feet trailing in the pool; every now and then small mottled crabs scrambled crookedly along, or dug graves for themselves in the dry waved sand. The girl watched them idly, as she flapped long ribbons of brown seaweed, or dribbled the water though her hollowed hands, while a tired sea-gull that had lowered wing war tired sea-gull that had lowered wing was skimming slowly along the margin of the water.

Another time Margaret would have paused to speak to the little waif of human-ity before her, for she was a lover of chil-hren, and was never happier than when surrounded by these little creatures—the new bolic surrouts as the second sec very babies crowed a welcome to her from ir mothers' arms, but this eve Margaret's eyes had a strange unseeing look in them; they were searching the winding shore for some expected object, and she scarcely seemed to notice the little one at

her play. Only four-and-twenty hours had passed since Sir Wilfred had paid that ill-omene visit to the Grange had passed over Mar-garet. It was as though some blighting garet. It was as though some blighting influence had swept over her; her face was pale, and her eyes-were swollen and dim as though with a night's weeping, and the as though with a night's weeping, and the irm beautiful mouth was tremulous with pain.

"I thought I should have met him by now,"she murmured; "I am nearly at the boathouse; surely Sir Wilfred must have given him my message." But the doubt had hardly crossed her mind before a tall figure turned the corner by the lonely boat-house, and the next moment Hugh was

coming towards her. "Margaret!" he exclaimed, as he caught told of her outstretched hands, "what does his mean? why have you kept me away from you all these hours, and then appointed this solitary place for our meeting?" Then as she did not answer, and he looked at her more closely, his voice changed: "Good Heavens! what has happened; what has my father done to you? How ill! how

Raby or I had but known, all this "Have been spared you." "It is too late," returned Hugh gloomily "you have no longer the right to dispose of yourself, you are mine—how often am I to tell you that? Do you think that I will ever consent to resign you, that I could live my life without you? What do I care about your mother? such things happen again and again in families, and no one thinks of them. If I am willing to abide by the consequences, no one else has a right to object."

the consequences, no one case has a right to object." Poor Hugh ! he was growing more sore and angry every noment. He had antici-pated some trouble from Margaret's inter-view with his father ; he knew her scrupu-lous conscience, and feared that a long and weary argument might be before him, but he had never really doubted the result Life without Margaret would be simply impun without Margaret would be simply insup-portable; he could not grasp the idea for moment. Margaret—his Margaret—refuse to be

father, but before Sir Wilfred died there had been a few words of reconciliation. "You must not be angry with me, Hugh," the old man had said; "I did it for the best. We were both right, both she and I—ah, she was a fine creature; but when one remembered her poor mother's end— well, we will not speak of that," and then looking wistfully at his son's m ody face, he continued plaintively, "My boy, you will be brave, and not let this spoil your life. I know it is hard on you, but you his wife! His whole impetuous nature rose against such a cruel sentence—neither God nor man had decreed it; it was will be brave, and not let this spoil your life: I know it is hard on you, but your must not forget you are a Redmond. It will be your duty to marry. When I am gone, go down and see Colonel Mordaunt's daughter; people tell me she is a pretty little creature; you might take a fancy to: her, Hugh;'' and half to pacify the old man, and half because he was so sick of himself that he did not care what became of him, Hugh mutered a sort of promise that he would have a look at the girl, and then for a time he forgot all about it. Some months after, achance word spoken inreasonable, untrue, to suppose such hing. How could he think of the const uences to his unborn children, of the code f future generations of Redmonds, when e could hear nothing but the voice of his passion that told him no other woman would be to him like Margaret? The news had indeed been a shock to him, but as he had told his father, nothing should prevent his marrying Margaret. But he little knew the woman with

whose will he had to cope. Margaret's very love for him gave her strength to resist—besides she could not look at things from Hugh's point of view. If she had married him she would never have known Some months after, a chance word spoker y a friend brought back this promise to is memory. He had been spending a few days a denley with some old college friends, when married him she would never have known a moment's peace. If she had had children and they had died, she would have regarded their death as a punishment. 'She. would have seen retributive justice in every trouble that came upon them, till she must have pined and withered in her remorse. But she would never marry him. In that calm, loving heart there was a fund of strength and andurance to married and strength and andurance the name brought back his father's dying ame vorde. " I may as well do it," he said to himself

that night; "the other fellows are goin back to London; it will not hurt me t stop another day"—and so he settled it. Hugh scarcely knew why he went, o what he intended to do; in his heart h Strength and endurance truly marvellous. In her spirit of self-sacrifice she belonged to the noble army of women of whose ranks the proto-martyr, Mary of Nazareth, was first and chief; who can endure to suffer was willing to forget his trouble in any new excitement; his one idea during all hese months had been to escape the misery and to see their beloved suffer; who can thrust, uncomplainingly, the right hand, if need be, into the purifying flame, and so go through life halt or maimed, so that their garments may be always white and tables

these months had been to escape the misery of his own thoughts. Yes, he would see the young heiress whom his father, had always wished him to marry; he remem-bered her as a pretty child some seven or eight years ago, and wondered with a listless sort or curiosity what the years had done for her, and whether they had ripened or destroyed what was certainly a fair promise of beauty. Poor Hugh ! It would have been better for him to have travelled and forgotten his disappointment before such an idea had come into his head. Many a one in his case would have shaken off the dust of their And so looking upon him whom she loved, she gave him up for ever; and Hugh's anguish and despair failed to shake her resolution. The Divine Will had forher resolution. The Divine Will had for-bidden their union; she had promised his father that she would never marry him; she had vowed in last night's bitter conflict never to be the wife of any man. This was what she told him, over and over again, and each time there was a set look about her beautiful mouth that told Hugh that there was no hope for him. He came to believe it at last, and then his heart was very bitter against her Ha uld have shaken off the dust of their

his heart was very bitter against her. He said to himself, and then aloud—for in his angry passion he did not spare her, and his hard words bruised her gentle soul most pitilessly; he said that she did not love him, that she never had, that that cold, pure soul of hers was incapable of passion : and would not let any woman spoil his life. If ne sinned, circumstances were more to plame than he. Fate was so dead against is only that she were had, that that that could pure soul of hers was incapable of passion; and he wondered with an intolerable anguish of unger whether she would suffer if he took him, his case was so cruelly heard. Alas, Hugh Redmond was not the only man who, stung by passion, jealousy, or revenge, has taken the first downward step on the green slippery slope that leads to Avernus. her at her word and married another; and when he had flung these cruci words at her —for he was half maddened with misery— he had turned away from her with a groan and had hidden his head in his hands. His

Hugh almost repented his errand when he came in sight of the little Gothic cottage with its circular porch, where Miss Mordaunt and her niece lived. wishes had ceased to influence her; she had given him up; she would never be his wife, and all the sunshine and promise of his new here a standard because here and the sunshine and promise his youth seemed dimmed. But Margaret would not leave him The cottage stood on high ground, and clow the sloping garden lay a broad expanse

the this; the next moment she was kheel-g beside him on the sand. They say ere is always something of the maternal ement in the love of a good woman; and of country-meadows and ploughed fields -that in autumn would be rich with wav-ng corn, closed in by dark woods, beyond which lay the winding invisible river. As Jugh came up the straight carriage drive, he caught sight of a little girl in a white rock playing with a large black retriever in the lawn. there is something of this protecting tender-ness in Margaret's heart as she drew Hugh's head to her shoulder. He did not resist her; the first fierceness of his anger had now died out, and only the bitterness of his n the lawn

on the lawn. The dog was rather rough in his play, and his frolics brought a remonstrance from his little mistress; "Down, Nero ! down, good dog !" exclaimed a fresh young voice; "now we must race fairly," and the next moment there were twinkling feet coming over the crisp short turf, followed by Nero's hounding footstors and hark "Hugh, before we part to-night, will "How am I to tell you that," he answered

in a dull weary voice, "when you are rob-bing my life of its happiness?" "Oh, Hugh, when I loved you." "You are provide your loved you." "You are proving your love"—with the tmost bitterness; but she answered him

by Nero's bounding footsteps and bark. But the game ended abruptly as a sudden turn in the shrubberies brought the tall, fair-bearded stranger in view. "Oh! I beg your pardon," exclaimed the same voice, rather shyly; and Hagh took off his hat suddenly in some surreise with the same gentleness. "You are still angry with me. Well, I must bear your anger; it will only make it all a little harder for me. If you could off his hat sudden ve said a word that would have helped

sat in the porch talking to Aunt Griselds The elder Miss Mordaunt was somewhat of a recluse in her habits: she was a nervous, diffident woman, who made weak health an excuse for shutting herself out from society. Fay had lived with her ever since her father's death; but during the last year Miss Mordaunt had been much troubled by qualms of conscience, as to whether she was doing her duty to her orphaned niece. Fay was almost awoman, she told herself—a 'tiny woman certainly, but one must not expect her to grow bigger ; jirls seldom grew after sixteen, and Fay was more than sixteen. Colonel Mordaunt had left very few instructions in his will about his little daughter. His sister was appointed her personal guardian until she glanced curiously at the tall handson glanced curiously at the tail handsome man in deep mourning, but Hugh did not respond to their looks—he had a grave pre-occupied air, and seemed to notice little; he looked about him listlessly, and the beautiful country that lay bathed in the spring sunlight did not seem to excite even a passing admiration in his mind; the bud-ding hedgerows the gay objung of the a passing admiration in his mind; the bud-ding hedgerows, the gay chirpings of the unseen birds, busy with family cares, were all unheeded in that hard self absorbed mood of his. Things had gone badly with Hugh Redmand of late; his broken engage-ment with Margaret Ferrers had been fol-lowed by Sir Wilfred's death, Hugh's heart had been very bitter against his father, but before Sir Wilfred died there had been a few words of reconciliation.

appointed her personal guardian until she came of age or married; there was a liberal allowance for maintenance and education; but Colonel Mordaunt was a man of simple habits, and Fay had never been accustomed to either ostentation or luxury; one day she would be arich woman, and find herself the possessor of a large, rambling, old house; until then her father had been perfectly willing that she should live quietly with his sister in her modest live quietly with his sister in her modest cottage at Daintree. Masters and mistresses came over to Fay, and taught her in the low bow-windowed room that was set apart for her use. A chestnut pony was sent from Wyngate Priory; and Miss Mordaunt's groom accompanined Fay in these long scrambling rides. The young heiress was perfectly happy and content with her simple secluded life; Aunt Gziselda would hear the girl warbling like a lark in her little room. Long before the inhabitants of the cottage would be stirring Fay's little feet were accustomed to brush the dew from the grass; Nero and

to brush the dew from the grass; Nero and she would return from their rambles in the highest spirits; the basket of wild dowers that graced the breakfast-table had been all gathered and arranged by Fay's pretty fingers. After breakfast there were all her pets to visit—to feed the doves and chickens and canaries—to give Fairy her corn, and to look after the brindled cow

and the dear little gray and black kitten in the hay-loft—all the live things on the premises loved their gracious little mistress; even Sulky, Aunt Griselda's old pony—the aost ill conditioned and stubborn of ponies

most ill conditioned and stubborn of ponies, who never altered his pace for any degree of coaxing—would whinny with pleasure if Fay entered his stall. Fay was very docile with her masters and mistresses, but it is only fair to say that her abilities were not above the average. She sipped knowledge carelessly when it came in her way, but she never sough it of her own accord. Neither she nor Aunt Grigelda ware intellectual warener for Friselda were intellectual women. Fay played a little, sang charmingly, filled her ketch-book with unfinished vigorous ketch-book with unfinished vigorous then shut up her books triumphantly, under the notion that at sixteen a girl's education

would have shaken off the dust of their native land, and, after having seen strange countries and undergone novel experiences, have returned home partially or wholly cured—parhaps to love again, this time more happily. But with Hugh the time had not yet come. He was terribly tenacious in his attachments, but just then anger against Margaret had for a little time swallowed up love. He said to him-self that he would forget her yet—that he would not let any woman spoil his life. If it must be confessed that Miss Mordaun vas hardly the woman to be entrusted with a girl's education. She was a gentle, shallow creature, with narrow views of life, very prim and puritanical—orthodox, she would have called it—and she brought up Fay in the old-fashioned way in which she herself had been brought up. Fay never mixed with young people; she had no companions of her own age; but people were beginning to talk of her in the neighborhood. Fay's vonth, her prospective riches, her secluded girl's education. She was a gentle, shallo outh, her prospective riches, her secluded hun-like life, surrounded her with a certain hystery of attraction. Miss Mordaun ad been much excreised of late by the fact that one or two families in the environs o

Daintree had tried to force themselves into intimacy with the ladies of the cottage sundry young men, too, had made their appearance in the little church at Daintree as it seemed with the express intention of staring at Fay. One of these, Frank Lumsden, had gone farther—he had taken advantage of a service he had rendered the ladies, when Sulky had been more intractable than usual, to join Fay in her walks and rides. He was a handsome boy of about twenty, and he was honestly smitten with the young heiress's sweet face; but Aunt Griselda, who knew her brother's wish, had been greatly alarmed, and had thought of abruting walks.

wish, had been greatly alarmed, and had thought of shutting up her cottage and taking Fay to Bath for the winter before Frank Lumsden came back to Daintree Hall for the Christmas vacation. Aunt Griselda received Sir Hugh graciously, and prosed gently to him of his father's death; but Hugh turned the con-versation skilfully to herself and Fay. He managed to extract a good deal of informa-tion from the simple woman about her lovely little nicce. Miss Mordaunt could be garrulous on the subject of Fay's perfections—she looked upon Hugh Redmond as the suitor whom her bröther would have chosen. Before long Hugh-heart all about Frank Lumsden'senormities

Father Plays Baseball,

"One ball !" That was what the umpire said. The umpire was blessed with fluffy blonde hair that streamed in a golden shower from under a knowing little cap of blue and white flannel. The umpire's costume was of white flannel, trimmed with blue, cut without any bias, as an umpire's costume should be, and altogether about as neat a thing as ever was seen on the ball field. The umpire's eyes were as blue as the sunny skies of Italy, and there was a pair of peachy-pink cheeks under the eyes, and a delicate little nose, piquantly celestial in its inclination; strawberry lips, and teeth whiter than the cover of a brand-new ball. "One ball!"

of peachy-pink cheeks under the eyes, and a delicate little nose, piquantly celestial in its inclination; strawberry lips, and teeth whiter than the cover of a brand-new ball. And there wasn't a man in the game who would have disputed the umpire's decision for any honor known to the glorious national pastime. There wasn't one of them who wasn't glad to get out just to hear the delicious ripple of that musical voice as it said: "Striker out." And why was all this? Sir Walter Scott remarks in "Kenilworth:" "All for a little pink and white—and so falls ambition." The umpire's name was Eulalie, and what Eulalie did not know about the League rules was what had not been written. The boys—they were college boys and called themaelves men, striving by frequent use of the razor to make good their claim to the lordly title—the boys all swore by her. And even when just a few of them went out for a practice game of " one, two, three," they would have their fair umpire out to see the thing done properly. Once Harry had sent there was an exultant feminine shrick as he hammered the next ball for a base-hit between short and second. "Run, papa, run!" screamed the umpire clapping her hands; you're not half going !" But father made his first, and smiled s "Now, father," said Albert, "take plent of ground and go to second as soon as h pitches; George can't throw straight t second."

"Take ground? What ground?" "Time," called Albert; and he explained his meaning to father. The veteran got to second and stood there puffing, but happy. Then the bats-man hit to the third baseman, who half stopped the ball, allowing it to roll behind him. He rushed after it, while Johnny ran from the box to third, yelling: "Here with it! Here with it! We've got nan now." thing done properly. Once Harry had sen in a hot out curve and hit the umpire, and th in a hot out curve and hit the umpire, and the young pitcher came pretty near being mob-bed right then and there. But the umpire calmly stopped, picked up the ball and threw it back to the pitcher, saying : "One ball." And then the boys all cheered the umpire and wormd that the way as plusky as plus

And then the boys all cheered the umpire and vowed that she was as plucky as she was beautiful, and they would all have fallen down and worshipped her imme-diately had they not known that she could be as severely satirical to worshippers as she was plucky. Pretty soon father came out in his comfortable white flannels, and, uping down in the shede watched the got pap now." Father was running from second as fas s he could. And father, confused by the various cries, tried to slide as if he were on ice. The result was that he tripped and pitched headlong over the third base just as Johnny, having sprung high in the air to catch the ball, came down with all his weight on the mid-dle of his father's back, and hit him on the neck with the ball. The prostrate forms rolled over and over in a dire struggle, which raised a cloud of dust, hiding them from sight. but in his comfortable white fiancels, and lying down in the shade, watched the game. Father was a fine specimen of manhood, and though he was in his 50th year, hecould play a fine game of tennis and kill twenty-eight out of thirty birds at the tran proper day.

and Kill twenty-eight out of thirty birds at the trap every day. "I say, you boys," called father, "what kind of a game is this yeu're playing ?" "Baseball, of course," replied Johnny, with an indescribable sneer at his sire's from sight. "Not out! Not out!" screamed th

gnorance. Johnny was only 14 and he knew it all ing to see what the cloud concealed. Presently expostulations and then cries unmistikably emanating from Johnny came out of the cloud, which slowly floated He was sure he could pitch better than Harry, who was 20 and on the 'Varsit nine, and catch all around George, who was 19, a freshman, and one of the best all away revealing father sitting on third base, with Johnny across his knee receiving from the parental hand the familiar lesson of childhood. Father told mother afterward ound players in college. "Baseball, eh?" said father. "Well, vo

lon't play it as we used to twenty-five year 'Well, I should hope not," was the

"Say, pop," called Frankie, who was standing like patience on a monument at first base, "why don't you pull off your coat and take a hack at it?" hood had been re-established on a busine

"You irreverent young beggar," respond-ed "pop," half laughing, "I'll come over there and take a hack at you." basis .- New York Times.

"No, no," was the general chorus; come and play." "Come, father," said the umpire, "now's

Grand Trunk Railway Company are con tinually making for the comfort and con venience of their patrons is the adoption by "Come, father," said the umpire, "now's your time to show the beys what a man knows about baseball." The covert taunt of the beautiful wretch was too much for father. He arose and pulled off his coat, displaying a superb torso that his loose flannel shirt could not bide and strong into the field. them in their cars of the Travellers' Hea Rest. This contrivance is the product of the ingenuity of a well-known Montrealer who is frequently on the road and has ex-

who is frequently on the road and has ex-perienced the discourforts attended upon a desire to take a rest and the lack of pro-vision in the ordinary first-class cars to enable him to do so in the easiest possible manner. He recently communicated his ideas to Mr. Wallis, Mechanical Superin-tendent of the reilway who at once saw ande, and strode into the field. "Here, pop," cried Albert, "take my place at short, and you'll soon get up to itcher.' Father accepted the generous offer, and tendent of the railway, who at once saw the advantages that were to be derived, and orders were forthwith given to carry out

Father accepted the generous offer, and braced himself to gather in the wayward grounder. Peter was at the bat, and he gazed upon father with an evil eye. Harry sent in a "corker," and Peter got one strike. "What makes you pitch so hard, Harry?" said father; "he can't hit it." "Don't want him to," said Harry, "what do you suppose I'm pitching for but to get him out?" nection with one of twenty cars belongin duction of the Grand Trunk shops. Car No. 196, which was fitted up at Montreal

o father.

with the new head rest, arrived in Toronto Oh, he must hit it," said father, impa-"On, he must hit it," said father, impa-tiently; " that's no way to play. Why, I remember when the Skowkegans beat the Jeremias 97 to 42. That was a game for you—none of your 1 to 0 business in those days." on Saturday morning and lay all yesterday at the Union statio Railroading in Mexico

"But the railroads in Mexico are emarkable. I like the way Mexicans take ife. I don't believe we know how to live 'See here, father,'' asked Johnny, "when the men chased one another around the bases that way, how could you tell the difference between a game of ball and a

"Give father an easy one," pleaded the

"Take ground? What ground ?"

A Relief for Railway Travellers.

ne suggestions as an experiment in cor

"The curve on the ball." "Nonsense! The ball can't curve." Then there was another pause for half an hour, while the theory of curved pitch-ing was explained to father. And when he finally went into bat he thought he knew all about it. When his turn came to strike, Johnny had come up to pitcher and the One Hundred Thousand Persons in Danger A Boston telegram says: The American

A Boston telegram says: The American Board of Foreign Missions has received tidings of a terrible famine in Asia Minor, bordering on the Mediterranean, and em-bracing the ancient city of Tarsus and Adama. The state of affairs is so deploraan about 1. When his turn came to strike, Johnny had come up to pitcher, and that wily youngster had more curves and shoots and dodges than he had fingers. So when he pitched an out curve and father fanned the air, he laughed a demoniac laugh. Father smiled. He saw the curve and prenared to meet it on the next hell Adana. The state of affairs is so deplora-ble as to render an appeal to the benevolent public an immediate duty. The harvest time has just passed, but not a single sheaf of grain will be cut on all the plain ordi-narily so fertile, save in a few fields arti-ficially watered. One hundred thousand people are in danger of starvation. There is no grass and the flocks and herds are mostly destroyed. and prepared to meet it on the next ball. But the villainous Johnny pitched an in-shoot, and when father reached for the expected out curve he got a whack on the left wrist that made him drop the bat with an exclamation that quite shocked the an exclamation that quite nostly destroyed.

Facts About Fingers.

A TERRIBLE DAMINE.

White hands, with rosy palms, so beloved of our grandmothers, have gone out of ashion.

The American hand is smaller than the English hand, but the nails are not as handsome.

It is said that people with imagination

are apt to have long, taper fingers and beautiful finger-nails. The good-natured critics are said to pos-sess small, well-shaped nails, and their handwriting is somewhat angular. The American nail suffers from the dynass of our climate are drained for the

dryness of our climate, as a foreign picture painted on panel suffers from the same

bitter ; they write a small, cramped, illegi ble hand

ble hand. The Chinese have finger nails so long that they could write with them. The tenacity of the Chinese nail, which does not easily break, would indicate that they have more lime in their bones than we have

we have. The English nails are almost universally rosy and shell-like, and cut to a rounded, lightly tapering point, kept always scrup u-lously clean. The skin at the base is pushed back to show the onyx, a little

fair the complexion, the valuable sign of pure blood is wanting to the octoroon if the

aw unconstitutional. It is always custom ary in such cases to have the winner of the suit pay the fees. The plaintiff, a big, raw-boned rancher, was called on to pay the jury of six \$2 apiece. He immediately stood up in court and queried : "Pay the jury \$12?" "Look a-here, judge, ain't

summer fallowed ?"

Among the many provisions which the Grand Trunk Railway Company are con Company are conney. The ballin called everyood, and the jury filed out without asking for ees .- Carson Appeal.

They are worse off for coin in Guanta, They are worse off for coin in Guanta, Venezuela, than we are in Panama. It ap-pears the people have no coin, and when they want to buy anything they imme-diately steal a few cocoanuts and han! these over to the traders for the supplies they require. This has led the prefect of the district to issue a decree which is un-paralleled probably in financial circles. It has prohibited the use of cocoanuts are money and threatens traders with condian punishment who may receive them as such. Rather a strange way of protecting the palms from the depredations of robbirs, who must be a strong-backed lot if they can carry about much wealth in the shape of bunches of cocoanuts.—Panama Star and ches of cocoanuts.-Panama Star Herald.

achelors of arts. A bachelor of arts is maid of wisdom .- Watertown Times Baltimore American: The worst dressed here or in Europe. We go so fast and work all the time. Now it took me a whole women are in many instances the spend the most money on their clo

ause. Diplomacy has a long, supple hand and a beautifully-kept finger-nail. The hand-writing of a diplomatist looks like a snake

crawling away. An aptitude for criticism is shown among people who bite their nails. These people are cynical and severe, uncharitable and

"Slide, papa, slide," shrieked the um And father, confused by the various cries

pushed back to show the onyx, a little white half-moon. The onyx of the finger-nails is carefully cultivated and polished by the crecles of New Orleans to show that they have 10 black blood in their veins. No matter how

onyx is clouded. Trial by Jury in Nevada.

CON

POOR

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O.R.

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A few days ago there was a small civil suit tried before the justice of Pizen Switch -the same man who decided the anti treat

"Look a here, judge, an't this sorter piling it on thick? I just paid four of them lellers \$20 apiece. Do they want the earth, ummore followed "

The dead silence in the room was broken by a slight snicker from defendant's attor-ney. The bailiff called everybody to order,

Cocoanuts for Coin.

Yankee Notions.

Thirty-six Vassar girls have been made

awfully ill you look, my darling,

"It is nothing; I have not slept," she returned, trying to speak calmly. "I am unhappy, Hugh, and trouble has made me

"You weak," incredulously; then, a he saw her eyes filling with tears, "sit down on this smooth white boulder, and I will place myself at your feet. Now give me your hand, and tell me what makes you s unlike yourself this evening

Margaret obeyed him, for her limbs were ng, and a sudden mist seemed to hide him from her eyes; when it cleared, she saw that he was watching her with unconcealed anxiety. "What is it, Margaret ?" he asked, still

more tenderly: "what is troubling you, my darling?" But he grew still more uneasy when she suddenly clung to him in a fit of bitter weeping and asked him over and over again between her sobs to forgive her for making him can absent

making him so unhappy. "Margaret," he said at last, very gently but firmly, "I cannot have you say such things to me; forgive you who have been the blessing of my life; whose only fault is that you love me too well."

I cannot be your blessing now. Hugh. and then shedrew herself from his embrace ember this place, dear? it was Do you remember this place, dear? it we on this boulder that I was sitting that even in We have had some happy da We have had some happy da when you found me and asked me to your wife. since then Hugh, have we not?, and now to-night I have asked you to meet me here that you may hear from my lips that I shall hever be any man's wife, most certainly not yours, Hugh-my Hugh-whom I love ten thousand times more than I ever loved you before "

you before." A pained, surprised look passed over Hugh's handsome face. It was evident that he had not expected this, The next moment he gave a short deristive laugh. "So my father has made mischief

"So my father has made mischer between us; he has actually made you believe it would be a sin to marry me. My darling, what nonsense; I know all about your poor mother—many families have this sort of thing; do you think that ever keeps people from marrying ? If we had known before, as I told my father; well, It might have made a difference, but now it is too late, nothing would ever induce me to give you up, Margaret; in my eyes you are already as bound to me as though you were my wife. My father has noth do with it—this is between you and me." "Hugh, listen to me; I have promise Sir Wilfred that I will never marry Then your promise must be null and you are mine and I claim you, void

Margaret." "No, no!" she returned, shrinking from

him ; " I will never be any man's wife have told Raby so, and he says I an

"Margaret, are you mad to say such things to me? I am not a patient man, and you are trying me too much," and Hugh's eyes flashed angrily. "Do you want me to doubt your love?", "Do you "Do not make it too hard for me," she pleaded. "Do you think this costs me

pleaded. "Do you think this costs me nothing—that I do not suffer too? you will not be cruel to me, Hugh, because I am obliged to make you unhappy. It is not I, but the Divine Will that has inter-pond this berrier to our union.

posed this barrier to our union. Ah, if

for it was no child, but an exce me to bear it—but no-you are too unhappy: by and by you will do me justice." pretty girl, who was looking up in his face

"I am not a saint like you," he answered harshly; "I have a man's feelings. You have often told me I am passionate and wilful—well, you were right." "Yes, you were always wilful, Hugh, but you have never been cruel to me before; it is cruel to doubt my love because my date

spair remained.

s cruel to doubt my love because my duty compels me to give you up. Ah," with a sudden passionate inflection in her voice, "do you know of what self-sacrifice a woman can be capable? for your dear sake, child too. But she was a dainty little lady for all that, with a beautifully proportioned figure as graceful as a fairy, and a most lovely

Hugh, I am content to suffer all my life, to stand aside and be nothing to you-yes, even to see another woman your wife, if only you will be true to yourself, if you will live your life worthily. Will you promise me this, Hugh. insome little face. "Oh !" she said; with a wonderfu ttempt at dignity that made him smile-

"I will promise nothing," was the reck-ess answer; "I will take no lie upon my lips even to please you, Margaret." "Then it must be as God wills," she was in the shrubbery. Have you lost your way ?" lifting those wonderful Undine-like eyes to his face, which almost startled Hugh with their exceeding beauty and depth. "Then it must be as God wills," she returned with white lips; "this pain, will not last forever. One day we shall meet where it will be no sin to love each other. Good bye until then, Hugh.-my Hugh." "You are not leaving me, Margaret," and Hugh's arms held her strongly; but the next moment they had dropped to his side—she had stooped and kissed him on the forehead, and the touch of those cold lips seemed his death.warrant; the next moment he was

'Is Nero your dog?" returned Sir Hugh, batting the retriever absently; "he is a fine fellow, only I am afraid he is rather rough sometimes; he nearly knocked you down just now in his play. I see you do not remember me, Miss Mordaunt. I am Sir Hugh Redmond. I have come to call on you and your caut " leath-warrant; the next moment he was lone, and Margaret was walking swiftly long the little path hollowed out of the lift. The sunset clouds had long agofaded where the sunset clouds had long agofaded n you and your aunt.' "Oh !" she said, becoming very shy all

at once, "I remember you now; but you looked different somehow, and the sun was in my eyes; poor Sir Wilfred-yes, we heard he was dead—he came to see Aunt nly a grey sky and sea remained. Half an hour later, as Margaret turned a state at the first as integrate turne tanding bareheaded under the trees cam a groping fashion to meet her. dark figure Is that you, Margaret?

Yes. it is I." and Margaret stood And then she said

" Yes, at is 1," and Margaret stood motionless until Raby touched her. "Haye you seen him, dear?" "Yes, it is all over." And then she said a little wildly. "I have done my duty, Raby: I have broken his heart and my brevented her from recognizing him; but hen, of course, she had never seen him but as she spoke, Raby took her in ms, and low words of blessings seeme ce she was a little girl, when her father vas alive, and they were living at Wyngate f blessings seemed his arms, and low words of ocessings seemed to falter on his lips. "My brave sister, but I never doubted for a moment that, you would do the right thing. And now be comforted; the same Divine Providence that has exacted this sacrifice will watch riory. Hugh Redmond ! ah, yes, she remembered

im now. She had made a cowslip ball or him once, and he had tossed it right nto the middle of the great elms, where e rooks had their nest, and once she had over Hugh. over Hugh." " I know it," she said, weeping bitterly; but he will have to suffer – if I could only

He will not suffer one pang too much, vas the quiet answer ; "but you are worr

ut, and I will not talk more to you to-night Go to your own room, Margaret ; to-morrow we will speak of this again." But before she left him he blessed her once more.

CHAPTER V. THE LITTLE PRINCESS. her to look at him again. Her feet beneath her petticoat Like little nice, stole in and out, As if they feared the light: But oh! she dances such a way, But oh! she dances such a way, No sun upon an Easter day 's half so fine a sight.

Redmond has come to see us," and then One lovely spring afternoon Hugh Redause I mond walked through the narrow winding It is lanes that lead to the little village of

Daintree. The few passers by whom he encountered

eard all about Frank Lumsden's enormities ingly Before he had visited many times at the ottage Aunt Griselda had confided her Johnny.

pretty girl, who was looking up in his face with large wondering blue eyes. "I hope I have not startled you," returned Hugh, courteously, with one of his pleasant smiles. What a diminutive creature she was; no wonder he had taken her at first sight for a child : her stature was hardly more than a well-grown child of eleven or twelve, and the little white frock and broad-brimmed hat might have belonged to a child too. erplexities to his ear, and had asked hi dvice—of course he had commended he visdom in driving the unlucky Frank from

wisdom in driving the unlucky Frank from the field, "It would never do, you know; he is only a boy," Aunt Griselda observed plaintively; "and Fay will be so rich one of these days."

"Oh ! it would never do at all," responded Hugh, hastily. The idea of Frank Lumsden annoyed him. What business had all these impertinent fellows to be staring at Fay in church ? He should like to send them all wonderfu about their business, he thought; for though hardly a week had passed, Hugh

as though he saw a kitten on its best behavior, "I am not at all startled; but of course Nero and I would hardly have had that race if we had known any one was beginning to feel a strong interest i He had not spoken to her again on that

first visit, but after a time she had joined them in the porch, and had sat down demurely by Aunt Griselda, and had busied howed in the porch of the state of the herself with some work. Hugh could not make her speak to him, but he had a good ook ather. She had laid aside her broad-brin

hat, and he saw, the beautiful little head was covered with soft curly brown hair, that waved naturally over the temples. It was coiled gracefully behind, but no amount

of care or pains could have smoothed those rippling waves. He wished more than once that he could He wished more than once that he could have seen her eyes again, but she kept them fixed on her embroidery; only when any-thing amused her a charming dimple showed on one cheek. It was the prettiest dimple he had ever seen, and he caught himself trying to say something that would bring it again. Hugh paid a long visit. and in a few days he came again. He was staying at Cooksley, fle told them carclessly; and if they would allow it, he added courteously, he should like to walk over to Daintree and see them sometimes. neard news dead—he came to see Aunt Griselda once before he went away. It must be very lonely for you at the Hall," and she glanced at his deep mourning, and then at the handsome face that was looking so kindly at her. What a grand-looking man he was, she thought; it must have been his beard that altered him so and prevented her from recognizing him but Daintree and see them someti

Miss Mordaunt gave him gracious permission, and Fay looked shyly pleased; and so it came that Hugh called daily at the cottage. (To be continued.)

A Fertunate Canadian Inventor.

About five years ago Middleton Craw-ord, a young man living in Wiarton, finding himself possessed of inventive powers, went to reside in the States. There he first produced a flour purifier, which was taken up by capitalists, and after being thorough-ly tested, Crawford sold his patent for a bug sum in thorough. the rooks had their nest, and once she had harnessed him with daisy chains and driven him up and down the bowling-green, while her father laughed at them from the terrace—what a merry little child she used to be—and Hugh Redmond had been a splendid playfellow; but as she moved beside him down the gravelled walk leading to the cottage her shyness increased; and she could not bring herself to recall these old memories; indeed, Hugh could not get to the old country. Two companies operat-ing Crawford's machine, with a combined capital of two and one-half million dollars, 'There is Aunt Griselda," she said, "There is Aunt Griseida," she said, suddenly, as a tall lady-like woman with a gentle, subdued-looking face appeared in the porch, and seemed much surprised at Hugh's apparition. "Auntie, Sir Hugh "Left and has been offered two million dol-lars for his right to the machine."

Redmond has come to see us," and then without waiting to see the effect of this introduction on her aunt, Nero's little playfellow slipped away. Hugh found himself watching for her re-appearance with some anxiety, as he

as-you-please? The roar of laughter silenced father, who ontented himself with shaking his fist at

day to go about fifty miles." "By railroad !" "Yee, by railroad. We went very slow and took it easy, but we might have arrived at our destination a little earlier if the conductor hadn't had a lot of game-cocks along and an engagement for a cock-fight at very station. It was interesting. Just then Peter got one just e wanted it, and he hit a grounder The veteran stooped down and gathered it in in great shape, while the fight at every station. It was interesting don't you know, bùt I don't think I'll go t Mexico again for some time.—"A Traveler in the San Francisco Chronicle. ovs cheered and applauded "Now we've got him, pop! Let her come hot !" screamed Frankie, dancing a wild can-can on first.

But father had his eye on Peter, wh was running toward first, and with all the accuracy of a crack wing shot, he let the ball drive, and caught the unhappy Peter on the unall within the unhappy Peter An octogenarian widower is sued fo preach of promise by a widow 50 years old n Grand Rapids, Mich. the small ribs just as he was That this world is not balanced right Is plainly to be seen,

he base. The general clamor which fol owed astounded father. When one man walks to make him fat, And another to make him lean. "What are you doing? Who are you tting? What sort of a way is that? It is said that the milk of cows that an

"What are you way is that? hitting? What sort of a way is that? "Not out!" should the umpire's silvery voice, as Peter sat down on first base, and searched the heavens for his lost breath. "Not out? What do you mean?" said salted regularly churns much more easily than the milk of cows not salted.

A revolution in the Province of Tucu man, Argentine Republic, has been sup pressed with a loss of 400 lives. father. The situation was explained to him, and ON LAKE ONTARY

the nature of the new rule made plain. Father was disappointed. He wanted to hit some one. That was the way he used to play. But he resigned himself to his Green are thy waters; green as bottled glass, Behold 'em stretched thar! " ine muskalonges and Oswego bass Is chiefly catched thar!

Onct the red Injuns thar took their delights, Fisht, fit and bled, Now most of the inhabitants is whites, With "nary a red."

fate. The game proceeded, and father soon found himself on first base, while the irreverent Johnny was at short. Then the batsman hit to Johnny, and that nimble youth "scooped in" the ball and hurled it to first But father had her but but of -An Osweno Poet Even the diminutive island of Jersey has Heller is authority for the statement that

to first. But father had by this time rambled back into the past and was expect-ing to see Johnny "peg" the main running to first. The result was that the ball at a late election shoes were purchased from voters at \$175 a pair and eggs at \$25 truck father fairly just above the belt and mcb. loubled him up like a two-foot rule. Johnny looked rather white, while the impire rushed to first base with a great luttering of white flannels, and kneeling The Santa Barbara Independent says One singular effect of the blasting by the callroad men at Ortega hill is the stopping of clocks and watches in this city." eside her prostrate sire, murmured :

" Are you hurt, papa darling?" Father sat up and rubbed his eyes, gasped few times and then said: few times and then said: "See here, I thought it was against the

The Watertown *Times* says that the spectacle of a horse grazing in a front yard, while a goose kept him from straying by holding the halter, did not attract as much attention as it would if the goose had not been an "exiled tailor's goose," weighing about twenty nonneds ules to hit a man.' There was another series of explanations about twenty pounds. and then the game went on. And then some one hit a high foul to father. He lanced merrily out and got well under the A great deal of effectual mission work has

eed done lately among the barmaids of England. In London many waitresses ball, and the boys got ready to yell "good catch." But it didn't work. The ball hit father on the end of his finger, and going right through his hands landed on his nose have been induced to sign the temperance pledge. The employment of barmaids has the prohibited in two European⁷ ountries.

Again there was confusion, and the umpire just a trifle tremblous about the lips Large and influential petitions were pre lips hispered sented to the Toronto City Council last night, asking for some tangible recognition 'Papa, dear, don't play any more

please." "Not play any more? What do you mean?" said father, bristling up and wiping his face bravely. "I haven't got into my and form wet?" o ex-Chief of Police Draper's long service. It was suggested that he be given one year's salary, \$2,500. The petitions were referred to the Executive Committee. The 24th Rattalion. to which young

The 24th Battalion, to which And soon father was pitcher. Then Shaw, the man who came to his death at those cruel boys commenced to whack three baggers all over the field until their sire was well-nigh worn out with his exthe hands of Stevenson, at London, o Saturday night, belonged, paraded yester-day forenoon in full force and marched to Ferguson & Easson's undertaking ware-rooms, where the body of their late com-Fortunately some went out on a tions. fly, and father limped back to be catcher. They called him catcher, but he did not catch anything except one foul tip, and he caught that on the chin. "What makes the ball go so crooked?" not rade was laid out, and, after the arra

about a foot.

he asked, after missing the fourth strike by

'That's the curve,'' said Albert. 'What curve?''

Martha's Vineyard Herald : Marriage is safeguard, provided you have only one vife at a time

"Are we making progress?" an exchange inviously inquires. If we are not, what loes 1,800 pounds to the ton of coal and our inches of froth to the glass of lager beer mean? Progress—making progress? What is the bottom doing in the middle of the strawberry box if we are not?—*Losten*

Arranging for the Summer.

"Where shall we go this summer dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway. "Well, het's see," replies her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida?" "Yes and the lligator got your pointer dog." " And the preceding summer we got rheumatism in the mountains?". "We did and the bears the mountains?". "We did and the bears got my little skye terrier." "And the summer before that we went to the sea-shore and got bled by the mosquitos and the landlord?" "Yes, and the summer before that we went into the country and the children were laid up all summer with ivy poison? "I remember." "Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first rate to take a vacation this summer but U to take a vacation this summer, but I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay home and rest this year."—Burdette.

Distressingly Healthy.

At the first meeting of the New Blayden Northumberland) Local Board the Medica Officer of Health created co.siderable amusement by his congratulatory report, in which he said: "Since last meeting othing whatever has occurred of medica nterest in your district. The high state interest in your district. The high state of health extending, over so lengthened a period is still fully maintained. It is really altogther remarkable. Personally, I may fairly claim to join in the doleful and all too general cry. "Ah, yes, indeed; trade is yery slack!" Could I pay a higher compli-ment to the good officers of your Board? -Sunitary Record.

Bessie as a Musician.

Mr. II .- " Can you play any tunes on

your new piano, Bessie ?" Little Bessie—" Oh, yes; I have just learned ' Gayly the Cuspidor.'"

A clock, manufactured especially for Egypt and other countries where laziness s encouraged, strikes the hour twice in uccession. The first striking simply acts s a warning for attention.

MOTHER

MOTHEN' When in trouble the children are solding, And a tale of their suff ring she hears. There's a dew in her eyes for their sorrows Like a pearl from the occan of tears. But when joy fills the home-life with laugh And the little ones banish their care. In her eyes shines a light. Like the stars of the night. That smile out when the evening is fair. laughter

E. L. The Canadian Pacific train, bringing passengers and freight from the steamship Abyssinian from Yokohams to Vancouver, arrived at Montreal on time yesterday morning and made the quickest time on record from Japan to that port. Among the passengers are a number of Japanese, the more than and expect to ments necessary for the removal of the corpse had been completed, it was placed on the shoulders of six members of the battalion, and the procession, headed by who will proceed to England, and expect to make the quickest time by several days from Japan to London. the band, marched to the G.T.R. statio where the 12.30 train for Chatham was

