

A FATEFUL DIAMOND

The master's lips twitched slightly at this ingenious confession, but he instantly controlled his amusement. "Yes," he said, turning to Arthur, who looked surprised, "I was looking, as Louis says—I saw the whole proceeding. You were a bully and a coward, sir, to attack a boy younger than yourself, to say nothing of the insulting language that you used to him to begin with. I do not approve of fighting or knocking down, as a rule; but I must say that I cannot blame Dunbar in this instance, and I think he defended himself as bravely, and as well as he could, under the circumstances. He restrained himself longer than most boys would have done, and conducted himself in a right manly fashion. Aspinwall, you may be as you are in the habit of boasting, the son and heir of a judge, but you will prove yourself a very unvirtuous one if you do not turn over a new leaf. You may both be seated, but let me neither see nor hear anything more of this."

Louis slipped into his seat, his face a deep crimson, but looking greatly relieved, and quietly took up his books. Arthur dropped heavily into his seat with a sigh, shouting as he did so a glance of hate at his antagonist, while from that day he nursed a grudge against him and watched for an opportunity to be revenged upon him.

He could not forgive him for having come off conqueror in the contest, and much less for the public humiliation to which he had just been subjected by his indignant teacher.

The winter passed very quickly to Louis, who grew more and more interested in his studies as the weeks went by. He applied himself most industriously to his books, and of course made rapid progress.

When spring came and he informed Mr. Allen that he should be obliged to leave school for another season on the farm, as he was still to remain with Mr. Brown, that gentleman manifested sincere regret.

"It is a pity," he said, "if I could only have you for the next few years I would make a thorough scholar of you."

"I am afraid I cannot afford to be a scholar, sir, for I have my own living to earn," Louis replied, but with a wistful glance at his books, which he had begun to love right well.

"Have you no friends who could aid you in getting an education?" asked Mr. Allen, thoughtfully.

"No, sir; none that I know of. I don't seem to belong to anybody," returned the boy, pathetically; "so I have to take care of myself. I wonder if I could do anything by trying to study by myself?"

"You might if you do not have to work too hard on the farm; and, Louis, I shall be glad to lay out your lessons for you and hear you recite once or twice a week, if you can find the time for it."

And so for the present it was arranged that he should study as much as he could by himself and recite on Wednesday and Saturday evenings to Mr. Allen.

Farmer Brown had grown really attached to the boy, and proposed that he should remain with him for another year upon the same terms as those of the preceding one.

Louis felt that it was a good offer, and unhesitatingly accepted it, and entered upon his work with the same eagerness that he had shown before.

He had proved himself so efficient and trustworthy that his employer placed great confidence in him, and during the berry season he often supervised the picking and packing of the fruit, and was even allowed at times to go in town to market with the team.

In this way he was able to dispose of his own berries more advantageously, the farmer still allowing him to pick for himself in his own time.

Thus, when fall came on, he found himself possessor of more than a hundred and fifty dollars.

He began now to feel almost as if the farm was his home; he had grown very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, while they treated him much as they would have treated their own son.

As the summer passed, and the time for the fall term of school drew near, he found himself looking forward to it with pleasant anticipation. He had told Mr. Allen that he was coming back to him, much to that gentleman's gratification, for he felt sure that Louis Dunbar was no ordinary boy, and would well repay any efforts which he might put forth in his behalf.

But before entering school Louis went one day to Boston, with the farmer to advise him, and purchased a good, neatly fitting suit of clothes.

He felt that he could not again be subjected to the mortification of the previous winter, and, truly, when he appeared in his boyish apparel, there was not a boy in school who presented a better appearance.

CHAPTER V.

Arthur Aspinwall was also still a pupil in Mr. Allen's school, and this circumstance was the only really agreeable feature of Louis' life at the present time.

The judge's son was more supercilious, if possible, than he had been the previous winter, and he took no pains to conceal the fact that he disliked, even hated, of Louis, had increased rather than abated.

One morning Louis hurried through his chores and started for school considerably earlier than usual.

ed, observed that he appeared flurried, and that his face wore an anxious expression.

He went directly to his desk—his master still watching him—bent down and looked within.

An expression of relief immediately replaced that of anxiety as he drew forth his watch and slipped it into his vest pocket. Then all at once he started and began to examine his chain attentively.

The next moment he started straight for the teacher's desk with a very red face.

"Mr. Allen, was there anyone in the room during intermission today?" he asked with some excitement of manner.

"No one except Louis Dunbar. I have given him permission to remain here, as he is obliged to stay at noon. Why?"

"I left my watch here today; the bar that fastens the chain in my button-hole broke this morning, and I slipped my watch into my desk, intending to take it to the jeweler's, and have it fixed this noon. But I forgot it, and now I find that someone has taken one of my charms, a gold dollar that my mother gave me one Christmas four or five years ago. See!"

He held up the chain as he spoke, and Mr. Allen saw that something had evidently been wrenched from a tiny ring that was attached to it.

He remembered having seen a gold coin suspended there, and he looked very grave as he listened to the boy's account, while he studied his face intently.

"It was a very careless thing to do, to leave your watch in the school room; you might have slipped chain and all into your pocket, and then it would have been safe," Mr. Allen said, in reply.

"Yes, sir, I know I might; but I thought something might happen to it while I was playing at recess, and that it would be safer here. I am sorry about the dollar, though, because mother gave it to me."

"You are quite sure it was attached to your chain when you took the watch off?" asked his teacher.

"Yes, sir; everything was all right but the bar that I have here, and he drew it forth and held it up to view."

"Do you suspect anyone? Do you think of anyone who would be likely to rob you of the coin?"

"I do not think I should like to say that I do, sir," responded Arthur, with apparent reluctance.

"Very well; you may go to your seat and I will make some inquiries regarding the matter," returned Mr. Allen, but looking greatly troubled.

Arthur obeyed, and the master immediately called the school to order, related what Arthur had told him, and asked if anyone had seen a coin like the one he described.

No one answered, and every eye was bent upon the master in grave inquiry and perplexity.

"I hope," said Mr. Allen, sorrowfully, "that no one of my scholars would be guilty of taking that which belonged to another; but this coin is missing, and it is evident that it could not have been detached from Aspinwall's chain without hands. Louis, was there anyone in the room with you during the morning?" inquired the gentleman, turning kindly to him.

"No, sir."

The master hesitated. He had learned to repress the utmost confidence in the boy, and he could not bear to question him too closely about the matter. But he knew that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, because he was the only one who brought his dinner and remained in the school room, and it was his duty to sift the matter thoroughly.

"Do you know anything about Aspinwall's loss?" he asked, with an effort.

"No, sir; I did not even know that his watch was in the room," was the prompt reply.

"Were you here all the noon hour?"

"All but a very few minutes, when I went across the street to the store to get a pencil, and there was no one here when I came back."

He looked so honest, and spoke so confidently, that no one in the room believed him to be guilty of the theft, unless it was Arthur Aspinwall himself.

"How long were you gone, do you think?" questioned Mr. Allen.

"Perhaps five minutes, sir; not more than that."

Someone might have entered the room and stolen the coin in that time, if it had been known that the watch was there, but it seemed unlikely.

However, Mr. Allen was glad to give Louis the benefit of the doubt; it might have shocked him greatly to have had him proven the thief.

[To be continued.]

Light and Shade.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadow, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

Teacher—Johnny, in what way did Noah display his wisdom?
Johnny—When it was raining.

"Your wife is a finished musician, I understand."
"You bet. Why, she hasn't even had time to look at the piano since the baby came!"

"The little girls next door have the whooping cough."
Tommy—"I'd think it would make them awful selfish. Their mother just lets them have everything."

To enjoy life is a happy art; to make others enjoy theirs is a greater one.—Rams Horn.

"I tuk two gals down street last night to git 'em some ice cream," said George Washington Snowball, "but when I got down I 'mos' had a fit of heart disease."

"What was the trouble? Did they ask for a second helping?"
"Did you discover that you had left your money at home?"

"No, sir; dat wasn't what was de matter at all. It was when we got in sight ob de place, as you please, sah, one gal on each arm, you kno'—an' when we got in sight ob de ice cream saloon I read dat sign, an' I fought I should drop dead."

"What did the sign say?"
"It said: 'Ice Cream, \$1.35 Per Gal.' I had two gals, you know, besides mawself."

Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half-price, do you not?
Clerk—Yes; we always make a 50 per cent reduction on cracked goods. Anything else today?

Customer—Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents.—State Journal.

"Poppa," said Miss Lucetta, who had recently graduated from the village academy, and was consequently learned and accomplished a great plenty, "do you know the story of Rip Van Winkle?"
"D'no 'z I do," replied honest Farmer Gap. "What'd he do, Lucetta?"
"Why, for twenty years he remained in one spot, motionless and—"
"Aw!" interrupted the old man. "Mixed up in a game of chess, hey?"

AROUND THE CAMP.

The human race has no place in its heart for a coward, so, no matter how rugged and steep the path of life at times becomes, go forward with a courageous heart and climb, climb, without faltering.

GOOD BYE—GOD BLESS YOU.

I love the words,—perhaps because when I was leaving mother, standing at that solemn pause we looked at one another, and I—I saw in mother's eyes the love she could not tell me, a love eternal as the skies. Whatever fate befell me, she put her arms across my neck and soothed the pain of leaving. And though her heart was like to break, she put no word of grieving; she let no tear bedim her eye. For fear that might distress me, but, kissing me, she said good-bye, and asked our God to bless me.

By Eugene Field.

WILD FLOWERS IN DECORATION.

Wild flowers make the prettiest possible sort of decoration for a country house.

A safe rule is to avoid mixtures, while securing variety by the aid of foliage. Choose only one or two kinds of flowers at a time, and see that they are of striking form or color. Pinks, branches of dogwood and apple blossoms set in green and brown painted jars give a pretty Japanese effect to a room, especially when the floors are covered with matting and the furniture and ornaments are scanty. Poppies, daffodils, tulips and the like are most effective when placed in round bowls and dishes.

SUMMER HATS.

The up-to-date summer hat is of very coarse straw, preferably yellow in color, with a wide brim and high crown. These hats are trimmed with velvet, fruit, grapes, berries, plums and crab apples, currants and strawberries decorate the choicest of the summer models. Such sights as black strawberries, blue cherries and green peaches will be familiar things.

DON'TS FOR BOOK LOVERS.

Don't borrow books from private libraries.
Don't lend books. No one will treat your books as you yourself do if you love them.

Don't wet your fingers when turning leaves.
Don't leave a book face down, i.e., open.

Don't shut a book up with anything bigger than a narrow ribbon in it.
Don't turn down corners.

Don't mark a book in any way unless it's your own.
Don't increase the quantity of your books at the expense of the quality in contents.

Don't scorn cheap books if you cannot afford better publications. They will help you to buy cheap books if you can afford better ones.

Don't keep books in damp places.
Don't keep books on open shelves if you can avoid it.

Don't let that bookcase with dust-proof glass doors are best.
Don't forget that good books are the best company in the world, if read understandingly and appreciatively.

Don't read too much. There is such a thing as book indigestion.
Don't handle books carelessly. Treat them as if they were alive.

Don't buy new books until you are certain they are worth owning. Most new books that are published are never heard of after their first season, and are not worth having in one's private library.

HOUSEHOLD DON'TS.

Here are a few "don'ts" which those about to furnish a house would do well to bear in mind, if they wish their rooms to be neat, clean and artistic, but well kept, sweet and clean, and in one comprehensive word, thoroughly dainty in every respect.

Don't overload your rooms with furniture. Don't have shocked him greatly to have had him proven the thief.

Don't choose elaborately designed curtains, hangings or tablecloths for a room with a floral paper.

Don't waste your money on a whole accumulation of cheap bric-a-brac. It only helps to gather dust and dirt.

Don't choose plain curtains with a plain carpet and wall paper.

Don't choose a blue paper and white paint for a room with a cold—i.e., northern—aspect.

Don't indulge in painted milking stools or painted drain pipes.

Don't waste your money on push brackets, plush cup and saucer holders or painted tambourines.

Don't drag your eyes, if they wish their rooms to be neat, clean and artistic, but well kept, sweet and clean, and in one comprehensive word, thoroughly dainty in every respect.

Don't buy imitations of good things in the way of furniture. If you cannot afford the originals, do not buy imitations. Don't clutter your rooms with anything which is what it professes to be.

Don't be bows on the backs of your chairs.

Don't paint your windows at all. They are more easily kept clean if without such ornamentation.

Don't imagine that a plenitude of furniture means a well-furnished house. It does nothing of the sort.

Don't waste your money on a drawing-room sideboard (so-called), and if you are unfortunate enough to possess one already don't overload it with cheap china ornaments.

Don't buy cheap saddlebag, velvet, or plush furniture.

Finally, buy the least amount of furniture you can do with, and let it be of as simple a design as possible, and your house is sure to be well furnished.—Brooklyn Times.

ADELINA PATTI'S TRIUMPH.

Mme. Adelina Patti celebrated her 67th birthday recently by giving a concert in London, which was attended by an immense audience. Upon the occasion the English critics say she looked like the picture of health and almost as young as ever, and was in her best voice. She sang the "Casta Diva," "Dehl! Vieni," and "Il Bacio," and for encores to each the "Baila, Baila," "Latti's "Pur dieesti," and, of course, "Home, Sweet Home," for it was always sweet home to Adelina Patti wherever she may happen to be. The great prima donna had a most enthusiastic reception and was loaded down with laurel wreaths and baskets and bouquets of flowers. The spectacle of a singer at age of 67 making a public appearance long after the time when other vocalists have retired from the stage to private life or settled down in the quiet of a country house is a rare one in the history of music. But Patti, thanks to a temperate, sensible mode of living, to the perfect way in which her voice is placed, and to the astonishing skillfulness of her consummate art, is one

VIRGINIA CREAM SHEPHERET.

Three pints of water, juice of four lemons, and one cup of sugar mixed together. Beat to a froth the whites of three eggs, half pint of sweet cream, and one ounce of sugar. When stiff, mix with the water and lemon juice and freeze. Oranges or oranges and lemons may be used instead of lemons alone.

A WOMAN SHOULD DRESS WELL AT HOME.

At home a woman should be guided in her manner of dressing by an even greater desire to please than elsewhere. Her husband may be the most unobservant of men, but he will know when she looks neat and attractive, with hair newly dressed, and some pretty arrangement about the bodice of her gown. The practice of wearing shabby flannel at home cannot be too strongly deprecated.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WELL MEANT.

American wheelmen traveling alone in Europe have many queer experiences. A young man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his wheel up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with donkey-cart who was rapidly becoming stalled, though the little donkey was doing his best.

The benevolent wheelman, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his wheel with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled up his load to the top successfully.

The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor, and, giving him a wheel when he overtook, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled up his load to the top successfully.

He said, "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

SUMMER NOVELTIES.

Tollé de sole is a new material very much like silk, but made with spray-like flowers to cover its delicate surface. It is one of the prettiest of the summer fabrics. Grenadines were never so sumptuous as this year, made, as they are, with all sorts of rich embroideries applied to their surface and making a new use of rich and dainty shades brought out by the manufacturer's art.

Silk embroidered muslins are expensive, but they are so lovely and are capable probably of many future transformations, as their vogue is likely to continue, with some modifications, through another season.

Fine light fabrics through which run bars of lace or instant quick pieces of the lace drapes, Japanese silks and grenadine de sole, figured voile, are all materials which the fashionable dressmaker have used liberally in the fashioning of the very chic summer dresses for afternoon or evening wear.

Evening gowns are wreathed with flowers, the girdles and the straps on the shoulders being often fashioned of blossoms.

The light evening wraps, too, are all vaporous, fluffy affairs, thoroughly in keeping with the gowns. They are often trimmed in a profusion of artificial flowers in their natural shades. Entire yokes are made of the petals of flowers with the effect of dewdrops, aided by a generous sprinkling of strass spangles.

THE BOY'S CLOTHING.

A boy's clothes should be comfortable; his shoes large enough, his collars well fitting; his suits neither too heavy nor too thin for the weather. Fashion should have little to say to him. He must own some suitable garment for church or the occasional party, but ordinarily he should not be required to wear clothes which prevent his playing ball or marbles when the fancy seizes him. His health will suffer less from the contact with the weather than from following the ideas of the mother who requires leather leggings from ankle to hip one winter and bare knees and Scotch kilts the next. It is a serious mistake to demand spotless clothing from a boy. He suffers from being fussed over. It is well enough to be on principle on occasions, but for most days boys should be permitted to wear clothing which will not be injured too easily.

GOOSEBERRY RECIPES.

The gooseberry is somewhat neglected by the majority of housekeepers, but it makes most delicious jelly and preserves, and, besides that, good in some dessert dishes. For instance, wash a quart of gooseberries, having removed all the stems. Make a syrup of water and sugar and boil two cups of sugar, and let it boil five minutes.

At the end of that time add the gooseberries, and let them cool till tender enough to mash. Crush them and set them aside. Put two cupsful of milk on the stove to heat, and when the berries are thoroughly cold stir them in and let them simmer for five minutes.

A little nutmeg grated over the top is an improvement. Finally, remove from the fire and add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. This is to be served very cold with cream and sugar.

Gooseberry sauce is fully as good as apple sauce as an accompaniment to roast pork in the winter time. It may be made by following the directions given in the foregoing recipe up to the point where the berries are added to the syrup. Let them cook until they are clear and tender, then pour into glass jars and can at once.

A sort of jam that is an excellent and inexpensive filling for tarts when cold weather makes such things seem appetizing may be made from gooseberries. Put six pounds of ripe goose-

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berries over to cook, with a cupful of currant juice. Let them boil rapidly, and stir with a wooden spoon. When the berries begin to burst, add three pounds of sugar and just simmer till the fruit is reduced to a jam. It requires long cooking. Turn this jam into glass jars, and if after three days the syrup and the fruit have separated, it must all be rebolled.

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And whose will no front can daunt.

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Is the man that the ages want.

Tho' he fail and die in grim defeat.

Yet he has not fled the strife.

And the house of Earth will seem more sweet.

For the perfume of his life.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Regret.

I might have said a word of cheer

Before I let him go.

His weary visage haunts me yet;

But how could I foreknow

That slighted chance would be the last

To me in mercy given?

My utmost yearnings cannot send

That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;

My brother had sore need