

Virgie's Inheritance.

It was a sad, heart-breaking story, and old with the power and earnestness of the long-lived woman, who almost seemed to be enduring again the sufferings of her early life; and when at length it was over, she was nearly exhausted by the effort it had cost her.

"Virgie had long since crept to her mother's side, and was now in tears, with her arms round her and her head resting on her bosom; and looking grave and deeply distressed."

"O, mamma, why have you not told me this before? Virgie at length asked trying to control her sobs."

"Because, my darling, I could not bear to burden your young life."

"But I could sympathize with you, and then I need not have pained you by asking so many distressing questions."

"It was better for me to bear my burden alone," her mother persisted; "of course I knew it would have to be told some time, but I have put it off as long as I could. Now, however, I must soon confront the man who has so wronged us, and demand justice and restitution for you, and so it has become necessary that you should know all this sad history."

"But, mamma, if he was married to that other woman there may be other children, and—"

Virgie could not go on, but broke down in distress.

"True, there are—at least I know of one; but that fact cannot affect your claim or deter me from demanding that you be recognized as the legitimate heir; for, of course, unless he made his second marriage legal, after the divorce was obtained, you alone have any lawful claim upon him," returned Mrs. Alexander, in a resolute tone, and with a look that denoted an inflexible purpose.

"But that will be dreadful," Virgie said, greatly troubled; "just think of the shame that such a proceeding would bring upon those who are innocent of the wrong! I have not to blame for the evil that my father has done, and it does not seem right that he should be made to suffer, or be deprived of his inheritance; think of their poor mother and all her hopes for her children."

"Does it count for nothing, Virgie, that my hopes were crushed; that I was abandoned when you were a helpless little child; that I was left to depend upon myself and provide for you?" cried her mother, sternly; though there was a note of keenest agony in her tones. Does it count for nothing that the happiness of my whole life has been wrecked; that I was repudiated, scorned, mocked; that you have never been acknowledged by your own name, never allowed to occupy your true position in life?"

"I know it has all been wrong, cruel, wicked," Virgie returned, sadly and with trembling lips; "but I have been very happy with you, mamma; you have never allowed me to realize anything of this trouble; we have had everything we needed, and your fortune is ample without striving for that which you affirm should be mine; I cannot but think that anyone must be made to suffer just to secure a little more wealth, or a higher position in life for me."

"And are you willing to sacrifice all your rights to those who have supplanted you—who have lived all their lives upon your heritage?" demanded Mrs. Alexander, excitedly.

"Mamma," Virgie answered, sitting up and meeting her mother's flashing eye with a proud look, "leaving the innocent out of the question entirely, I scorn to accept anything from the man who has so wronged you; I would not be recognized as his child; I would not be known by his name were he allied to royalty itself."

Mrs. Alexander leaned forward and kissed the beautiful girl, clasping her fondly to her.

"Ah, my darling, you are not lacking in spirit, in spite of your forgiving nature," she said; "but justice demands that he shall make restitution; that must be part of a punishment."

Then turning to Rupert she continued: "You are a man, just and true, Mr. Hamilton; you have heard my story as a disinterested witness, and are therefore capable of judging with an unprejudiced mind; I ask you, is it right that I should demand for my child the position and inheritance that has been so wrongfully taken?"

And Rupert Hamilton replied, gravely, decided: "It is right; a great wrong has been done to you and Virgie, and it is but just that it should be atoned for as far as may be—if not willingly, then by compulsion."

The young man felt a great sense of relief, and he had been passing sentence upon his respected and well-beloved guardian; but he had been greatly shocked by the story that he had listened, and he deemed no punishment too severe for him who had been guilty of such wrong.

Virgie sighed at his verdict. She never could bear the thought of giving pain to others, and she shrank almost with loathing from the meeting of one who had caused her mother so much unhappiness.

"Mamma, who is my father?" she asked, after a thoughtful pause.

"My dear, I do not wish to tell you just yet, for you are liable to meet him or some member of his family in society, and you will be happier not to know it, at least until my plans are matured and I have decided when and how to act. I have simply related this story to you now because I thought that Rupert ought to know something of our history, and to prepare you for what must soon occur."

"Very well; I will wait your time," the young girl returned; but a little shiver of dread crept over her; she felt that she could never forgive or own the man who had so ill-treated her beautiful mother.

"And one thing more," continued Mrs. Alexander, turning to Rupert; "I should prefer that your engagement be mutually announced for a little while, until this business is settled. My lawyer hopes to be able to arrange matters in the course of two or three weeks."

"It shall be just as you wish," the young man responded, a frown on his face, as he turned to Virgie; "so long as I am assured of the love that I owe to my little one, I will do all that she knows it or not for the present. I would, however, like to make one exception. I should like to inform my guardian of the fact."

"That is but right," returned Mrs. Alexander; and she was again about to ask the name of his guardian, but a ring of the bell just then warned them that the Miss Hamiltons had arrived, and as she entered Rupert took his leave, wondering to himself who this man was, who evidently stood so high in London society, and who had so ruthlessly ruined the life of a beautiful and trusting woman and discarded his own child.

A few evenings after this Virgie, accompanied by her mother for the first time,

attended the reception and ball given by Lord and Lady Dunforth.

Lady Dunforth had herself been a beautiful American girl—Dorothy Douglas by name—and she was always eager to entertain her countrywoman when they visited London.

She had met Virgie at the Huntingtons, and had taken pains to secure her presence on her next evening at home, arranging for extra attractions for her sake.

Mrs. Alexander was feeling unusually well on this night, and had taken a great deal of pains with her own and her daughter's toilet.

Virgie's costume was exquisite, consisting of pale-blue satin, with an overdress of heavy lace wrought with tiny crystals, and draped with clusters of blush roses, while she wore strings of rare pearls on her neck and arms and in her hair.

Mrs. Alexander wore simple black, but of richest material and finest texture, while her lace was exceptionally rare and her diamonds of the purest water.

She was a strikingly beautiful woman. Her form was finely developed, and yet it had lost nothing of the graceful outline of her maidenhood. Her face possessed a peculiar delicacy of beauty, and her complexion was as faultless as of old. She had gained much in ease and self-possession; her bearing was regal, her manner charming.

Daddy Dunforth was even more delighted with her than she had been with Virgie, and took especial pains to present her to her most distinguished guests.

It happened that Lady Linton and Lillian were also present that evening.

Both were accomplished society women, and were much sought after, because of their tact and brilliancy, for there was never any lack of life, there was never any stiffness or awkwardness where they were. Lady Linton could entertain charmingly, and Lillian was always the center of a brilliant circle.

But for once Lady Linton's accomplishment in this direction failed her.

At Lady Dunforth was presenting Mrs. Alexander to some of her guests, she suddenly came face to face with Sir William Heath's sister.

"Ah! Lady Linton," said her hostess, in her genial way, "I have a friend here whom I would like to introduce to you, Mrs. Alexander."

Her ladyship gave one glance into the beautiful face before her, and recognized it. (To be Continued.)

EPHESOCOCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has created our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored beverage, which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." (Civil Service Gazette.) Made simply with purest ingredients. Sold only in packets, labeled "JAMES EPPS & CO. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

"Know thyself!" is an injunction every one should follow. Another one, no less important, is: "Don't give thyself away." Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are extremely mild, and they give relief. One trial will prove their superiority.

Mrs. Bacon—I think Mrs. Knockabout dresses very quietly, don't you? Mrs. Ebert—You wouldn't think so if you lived in the flat under her, as I do!

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN: For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, and I was unable to rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this, not only because of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with at first. She cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Aberdeen, P. Q. General Merchant.

"Do you know Mr. Drydust?" said Maud. "Yes," replied Maud. "He's very learned, isn't he?" "What makes you think so?" "He can talk so long on such uninteresting things."

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, she cannot be for they will make her feel like a different person, at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

"Could you make it convenient to lend me \$100, Jack?" "I don't know. If I should lend it to you I should be a man of some distinction." "How is that?" "One out of a hundred."

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, is ear-ache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, in which the young are especially subject.

The idea of employing pretty women for bill collectors looks feasible, but it would not work. The delinquent debtors would all want them to call again.

Why have American hens been overworked during the past year or two? Because the McKinley Bill prevented the Americans from assisting them, and the Americans still continued to require the same number of eggs. Why has the Pure Gold Manufacturing Company had such an increase in their business? Because the whole Dominion is becoming alive to the superior merits of the Pure Gold Baking Powder and Flavoring Extracts.

"I can dispose of a whole boat-load of sailors," remarked the whale, "but it is when I swallow their yams that I feel worsted."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

FARMERS IN POLITICS.

(Montreal Star.)

The people are not all dead yet who think that the farmer should keep out of politics. This mistaken notion is pretty well beaten down in our times, but ever and anon some voice is raised to warn the farmer back to his plow and away from the wasteful sport of the political gambling-house.

The St. Thomas Times, for instance, in speaking of the recent meeting of the Central Farmers' Institute of Ontario, sagely remarks: "If this organization would confine its attention to the promotion of agricultural improvement, and would let politics alone, its usefulness would be greatly enhanced."

There seems to be a fantastic impression in some minds that politics is a thing apart from the business life of a man—a sort of expensive game that only the well-to-do or the paid professionals can afford to play at. This idea lurks in the sentence quoted above where "politics" is set over against "agricultural improvement;" as the writer might have held up novel-reading in contrast with the study of agricultural science.

No notion could be more absolutely wrong-headed or mischievous. Politics, in so far as it has any legitimate existence at all, is wholly concerned with the well-being of the people of the country. Professional partisans have succeeded to a shameful extent in manipulating the political issues of the day as they would chess implements; that is to be, but not a disloyal perversion of politics, and the farmers and every other class should be encouraged to make it impossible. Indeed, so vitally and necessarily are political issues linked with the material progress of the people, that the party gamesters in their play cannot play so much as a pawn without affecting the bread and butter of some section of the community. We do not, of course, mean to imply that all politicians are gamesters; but it is a common knowledge that there are men, moved by no loftier moral motive than is the idle chess-player, who play in the political arena with the greatest interest of the nation. This, however, is neither a politics nor true politics. Politics is an infinitely better thing than that—it is the wise control of the co-operative forces of a people working together to a common and a patriotic and an individually successful end.

From this the farmer should not be warned away. He may well be advised not to allow himself to be used by selfish partisans, and hence not to be readily caught by party cries, or held by hereditary partisan bonds. But the surest way for him to escape this is to go into politics intelligently and industriously, as a farmer and a citizen. The Farmers' Institute might undoubtedly advance the interests of its members by studying "agricultural improvement" in all its phases; but it would be equally as well employed in giving close attention to the political side of a farmer's life—searching after ways and means to extend the markets for farm produce and to lower the prices of farm necessities. The readjustment of the sugar duties a few years ago was a political matter; and yet does any one suppose that it did not benefit the farmer fully as much as if he had forced a way of raising more wheat to the acre? The late pitiable attempt of the Finance Minister to assuage to some extent the fierce demand from all parts of the country for less taxation on coal oil, was a very little political move; but already the price of coal oil is dropping down a notch or two, and surely the farmer will get the benefit of this; and if by a sturdy interest in politics, he—whose vote could rule Parliament—should force the Government to do full justice in the case, would he not pocket the amount of money he would have been getting his coal oil at less than half the old price?

In perfectly legitimate sense, there is money for the farmers in politics—just as there is for any other class of citizens. No one imagines that the Manufacturers' Association is in politics for philanthropic reasons. Each individual member of its business fully to the Ministry, gets an arrangement of duties that benefits its members in pocket; and it cares nothing for parties except as it may use them to gain business advantages. None of these men are found boasting that they never cast a vote or place a vote in their district. They are not such fools. Why then should the great farming industry alone be told that there is no direct good for them to gain from the machinery of governments? The establishment at Ottawa is erected and maintained for the express purpose of benefiting the people; and to advise the farmers not to meddle with it, is to advise them to forego advantages which are theirs by right and for which they dearly enough pay. At present they are not getting their share of the Government. The N. P. alone has given them a home market that otherwise would have been much smaller. But it is plain from their condition, as every farmer witness, that they need further help; and it is for them to say in what way. Unchecked by the advice of those who would keep them out of politics, many of their representative gatherings have already indicated their needs—lower taxes on larger markets. These it is the wish of the country they should have to as great an extent as can be given them without bringing unjust ruin upon their fellow-citizens engaged in other callings; and these they can get by the easy process of going, resting, and into politics as farmers whose whole business there is farming. Jay Gould used to say that in politics he was "an Erie railroad man all the time," and while his methods are not to be copied, his shrewd knowledge of the real mission of politics may be of value to the farmers of Canada.

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No notion could be more absolutely wrong-headed or mischievous. Politics, in so far as it has any legitimate existence at all, is wholly concerned with the well-being of the people of the country. Professional partisans have succeeded to a shameful extent in manipulating the political issues of the day as they would chess implements; that is to be, but not a disloyal perversion of politics, and the farmers and every other class should be encouraged to make it impossible. Indeed, so vitally and necessarily are political issues linked with the material progress of the people, that the party gamesters in their play cannot play so much as a pawn without affecting the bread and butter of some section of the community. We do not, of course, mean to imply that all politicians are gamesters; but it is a common knowledge that there are men, moved by no loftier moral motive than is the idle chess-player, who play in the political arena with the greatest interest of the nation. This, however, is neither a politics nor true politics. Politics is an infinitely better thing than that—it is the wise control of the co-operative forces of a people working together to a common and a patriotic and an individually successful end.

From this the farmer should not be warned away. He may well be advised not to allow himself to be used by selfish partisans, and hence not to be readily caught by party cries, or held by hereditary partisan bonds. But the surest way for him to escape this is to go into politics intelligently and industriously, as a farmer and a citizen. The Farmers' Institute might undoubtedly advance the interests of its members by studying "agricultural improvement" in all its phases; but it would be equally as well employed in giving close attention to the political side of a farmer's life—searching after ways and means to extend the markets for farm produce and to lower the prices of farm necessities. The readjustment of the sugar duties a few years ago was a political matter; and yet does any one suppose that it did not benefit the farmer fully as much as if he had forced a way of raising more wheat to the acre? The late pitiable attempt of the Finance Minister to assuage to some extent the fierce demand from all parts of the country for less taxation on coal oil, was a very little political move; but already the price of coal oil is dropping down a notch or two, and surely the farmer will get the benefit of this; and if by a sturdy interest in politics, he—whose vote could rule Parliament—should force the Government to do full justice in the case, would he not pocket the amount of money he would have been getting his coal oil at less than half the old price?

In perfectly legitimate sense, there is money for the farmers in politics—just as there is for any other class of citizens. No one imagines that the Manufacturers' Association is in politics for philanthropic reasons. Each individual member of its business fully to the Ministry, gets an arrangement of duties that benefits its members in pocket; and it cares nothing for parties except as it may use them to gain business advantages. None of these men are found boasting that they never cast a vote or place a vote in their district. They are not such fools. Why then should the great farming industry alone be told that there is no direct good for them to gain from the machinery of governments? The establishment at Ottawa is erected and maintained for the express purpose of benefiting the people; and to advise the farmers not to meddle with it, is to advise them to forego advantages which are theirs by right and for which they dearly enough pay. At present they are not getting their share of the Government. The N. P. alone has given them a home market that otherwise would have been much smaller. But it is plain from their condition, as every farmer witness, that they need further help; and it is for them to say in what way. Unchecked by the advice of those who would keep them out of politics, many of their representative gatherings have already indicated their needs—lower taxes on larger markets. These it is the wish of the country they should have to as great an extent as can be given them without bringing unjust ruin upon their fellow-citizens engaged in other callings; and these they can get by the easy process of going, resting, and into politics as farmers whose whole business there is farming. Jay Gould used to say that in politics he was "an Erie railroad man all the time," and while his methods are not to be copied, his shrewd knowledge of the real mission of politics may be of value to the farmers of Canada.

THE PEOPLE ARE NOT ALL DEAD YET WHO THINK THAT THE FARMER SHOULD KEEP OUT OF POLITICS. This mistaken notion is pretty well beaten down in our times, but ever and anon some voice is raised to warn the farmer back to his plow and away from the wasteful sport of the political gambling-house.

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