

"INVALIDS"

And those suffering from weak nerves can drink with beneficial effects

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Sold in its native purity and is delicious.

Sold in Lead Packets Only. 50c Per Pound. All Grocers.

"Twixt Love and Duty."

"Well, Joris, we'll have no quarrel about the question. You are a Dutchman and have practical ideas of things in general. Honor is a virtue that cannot be put in the Decalogue, like idolatry, and murder, and theft."

"Say you the Decalogue? It's yes and no. Honor is a virtue that cannot be put in the Decalogue, like idolatry, and murder, and theft."

"Here comes Nell, and we'll let the question fall to the ground. There are wiser men, than either you or I on both sides."

Joris nodded gravely, and turned to welcome the young man. More than ever he liked him, for apart from moral and prudential reasons it was easy for the father to forgive an unreasonable love for his Katherine. Also, he was now more anxious for the marriage between Nell and his daughter. It was indeed the best thing to fully restore her to the social esteem of her own people; for by making her his wife, Nell would most emphatically exonerate her from all blame in the quarrel. Just this far, and no further, had Nell's three months' suffering added his suit—he had now the full approval of Joris, backed by the weight of this social justification.

But in spite of these advantages he was really more far from happy than Katherine. The three months had been full of mental suffering for her, and she blamed Nell entirely for it. She had heard from Bram the story of the fight; heard how patiently Hyde had parried Nell's attack, rather than returned it, until Nell had so passionately refused any satisfaction less than his life; heard also how, even at the point of death, fainting and falling, Hyde had tried to protect her ribbon at his breast. She never weary of talking with Bram on the subject; she thought of it all day, dreamed of it all night.

And she knew much more about it than her parents or Joanna supposed. Bram has easily fallen into the habit of calling at Cohen's to ask after his patient. He would have gone for his sister's comfort alone, but it was also a great pleasure to himself. At first he saw Miriam often, and when he did, he became a heavenly thing to Bram Van Heemskirk, and he was also a great pleasure to himself. At first he saw Miriam often, and when he did, he became a heavenly thing to Bram Van Heemskirk, and he was also a great pleasure to himself.

But for some weeks after the duel she could not bear to leave the house. It was only after both men were known to be recovering that she ventured to kiss; and her experience there was not one which tempted her to try the streets and the stores. However, no interest is a living interest in a community but politics, and these probably retain their power because change is their element. People eventually get weary of death of Nell Semple and Captain Hyde and Katherine Van Heemskirk's love affair became an interest in a community but politics, and these probably retain their power because change is their element.

Also, far more important events had now the public attention. During the previous March the Stamp Act and the Quartering Act had passed both Houses of Parliament; and Virginia and Massachusetts, conscious of their dangerous character, had roused the fears of the other provinces, and a convention of their delegates was appointed to meet during the October, in New York. It was this important session which drew Nell Semple, with scarcely healed wounds, from his chamber. The streets were thronged with hawking crying the detested Acts, and crowded with groups of stern-looking men discussing them. And with the prospect of soldiers quartered in every home, women had a real grievance to talk over; and Katherine Van Heemskirk's love affair became an interest in a community but politics, and these probably retain their power because change is their element.

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trustful and a bore if any one was foolish enough to talk to her. It was during this time of excitement that Katherine said one morning at breakfast, "Bram, wait one minute for me. I am going to Kip's store for my mother."

"It is a bad time you have chosen, Katherine," said Batavius. "Full of men are the streets, angry men, too, and of swagging British soldiers, whom it would be a great pleasure to tie up to a halter. The British I hate—bullying curs, every one of them!"

"Well, I know that you hate the British, Batavius. You say so every hour."

"Katherine!"

"That is so, Joanna. Madam looked annoyed. Joris rose, and said, 'Come, then, Katherine, thou shalt go with me and with Bram both. Batavius need not then fear for thee.'"

His voice was so tender that Katherine felt an unusual happiness and exaltation, and she was also young enough to be glad to see the familiar streets again, and to feel the pulse of their vivid life make her heart beat quicker.

At Kip's store Bram left her. She had felt so free and untrammelled, she said, "Wait not for me, Bram. By myself I will go home. Or perhaps I might call upon Miriam Cohen? What dost thou think?" And Bram's large handsome face flushed like a girl's with pleasure as he answered: "That I would like. And there thou couldst rest until the dinner hour. As I go home I could call for thee."

So, after selecting the goods her mother needed at Kip's, Katherine was going up Pearl street, when she heard herself called in a familiar and urgent voice. At the same moment a door was flung open, and Mrs. Gordon, running down the few steps, put her hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, my dear! This is a piece of good fortune, past belief! Come into my lodgings. Oh, indeed you shall! I have not seen you for weeks. Dick and me some reward, after the pangs we have suffered for you."

She was leading Katherine into the house, as the police and Katherine had not the will, and therefore not the power, to oppose her. She placed the girl by her side on a sofa, she took her hands, and with a genuine grief and love told her all that "poor Dick" had suffered and was still suffering for her sake.

It was the most unprovoked challenge, my dear, and Neil Semple behaved like a savage. I assure you. When Dick was bleeding from half a dozen wounds, a gentleman would have been satisfied, and accepted the mediation of the seconds; but Neil, in his blind passion, broke the code to pieces. A man who can do nothing but be in a rage is a ridiculous and offensive animal. Have you seen him since his recovery? For I hear that he has crawled out of bed again."

"Gracious powers, miss! Is that all you say? 'Him I have not seen.' Make me patient with so insensible a creature! Here I am, almost distracted with my three months' anxiety! And poor Dick, so gone as to be pasted knowledge—breaking his true heart for a sight of you—and you answer me as if I had asked, 'Pray, have you seen the newspaper today?'"

Then Katherine covered her face and sobbed with a hopelessness and abandonment that equally fretted Mrs. Gordon. "I wish I knew one corner of the world inaccessible to lovers!" she cried. "Of all creatures, they are the most ridiculous and unreasonable. Now, what are you crying for, child?"

"If I could only see Richard! Only see him for one moment! I am going to propose. He will get better when he has seen you. I will call a coach and we will go at once."

"Alas! Go I dare not! My father and my mother."

"And Dick? What of Dick? Poor Dick, who is dying for you? She went to the door and gave the order to a coach. "Your lover, Katherine? Child, have you no heart? Shall I tell Dick you would not come with me?"

"Be not so cruel to me, that you have seen me at all why need you say?"

"Oh, indeed, miss! do not imagine yourself the only person who values the truth! Dick always asks me, 'Have you seen her?' 'Is my humor to be trusted, and I am always swayed by my inclination. I shall feel my duty to inform him how indifferent you are, Katherine; put on your bonnet, again. Here also is my veil and cloak. No one will perceive that it is you. It is the part of humanity, I assure you. Do so much for a poor soul who is at the grave's mouth."

"My father, I promised him—"

(To be Continued.)

Frost, Snow, Wind.

Serious Damage Done by Frost in Michigan.

Great Gale on the Lakes, Accompanied by Snow and Hail.

Steamer Stranded at Cleveland—Many Vessels in Danger.

Negaunee, Mich., Sept. 21.—A rain storm set in here Friday night, which turned into snow early in the morning. Considerable quantities of snow prevailed all day.

Benton Harbor, Mich., Sept. 21.—A heavy frost did serious damage through this section, and the tomato men suffering the most. Peaches were badly nipped. The damage will figure several thousand dollars.

Marquette, Mich., Sept. 21.—When off Big Bay Point the storm broke out. A steam pipe on the Alaska burst. Nothing could be done to repair it until the steam was exhausted. The cold from the sea, and experienced the roughest handling in her history, as a terrible sea was running. The entire cargo, between decks, consisting chiefly of paving cement, coconut oil, molasses and patent medicines, was ruined, filling the deck with a thick and viscous mixture. The machinery was slightly damaged by the breaking of small pipes and connecting rods. The bulkheads were knocked out by the rolling barrels of cement, and the cargo was scattered all over the deck.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 21.—A special from Ogden says: One of the most destructive storms ever witnessed in this vicinity passed over this city Friday night and Saturday, leaving devastation in its path. Fortunately there was no loss of life, but the damage amounts to \$100,000. Great damage was caused by wires being blown down. The smokestack of the street railway power house was blown down and the city left in darkness. Camps at the power house south of Ogden were torn to rags. The roof of the large machine shop was carried away and other damage done. Scarcely one of the large buildings of the city escaped without damage. The city presents a pitiable spectacle. The thoroughfare is strewn with debris of every imaginable description. At noon the storm subsided after a 24 hours' hurricane. The great machine shops in the canyon above Ogden have been blown down. The buildings are a complete wreck.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 21.—A furious wind storm was raging here Saturday night. Passengers who came over from Toronto on the steamer Chiora, of the Niagara River Navigation Line, report the trip as one of the worst they ever experienced. The sea was running high and the waves were constantly dashing over the boat. The steamer suffered a broken shaft and a leak in the boiler. The Corona started out from this side, but was obliged to put back. Fears are entertained for the safety of some of the smaller craft known to be on the river.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 21.—The steamer Yukon, loaded with iron ore, stranded on the beach, 200 feet from the shore. Attempts to pull her off proved unavailing.

Saturday was the most exciting day that has been experienced in the local harbor for several years. The life-saving crew had all the work it could attend to. Several disasters resulted from the storm, and vessel men and passengers were badly scared, but no lives were lost. The tug Gregory, which went to assist the Yukon, was disabled and had to be towed ashore. Capt. Voshell of the Gregory was at the wheel and had his arm broken. The yacht Matt B. was rescued by the life-saving crew, and two more boats were saved from disaster.

HER IDOL SHATTERED.

But the Porter Came in and Patched It Up.

He had just returned from New York, where he had been called three days before upon urgent business. The money was all right, and, besides, it was his first absence since they were united. The three days had seemed to both like three long years.

His arms once turned, and she was promise had been renewed and vows of eternal fidelity exchanged.

"And you will never, never drink, dear?" she murmured.

"Dearest, you know I have never done so," he replied in injured tones.

"And you will never gamble either, dear, will you?" she asked.

"Precious, I have never gambled."

"And will you never, never use tobacco again, my dear?"

"Never, never again, my dear, since you wish it so."

"And she believed him in her woman's way, and 'all was merry as a marriage bell.' But he mentioned his valise, and a little struggle ensued. He would go and get his valise, he said.

A YOUNG CYCLIST KILLED.

He Was Struck by a Trolley Car—His Parents Live in Galt.

Detroit, Sept. 21.—Edward F. Radigan, aged 18, was run down by a Port Wayne and Belle Isle Railway car Saturday evening and fatally injured. He and J. E. Vermette, a young man of his own age, living at 24 Foundry street, were riding on bicycles behind a westbound car on Port street, and just at Thirteenth street the car slowed up. Radigan turned to his left on the other track, not noticing an approaching car, when eastbound car No. 88 struck him with such force that the glass in the vestibule windows was broken. Radigan was picked up still alive, but died in a few minutes. Acting Coroner Teague will hold an inquest Wednesday.

Radigan had been in the city only a short time, and was employed at the Favorite Restaurant on Atwater street. His parents live at Galt, Ont., and an uncle, Wm. Davis, lives at 121 Nineteenth street.

ATTACKED BY CRANES.

Birds Made a Concerted Attack on an Amateur Naturalist.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 21.—Ralph Hamlin, a bridge tender and amateur naturalist, was attacked by cranes on the Alameda river at Bay Fargisland bridge, he noticed a sort of haze hanging over the marsh south of the island, which appeared to be rising and falling. Armed with a shotgun he proceeded to investigate the phenomenon, and the much to his surprise saw that the wading blue line was an immense flock of cranes, most of which were dancing with outstretched wings and fencing with their bills. He was curiously overcome by the sight, and he was not to be deterred by the fact that the cranes were being attacked by two of the largest defense. Immediately after having discharged the weapon the whole flock rose as one bird and circling around made a concerted attack upon him. After clubbing his assailants with the butt of his gun without apparent effect he made a dash for his hut, which he finally reached without further injury than a few painful jabs from the spear-like bills of his pursuers, which hovered round for some time after he had escaped.

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