



LOTUS OF THE NILE. It is one of the most powerful and permanent perfumes prepared. A single drop will be found sufficient to scent a handkerchief of even a room. It is put up in a new style of glass-stoppered bottles and sold by all perfumers and druggists.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., (SOLE AGENTS) MONTREAL. FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY. Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882. Gentlemen: Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three seasons:— 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair. 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color. 3d. As a dressing. It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully, WM. CAREY CRANE.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and delicate dressing.

Prepared by E. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

MULLER'S LIVER AND BILIOUS WATER. FLORIDA WATER. UNRIVALLED FOR THE TOILET AND BATH. NO MORE NAUSEOUS PILLS! A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound is adapted for the cure of Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders. Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation or Costiveness, and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach or bowels.

Children like it! Mothers like it! Because it is agreeable to the taste, does not occasion nausea, acts without griping, is certain in its effects, and is effective in small doses.

Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Dealers. PRICE, 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE. DAVIS & LAWRENCE COMPANY, Limited, Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

Walter Shaw, thirty-three, with a revolver in each hand, put two balls in his heart at once in Brooklyn Sunday, and still lives.

To Remove Dandruff—Cleanse the scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the scalp.

The Providence News, of Texas, failed to receive its white paper a few days ago in time, and was obliged to print its edition on ordinary yellowish-brown wrapping paper.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. 8 cts.

A midnight marauder put the contents of a hen house into a bag at Alto, Mich., and was surprised next day, on dumping the fowls for sale at a market, to see that they consisted of two three-legged hens, a double-headed duck and a nearly headless goose. He had taken the stock of a travelling museum.

A Crying Evil—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. J. C. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

In a recent speech Cardinal Manning remarked that he was looking with much anxiety at the changes that were going on in his country. There was a time when the master and the man lived on the estate, and the man was a servant to the master.

National Pills is the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine, they are mild and thorough.

At the mineral exposition at Zacatecas, Mexico, is a piece of silver ore weighing 430 pounds, taken from the San Antonio mine and valued at \$2,500.

A misstep will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple.

LOVE AND MONEY

BY CHARLES READE. Author of "The Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith's Chance," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VIII. THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

The next time Walter Clifford met Mary Bartley he was gloomy at intervals. The observant girl saw he had something on his mind. She taxed him with it, and asked him tenderly what it was.

"Oh, nothing," said he. "Mind, nothing escapes my eye. Come, tell me, or we are not friends."

"Oh, come, Mary, that is hard." "Not in the least. I take an interest in you."

"Bless you for saying so." "And so, if you keep your troubles from me, we are not friends nor cousins."

"Not anything else." "Well, dear Mary, sooner than not be anything else to you, I will tell you—and yet I don't like. Well, then, if I must, it is that dear old wrong-headed father of mine. He wants me to marry Julia Clifford."

Mary turned pale directly. "I guessed as much," said she. "Well, she is young, and beautiful, and rich, and it is your duty to obey your father."

"But I can't." "Oh, yes, you can, if you try." "But I can't try." "Why not?" "No."

"Well, then, I love another girl—as opposite to her as light is to darkness." "Mary blushed and looked down."

"Complimentary to Julia," she said. "I pity her opposite, for Julia is a fine, high-minded girl."

"Ah, Mary, you are too clever for me. Of course, I mean the opposite in appearance."

"As ugly as she is pretty?" "No. But she is a dark girl; and I don't like dark girls. It was a dark girl that deceived me so heartily years ago."

"Ah!" "And made me hate the whole sex." "Oh, only the brunettes?" "The whole lot."

"Of course, will, said the girl, when she saw that her father was angry with her for not taking Uncle Clifford's advice. As if I could! I should be ashamed to propose such a thing. The truth is, she is a luxurious little fellow, and my society out of doors does not compensate him for the cookery at the Dun Cow. There—let him go."

"But I want him to stay." "Then that is very kind of you." "And I must have him stay 'till now. Now, tell me, is he a little jealous?"

"A little jealous. Why, he is eaten up with it; he is in a state of jealousy." "Then, said Walter, timidly, and hesitating at every word, 'you can't be angry if I work on him a little. Would there be any great harm if I were to say that nobody can see you without admiring you?—that if I have always respected his rights, but that if he abandons them?'"

Julia caught it in a moment, she blushed and laughed heartily. "Oh! you good, sly thing," said she, "and it is the truth, for I am as proud as he is vain, and if he leaves me, I will turn round that moment and make you in love with me."

Walter looked queer; this was a turn he had not counted on. "Do you think I couldn't, sir?" said she, sharply.

"It is not for me to limit the power of beauty," said Walter, meekly. "Say the power of flattery. I could cajole any man in the world—if I choose."

"Then you are a dangerous creature, and I will make Fitzroy my shield. I'm off to the Dun Cow."

"You are a duck," said this impetuous beauty. "So there—" The took him round the neck with both hands, and gave him a most delicious kiss.

"Why, he must be mad," replied the recipients, faintly. She laughed at that, and he went straight to the Dun Cow. He found young Fitzroy sitting rather disconsolate, and opened his errand at once by asking him if it was true that they were to lose him.

Percy replied stiffly that it was true. "What a pity," said Walter. "I don't think I shall be so much distressed," said Percy, rather sadly.

"I know two people who will miss you." "I don't know one." "Two, I assure you. Miss Clifford and myself. Come, Mr. Fitzroy, I will not beat about the bush. I am afraid you are mortified, and I must say so; mortified, at the conduct my father has shown to you. But I assure you that it is not from any disrespect to you personally."

"Oh, indeed," said Percy, ironically. "No, quite the reverse, he is afraid of you."

"That is a g—g—good joke." "No, let me explain. Fathers are curious people. If they are ever so disinterested in their general conduct they are sure to be a little mercenary for their children. Now, you know Miss Clifford is a beauty who would adorn Clifford Hall, and an heiress whose money would purchase certain properties that join ours. You understand?"

"I am truly sorry to hear it, Mary, for there are reasons why I cannot consent to an engagement between him and you."

"What reasons, papa?" "It would not be proper to disclose my reasons; but I hope, Mary, it will be enough to say that Colonel Clifford has other views for his son, and I have other views for my daughter. Do you think a blessing will attend you or him if you defy both fathers?"

"No, no," said poor Mary. "We have been hasty and very foolish. But oh, papa, have you not seen from the first? Oh, why did you not warn me in time? Then I could have obeyed you easily. Now it will cost me the happiness of my life. We are very unfortunate. Poor Walter! He left me so full of hope. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

It was Mary Bartley's first grief. She thought all chance of happiness was gone forever, and she wept bitterly for Walter and herself.

Bartley was not unmoved, but he could not change his nature. The sun he had obtained by a crime was dearer to him than all his more honest gains. He was kind on the surface; was hard as marble.

"Go to your room, my child," said he, "and try and compose yourself. I am not angry with you. I ought to have watched you. But you are so young, and I trusted to that woman."

Mary retired sobbing; and he sent for Mrs. Easton. "Mrs. Easton, for the first time in all these years I have a fault to find with you," said he.

"What is that, sir, if you please?" "Young Clifford has been courting that child, and you have encouraged it."

"Nay, sir," said the woman, "I have not done that. She never spoke to me nor I to her."

"Well, then, you never interfered." "No, sir, no more than you did."

"Because I never observed it till to-day." "How could I know that, sir? Every body else observed it. Mr. Hope would have been the first to see it, if he had been in your place."

This sudden thrust made Bartley wince, and showed him he had a tougher customer to deal with than poor Mary.

"You can't bear to be found fault with, Easton," said he craftily, "and I don't wonder at it, after fourteen years' fidelity to me."

"I take no credit for that," said the woman, doggedly. "I have been paid for it."

"No doubt. But I don't always get the thing I pay for. Then let bygones be bygones; but just assist me now to cure the girl of this folly."

"Sir," said the woman firmly, "it is not folly; it is wisdom and best for all; and I can't make up my mind to lift a finger against it."

"Do you mean to defy me, then?" "No, sir. I don't want to go against you, nor yet against my own conscience, what's left on't. I have seen a pretty while it must come to this, and I have written to my sister Sally. She keeps a small hotel at the lakes. Sally is ready to have me, and I'm not too old to be useful to her. I'm worth my board."

"I am true to you as I can be, sir. For I see by Miss Mary crying to you have spoken to her, and so now she is safe to come to me for comfort; and if she does, I shall take her part, you may be sure; for I love her as my own child."

Here the dogged voice began to tremble, but she recovered herself, and d. him she would go at once to her sister Gilbert, that lived only ten miles off, and next day she would go to the little hotel at the lakes, and leave him to part the two lovers if he could, and break both their hearts; she should wash her hands of it.

Bartley asked a moment to consider. "Shall we be friends still if you leave me like that? Surely, after all these years, you will not tell your sister? You will not betray me."

"Never, sir," said she. "What for? To bring those two together? Why, it would part them forever. I wonder at you, a gentleman, and in business all your life, yet you don't seem to see through the muddy water as I do, that is only a plain woman."

She then told him her clothes were nearly all packed, and she could start in an hour.

"You shall have the break and the horses," said she with great gravity.

Everything transpired quickly in a small house, and just as she had finished packing in came Mary in violent distress.

"What is it true? Are you going to leave me now my heart is broken? Oh, nurse! nurse!"

This was too much, even for stout-nursed Nancy Easton. "Oh, my child, my child!" she cried, and sat down on her box, sobbing violently, Mary unfolded in her arms, and then they sat crying and rocking together.

"No more must I see you, Miss Mary, I'll tell you this. I know the reasons why, his reasons why you should not marry Walter Clifford are my reasons why you should marry no other man."

"Oh, nurse! Oh, nurse! dear good angel! So when friends differ like black and white it's best to part. I'm going to my sister Gilbert this afternoon, and to-morrow to my father, as usual, must you? I shall have not a friend to advise or console me till Mr. Hope comes back. Oh, I hope that won't be long now."

Mrs. Easton dropped her hands upon her knees, and looked at Mary Bartley. "What, Miss Mary, would you go to Mr. Hope in such a matter as this? Surely you would not have the face?"

"Not take my breaking heart to Mr. Hope," cried Mary, with a sudden flood of tears. "You might as well tell me not to lay my troubles before my God. Dear, dear Mr. Hope, who saved my life in those deep waters, and then cried over me, darling dear. I think more of that than of his courting. Do you think I am blind? He loves me better than my own father does; and it is not a young man's love, it is an angel's. Not cry to him when I am in the deep waters of affliction? I could not write of such a thing to him for blushing; but the moment he returns I shall find some way to let him know I am and that I have been, how broken-hearted I am, and that I have reasons against him, and that are your reasons for him, and that you are both afraid to let me know these curious reasons; me, the poor girl whose heart is being made a football of in this house. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Don't cry, Miss Mary," said Nurse Easton, tenderly; "and pray don't excite yourself so. Why, I never saw you like this before."

"Had I ever the same reason? You have only known the happy, thoughtless child. They have made a woman of me now, and my peace is gone. I must not defy my father, and I will not break poor Walter's heart, the truest heart that ever beat. Not tell dear Mr. Hope? I'll tell him everything, if I'm out in pieces for it."

And her beautiful eyes flashed lightning through her tears.

"Hush," said Mrs. Easton under her breath, and looking down at her own feet.

"And, pray, what does 'hush' mean?" asked Mary, fixing her eyes with prodigious keenness on the woman's face.

"Well, I don't suppose 'hush' means anything," said Mrs. Easton, still looking down. "Doesn't it?" said Mary, "with such a face as that it means a volume. And I'll make it my business to read that volume."

"Hush!" "And Mr. Hope shall hear."

CHAPTER IX.—LOVERS PARTED. Walter, little dreaming the blow his own love had received, made Percy write to Julia an apology, and an invitation to visit his new house if he was forgiven. Julia said she could not forgive him, and would not go.

Walter turned to the stables without another word, and Julia flew up stairs to put on her riding habit.