"Violet was," he said, "of the same opinion, as he would see;" and indeed there was a rose-tinted, sweet-scented note from Violet—just a few lines—to the effect that she thought

her father was right.

He laid the notes down with a feeling of burning pain, a thrill of passionate anguish that frightened passionate anguish that frightened him. Nothing on earth, no power of man. Schould take her from him. She was his own, and he would hold her untit hife was ended. Then he owned to himself that Mr. Haye was right—cruely right, that without money, with an invalid father, a failing busylness, he could not take a wife. It was right to defer it. He must be patient. After all, he had not lost her he, reflected. She was still his own.

Own.
There came to him a mad desire There came to him a mad desire to see her, to caress the golden hair, to kiss the lovely lips that had on them the breath and fragrance of orses, to clasp the sweet white hands in his own, to hear the music of 'the voice that had no equal—a wild, mad longing. He read her note through again to see if he had overlooked some kindly word, to see if she had written "my love." Then he thought to himself that the little note was written for her father to see — for his faith in her was great; he could not believe that her love for him was not as true and

her love for him was not as true and as servent as his love for her. "Have you some good news there, lix?" asked the feeble volce of his ather; and the next moment Felix

had repressed the emotion so rap-idly mastering him as he crushed the letter in his hand.

'It is only a note from Violet, fa-ther," he replied; and the satisfied smile on his father's face rewarded him.

him.

Darcy Lonsdale knew that while Wiolet was true to his idolized son nothing else would hurt him.

They were alone —father and son

They were alone —father and son —for Kate had gone to the nursery—when the hall-door bell rang. Felix said, cheerfully:
"Here is a visitor."

visitors will come here; we have lost a fortune, not found one," sald Darcy Lonsdale, who had never spoken a cynical word before.

But it was a visitor, and one whom they were both well content to see. It was Evelyn Lester, with a basket of grapes and delicacles of all kinds for the invalid, and, what was better still, with the light of love and kindness on her sweet face, and with words of sympathy on her lips. As Felix saw hier bending over his father, he half wished for a moment that Violet had done something like this—had come to see them in their distress. Then he blamed himself for wishing that the was violet was a goddess to be worshipped—Evelyn a mortal woman. He saw his father's face brighten as the girl's sweet voice soothed him with well-chosen words. words.

chosen words.

"I knew you would come, Eve," he said, "Felix, place a chair for her close here by my side; it is like breathing the fresh air of May to look at you, Eve. Now, tell me, child, something that will brighten mc."

was a pretty picture—the in-It was a pretty picture—the invalid lying on his couch, the girl with her sweet face and earnest eyes bending over him, and, watching them at a distance, the handsome son. The fire burned brightly, the lamps were lighted, while outside the north wind wailed

easily upset. Baby's Own Tables are cure all baby's troubles. They are mildly laxative, and give prompt relief. mildly laxative, and give prompt reliet. Concerning them, Mrs. R. J. Balfour, Omemee, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach troubles and constipation, from which my little girl suffered, and they entirely cured her. They produced sound, refreshing sleep, and I regard them as indispensable in any home where there are little ones." any home where there are little ones."

Mothers from all parts of Canada write in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, Williams'

"And you have always been kind to me. I have come to you in a score of childish troubles, and you were always kind to me. Now I want you to let me repay you for all your kindness." She spoke so quickly that he could not interrupt her. "I want to help you. You know that I have money, plenty of money, all lying idle—for I want none, and Aunt Jane will not touch it. Do accept it; let me give it to you. I shall never want it, for I shall never marry. Do take it; you would make me happler than any one in the wide world if yo uwould. I am so grieved and so sorry that I would go out and work for you if you would let me. If you will not accept it, borrow it until you can repay me. Do not refuse me—let me help you. Fellx had come nearer to her, listening in wonder to the passionate words. Mr. Lonsdale drew the fair head down nearer to him. "So you would give me all your fortune. Eye?"

"So you would give me all you fortune, Eve?" fortune, Eve?"

There was a glad light in her eyes when she raised them to his. "I would—double my fortune, if I had it," she replied.

"And why, Eve—tell me why you

And why, Eve—tell me why you would be so good to me?"
The rich crimeon flush burned her fair face; she knew why, but she could not tell him.

"Decause I love you all, and you are my dearest friends," she replied.
"And you would give it to me all without reserve, Eve?"
"All, and more if I had it," was her answer; and then there was slence for some minutes, while the fire burned brightly and the north wind walled.

"My dear Evelyn," said Darcy Lonsends his voice was broken with

dale—and his voice was broken with emotion—"how shall I ever thank

An expression of perfect rapture came over the girl's face.

"You will let me do it?" she cried. "You have made me one of the happiest girls in the world.

The thin hands clasped hers, the sunken eyes looked tenderly into

sunken eyes looked tenderly into hers.

"Will I let you give it to me, my dearest Eve? No—a thousand times no! It is not for the money I am thanking you, but for the thought, for the intention. You have gladdened my heart, you have gladdened my life—you have given me the courage to get better, you have given me hope. I shall be so much the better of your coming," "But that is not the point?" she cried. "Dear Mr. Lonsdale, do accept the money. All, if you know how little I care for it, and how much I care for you—if you know the pleasure it would give me, you could not refuse!"

He drew the sweet face down to

He drew the sweet face down to his and kissed it. "My dear Eve, I would rather

this offer made to me than other. You have restored some my self-esteem, child—some of

of my self-esteem, child—some of my self-espect,"
Evelyn looked np in wonder, for Felix had bent down and kissed her hand. He gazed at the sweet, lushed face with wonder.

"Eve," he said, "you are an angel I shall never forget what you have said and done. I shall never forget that you have given a desponding, almost despairing man hope."

And again there came to him just

among them."

And he did not. What business was brought to his office he did, but he no longer mixed with his fellow -men. He had taken a leading part in all the business of the write in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, proving the claim that they are the very best medicine for all the minor ills of infants and young children. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or direct the contain the contain that they are the meetings, and there was a sense of remores amount his old frends—a slight feeling that perhaps, after all, they had misjudged him. Still he found life hard. There Medicine Co., were times when the brave heart would have given way but for the never seen Sir Owen made a point

remembrance that the few nearest and dearest to him had trusted him. Felly had had his difficulties; he had hastened to The Limes as soon as possible after the receipt of his letter. Francis Haye received him

"I do not wish," he said, "to part you from Violet. I do not say that the engagement must be broken off, but I do say that the marriage must not take place until you are in a better position to support a

in a better position to support a wife."

There was nothing for it but for Felix to submit; he had to trample down the wild longing, the passionate love—and his sorrow, educated him. He learned patience, perseverance, endurance, and self-control. The trial would have been easier to bear had he found that Violet was distressed about it. He looked in vain for some sign of regret; there was none. She had written a very pretty note of condolence to Darcy Lonsdale, and when Felix talked to her she shook her golden head and said it was very sad; but when he went to her with his heart full of passionate love, passionate longing and regret, and spoke about their marriage being deferred, she looked very gravely at him and said:

"It cannot be helped, Felix; and, after all, what does it matter? What difference will a few years make? By not marrying now, we both escapo the misery of living on limited means."

But he was half mad with his

means."
But he was half mad with his misery, and was not to be put off with such words. He took her white hands in his, and held them in an iron grant and held them iron grant and held them

with such words. He took her winds hands in his, and held them in an iron grasp.

"Have you no pity to extend to me?" he cried. "Have you no word to comfort me? Have you no heart? That which is a relief to you is deadly torment, deadly anguish, to me. Oh, Violet, you would have been a truer woman if you had chasped your arms around my neck, if you had laid your face on my shoulder, and consoled me."

The ring of passion in his voice frightened her as it always did; she shrunk with a scared face from the great love she could not understand. "I have to work and wait," he said. 'Oh, my beautiful love, I would work for you as no man has worked, if need should be! It is not that, but I had built up my hopes, and it is hard to see them all destroyed. I had believed that this year I should take my darling home to begin the life that would be loy for me. I am young and feel keenly; it is a terrible disappointment to me—a terrible blow. pointment to me—a terrible blow. Oh, Violet, help me to bear it!" She raised her beautiful half-fright-

oh, Violet, help oh, Violet, help oh, Violet, help oh, She raised her beautiful namened face to his.

"What can I do to help you?" she oh, wise my with the second second

me to wait. Say all this—my heart is hungry for it."
She did as he wished. She laid her golden head on his breast and whispered to him that she was sorry for him, and then she raised her fair face and kissed him. In that moment he welcomed sorrow, he welcomed paln—it was all changed it to mysted bliss for him because it. to untold bliss for him because it won a little kindness from her.
"I shall boar it all now, my darling." he said. "The waiting, the
suspense, the uncertainty, the disgrace—I shall bear it all. I shall
remember these moments, and I shall
bless the pain that brought me this
harplines."

happiness."
A few moments afterward she looked up and gave a little low laugh. "How strange it is!" she said.
"After all, you know, I never quite promised."
Felix smiled. He was too happy just then to think seriously of her words.

"Store and the first of the serious of the trunch in hers, and leeble, he had been so completely crushed by been all the world live side and lives of the serious of the se he had anticipated. He had withdrawn himself from all positions of trust; he gave up his office as church-warden; he would no longer be overseer.

"If they could believe that of me," he had an output them."

"If they could believe that of me," he had believe that of me," he had believe that of the had believe that of me," he had believe that of the had believe that of the had believe that of the had believe that one love, which was to find the had believe to the ha Victet; one hope, which was to win Vi 1st; one faith, which was centred

So winter wore away, and genial, lovely spring heralled by snowdrops and crocuses, came to gladden the hearts and souls of men.

CHAPTER IX. "Sir Owen Chevenlx." The inhabitants of Lilford uttered the name with awe and respect. Those who had

of talking about him; while those who had not only seen him, but talked to him, were elevated almost to another sphere sir Owen was a man of note. He was that much-to-be-

another sphere. Sir Owen was a man of note. He was that much-to-beenvied person, a millionaire, and he had just purchased the finest estate in Loomshira. It was called Garswood Hall, and lay between Lilford and the town of Oldstone.

There had been great excitement about this property. It had belonged to Lord Garswood, who was chiefly famous for his great love of travel. It was seldom that he spent two years in England; and now that he had resolved upon living entirely in the east, Garswood Hall, with the grand estate belonging to it, came into the market, and the fortunate purchaser was Sir Owen Chevenix. Sir Owen had arrived in great state at Garswood. Servants, carriages, horses, grandeur of all kinds, had preceded him. Every one was talking of him. The number of horses in his stables and of servants in his househod, the marvels of gold and silver plate at the Hall, the wonders in the shape of magnificent furniture—these things formed the staple of convergation in every house in Lilford. Then came the crowning intelligence, he was not married—this millionaire upon whom fortune had lavished her gifts; and the excitement rose to a great height when this became known. Maids and matrons took the greatest interest in him, the grandees of the county waited upon him, fashionable mothers offered him advice about his household, about the parties, he intended giving, and about the people

ine, you understand."

"Exactly. Well, it is in mine—and a very pleasant line I, find it. The only thing I dreaded in coming hither was that I should find nothing but rustle beauty of 'the milkmaid sort. I have a decided distaste for it; and the fact of the matter is, I am looking out for a beautiful wife."

"It is a very sensible thing to do," said Cap tain Hill.

(To be Continued.)

"SINT NIC'LAAS DAY." ts Observance in Holland-Lots of Fun for the Million.

Shrish screams of laughter mingled with the furious beating of a drum and the discordant blars of a steam organ playing "Tarara boom de aey." Crowds of girls in brilliant costumes with head coverings of gleaming gold, covered with lace; bare-armed girls, too, in spite of the wintry air, which they defy. Swains in astrachan hats and breeches of tremendous girth, all buttoned about with silver. Swains who parade the narrow street arm in arm, loudly calling out to each other and always with an eye on

other and always with an eye on the laughing girl,

"That is Netje, the one with the orange kerchief, who is ever smiling," said the old lady with the lace cap, pointing to one of the group of chattering girls in the dike before the window. "Both Klaas and Piet are crazy to manry her, and she cannot give either of them a civil answer. They are fine fellows, and to-day they skate for the queen's prize on the canal. Yes; the skating carnival of Sint Nic laas. Does not Myneer know, of the great kermus of Sint Nic laas? Over Over all Holland the day of the good 'Sint' is kept by the farmers, and there is much pleasure. I wish Netje would favor Plet, I have promised her a fine bruidsniker' all tied up in a red bag with sarsanet Netje would favor Plet, I have pro-mised her a fine 'bruldsniker' all tied up in a red bag with sarsanet ribbon of red and green—the col-ors of love and tope, Myneer knows." This talk of the becapped old dame was half drowned in the din of the steam organ. There were gaudy booths presided over by fat, purple-armed vrows, busy making and welling groceries and waffies. din of the steam organ. There were gaudy booths presided over by fat, purple-armed vrows, busy making and selling groceries and wafflee; long rows of hooded tilburys were drawn up beside the canal, their shafts tilted in the air, and the fat, hollow-backed horses eating hay from the baskets. 'Tis the day of Sint Nic'laas which answers to our Christmas day, and which falls on the 5th of December, in Holland; and it is also the day of the skating carnival of the canal. Sledges of every size and shape are here, some drawn by fat, sleek horses, others pushed by means of a steelshod slicks worked by the occupant. Flags are flying everywhere. Here is a boat blunt of bow and stern, high up on the ice, sail full, gliding along, quite filled with laughing, girls, whose cheeks seem as red as the flags above them.

From this further end of the dike comes the most noise and glare

comes the most noise and glare where are the crowded steam merry-go-rounds, at which the older peasants stolidly gape. The girls on the stiff, varnished lions, giraffes and camels, squared rottedly as the engine moves faster, the silver and gold head-dresses gleam prettly through the lace of their caps, and over all is the rancous voice of the persuasive showman, cloquent over the charge of the fat women and the charms of the fat woman, and the iron-jawed man! There is a sudden rush toward the river, and the cause is the coming of the skating contestants, stout, squat-looking fellows, on phenomenally long-bladed skates .- Metropolitan Magazine.

Steamed Tarough Herrings

An extraordinary experience be fell the mail steamer Nord while crossing the English Channel on a

recent night.
There was an immense shoal of herrings swimming down the channel, and the steamer ploughed her way through, churning up and killing thousands of the fish with her padwheels.

affected the progress of the steamer.

## The Rad Congress **And Common Tramp**

A great crowd of curious persons were gathered to front of the palatial residence of Herr Bunzinger, the Minister of Justice at dusk on an evening in March. They gaped impudently at its marble portals. Equipage after equipage rolled up to the carriage block, dumping the most astonishing examples of humanity on the eldewalk.

Apparently they were the scum of

the cast, Garswood Hall, with the grand estate belonging to it, came into the market, and the fortunate purchaser was Sir Owen Chevenk; Sir Owen had arrived in great state at Garswood. Servants, carriages, horses, grandeur of all kinds, had preceded binn. Every one was talking of him. The number of horses in his stables and of servants in his household, the marvels of gold and silver plate at the Hall, the wonders in the shape of magnificent furniture—these things formed the staples of convergation in every house in Likond. Then came the crowning intelligence, he was not marriedthis millionalre upon whom fortune had invised her gifts; and the excitement rose to a great height when this became known. Maids and matrons took the greatest interest in him, the grandees of the county waited upon him, fashionable mothers defered him advises about his household, about the parties he intended giving, and about the popule must invite, while the squires were much interested in his stable and pack of hounds. The younger ladies wondered what he would be like, and which among them would be the happy one chosen as queen of Garswood.

He must mayry: that was very certain—he could not live alone at such a place as Garswood. The matrons looked mysteriously at each other, and said it was to be hoped he woulf settle soon; it was so much better for a man to marry young. Sir Owen himself made inquires about the fairer portion of the population.

"Have you any pretty girls in this part, of the world?" he asked one day of Capitain Hill, the sporting man par excellence of the neighborhood.

"I balleve so," he repiled; "I have heard people say so. It is not in my line, you understand."

"Exactly. Well, it is in mine—and a very pleasant line I flad it. The only thing I dreaded in coming hitner was that I should find nothing but the following the count of the population." The could find nothing but the following the count of the city—had been being the provision of the population.

"Exactly. Well, it is in mine—and a very pleasant line I

ne bell. To the footman who opened the

door the new off resid; "Paid in the a poor traveler also begs a small favor."

"Certailaly, sir," answered the decorons attendant. "Pray enter. There are many others of your sort nere. Wish to arrange your toilet? Pray step into the men's dressing room, right. There you'll find additional raint and powder, if you think you need it."

"Tranks, very much," replied the vagabond. "I need everything I can find, in my business." He passed on and entered the room as directed. Not a soul was to be seen. All about were fine opera cloaks and fur-lined overcoats, which the more timbined worn to conceal their rags, and in out-of-the-way nooks were scores of silk bats.

"Queer game this," murmured the tramp, 'looking into the mirror and fingering the silverware on the dresser. "Wonder what I'm in for. Witch my rai was here to see me through. Well, here goes for a few dabs of red raint on my nose to make believe I'm not the real thing. I cught to get a square meal, 'any-how."

Hror entering the ballroom he found

Uror entering the ballroom he found himself at once the centre of interest: all eyes were upon him.

"Good evening, your honors!" he exclaimed, bowing to the right and left. "I also beg a small favor."

A shout of faughter greeted this request, followed by exclamations of

request, followed by exclamations of "Ign't he great!" "splendid make-up," and "wonderful." and "wonderful."
"I wonder who he can be?" said

the hostess.
"I can't imagine," replied her brother. "Some great art st, I should brother. "Some great art st, I should be have rainted

he faue."

"Of course, of course," said the minister of justice, anxious to rise to the occasion. The very man. My old friend, Hariacher, the artist, whom I haven't seen for years."
Advancing to the vagabond he said. "Ha-a, Ha-a; thought you would susprise me, ehf Weil, I'm too clever for you. I recognized you the moment I set my eyes on you. Come, let me present you." With this he took him by the arm and led him from group to group, introducing him as "Lukle."

The festival began forthwith with

bim from group to group, introducing him as "Lukie."

The festival began forthwith with singing, story telling, dancing. The banquet hall was thrown open and the vagabond was scated at the right of the host. Warmed by the good wine, he entered into the spirit of the occasion and played his part well. He ate ravenously, drank quantities of champagne and told stories of his actual experiences as a tramp, which his host and guests accepted as fiction, and enjoyed immensely. Next he was chosen to lead the grand march with the hostess. The dance was short, however, since the hostess being stout in person, soon grew short of breath.

The tramp wandered over to the minister. "Do you know what would make your party famous?" he asked. "Famous for ever?"

"No, I confess I do not," was the reply. "Well, let's organize a robber band."

"Robber band!" answered the host, incredulously. "We can't do that." "Why not? We only need two. Tole more in would spoil the game. I've a great plan to make you and your wife famous. Let's steal something."

"Steal! Phul!"

"Steal! Phul!"

"Steal! Phul!"

cert. While one conceals itself the other your wife famous. Let's steal something."

"Steal! Phul!"

"Oh, just in fun, of course. Nothing serious; just pinch a few watches, purses, diamonds, earnings, brooches, bracelets, etc., etc.—light, easy things of that sort, you know. Then when we have taken something from almost every one we'll let them reciaim their property, the women to pay a forfett, say, of a kiss, and the men, oh, well, make them buy wine."

"Well, I declare. You're a great rascal—the real thing!" exclaimed the lost. "Who would have thought of that? Splendid! Splendi-d! To work at once—only carefully, carework at once—only carefully, care

ing them how easily it is to lose their valuables. Here, take my jew-els and purse, so that it will look all right. Now, I'll just gather in a few things myself to show how clever I am."

He went out and soon returned with his wife's most precious jew-els, also those of her sister's and his daughters. Meanwhile the vaghis daughters. Meanwhile the vagabond had been even more active
and bad gathered in a quantity of
valuable jewelry. Lukie suggested
that it would be a good idea to call
in an outsider to play the part of
gendarme to arrest him "in fuu,
just to make it more real."

Bunzinger hurried away to call in
a neighborhood Lukie left also. First
he wrapped all the valuables in two
handkerchiefs, then he hurried to the
dressing room, plunged into a rich

dressing room, plunged into a rich fur-lined coat, clapped a top hat on his tousied head and started for the

fur-lined coat, clapped a top nat on his tousied head and started for the door, passing the butler, who bowed low as he received a gold piece as a tip.

The minister returned just in time to hear one of the guests cry; "Be on your guard, there thieves among us." Chuckling to himself, he hurried to the bail-room. "Don't be a fool," he exclaimed to the man who had sounded the alarm. "You don't want to spoil the greatest surprise of the season." The alarm had been sounded, however, and cries arose from all directions, "My watch," said one. "My purse," cried another. "My lewels," shrieked a dozen women in chorus. "Ha, Ha," laughed the minister, "It works beautifully. I-m-mense. I'll just call Lukie now and show them how smart we are."

But Jukie could not be found, nor and the could women to sold."

But Lukie could not be found, nor could anyone remember seeing him.
A feeling of mistrust selzed the min-later; as he ran to the butler and asked; "Has anybody gone?"
"Certainly. One of the princes; the one with the embroidered coat."

one with the embroidered coat."

Bunkinger was nearly paralyzed. His knees smote each other as he staggered back to face his guests. They crowded about him as he exexplained in a death-like whisper; "My friends, we have been the victims of a horrible lest. It seems that a genuine tramp broke into our party. The ungrateful wretch, not content with imposing upon our hospitality, has robbed us of our valuables besides,"
"Terrible! Terrible!" exclaimed his sister-in-law, "but you yourself robbed me of my lewels, I saw you, but kept quiet, to see what you would do. How can you explain that?"
"Explain—explain!" shouted some of his angry guests.
"Yes," that's the worst of this whole miserable business," whined the minister weakly. "He made me his willing confederate. Me, the chief minister of justice, fooled by a common tramp; but for the Lord's sake don't let this get out. Be honorable; I will restore all—every dollar's worth. Only keep it quiet, and I pledge you never to give or attendanother such ball."
For the next few days the royal jewelers did a marvelous business; but "Lukie" was never seen or heard Bunzinger was nearly paralyzed. His knees smote each other as he

jewelers did a marvelous business; but "Lukie" was never seen or heard of again.—Filengende Blatter.

STORIES ABOUT EAGLES.

A Battle Between One of These Birds and a Stag.

Some years ago Sir Charles Mordaunt witnessed in Scotland a strange battle witnessed in Scotland a strange battle between an eagle and a stag, which, says the Scotsman, completely dispols any theory that the ornithologist may put forward as to eagles not attacking large animals. The bird singled out from a herd one particular buck, which it succeeded in driving from the rest. It struck the azimal repeatedly with its powerful wings, knocked it down and finally killed it.

Baron Schreeder witnessed a stillmore

finally killed it.

Baron Schroeder witnessed a still more remarkable spectacle. An eagle attacked a fawn, which was one of a herd in the Highlands. The cries of the little one were answered by its dam, which sprang upon the eagle and struck it repeatedly with its forefect. Fawn, deer and eagle rolled headlong down a declivity, and the bird was dislodged from its hold and the fawn rescued. But Sir Kenneth Mackensie knows a more thrilling story than either of these, for, according to report, an eagle was rent in twain during a battle in his forest of Gairloch.