

The young man's face grew gloomy as he looked across the way at his homestead. The house was showing signs of neglect, and the fences were falling here and there. The jagged splinters of a tall oak, whose top had been wrenched off by a storm, were outlined against the sky, and an old man babbled and dribbled near by. On the other side the Cherokee roses bloomed and the birds sang. It seemed as if some horrible nightmare had thrust itself between Jack Carow and the sweet dreams of his youth.

"I trust you are right, Miss Jane," said Jack, after a long pause, "but He will have to come soon if He sets my affairs to rights."

"Don't get down hearted, Jack," exclaimed Miss Jane, laying her hand upon the young man's arm with a motherly touch. "Them that's big hearted and broad-shouldered hain't got much to be afraid of in this world. Have you forgot Rose Gaither, Jack?"

"I haven't forgotten Bradley Gaither, said Jack, frowning darkly, "and I won't forget him in a day, you may depend. Bradley Gaither is at the bottom of all the misery you see there." The young man made a gesture that included the whole horizon.

"Ah, Jack!" exclaimed Miss Jane, solemnly, "I won't deny but what old Bradley Gaither is been might busy runnin' arter the rudiments of the world, but the time was when you'd kindle up barely at the mention of Rose Gaither's name."

"Shal I tell you the truth, Miss Jane?" asked Jack Carow, turning to Miss Inchly with Frank but bashful smile.

"You've never failed to do that, Jack, when the pinch come."

"Well, this is the pinch, then. But for Rose Gaither I should have sold out here when I first found how matters stood. I could easily sell now to Bradley Gaither."

"That's so, Jack, you could," said Squire Inchly, who had been a sympathetic listener. "Yes, sir, you could; there ain't no two ways about that."

"But I wouldn't, and I won't," continued Jack. "Everybody around here knows my troubles, and I propose to stay here. I haven't forgotten Rose Gaither, Miss Jane, but I'm afraid she has forgotten me. She has changed greatly."

"You look in the glass," said Miss Jane, with a knowing toss of the head, "and you'll see where the change is. Rose was here t'other day, and she stood right in that room there, behind them theatrical curtains. I wish—but I shan't tell the poor child's secrets. To say this: the next time you see Rose Gaither a-passin' by, you raise your hat and tell her howdy, and you'll git the sweetest smile that ever man got."

"Miss Jane!" exclaimed Jack Carow, "you are the best woman in the world."

"Except one, I reckon," said Miss Jane, dryly.

Jack Carow rose from his chair, and straightened himself to his full height. He was a new man. Youth and hope rekindled their fires in his eyes. The flush of enthusiasm revisited his face.

"I feel like a new man; I am a new man!" he exclaimed. Then he glanced at the pitiful figure, maudering and sputtering across the way. "I am going home," he went on, "and will put father to bed and nurse him and take care of him just as if—well, just as if I was his mother."

"The Lord love you for it, Jack," said Miss Jane, "and so'll Rose Gaither. When everything else happens," she continued, solemnly, "put your trust in the Lord, and don't have no misdoubts of Rose."

The superstition that recognizes omens and portents we are apt to laugh at as vulgar, but it has an enduring basis in the fact that no circumstances can be regarded as absolutely trivial. Events apparently the most trifling

lead to the most tremendous results. The wisest of us know not by what process the causal is transformed into the dreadful, nor how accident is twisted into fate.

Jack Carow visited the Inchlys almost daily; yet if he had postponed the visit, the purport of which has been given above, the probability is that he would have been spared much, suffering; on the other hand, he would have missed much happiness that came to him at a time of life when he was best prepared to appreciate it. He had determined in his own mind to sell the little land and the few negroes he had saved from the wreck his father had made; he had determined to sell these, and slip away with his father to a new life in the West; but his conversation with Miss Jane gave him new hope and courage, so that when Bradley Gaither, a few weeks afterwards, offered to buy the Carow place for two or three times its value, he received a curt and contemptuous message of refusal.

Young Carow was high strung and sensitive, even as a boy, and events had only served to develop these traits. When he was compelled to leave college to take charge of his father's affairs, he felt that his name was disgraced for ever. He found, however, that all who knew him were anxious to hold up his hands, and to give him such support as one friend is prepared to give another. If the Pinetuckians were simple minded, they were also sympathetic. There was something gracious as well as wholesome in their attitude. The men somehow succeeded in impressing him with a vague idea that they had passed through just such troubles in their youth. The idea was encouraging, and Jack Carow made the most of it. (TO BE CONTINUED)

A Rebuke to Toronto.

Three months ago Sir John Thompson went to England to be sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. There was no question as to his nationality or his creed; he was a man of great perseverance and of great ability, and Her Majesty rejoiced to honor such men. Conservatives and Liberals rejoiced at the honor paid him. They remembered him as the boy in his father's printing office, as the reporter in the gallery of the local Legislature, as the law student in his office, as the Judge on the bench, as the arbitrator at Paris, as the leader of the House of Commons, and they rejoiced in his prosperity, rejoiced that a Canadian was so honored. (Loud applause.) There was but one feeling of admiration for the wisdom of Her Majesty's Privy Council in summoning such a man to her councils. That was the way it was looked upon in England. Death came all too soon. He was carried to his coffin, and Her Majesty the Queen approached it with faltering footsteps, and with her own hand laid on his coffin a memorial wreath, as a tribute to the memory of the man, irrespective of his nationality or creed. Over the empire, through all of the 300,000,000 subjects who were apprised of it, there was the only feeling that it was a noble, womanly act, and, as womanly, entirely befitting a Queen; and Canadians since then can sing with greater enthusiasm than ever.

"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
God save the Queen."

(Loud applause.)
And yet I fear much, that although Sir John Thompson was honored thus by the Queen, there have been times in the history of Toronto when he could not have been elected for Ward 1. I fear we are so carried away at times by narrowness and meanness.—Hon. G. W. Ross.

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