

LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A
MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

"Why do you look at me in this absurd way?" asked Sybil, and with a start Felix came down from his dreams. It was hard to realize that this, the brightest dream of her life, was to vanish from him so suddenly — that she whom he had worshipped with years of whole-hearted love should have elected to heed him not, but to give herself to a man whom she had known for but a few short months. It was a maddening thought and the more so as Felix felt that Lord Seaford was not in any way worthy of this fair, innocent girl.

For answer to Sybil's question Felix opened his hand and held out to view the little trinket.

"Do you remember this, Sybil?" he asked.

Sybil laughed a silvery laugh as she took it between her fingers. "Oh, yes! I shall never forget the trouble I was in that day! And have you really kept it all this time?"

Felix took back the heart and placed it in his pocket.

"I shall always keep it," he replied. "It is an unrequited pledge."

"Felix," said Sybil, gravely, and with a deep crimson flush suffusing her cheeks, "I must tell you something, and then you will know that — that I may not listen to you talking in this way. My father consented last night to my being engaged to Lord Seaford."

There was no answer to this Felix was simply incapable of speech for the time being. Then he said: "Sybil, believe me, that man will never make you happy. You—"

"Permit me to make my own choice of happiness, if you please, Mr. Woodford," interrupted Sybil, somewhat haughtily. "It is very probable that your ideas of happiness and mine differ a little."

"In this case they seem to do so most certainly," answered Felix, who was angry with himself as well as with everyone else, "and as my presence cannot be in any way desirable to you, I will wish you good morning."

"Sybil," swept towards the door, but Felix called her back. She came slowly, the flush on her face giving place to a deathly paleness.

"I am so much grieved that all this should have happened, dear Felix. Pray forgive me for speaking so rudely to you. But you know I cannot listen to anything against Lord Seaford."

The appealing look in the blue eyes went straight to the heart of the baron.

"Sybil," he said, "let me speak to you once. Let me say what is in my heart and I shall never trouble you again. I have loved you from my boyhood. You have always been my ideal; and I have never had reason to remove you from the pedestal which you occupy in my thoughts. I might have been able to gain your love had I tried, but my poverty has always been a barrier between us. Imagine the futility of a penniless man asking for the hand of an heiress! I could have given you up joyfully to some one worthy of you—here Sybil essayed to speak; but Felix held up his hand for silence and went on—

"But I will never rest happy seeing you in the hands of Lord Seaford. I have seen much of human life; in my profession I have seen it under every possible phase; and I have an instinct that guides me, and which rarely, if ever, fails me; and that instinct warns me against your fiancé."

He spoke the last word bitterly.

Sybil was not touched by this confession of love, but she was roused to indignant anger.

"You call yourself a man, Felix Woodford," she said scornfully, "and yet you try to destroy my faith in Lord Seaford because of your instinct! Would you in the interests of justice accept such a plea from anyone as an excuse for doing an almost irreparable injury?"

The blue eyes flashed fire, and Felix felt that his case was weak, strong though his despised instincts might be.

"I can see that you are not amenable to reason. You are blinded, fascinated by this fellow; but some day, I hope before it is too late, you will listen to me."

"When you have some more sufficient reason than 'instincts' I may listen to you; but until then we may as well consider our friendship as ended."

Felix bowed, and Sybil took up her book and marched out in stately dignity.

That evening Mr. Woodford dined alone in London. He scarcely did justice to the meal, and was comforting himself with a cigar of some wonderful brand, when his friend Mr. Marchion, Q. C., walked in.

Marchion was in an aggressively cheerful mood, and bubbling over with exuberant spirits. "Why, bless my soul, Woodford, who would have thought of seeing you? Awfully glad to see you back, though. How is it?"

Woodford smiled a sickly smile as he heard the greeting, but to the

question answered evasively. "Oh, whom do you speak?"

Marchion laughed good-humoredly. "I can't tell you her name — that's just what I want you to tell me! But she must be very cruel, for you look remarkably down. There — there — don't speak — don't incriminate yourself any further. It is all as plain as a pikestaff to me, and you're hard hit, too. However, there are brighter stars in the heavens than ever we have seen, so cheer up and forget her."

Woodford shrugged his shoulders and offered his friend a cigar. Marchion bit off the end, then lit it at the gas, and throwing himself into a well-worn easy-chair, prepared to make himself comfortable for an indefinite time.

"You have still some of your wife left about you, I see," remarked Marchion, after puffing out a few clouds of smoke with the air of a connoisseur. "You are still able to choose a decent cigar. If I had to choose between women and cigars I should certainly choose the cigar. It is most comforting, never gets into a tantrum, never shows its little temper, never puts one down in the dumps—'au contraire.'"

"Any news?" asked Woodford as Marchion stopped for a breathing space.

"Nothing fresh. Young Bruce conducted his first case yesterday—made a splendid address, I am told. But he always was a lucky beggar! He's engaged to be married, too — to Lady Victoria Maldon — a regular millionairess."

"Anything else?" Felix asked, with the object of turning attention from himself.

"Let me see — ah! yes. I have dismissed my charwoman and taken on an old man instead — a regular treat of a fellow! You must see him — he is a study, I assure you."

"Where did you pick him up?"

"Well, he saved my dog Lupus from being run over in the Strand, so I took him in to have a drink, and was surprised to find the old chap a totalitar. He seemed a simple old fellow, and told me all his story. It appears some one has run away with his daughter, and he had come to town to find the villain. He seemed to think that, being connected with the law, I could put my hand on the scoundrel at once. He was rather disappointed when I explained matters a little to him. The long and short of it is I took him on in place of Mrs. Marley, who has left to marry a sweep."

Felix laughed. "And how does your 'garçon' answer? Is he pretty handy?"

"Rather! Why, he is the pluck of cleanliness. The place isn't the same since Mrs. Marley left. I have taken a fancy to 'le poor old chap.' The only thing I object to is that he keeps very late hours, as he insists upon hanging about the theatres in turn, trying to come across this scamp."

Felix laughed again. It was certainly amusing to find Marchion doing the part of philanthropist.

"Perhaps your manservant is one of a clever gang trying to 'do' you," he suggested.

"Nothing of the sort, my dear Woodford. He is perfectly genuine."

The cigar being finished, Marchion stood up and yawned loudly. "Come down to the Tivoli!" he inquired.

"Thanks, no," replied Woodford. "I don't care to turn out to-night, and don't patronize the music-halls at any time."

Marchion took a white flower that he was wearing in his coat, and with an exaggeratedly profound bow he offered it to Felix, saying at the same time: "Accept this small and inadequate tribute to your good conduct, Felix Woodford — and may you ever continue to walk in the paths of virtue and rectitude! Farewell, as you prefer to remain here and dream your dreams of what might have been. I hope the next one will prove kinder. Au revoir!"

Felix sighed with relief as the volatile Marchion bounded down the stairs, singing the refrain of a popular street song: "It's a great big shame!"

CHAPTER IV.

"What is it, William! What have you stopped for?"

A carriage and pair had come to a full stop at the entrance to Walton Park, and the occupants were somewhat astonished.

William jumped down from the box and approached the window. "Some person, Miss Marjory, is lying here in the road—a woman."

"A woman!" exclaimed the young lady. "Is there anything the matter with her?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she jumped out to see for herself.

"Poor creature, she seems to have fainted. She cannot be left here. Amy, do you mind walking up to the house? We must really put this poor woman in the carriage and take her home. James, come and help Will-

iam, please. The horses will be all right."

James got off his perch in an aggrieved manner, and between them the two men lifted Dollie into the Walton carriage.

"Here's a baby, ma'am," exclaimed William in consternation, as he caught sight of a bundle resting on the ground.

"Oh, pick it up. You can carry it up to the house — I am afraid I don't know how to carry it properly."

Miss Marjory peered cautiously into the bundle, chattering volubly all the time.

"Dear me! I wonder where she can belong to! She is certainly quite ladylike — and well dressed. Don't you think so, Amy? Whatever could she be doing right out here at this time? Isn't it strange?"

William meanwhile stalked on before them, carrying the baby in a most gingerly fashion, whilst bringing up the rear was the carriage, with James grumbling audibly.

"What will Miss Marjory do next? The whole house is turned upside down with her fads and fancies."

Marjory Walton was the youngest daughter of Henry Walton, senior partner in the wealthy firm of Walton, Watts and Co., bankers. Miss Marjory was a young woman of energy and benevolence, which qualities, added to unlimited riches, had turned her into a philanthropist. She delighted in nothing so much as turning the house into a perfect pandemonium by filling it with children, imported from London in batches, for the day. Her fond parents put up with the noise and racket and the topsy-turvydom of these "days," but deep, and sometimes loud, were the mutterings and murmurings of the servants told off to wait on the little "arabs."

"I can't never bin him such a 'ouse in hall my borney days," was the verdict of one footman, who left because he could not put up with it "no ways."

Then in town Miss Walton was patroness and chief (in fact, almost sole) benefactress of a Home for respectable but destitute girls and women. Here she lodged, fed and clothed twelve persons all the year round at her own expense; whilst they between them did the work of the establishment and sometimes contributed towards the income by doing sewing, embroidery, or such work. These "girls," as Miss Walton styled them (though many of them had long left their girlhood far behind) were for the most part birds of passage, though one or two of them were permanent inmates. Miss Walton took a lively interest in her girls, and promoted their happiness to the utmost of her power. For the temporary inmates she afterwards found employment, and took care to visit them in their situations and to plan many little schemes for their amusement and recreation on their holidays. For the permanent occupants of "St. Margaret's" she had always some fresh plan on hand. She treated them with a uniform kindness and courtesy that caused them to simply worship her. She was fond of them, too — un-couth and unlovable as some of them were, to most people. She smoothed down all their little differences with the matron, whose patience was apt to suffer not a little from contact with the more irritable and capricious of her charges.

No one was surprised, then, when Marjory rushed in to the housekeeper at Walton House and begged that a room might be prepared for the reception of her latest protegee. Amy, an elder sister, shrugged her shoulders and suggested that she ought to be more careful as to whom she took into the house. Her mother, with uplifted hands and eyebrows, wondered what she would do next, and her father suggested that it was time Marjory got married — a husband would soon put an end to her absurdities. But they allowed her to have her way, and she installed herself as nurse in the sick chamber, where for many days Dollie's life hung in the balance. With wonderfully gentle care Marjory fanned the flickering flame of life into more vigorous action, and was well rewarded, she considered, when after three weeks her patient was permitted by the doctor to sit up for an hour or two.

They were in Marjory's boudoir — a spacious, lofty room, furnished luxuriously with every appliance for comfort. The walls were draped in French style with white brocade, on which was woven an artistic pattern in gold thread. The carpet was of thick velvet pile — such as Dollie had never even dreamt of. A grand piano filled one corner of the room, and the music which lay strewn around showed that in the midst of her multifarious self-imposed labors, Marjory still found time to enjoy the gentle muse. The rest of the furniture was of suite, and the cushioned lounges alone were worth a small fortune. Dollie was leaning back in one of these. It was upholstered in white silk, and was full of cushions of turquoise blue velvet. It formed a perfect framework to Dollie's style of beauty, and on entering the room Marjory, who was not favored with good looks, was struck with admiration.

"You look quite comfortable—quite at home, and much more in place here than I do. Yes, those blue cushions suit you to perfection. And doesn't Baby look happy? He is quite contented."

"To be contented, I am afraid," murmured Dollie weakly. "You are all too kind to us both. How long do you think it will be before I can go away? I must work, you know." She

clasped her hands together feverishly. "Work!" exclaimed Miss Marjory, with an intonation of surprise. "You certainly look like work at present! I am afraid it will be a very long time before you can work if you worry about it in this way."

"I must worry about it—I can't help it," was Dollie's reply.

"Well, promise me that you will try not to worry for at least one week, and then we will talk things over and see what can be done."

Tears gushed to Dollie's eyes at this kind proposal. She was still very weak and ill, and she was trying to do brave and to forget, but she found this even harder work than to forgive — and heaven only knew how hard that was.

So Dollie was over for a week, and at the end of that time had so much improved that, at her earnest request, she was removed to "St. Margaret's Home," where she felt that she would be able to work and so to help in a small measure her kind benefactress.

Miss Marjory accompanies her protegee herself and introduced her to her new abode and its inmates. The matron, Mrs. Easley, was a person of mature age, kind-faced and pleasant-voiced. She took at once to Dollie, and quite won the poor girl's heart by the way in which she caressed and fussed over the baby.

Dollie had confided all her past sad history in Miss Marjory, and Marjory could not doubt the truth of it as she looked into the honest eyes and on the frank, open countenance of the girl who had so happily befriended her.

She had suggested to Dollie on coming to London that it would be better to change her name — especially as it appeared that she had no real claim to that of Leigh.

"What do you think of being renamed Mrs. Bennett, or something like that, and call Baby Aubrey, after a dear friend of mine? And see, I have bought a new wedding-ring for you. It was shameful to deprive you of what you ought to have had a right to if you are not married, you thought you were — and that will hold good before Heaven, at all events, though the world may not recognize it as an extenuating circumstance."

Dollie submitted to her rechristening and to the baby's, and to accompany her to her new name Marjory insisted upon bestowing it upon her on every possible occasion.

"I am sure, Mrs. Bennett will be a great help to you while she stays here, and Baby will be no trouble to you whatever," said Marjory on introducing her charge.

The Matron acquiesced, as in duty bound, and was quite struck with the wondrous beauty of the new inmate of St. Margaret's.

"Can you let us have some tea, Mrs. Easley, please?" continued Marjory. "I know Mrs. Bennett feels quite like a fish out of water and won't care to go up to the common sitting-room until to-morrow."

"You must be kind to her," she added, as she followed Mrs. Easley out of the little parlor set aside for her special use when she visited St. Margaret's. "She is not strong, and has a very sad history; so if she doesn't appear very bright at times you mustn't put it down to discontent or that sort of thing. And do all you can to help her with Baby, won't you?"

It would be absurd to say that Dollie did not feel the change in her surroundings. She did very much; but she had determined to be as bright and cheerful as possible in her new home, and to give as much assistance in house and other affairs as she could, and thus repay in some small measure Miss Walton's kindness.

It was true that she could not do much. Her early education had been of the most meagre kind. She had attended the village school until she had reached the age of fourteen, and being naturally intelligent, had made the most of her advantages, and above all had acquired an intense love of reading. She would simply devour any kind of book that came in her way. The modest village library she had read volume by volume several times over. She had borrowed books from anyone who had such things to lend, and when later on she earned money from her father by doing the housekeeping for him, she spent almost the whole of it on books. She had no taste for reading cheap, trashy novelettes; the standard authors were her favorites; and they were cheap editions of some of these that her father had burned on that memorable day of her ever-to-be-regretted flight.

From this habit of reading she had acquired a correct method of speaking, and could express herself very well in conversation on any ordinary subject. She had also managed to attain a very fair amount of general knowledge, and could display it to the best advantage. Accomplishments she had none — though the deep, rich tones of her voice in speaking indicated that she was possessed of a splendid contralto voice, which only needed training to become a source of pleasure to others and of profit to herself.

There was one thing, however, in which she was soon found to excel, and that was nursing the sick. Her gentle unobtrusive personality, her kindly, sympathetic manner, and her intelligent, devoted attention were all qualities that singled her out as a born nurse.

But we must not anticipate.

On the morning after her arrival at St. Margaret's Dollie was introduced to the other inmates. They were a somewhat promiscuous company, ranging over the varied changes on

shabby gentility and disappointed hopes.

The first to come forward and welcome Dollie was a middle-aged woman dressed in faded garments, which were evidently the relics of old decency. She rejoiced in the title of Countess Melincourt, having been married to a penniless French adventurer who had probably adopted the title for his own ends. The Countess lived to be styled Madame (a dignified curtailment of the more formal Madame la Comtesse). Madame was possessed of a fertile imagination, upon which she was continually drawing for descriptions of her husband's family and their various chateaux in "la belle France." The fact was that Madame, since the Count's death, had held situations as lady's maid, and had had her ideas considerably heightened. It pleased her now to dilate upon her former glories — the establishment she had presided over, the balls and dinners she had given, and when her imagination was particularly fired) even of the royalty she had entertained. One of her delusions was that she was still in the pristine radiance of her early youth (albeit she had already passed her fourth decade of years), and when she walked abroad she was wont to cultivate an injured expression, as she said, to serve her instead of a chaperone. However, Madame's charms were not of the order that require chaperoning. Her features appeared to be put together with no particular method. Not only that, but they struck the impartial spectator as having been smoothed over with a flatiron. She possessed one redeeming point, she had a pair of really beautiful hands. They were long and white with tapering fingers, and nails of the most approved style and color. She was intensely proud of these, and generally carried on her arm a small bag containing a set of manicle instruments, with violet powder and pink emery powder ad lib. She embraced Dollie effusively, being one of those persons who never wait to know you before they kiss and caress you.

"Have you come to stay with us a little time? How sweet of you! And darling baby, too! You know, Mrs. Easley" — turning to the matron — "I am so fond of children — I dote on them."

She spoke and behaved as though she were receiving Dollie on the threshold of her own country residence.

Dollie smiled as she quietly returned the greeting. Though uneducated, save by her own reading, she was a keen observer of human nature, and in general made very fair estimates of the people with whom she was brought into contact. Only when the proverbial blindness of love enshrouded her mind did she fail to discover the villainy which lay concealed under the most handsome exterior that ever it had been her lot to come across.

"I will leave Mrs. Bennett in your charge, the Madame. You know how busy I am at this time of the day. You can introduce her to the others." Mrs. Easley expressed a wish that all would do their best to make the newcomer happy and comfortable whilst she was with them, and then went away.

(To be continued.)

HORRIBLE PAINS

French Gentleman's Sufferings are Beyond Description

Many Doctors Treated Him, but without Success—Dollie's Remedy Cured Him and now He is a Pious and Happy Man—He tells the story.

St. Urbain, Que., March 31.—(Special.)—Fearful indeed has been the experience of Narcisse Barrette, of this place. For fifteen long and wearisome years he has suffered with an acute Malady of the Kidneys and back which has caused him the most agonizing pains.

He consulted physician after physician and followed their treatment patiently and carefully. Some of them afforded him a little temporary relief (which was in itself a great blessing), but the pain always came back to torture him even worse than before.

Rheumatism added its terrors to his already great burden of misery and his life was a succession of spasms of the most violent pains it has ever been the lot of any mortal man to endure.

The story as told by Mons. Barrette himself is in part as follows: "For more than fifteen years I suffered with a severe Malady of the back and Kidneys which caused me horrible pains in the back.

"I tried many doctors, but the relief I got was only temporary and the Malady always returned. My suffering was so great at times that it was almost beyond endurance.

"I had Rheumatism as well as the pains in my back, and between them I was sorely tried. I would rather die than suffer again in the way I did, but now life is very pleasant for me and I am anxious to live.

"You ask me how I was cured? "Well, after trying in vain doctors' treatments and almost everything else, I began to use what has been to me the greatest medicine in all the world, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon the pains all left me. They acted almost like magic. I am now in perfect health and work every day."

AN OPERATION NOT NECESSARY

Itching Piles of Twenty Years' Standing Cured Permanently by

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Is it necessary to undergo a surgical operation with all the accompanying risks, expense and suffering in order to be freed from the suffering of itching piles?

Very many people ask this question and too frequently the medical advisor answers yes. But there are scores and hundreds of people throughout the length and breadth of this land who know differently. These are people who have been actually cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Among others is Mr. Alex. McLaughlin of Bowmanville, Ont., a man well known and highly respected in this town, of which he has been a resident for about thirty years. In a letter to us Mr. McLaughlin describes his case as follows:

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case, I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

It is all nonsense to talk about a surgical operation as the only cure for piles. Scores of people are being cured every day by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Not merely relieved—though relief itself is a great thing to the sufferer from piles—but cured throughly and permanently, as Mr. McLaughlin has been. Dr. Chase's Ointment has no worthy rival. It stands alone as an absolute cure for piles of every form. Send a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Famous Footprints

(By Epiphanius Wilson in The Young Catholic.)

Footprints on rock or sand or clay play a large part in the story of ancient religious and national history. On the Mount of Olives is an impression on the rock which is said to have been made by the foot of Christ when last He touched the earth, before His Ascension. In the South Downs, Sussex, England, there is seen at a point called Devil's Dyke a line of footprints which are said to have been made by Satan, when, according to popular legend, he hollowed out the deep valley, for the purpose of burying the neighboring village and church spire in the earth of his excavation. A more curious legend is that which relates to the birth of Fohi, the first Emperor of China, who comes into history some three thousand years before the Christian era. The legend says that Fohi was born of a virgin mother; he is called "The Son of Heaven." His birth took place in this wise: His mother chanced to be walking along the shores of a certain lake, and there she met the footprint, more than human size, of a man. Carelessly placing her foot on this colossal track she was suddenly surrounded by a rainbow, and in the process of time gave birth to Fohi, the king and deliverer of his people. Herodotus tells us that by the River Tyras, in Sarmatia, the footprints of Hercules, two cubits in length, is shown by the inhabitants as a proof of the hero's presence in that region of the earth. Amongst some of the North American Indians, especially in Canada, there is a tradition that the coming of great disaster, a hard winter, famine or pestilence, is foretold by the appearance of an imprint in the deep snow of a huge footprint, as if made by some superhuman monster.

But there is a very prosaic interpretation to be given to some of the stones marked with human footprints. In Scotland, for instance, there are what are called "Tanist Stones," such as that on the top of Dun Add, an elevated piece of land in Argyleshire. The mark of a right foot is plainly carved on the surface of this rock, and the threads of the thick stocking are plainly discernible. It is about eleven inches long and sinks into the rock about half an inch. The legend runs that Ossian was one day hunting in this part of the country and was attacked by the stag which his dogs had brought to bay. In trying to escape he leapt from the top of Rudal Hill across the valley to the rock of Dun Add, and came down with such violence as to impress the hard surface with the print of his foot. The fact is, however, that in places in Scotland and elsewhere these footprints mark the spot where a king or chieftain ("Tanist") has been inaugurated and enthroned. The footprints means that the ruler has now set his foot upon the land, which he is hereafter

to occupy as his own possession. In our own country there are some what similar marks to be found. The Smithsonian Institution contains three large slabs of stone on which are cut imprints of human feet. Learned men have endeavored and taken from the Smithsonian Institution a large slab of stone from the South Sea Islands, containing the impression of a foot print five feet long.

The footprint has a conspicuous place amongst the relics of Christian antiquity. The most famous footprint in stone is that which is preserved in the Church of St. Sebastian, near Rome. This footprint is in white marble, and has evidently been very carefully chiseled out of the rock. Tradition, however, attributes to it a supernatural origin. It is said that when St. Peter during the persecution of the Christians by Nero, was condemned to death he escaped from the city with the intention of saving his life, but as he hurried along the Appian Way he met our Lord and asked Him "Lord, whither goest Thou?" "I go to Rome, to be crucified for thee," was the answer. The sequel is well known, but it is said that the rock upon which Christ stood ever afterwards preserved the impression of His sacred feet.

A more curious story is that connected with St. Christina, whose church stands at Bolsena on the lake of the same name, in Tuscany. The persecutors of Christianity, having seized the Christian virgin, hung her into the lake, attaching a stone to her body for the purpose of securing her death. But a miracle took place. The stone floated and became a raft, which carried her in safety to the shore, and, as she stood upon it, in her moment of triumphal deliverance, the hard rock received the impression of her footprints, which, according to tradition, it has unto this day.

In the most secret recesses of the great mosque at Mecca there is to be seen a piece of rock which preserves the print of feet said to be those of Abraham. According to the wild legend of Arabian tradition, Abraham took part in building the Kaaba, or chapel, in which the relic is preserved. The patriarch stood upon a slab of stone instead of a scaffold and the slab floated in the air, and carried him and up and down, hither and thither, along the wall of the rising structure, the parts at which he wished to apply his labor. But Abraham, it is said, has left his footprints in other parts of Asia; for instance, on Jebel Musa, near the coast of St. Catharine.

There can be no doubt that, as the foot is that part of the body by which the ground is touched when it is either traversed or conquered, when we consider that in places of soft earth a track is naturally made, so there should be a desire that this track or trace of great and illustrious men should rouse in the minds of their followers, or their posterity, a desire to perpetuate in stone, thus the metaphorical expression of the poet, "Footprints on the sands of time," is made a reality by the carving of footprints on the eternal rock.

The vastness of size which is attributed to the footprint of Hercules in Scythia, as well as to the heroic and divine personage of the South Sea Islander, is merely a tribute to the power and greatness of character which in all primitive art is represented by greatness of material form. That the Tanist Stone is intended to be the monument of a chieftain or a king, that the footprint on a Christian sepulchre suggests the traces of goodness and holiness in the way of life left behind by the saint of the Christian Church, that the savage should think that when his great leader put his foot upon the ground he made a deeper impression than that made by that of ordinary men, that a like belief should prevail amongst the ignorant with regard to saints and martyrs of ecclesiastical tradition—all this is quite intelligible, and serves to explain the fact that in every part of the world and in every stage of ancient history the footprint on the rock has been discovered, as a witness to the domination of great men over their fellows and the impression their characters have made on the imagination of their posterity.

It is truest to the past who meet it and its victory as a gateway through which he must pass, without lingering, to the future.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.