

The True and The False

"Mr. Hunter."
At the sound of her loved voice his eyelids quivered and unrolled.

"The convention have nominated their candidate."
His eyes were fixed upon her fondly.

"It is doubtful whether he heard, or understood, or cared; but his eyes were fixed most fondly upon her—his lips moved. She knelt down by him and bowed her head to his. His eyes lingered over her lovingly; idly he toyed with her silken ringlets. And she bent and kissed his asured brow again and again—many times, repressing the flood of tears ready to burst forth.

He spoke in a low, faltering, broken voice, with many interruptions. He said: "My Augusta, I was strong and should have sustained anything. And she bent and kissed his asured brow again and again—many times, repressing the flood of tears ready to burst forth.

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Then the illustrious statesman had never been able to keep an hour of his time, an event of his life, scarcely a thought of his brain, or an affection of his heart, apart from the intrusion, the espionage, the criticism or the sympathy of the multitude.

Now they invaded his chamber—they crowded around his dying bed to the exclusion of his own beloved ones.

True, Augusta kept her station near the head of his bed, but she might not speak to, or hear from him one warm heart word, for there was always a clergyman, or two bending over his pillow, a half-dozen brother Senators and Representatives and others near, and worse than all, two reporters, hovering in the passage near the chamber door, and peeping in and stippling down their hieroglyphic every time it was opened.

As Daniel Hunter had lived in public, so he must die in public. And he was going fast—hourly his senses waned—he felt gradually into the stupor preceding death.

He lay in this state for several hours, during which all attempts to attract his attention proved utterly futile, except when his wife would bend over him, take his hand and look into his eyes—then the fast stiffened fingers would try to close around hers—and the failing eyes would soften with affection or lighten with intelligence. Long after he was entirely insensible to all other external impressions he recognized her touch and her glance. He knew her to the last. The heart's last breath—the first to live, the last to expire! He knew her to the last.

And, therefore, she never left him again.

After having spent days and nights by his bedside, against the expostulations of friends and physicians, Dr. Henry, their old family practitioner, took her hand and felt her pulse.

"Mrs. Hunter," he said, "most positively you must leave this room; go and take some refreshment and lie down and sleep. You yourself, are sinking fast."

"And I assure you, doctor, I should sink faster any where else but here."

He looked at her, her hollow eyes, and cheeks, and temples, her ashen hue, and dropped her wrist, and turned away with a deep sigh. The lady said:

"Be easy about me, dear friend. I am well enough. They say the heart knoweth its own bitterness. I say it knoweth its own blessedness as well!"

At noon that day Falconer arrived by the new railroad at the Summit station. Here the young man made inquiries, and received information that raised his anxiety to the highest pitch. He procured a horse and galloped rapidly to Howlet Hall.

As he crossed the barrier, entered the hollow, and approached the house, every thing revealed the passage of some momentous event. Four or five carriages, mud spattered and with wearied horses, stood neglected before the door. The footpaths were unswamp, and the stairs leading up to the portico unwashed for many days.

The front door was ajar; the knocker was muffled. No servant was in attendance. He entered the hall; that, too, was dusty, empty and neglected.

He rapped gently with the end of his riding whip. Then a man servant came out from a side room. Falconer knew him, addressed him by name, and asked after his master. Henry shook his head, and answered that there had been no change since yesterday morning. He then led the way into a parlor, placed a chair for his visitor, and took his card to carry up.

Falconer looked around him; even in this sumptuous room everything wore the same dreary air of neglect. The rich velvet-covered chairs were coated with dust; dust had gathered in the folds of the satiny damask curtains; a superb Chinese screen of stained glass that stretched across the room was dim with fly specks; the vases on the stands were filled with dead flowers, emitting a faint and sickening odor, and two tall silver candlesticks, with their guttered wax candle ends, stood upon the centre table, left there from the night before.

He had scarcely made these mournful observations before the door swung slowly open, and his beloved Maud entered the room.

And oh! how thin, and pale, and sorrowful, and self-neglected she, too, looked! Her air was that of one who had watched and wept for many days and nights. She wore a white wrapper, very carelessly; and her bright hair, if not disheveled, was certainly disordered. She looked not over so pretty, as when he had seen her last—but to him—oh! how

much more beautiful. He sprang to meet her, as she advanced slowly, holding out her fair hands. And "Falconer!" and "Dearest, dearest Maud!" were their simultaneous greetings, as he folded her to his bosom. They spoke, no more for a little while; for, as soon as her head fell upon his shoulder, she burst into tears, and wept abundantly. Presently she lifted her head, and wiped her eyes, and said:

"A and greeting I have given you, dearest Falconer—a sorrowful, sorrowful greeting. But you are welcome. I am very glad to see you. Yet—to meet in such an hour as this. My father! oh! my dear father!" she cried, dropping her head and weeping afresh.

"How is he, Maud?" inquired the young man, in the most gentle, tender, sympathizing tone and manner. "How is he, dearest Maud!"

"Alas, Falconer!"

"No better, Maud?"

"No; no better. Oh! Falconer, that has been the despairing answer to all inquiries; how many dreadful days! No better, for, Falconer, since his first attack he has grown daily worse and worse! I don't believe the doctors know what is the matter with him. They said his first attack was apoplexy; now they differ as to the nature of his illness. They agree only upon this, Falconer—that he must die. Again she wept convulsively. Presently she said: "I have not seen him for two days, Falconer."

"Not seen him for two days?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why is that, dear Maud?"

"Oh! I have no self-control! none at all, I think. When I see him I cannot refrain from weeping. I am not like my dear mother; she has not shed a tear since his illness. I sometimes wish she would; for oh! Falconer, she looks so strangely. It seems as if the shadows of death were falling upon her, too!"

Tenderly and reverently caressing her, he led her to a sofa and sought to soothe her grief.

While yet they conversed, there was a sudden opening of doors, and a hurrying of steps. Impressed with a prophetic feeling, Falconer arose, and stepped to the door and opened it. A gentleman rapidly descended the stairs, and was hurrying through the hall. Falconer stepped out and accosted him.

"Sir, will you inform me—has anything happened?"

"Mr. Hunter has just expired, sir," answered the gentleman, hurrying on. Falconer stepped back into the room. Maud was at the door, pale as death with dread. She caught his arm, and gazed into his face in the speechless, breathless agony of anxiety.

"Be composed, my dearest Maud. I still that wild, wild gaze of inquiry."

"Dearest, dearest Maud, I should sink faster any where else but here."

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WEAK, PALE AND WORN OUT WOMEN.

Can be Saved From a Life of Misery by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Women are called the "weaker sex," and yet nature calls upon them to bear far more than men. With too many women it is one long martyrdom from the time they are budding into womanhood, until age begins to set its mark upon them. They are no sooner over one period of pain and distress than another looms up only a few days ahead of them. No wonder so many women become worn out and old looking before their time.

In these times of trial Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold to women. They actually make new, rich blood, and on the richness and regularity of the blood the health of every girl and every woman depends.

Mrs. Urbane C. Webber, Welland, Ont., is one of the many women who owe present health and strength to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Webber says: "About three years ago, while living in Hamilton, my health began to decline. The first symptoms were headaches and general weakness. After a time the trouble increased so rapidly that I was unable to attend to my household duties. I lost flesh, looked bloodless and had frequent fainting fits. I was constantly doctoring, but without any benefit, and I began to feel that my condition was hopeless. One day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and mentioned several cases in which she knew of the great benefit that had followed their use. After some urging I decided to try the pills. I purchased a box and used a few weeks when I began to feel benefited, and from that time on the improvement was steady, and by the time I had used about a dozen boxes of the pills I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. I cannot too strongly urge other discouraged sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor, watery blood, such as anemia, general weakness, indigestion, neuralgia, skin troubles, rheumatism, and after effects of influenza, and such nervous troubles as St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail, in a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

USES OF THE CHAFING DISH.

Mrs. Rorer Again Tells About Cooking.

Resuming her course of lectures on scientific cooking for the patrons of the Gimbel store, Mrs. Rorer talked yesterday morning and afternoon to large audiences of women who watch with interest the deft work of the famous exponent of culinary art. Her morning demonstration was on "the every-day possibilities of a chafing dish," and she pointed out the necessity in these times of financial stringency, for every housekeeper to save wise economy, which to her mind means the saving of good materials. Her morning demonstrations were on the following dishes:

Oysters a la Richmond—Drain 25 oysters. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a chafing dish; stir for a minute; then add the oysters, a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, a dash of cayenne and a little paprika. Cover the dish, and when the oysters begin to boil, add, if you have it, four tablespoonfuls of cream or milk. Stir gently and serve.

Quick Goulash—Put into a chafing dish a tablespoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of chopped onion; stir until the butter is melted and the onion a little soft; add a tablespoonful of flour; mix; add a teaspoonful of paprika, a half-pint of stock; stir while boiling; then add two sweet peppers cut into strips, and a pint of cold cooked meat cut into cubes of an inch. Bring to a boil and serve.

Divilled Scallops—Mash the yolks of three-boiled eggs through a sieve. Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a chafing dish; mix; add a half-pint of milk; stir until boiling; add gradually the yolks of the eggs, a dash of red pepper; a salt-spoon of white pepper and a teaspoonful of salt. With and seal the scallops—this may be done in the morning. Add them to the sauce, and when thoroughly hot serve on crisp crackers or squares of toast.

In the afternoon Mrs. Rorer took for her subject, "The After-Theory of the Home," and showed her audience how to prepare the following dainties:

Dry Panned Oysters—Drain and wash the oysters; throw them at once into a hot chafing dish; add salt and paprika, a little black pepper and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire, and when hot add a tablespoonful of butter.

Oysters Hongroise—Put into a chafing dish a tablespoonful of butter and a level teaspoonful of paprika, mix and when hot add a level tablespoonful of flour; add 25 oysters that have been drained; stir carefully; add one sweet pepper cut into strips and a half-cup of tomato. When hot add a level teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Chicken au Supreme—Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour into the chafing dish; mix; add two-thirds cup of milk, one-half teaspoon-

ful of salt, a dash of pepper, and, if you wish, four tablespoonfuls of sherry; add the chicken; when hot stir in the yolks of two eggs that have been beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Serve on toast.

Welsh Rabbit—Put into the chafing dish a pound of cheese, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire, a dash of red pepper, and, if you wish, four tablespoonfuls of ale; beat the yolks of two eggs, add them, and stir the mixture until perfectly smooth. Serve at once on toast.

CANADA'S FORESTS.

The Dominion Must Husband Her Timber Resources.

Canada's forest area has been variously estimated at from eight hundred million to three hundred million acres. The latter is the latest estimate, and was given by Dr. B. E. Fernow, the recently appointed dean of the faculty of forestry at the University of Toronto. He is one of the best authorities on forest subjects on the continent, and for years was head of the United States Bureau of Forestry. His estimate, he thinks, "will cover the commercially valuable timber land area, actual and potential." At this estimate the forest area of Canada is "not much more than one-half of the commercial forest area of the United States."

Mr. R. H. Campbell, Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion Government, gives a rather larger estimate. He has calculated the forest area of the Dominion at about 535 million acres, divided as follows:

Area.	Million Acres.
British Columbia	182
Man., Sask., Alta. and un-organized territories	180
Ontario	40
Quebec	120
New Brunswick	7 1/2
Nova Scotia	5

"Inexhaustible" used to be a favorite word to describe Canada's forests. But the drop from the old figure of 800 million acres to the more recent one given above shows clearly that the more Canada's forest wealth is investigated, the less are people inclined to use that word. Great as this wealth may be, it is for Canada to husband her resources, and make her forests a permanent asset. In order to do this, she must carefully protect her forests and see to their being reproduced, that a future supply of timber may be ensured from them. This would mean the careful management of these lands on scientific and business principles, and these it is that the forestry movement is seeking to introduce throughout the Dominion.

NEW YORK'S CONGESTION.