CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by, an East

India missionary the formula or a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and perma-

nent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung

Affections, also a positive and radical cure for

Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints,

after having tested its wonderful curative

powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his

duty to make it known to his suffering fellows.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve

human suffering, I will send free of charge, to

all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for

preparing and using. Sent by mail by ad-

dressing with stamp, naming this paper, W.

A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. P.

John B. Gough has delivered more than 8,000 lectures.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all kid

O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn., writes :

I was suffering the most excruciating pains

from inflammatory rheumatism. One appli-

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almost instant relief, and two bottles effected

A gift of a clock was made some time ago to a church in Amherst, Mass., with the condition that it should invariably keep Boston time.

A ROOM OF WONDERS!

And well the visitors may say so, for the

room was dark, so dark you could not see a

hand before your face. Yet plain and distinct,

shedding a beautiful soft radiant light, emit-

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odor, were a number of crucifixes, statues of the Blessed Virgin, our Saviour, St. Joseph,

the Apostles, and numerous other religious

objects, prepared by Messrs. J. B. Maxwell.

whose advertisement on page three is worth

"THE ONY ONE IN AMERICA."

The International Throat and Lung insti-

tute, Toronto and Montreal, is positively the

only one in America where diseases of the

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ations are used through the Spirometer,

an instrument or inhaler invented by Dr. M.

Souvielle of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the

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gitis: Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness,

and Consumption have been cured at this

institute during the last few years. Write,

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particulars and reliable references to 173

Church street, Toronto, Ont; 13 Phillips

What could be better than the criticism of the

boy who, while standing in front of Nisgara and listening to the deafening rush of many waters said. "Mother, I feel like taking off my hat to

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONGRESS

House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1882.

Gentlemen-Enclosed find one dollar, and

will you send me some of N. H. Downs' Veget-

able Balsamic Elixir, by express. I have a

bad cold, as has almost everyone else here,

quently at home, and consider a most valu-

able medicine; in fact, the very best remedy

but cannot find the Elixir, which I use fre-

Square, Montreal, P. Q.

ney and urinary complaints cured by " Bu

CATABBH OF THE BLADDER

chupaiba.' \$1.

a permanent cure.

15-13 eow

EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER I. GENEALOGIES.

Under a thickly branched tree in the morthern part of one of the southern countles of Maine is a certain gray rock, matted over with dim green lichens that are spotted with deed gold. From under this rock springs a sparkling little stream. It is no storied sparkling little stream. It is no storied sentale, rich with legends of splendor, poetry, and orime, but a dear, bright little Yankee brook, with the world all before it. That world it immediately proceeds to investigate. It creeps through the thready grasses and russet pine-needles; it turns aside, with great respect, for a stone no larger than a rabbit; and when a glistening pitch cone drops into it; the infant river labors under the burden. When the thirsty fawn comes there to drink, mearly the whole rivulet flows down its throat and the cone is stranded high and dry; what there is left flows southward. A sunbeam pierces the scented gloom, creeps down a tree-trunk, steals over a knoll of green and brown tree moss, which then looks like a tiny forest on fire, over yellow violets, which discolve in its light, over a bank of rich dark mould veined with the golden powder of deexayed pine trees, moist and soft, and full of zistening white roots, where the flowers push down their pearly feet. Over the bank, into The water, goes the sunbeam, and the two Trelic together, and the stream dives under the guarded roots, so that its playmate would believe it lost but for that gurgle or laughter down in the cool, fresh dark. Then it leaps up, and spreads itself out in a mirror, and the elder tree, leaning over to look at the refisozion of its fan like leaves and clusters of white flowers, gets very erroneous ideas concarning its own personal appearance; for the palpitating rings that chase each other over the surface of the water make the brown stems crinkle, the leaves come to pieces and unite again, and the many flowers in each cluster melt all together, and then twinkle out individually, only to melt again into that bloomy full moon. Over this shimmer of flowers and water big bees fly, buzzing terribly, dragon-Bles dart, or hang, purple-mailed, glittering creatures, with gauzy wings, and comical insects dance there, throwing spots of sunshine instead of shadow down to the leafy hed. Then the brook flows awhile in a green tranquil shadow, till, reaching the interlaced roots of two immense trees that hold a bank

white veil, and thinking new thoughts. Now the bear comes down to drink and look at his ugly face in the deepening wave, loxes switch their long talls about the banks, deer come, as light-footed as shadows, drink, and fling up their short tails, with a flit of white, and trot away with a little sniff, and their heads thrown back, hearing the howl or the long stride of the wolf in pursuit. Babbits come there, and squirrels lesp and nibble in the branches above. Besides, there are shoals of pretty, slim fishes.
So through the mellow gloom and sunny

between them, it makes a sudden, foamy

front.

that

plunge the height of a stag's

She is a bride then, you may

tahe is Undine, looking through

sparkle of the old forest, the clear prook wanders, growing wiser and talking to itself about many things.

Presently the wild creatures withdraw,sunbarnt children wade across from bank to bank, grassy clearings abound; there are farm houses and cows with tinkling bells; and then comes a bridge, and boats dance upon the water, and the stream is a river! Alas for the Indian name it brought out of the earth with it, and lisped and gurgled and laughed to itself all the way down-the name spiked with k's and choky-looking gh's, rough to the eye, but sweet in the mouth, like a hazel-nut a the burr. The white settlers have changed

Now, indeed, the young river puts on state, and lets people see that it is not to be waled through; and when they build a dam across, it flows grandly over, in a smooth, wine-colored curve. Times are changed, since the little gray birds with sparkled breasts looked with admiration at its first cascade, since the bear, setting down his great paw, clumsily splashed the waole stream up over his shaggy leg. There are farms to keep up appearances before, mill-wheels to turn, and ships to bear up. Pine cones, indeed! Besides a new and strange experience has come to it, sof the tides. And here one village street, with white houses, follows its course a mile comes down to its bank from the west, crosses ever, and goes up eastward. This town, with its two principal streets forming a cross near the mouth of the river, a white cross at the end of a silver chain—shell we call it Seaton? It is a good enough name. And the river, shall be Atlantic still.

We have spoken! We follow the road that follows the stream on its eastern bank, cross West street, get into a poor, dwindling neighborhood leave the houses nearly all behind, go over two small, ill-conditioned hills, and find at our right a ship-yard with wharves, at our left a dingy little cottage, shaped like a trawelling trunk, and not much larger than some. It stands with its side toward the dusty road, a large, low chimney rises from the roof, there is a door with a window at each side of it. One can see at a glance from the outside how this house is divided. It has but two rooms below, with a tiny square entry between them, and a low attle above. Each room has three windows, one on each of the three outer walls.

The kitchen looked toward the village through its north window. Opposite that was a large fireplace with an ill-tempered, crackling fire of spruce wood, throwing out sparks and splinters. It was April weather, and not very warm yet. In the chimney corner sat Mr. Rowan, sulkily smoking his pipe, his eyes fixed on the chimney back. He was a large, slouching man, with an intelligent face brutalized by intemperance. Drunkard was written all over him, in the scorched black hair, not yet turning gray, in the dry lip, bloated features, and inflamed syes. He sat in his shirt sleeves, waiting impatiently while his wife put a patch in his one coat. Mrs. Rowan, a poor, faded, little rightened woman, whom her temale acquaintances called "slack," sat near the south window, wrinkling her brows anxiously over the said patch, which was smaller than the hole it was destined to fill. The afternoon sunshine spread a golden carpet colse to her feet. In the light of it one could see the splinters in the much-scoured floor, and a fow fraggles in the hem of Mrs. Bowan's

calico gown. At the eastern window sat Edith Yorke, eleven years of age, with a large book on her kness. Over this book, some illustrated work on natural history, she had been bendang for an hour, her loose mop of tawny hair falling each side of the page. So cloistered,

front of her, one could see an oval face with regular features full of calm earnestness; enchanted city against the horizon, and above Bright, arched lips, and a spirited curve in that a vast hollow of unobstructed sky. In the nostrils saved this face from the cold that space the sunsets used to build their look which regular features often give The Jasper walls, and calm airs statch long lines. look which regular features often give. The jasper walls, and calm airs statch long lines large, drooping eyelids promised large eyes; of vapor across, till the whole west was a the forehead was wide and not high; the stringed instrument whereon a full symphony brows long, slightly arches, and pale-brown of colors played good-night to the sun in color, and the whole face, neck; hands, and wrists were tained to a light quadroon tint! cloud, and the new moon put forth her was visible an arm of dazzing whiteness, sheaf of day, a never-failing harvest; Outside the window, and but two rods distinguished the pour publics of cumuli used that hung a crumbling day bank, higher dow. There the pearly biles of cumuli used tant, hung a crumbling clay bank, higher dew. There the pearly piles of cumuli used-then the house, with a group of frightened to slumber on summer afternoons, lightnings than the house, with a group of frightened alder-bushes looking over the top, and hold-ing on with all their roots. Some day, in spite of their grip—the sooner, perhaps, be-cause of its stress—the last frail hold was to be loosed, and the bushes were to come sliding down the bank, faster and faster, to pitch headlong into the mire at the bottom, with its miraculous arch over the retreating a weak crackling of all their poor doomed branches.

Presently the child looked up, with lights' coming and going in her agate-colored eyes. How wonderful frogs are!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

There was no reply.

She glanced at her two companions scarcely conscious of them, her mind full something else. "But everything is wonderful, when you come to think of it," she pursued dreamily.

Mr. Rowan took the pipe from his mouth, turned his forbidding face, and glowered at the girl. "You're a wonderful fool!" he growled; then resumed his pipe, feeling better, apparently, for that expression of opin-His wife glanced up, furtive and ion. frightened, but said nothing.

Edith looked at the man unmoved, saw him an instant, then, still looking, saw him not. After a while she became aware, roused herself, and again bent over the book. Then there was silence, broken only by the snapping of the fire, the snip of Mrs. Rowan' scissors, and the lame, one-sided ticking o an old-fashioned clock on the mantelpiece.

After a while, as the child read, a new thought struck up. "That's just like! Don't you think"-addressing the company-"Major Cleveland said yesterday that I had lightniny-bugs in my eyes!"

Without removing his pipe, Mr. Rowan darted an angry look at his wife, whose face became still more frightened. "Dear me!" she said feebly, "that child is an idjut!"

This time the long, fading gaze dwelt on the woman before it went back to the book again. But the child was too closely ensphered in her own life to be much, if at all, hurt. Besides, she was none of theirs, nor of their kind. Her soul was no dying spark struggling through ashes, but a fire, " alive, and alive like to be," as children say when they wave the fire-brand, winding live ribbons in the air; and no drop of their blood flowed in her veins.

The clock limped over ten minutes more, and the patch was got into its place, after a They stayed in England not very long. Counfashion, botched somewhat, with the knots tess Ponlatowski called on grandmamma, and on the outside. Mr. Rowan took the she had on a black velvet bonnet with red coat, grumbled at it, put it on, and went out, roses in it; so I suppose it was winter. glancing back at the child as he opened the Then one day grandpapa took mamma out door. She was looking after him with an ex-pression which he interpreted to mean aver- was summer. There were some gentlemen had sweetly requested her to enter her house pression which he interpreted to mean aversion and [contempt. Perhaps he mistook. May be she was wondering at him, what sort of strange being he was. Edith Yorke was was sitting down on a bench, took mamma very curious regarding the world she had got on his knees, and started to kiss her. But into. It seemed to her a queer place, and mamma slapped his face. She said he had that she had at present not much concern in

Her husband out of the way, Mrs. Rowan took her knitting-work, and stood a moment | came to America, and people here were at the north window, gazing up toward the very polite to them, because they were town, with a far-away look of blunted expect. Polish exiles, and of noble birth. But ancy, as it she had got in the habit of looking they couldn't eat nor drink nor wear for help which never came. Then she drew a long sigh, that also a habit, and, resuming her chair, began to knit and to rock herself, what they would do. Once they travelled letting her mind, what there was left of it, swing with Henry Clay two weeks, and had quite a to and fro, unmeaningly and miserably to the nice time, and they went to Ashland and sound of the clock as it ticked. "O dear! stayed all night. When they went away

afternoon sun, sinking lower, crept about her feet, climbed to her lap, got hold of her knit-ting, and ran in little bright flashes along the needles, and snapped off in sparks at the ends, so that she seemed to be knitting sunshine.

This woman was what remained at forty of a pretty, flaxen-haired girl of eighteen, who had captivated handsome Dick Rowan ;-for he had been handsome. A faded reg of a woman she was, without hope or spirit, all the color and life washed out of her in a bitand its bosom pulses daily with the swelling ter rain of tears. The pink cheeks had faded, and only the ghost remained of that dimple that had once seemed to give meanfor so, and another street with white houses ing to her smiles. The curly hair was dry comes down to its bank from the west, crosses and thin, and had an air of chronic untidiness. The blue-gray eyes were dim and heavy, the teeth were nearly all gone. The pretty, chirping ways that had been captivating when youth covered their sillinessoh! where had they gone? She was a weak, river shall be Seaton River, and the bay into broken-hearted, shiftless little woman, and which it flows shall be Seaton Bay. But the her husband hated her. He felt wronged and which it flows shall be Seaton Bay. But the her husband hated her. He felt wronged and secan that makes the bay, and drinks the cheated by her. He was more disappointed than Ixlon, for in this cloud there had never even been a goddess. If she had some times turned upon him, when he acted like a brute, and scorned him for it, he would have liked her better; but she shrank, and cowered, and trembled, made him feel himself ten times the brute she dared not call him, yet gave him nothing to resent. "Gentle, is she?" he cried out once in a rage. "She is not! She is weak and slavish. A person cannot be gentle who cannot be something else."

So the poor woman suffered, and got neither pity nor credit from the one who caused her suffering. It was bard; and yet, she was nobler in her misery than she would have been in happiness. For sorrow gave her now and then a touch of dignity; and when, stung with a sudden perception of her own nothingness, she flung her desperate hands upward, and called upon God to deliver her, a certain tragical power and beauty seemed to wrap her round. Mrs. Bowan happy would have been a trivial woman, meaning no great harm, because meaning no great anything; but the fiery furnace of pain had accrched her up, and what remained was pure.

When the two were alone, Edith dropped her book, and looked across the room at her companion. Mrs. Rowan, busy with her own sad thoughts, took no notice of her, and presently the child glanced past her, and out the window. The view was not bad. First came the dusty road, then the ship yard, then the river sparkling, but rather the worse for sawdust and lath edgings that came down from the lumber mills above the village. But here all that was sordid came to an end. The meanness and misery on the bitherward bank were like witches, who cannot cross running water. From the opposite bank rose a long, grassy hill unmarred by road or fence. In summer-time you could see from far away the pinkness of hill. Behind them was a green spray of her brief acquaintance with the fair young which the looser knitting puckered. The tops of manles, and almost a green spray of extle. tops of maples, and elms in graceful groups, half hiding the roofs and gables of Major Cleaveland's house—the great house of the

village, as its owner was the great man.

and spruces, making the profile of an growing in their bosoms to flash forth at evening; and there, when a long storm ended with the day, rose the solid arch of cerulean blue. When it had reached a certain height, Edith Yorke would run into the south room, and look out to see the rainbow suspend storm. This little girl, to whom everything was so wonderful when she came to think of

it, was a dear lover of beauty. "O dear! O dear!" ticked the clock; and the barred sunshine turned slowly on the floor, as if the ugly little house were the hub of a huge, leisurely wheel of gold. Edith dropped her book, and went to Mrs.

Rowan's side, taking a stool with her, and sitting down in the midst of the sunshine. "I'm afraid I shall forget my story, Mrs. Jane, unless I say it over again," she said. "And, you know, mamma told me never to

forget." Mrs. Rowan roused herself, glad of anything which would take her mind frem her own troubles. "Well, tell it all over to me now," she said. "I haven't heard it this long time.

"Will you be sure to correct me if I am wrong?" the child asked anxiously. "Yes, I will. But don't begin till I have

taken up the heel of this stocking." The stitches were counted and evened, half of them taken off on to a thread, and the other half, with the seam-stitch in the middle, knit backward once. Then Edith began to repeat the story confided to her by her dead mother.

"My grandpapa and were Polish exiles. grandmamma They had "to leave Poland, when Aunt Marie was only a year old, and before mamma They couldn't take their born. property with them, but only jewels, and plate, and pictures. They went to Brussels, and there my mamma was born, and the queen was her god-mother, and sent the christening robe. Mamma kept the robe till she grew up; but when she was in America, and was poor, and wanted to go to a party, she cut it up to make the waist and sleeves of a dress. Poverty is no disgrace, mamma said, but is a great inconvenience. By-and-by, they left Brussels, and went to England. Grandpapa wanted had sold nearly all their pictures and things. in the park that they talked to, and one of them, a gentleman with a hook nose, who no right to kiss people who didn't want him to, not even if he were a king. His name was the duke of Wellington. Then they all politeness, mamma sald, and so they grew poorer and poorer every day, and didn't know O dear!"-that was what the ticking al- the next day, Mr. Clay gave mamma and ways said to this poor soul. As she sat, the Aunt Marie the little mugs they had had to drink out of. But they didn't care much about 'em, and they broke 'em pretty soon. Mam- in a passion. "I will trust him! He is all ma said she didn't know then that Mr. Clay | the hope I have!" was a great man. She thought that just a mister couldn't be great. She had always seen lords and counts, and grandpapa was a

colonel in the army-Colonel Libormirski his name was. But she said that in this country a man might be great, even if he wasn't anything but a mister, and that my papa was as great as a prince. Well, then they came to Boston, and Aunt Marie died, and they buried her, our best clothes on." and mamma was almost nine years old. People used to pet and notice her, and everybody talked about her hair. It was thick and black, and it curled down to her waist. One day Dr. Somebody-I can never recollect his name-took her out walking on the Com. mon, and they went into Mr. John Quincy Adams's house. And Mr. Adams took one of mamma's curls, and held it out, and said it was long enough and large enough to hang the Czar with. And she said that they might have it all if they'd hang him with it. And then poor grandpaps had to go to geous with red and gold. In the innermost Washington, and teach dancing and fencing, fold of this scarf, wrapped in tissue paper, because that was all he could do. And pretty soon grandmamma broke her heart able smallness, were two locks of hair-one s and died. And then after a little while short, thick wave of yellow brown, the other grandpaps died. And, after that, mamma a long, serpentine tress of ebony blackness. had to go out sewing to support While they talked the door of the room.

herself, and she went to Boston, and sewed in Mr. Yorke's family. And Mr. Yorke's youngest brother fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him, and they married each other in spite of everybody. So the family were awfully angry. My papa had been engaged ever since he was a little boy to Miss Alice Mills, and they had put off getting married because she was rich, and he hadn't anything, and was looking round to see how he should get a fortune.
And the Muses all turned against him, and the Yorkes all turned against him, and he and mamma went off, and wandered about, and came down to Maine; and papa died. Then mamma had to sew again to support herself, and we were awfully poor. I remem-

mean to break my heart, Mrs. Jane. It's a poor thing to do. "Yes!" sighed the listener; it's a poor thing to do.

ber that we lived in the same house with

you; but it was a better house than this, and

"Well," resumed the child, " then you kept me. It was four years ago when my mamma died, but I remember it all. She made me dow. The room had grown smoky promise not to forget who my mother was, and promise, with both my hands held up, that I would be a Catholic, if I had to die for it. So I held up both my hands, and promised, and she looked at me, and then shut her eyes. Is that all right?"

"Yes, dear!" Mrs. Rowan had dropped her knitting as the story went on, and was gazing

"Dick and, I grew to, be great friends," Edith continued rather timidly. "He used stocking was never to be inlahed, to take ourse of me, and fight for me. Poor While she dreamed there, a deep Dick! He was mad nearly all the time, beher profile was invisible; but standing in Behind that was a narrow rim of pines cause his father drank rum, and because looked up with a start, and saw Mr. Bowan

people twitted him, and looked down upon

Mrs. Bowan took up her work again, and knit tears in with the varn. "And Dick gave his father an awful talking-to, one day," Edith went on, still more timidly. "That was two years ago. He stood up and poured out words. His eyes were so flashing that they dazzled, and his cheeks were red, and he clinched his hands. He looked most splendid. When I go back to Poland, he shall be a general in the army. He will look just as he did then, if the Czar should come near us. Well, after that day he went off to sea, and he has not been back Edith, dropping her eyes.

"You think that I am a wretch!" he ex-

Tears were running down the mother's cheeks as she thought of her son, the only child left her of three.

Edith leaned and clasped both her hands around Mrs. Rowan's arm, and laid her cheek to them. "But he is coming back rich, he said he would ;and what Dick said he'd do he always did. He is going to take us away

A hysterical, half-laughing sob broke through the listener's quiet weeping. "He of himself. But when you just look, and say always did keep his word, Edith!" she oried. "Dick was a gallant lad. And I trust that the Lord will bring him back to me."

"Oh! he'll come back," said Edith confidently, and with a slight air of haughtiness. "He'll come back himself."

All the Christianity the child had seen had been such as to make the name of the Lord excite in her heart a feeling of antagonism. It is hard to believe that God means love side of humanity. Christians held alcof like a brute, but he didn't say I was one, and from the drunkard and his family, or aphe didn't say but I could be a man yet it I. proached them only to exhort or denounce. That they had any kinship with that miserable man, that in his circumstances they might have been what he was, never seemed | to thorn and threaten me. But she gave up, to occur to them as possible. Dick fought and did nothing but whimper, and it madwith the boys who mocked his father, therefore he was a bad boy. Mrs. Rowan flamed up, and defended her husband, when the Rev. Dr. Martin denounced him, therefore she was almost as bad as he. So shallow are most judgments, arraigning effects without weighing causes.

Nor did Edith fare better at their hands She was to them a sort of vagabond. Who believed the story of her mother's romantic misfortunes? She was some foreign adventuress, most likely. Mr. Charles Yorke, whom they respected, had married a native of Seaton, and had two or three times honored that town with a short visit. They knew that he had cast off his own brother for marrying this child's mother. Therefore she had

no claim on their respect. Moreover, some of the ladies for whom young Mrs. Yorke had done sewing had not the pleasantest of recollections connected some way to get money to live on, for they with her. A poor person has no right to be proud and high spirited, and the widowed exile laws which govern the operations of diges was a very fiery woman. She would not sit | tion and nutrition,and yet by a careful appliat table with their servants; she would not be cation of the fine properties of well selected delighted when they patronized her, and she | Cocoa Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast would not be grateful for the scanty wages tables with a delicately flavored beverage, they gave her. She had even dared to break had sweetly requested her to enter her house by the side door, when she came to sew. "In | built up until strong enough to resist every Poland a person like you would scarcely have | tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle been allowed to the my mother's shoes!" she | maladies are floating around us ready to atcried. The lady answered suavely, "But we tack wherever there is a weak point. We are not in Poland, madam;" but she never forgave the insolence-still less because her husband laughed at it, and rather liked Mrs. Yorke's spirit.

These were the ladles whom Edith had heard talk of religion; so she lifted her head, dropped her eyelids, and said defiantly, "Dick will come home himself!"

"Not unless the Lord lets bim come," said the mother. "Oh! no good will come to us except by him. 'Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that "I don't think you have much to thank him

for," remarked the child quietly. "I will thank him!" the woman cried out HUNGARIEN GOVERNMENT BOND Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

"Well, well, you may !" Edith said soothingly. " Don't let's talk about it any more. Give me the scissors, and I'll cut the fraggles off the hem of your gown Sunpose Dick should come home all of a sudden, and find us looking so! I hope he will let us know, don't you? so that we can put

The best clothes in question were a black bimbazine gown and shawl, and an oldfashioned crape bonnet and veil, all sewed up and hidden away under Edith's bed in the little dark attic, lest Mr. Rowan, in one of his drunken frenzies, should destroy them. These articles were the mourning which Mrs. Rowan had worn seven years before, when her last daughter died. With them was another bag, belonging to Edith, equally preclous to its owner, but from other reasons There was a scarlet merine cape, lined with silk of the same color, both a little faded, and a faded crape scarf that had once been gorand tucked inside an old kid glove of remark-

opened, and Mr. Rowan looked in. "Aren't we going to have any supper to-night?" he demanded.

Edith fixed a look on him that made him shrink out, and bang the door behind him. His wife started up, glanced at the clock, and went about her work. "Let me help you, Mrs. Jane," the child

"No, dear. There isn't much to do, and I'd rather do it." Mrs. Rowan's voice had a sepulchral sound, her head being deep in the

fire place, where she was putting one hook into another on the crane, to let the teakettle down. She emerged with a smooch of soot on her hair and forehead, and began flying round bring-ing a table into the middle of the floor, putting up the leaves, spreading the cloth, tak-ing down the dishes, all with trembling was up in the village. Then mamma's ing down the dishes, all with trembling heart broke, and she died too. But I don't haste. "If you want to knit a few times across the heel of that stocking, you may. But be careful not to knit too tightly, as you almost always do. You can begin to narrow when it's two of your forefingers long." Edith took the knitting, and went to

her favorite chair in the back winin consequence of Mrs. Rowan's piling soft wood on to the fire, and hurrying about past the fireplace, so she pushed up the window, and fistened it with a wooden button fixed there for the purpose. Then she began to knit and think, and, forgetting Mrs. Bowan's directions, pulled the yarn so tightly over her fingers that she

While she dreamed there, a deeper shadow than that of the clay bank fell over her. She

standing outside the window. He had placed himself so as to avoid being seen by any one in the room, and was just turning his eyes away from her when she caught sight

of him. "Lean out here!" he said. "I want to speak to you."

She leaned out and waited. "What makes you stare at me the way you sometimes do ?" he asked angrily, but in a low voice, that his wife might not hear. "Why don't you say right out what you think ?"

"I don't know what to think," replied

claimed. "You think I am a drunkard! You think I abuse my wife!"

She neither answered nor looked up. He paused a moment, then went on fiercely. "If there is anything I hate, it is to have people look at me that way, and say nothing. If you scold a man, it looks as if you thought there was something in him that could tell from here, and get a pretty house, and come black from white; and if you are impudent, and live with us." that helps him. He isn't so much ashamed nothing, you shut him out. It is as much as to tell him that words would be thrown away on him."

"But," Edith objected, much at a loss, "If I answered you back, or said what I thought, there would be a quarrel right off."

"Did I fight when Dick gave me such a hauling-over before he went away?" the man questioned in a rough tone that did not hide how his voice broke and his blood-shot eyes when man means hate; and this child and filled up with tears. "Didn't I hang my head her protectors had seen but little of the sunny and take it like a dog? He said I had acted should try. Wasn't I sober for three months after he went away? Yes; and I would have kept sober right on if I had had some one dened me. When I ordered her to mix my rum for me, she did it. I should have liked her better if she had thrown it, tumbler and all, into my face."

"You'd better not find fault with her," said Edith. "She's a great deal better than you are."

The child had a gentle, sincere way of saying audacious things sometimes that made one wonder if she knew how audacious they

The man stared at her a moment: then looking away, answered without any appearance of anger, "I suppose she is; but I don't think much of that kind of goodness when there's a hard job to be done. You can't lift rocks with straws. I'm sorry for her; but, for all that, she aggravates me, poor thing!" (To be continued.)

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