

THE FALSE VOW.

"I never heard," replied Bertie; "some relatives of Lady Hutton, I must leave you now, I added Bertie hurriedly, for he caught a glimpse of a certain blue dress, and he had been lying in wait for its wearer ever since breakfast time."

CHAPTER XXV.

When Bertie Carlyon left him Paul Fulton stood lost and bewildered in a storm of feeling and thought. He knew not whether he was pleased or grieved. What a source of pride and joy for him, his daughter, his own child!—one of the loveliest and fairest women in England—gifted with grace and dignity fitting for a queen—married to a nobleman high in rank, position and wealth:—to be known as Lady Hutton's daughter would be to secure at once position and standing. What a proud moment for him when he could speak of "my son-in-law, the earl," "my daughter the countess!" He had been longing for the prestige of rank, here it was, all thrust upon him. And yet cooler reflection told him that his own folly stood an impassable barrier between his child and himself. In claiming her he would lose far more than he could gain. He must proclaim himself to be the ex-convict, Stephen Hirst, no spurious statement would hold good in a matter so important. He must destroy the new reputation so proudly built on the wreckage of the past. He must acknowledge to Lady Hutton that in telling her he had never been married he had been guilty of a deliberate lie, and so lose all chance of making her his wife.

It maddened Paul Fulton to see so many and such great advantages in his grasp, yet not to be able to reach them. His daughter, who could not reflect such honor and distinction upon him, was as far from him as though she were dead. He did not dare to claim her. Calm reflection told him such a step would bring nothing but disgrace upon him, for it would entail the revelation of his past life. He never blamed himself. He felt no remorse for the sins and follies which separated him from his only child as much as death could have done. He said hard words; falling at his fate, reciting all and everything but himself. He had to bear the knowledge of his secret in silence; to have revealed it would have been to betray himself. But he knew how to keep his secret; with the strong force of his will he drove the thought from his mind. He refused to entertain it, and gave himself up to the amusement of others. Before long he was considered the life of the little party assembled. His droll stories, his imitable mimicry, his vivid power of description, his brilliancy and wit, won upon every one.

He made the Countess of Bayneham laugh more in one week than she had ever done before. Any one who felt dull or out of spirits immediately sought Mr. Fulton. Heavily laden with wit, and if he could help it he never looked into the lovely, pure young face; he never conversed with her, never sought her society as he did others. He tried all means in his power to lay the ghost that haunted him, but in vain. No, his own, only child! The words were ever ringing in his ear. He heard them above the ordinary converse of every-day life, and above the noise and shouts of the election; they were never out of his ears.

Paul Fulton resolved to fly. He had met and conquered all his enemies; but one stole upon him unawares, and that was love for the fair and gentle lady who was his only child. When the election was ended he determined to leave and never come near Bayneham for some time.

The election did end at last, and Albert Carlyon, Esq., was returned, by a triumphant majority, thanks to the untiring energy of Lord Bayneham and Mr. Fulton. Then the guests who had been together began to speak of leaving. Bertie had duties—she must go. Mr. Fulton declared that he had imperative business, but he yielded to his host's entreaties, and promised to remain for four days longer. That promise altered Paul Fulton's life, and brought years of sorrow and misery to his innocent daughter. He began to love her; men may be blind, foolish, or cruel, but Nature must speak; there were times when the strong, false man longed for one word from his daughter's lips; longed to clasp her in his arms and tell her she was his own, only child. He raved at himself for the thought. Should he wreck the reputation he had so carefully and assiduously won by one moment's weakness? No, he would leave danger and Bayneham far behind him.

That very afternoon Lord Bayneham and Bertie Carlyon had gone out for a ramble together, and Mr. Fulton had been assisting Miss Earle in transplanting some very choice slips given to her. By some unknown accident he contrived to inflict a pretty severe wound upon one of his fingers while Lady Hilda was standing near.

The wound, slight though it was, bled profusely. Mr. Fulton, like many other people, could bear pain, but the sight of blood unnerved him. He turned sick and faint, and leaned against the wall for support. "I have some adhesive plaster," said Barbara Earle. "I will fetch it in a moment." And she disappeared as she spoke. Lady Hilda gazed pityingly at the handsome face blanched with fear.

"Let me bind it up for you," she said, "until Miss Earle returns." She went up to him and took the wounded hand in her own. As she stooped to fasten the handkerchief round her, her golden hair touched him, and the contact was like an electric shock to him; the warm, soft fingers held his own so gently, the fair face was so sweet with its pitying look—and she was his own, only child. He forgot all danger and everything else in the world, save that she was the little child whom he had held in his arms; he bent down and kissed the golden head drooping near him. Then his heart died within him when he found what he had done.

To be continued.

My Mother was troubled for twenty years with a dry, hacking cough, and was completely cured by the use of WESTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. She is now 73 years old, and well. C. H. DEXTER, 55 Winchester St., Boston.

To ASSIST NATURE most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease, it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which growing ill health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion, and digestion. Oftentimes, though this is unappreciable by the use of ordinary remedies, it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is resorted to.

The best form in which Electricity is embodied is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, a sovereign and highly sanctioned specific for rheumatic pains, and a thoroughly reliable remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, used externally and internally.

"The best pill I ever used," is the frequent remark of purchasers of Carter's Little Liver Pills. When you try them you will say the same.

ON THE BIAS.

WHEN SHE DIED. Oh, when she died, the bloom of flowers departed, and on Life's smile fell a languor; dark grew all the hours, And no more Beauty breathed her spell—When she died!

Oh, when she died, Song's voice grew faint, And from her throne Joy fled in tears; Up in the air was heard grief's plaint—In tones to haunt all future years—When she died!

Oh, when she died, the world for one Grew desolate as starless night; Hope no more breathed her breath—And Time went by with lagging plight—When she died!

The pa value of some families is at a low rate. It is not the face of a cheek which we admire so much as its figure. Fish are not weighed in their own scales, simply because fish scales are not built that way.

The church belle in the choir often brings more people to church than the bell in the steeple. Somebody says a man can get roaring drunk on water. Well, so he can on land.

When a man goes to work he generally takes off his coat, but if he is a painter he puts one on. If a boy and a half eat a green apple and a half in a minute and a half, how they feel in an hour and a half?—Harper's Bazar.

He—Are you afraid of thunder storms, Miss Daisy? She—Oh, yes, dreadfully. He—I should think you would be, you are so attractive.

The wired poles that line the walks of every street in town Are like a young man's first moustahe, Because they're coming down.

Plushley—Maria, me dear, you seem to ate nothing. What's the matter? Maria—Faix, Plushley, it's Friday, an' I can't make up me mind if tarry pin stew's fish whin it's made of veal.—Harper's Bazar.

"Hello, Charley, I hear you are to be married." "To the most beautiful creature in creation," answers Charley. "You might not like her face, but oh! her figure." "What style of figure, old boy?" "About \$500,000."

A TIMELY WARNING. Although the sky's like June, Don't change your clothes too soon. Or else that change you'll rue; Though balm be the air, Stick to your underwear.

"I wish to propose for the hand of your daughter." "Which of them, young man? Which of them?" "Well, I don't know. Now, in confidence, which of them would you advise a fellow to take?"

An Explanation.—Wife: "Jules, dear, my friend, Madame Dupont, has been complaining to-day that you were very rude to her last time she called, and wonders whether she has done anything to offend you?" Husband: "Oh! dear, no! I am always glad to see her, but it was rather dark in the room, and I at first thought it was you!"—Magazine Blatter.

A FATHER'S VIGIL. Chapter I. Mr. Figg—Here's a little toy I've bought for Tommy to amuse himself with. Pigs-in-clover, I believe they call it.

Chapter II. Tommy—Say, paw, ain't you goin' to lem-me see that puzzle? Mr. Figg—Go to bed! You ought to be in bed an hour ago.

Chapter III. Mrs. Figg—John Figg, are you going to set up all night? Mr. Figg—'I'll be there in a minute. I've got them all in but one.

Chapter IV. Mrs. Figg—Have you been up all night, John Figg? Mr. Figg—None of your business. Tommy—Say, paw, where's my puzzle? Mr. Figg—In the stove.—Terre Haute Express.

A Millionaire in a Minute. Instances are on record where toilers in gold mines and diamond fields, who, by one turn of a spade, a single movement of the hand, have been transformed from penniless laborers to millionaires. But they were not so lucky as is the consumptive who finds a means of restoration to health, who learns that the dread disease from which he suffers is not incurable.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure consumption (which is lung scrofula), and nothing else will. For all diseases of the blood, such as blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, it is unequalled. It is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

A Model Claim. We claim that our Totem of Health Remedies have cured more chronic cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, eczema, salt rheum, old sores, kidney troubles, etc., etc., in Ontario during the past six months than all other remedies combined, and we can show the testimonials of people who have been cured to support our claim. It is the cheapest remedy and the best. Ask your druggist for Totem of Health, or address Totem of Health Co., London, Ont. The Grigg House uses Medical Lake Toilet Soap for toilet purposes. Travellers, make a note of this.

The Loss of the Hair Is a great misfortune, and the sight of a bald head should be a warning to you to take the best possible care of your hair. A little of Dr. Dorenwend's "Hair Magic" used occasionally will prevent all chances of its falling out or turning gray, and will remove all traces of dandruff. Every druggist has it in stock. Ask for it.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ladies who suffer from any of those weaknesses or complaints peculiar to their sex will find immediate relief by using Dr. Hodder's Special Remedy. Ask your druggist. Price \$1.00.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and it is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

STORY OF "MOLLIE MATCHES."

A POOR ORPHAN BOY WHO STOLE HIMSELF INTO OPULENCE.

He Began Life in the Streets of New York and Cheated Prisons Out of Several Years of Time.

"Mollie Matches," the notorious criminal, has been arrested in Toronto for robbery. He is a tough citizen, and some account of his career may be interesting.

"John Larney, or John Dolan, for he has worn both names so long in private life that he doesn't know which one he owes," said a reformed thief to a reporter of the Kansas City Times, "is now between 50 and 55 years old—nearer the former figure. He began life as a street boy in New York at the age of 8 years, both his parents having died on the passage from Ireland.

"The infant proved adequate to the task of taking care of himself, and early evinced the possession of traits destined to make him famous. It was in New York that he gained the name of 'Mollie Matches,' being slender, and with a fresh, fair complexion, at the age of sixteen, in woman's attire, he readily passed as a girl, and with a basket of matches infested the crowded ferry-boats. He had a partner with him, and as Larney solicited customers among the passengers his deft fingers clung to pocket-books, jewelry, anything in fact that was in sight valuable and easily carried. His stealings were passed over to his companion, who did no work on his own account. In his earlier operations he was frequently caught, but his youth and virtuous appearance and stalwart looks secured a release or a light punishment.

"In general he was very successful, as men upon discovering the loss of a pocket-book or watch were slow to suspect an innocent poor girl who had matches for sale. As Larney grew his field of operations widened and his ambition soared. Before he was 35 years of age he had served eleven years in the penitentiary and reformatory, had amassed an honest fortune of \$20,000, consisting principally of real estate in Toronto, Canada, and Cleveland, Ohio, and diamonds. In the matter of gems he was the equal of an expert lapidary in discrimination, and it was his modest boast that he never stole a paste diamond in his life. Nor did he waste any time on silver watches, and when he did steal one through error he made haste to return it to the owner's pocket.

"During the war a new opening for his talents presented itself, and between Sumner and Appomattox he had enlisted in numerous regiments and jumped \$11,000 worth of bounties. He always lived high, and when at leisure or travelling on business spent money like a merchant prince. His clothes were of the finest, and from his cape chinchilla overcoat to the silk of his underwear there was nothing low priced or vulgar about him.

"Larney was a great actor, and frequently, although pocket-picking was his legitimate business, he would for exercise try another branch. At luncheon steering, being a charming talker and of gentlemanly appearance, he was almost the equal of 'Hungry Joe,' but always felt as if the industry was low down. Sometimes he doctored his eyes with red pepper, and, putting on blue goggles and otherwise disguising himself, he would go to a wholesale jewelry store and call for loose diamonds. These it is customary to display on velvet on the counter or showcase, and having an excuse in his defective eye when a number of unsterile sparks were before him, he would examine them at a very close range, and convey one or two of the most valuable to his mouth with his tongue.

"At the Centennial 'Matches' stole himself into comparative opulence. He realized a lush of gold watches, but the market was glutted, and he did not get as fair a return for his time as he ought. He complained also upon his return home that he had to square the detectives with 20 per cent. instead of the customary tithes of his earnings. This was probably a libel, and the outgrowth of gall and bitterness.

"For six years prior to his last conviction Larney lived in Cleveland, and advertised himself as leading a life of honesty and integrity, and did not steal within a radius of 200 miles. His last robbery at Galesburg was committed early in July, 1881.

"The great sorrow of Larney's life was his lack of education," concluded the ex-thief. He could write his two names, "John Larney" and "John Dolan," but nothing else. He could not read at all. He often mourned over his early disadvantages, and felt sure that he could have paralyzed the world in the forgery line if he had only been given proper educational facilities when young.

"He was surely a thoroughbred, and the best known among crooks of any man in the country. I am sorry that he is going to descend into the saloon business, as the papers say he is, and it must rattle his pride considerably to do so. I omitted to say to you that Larney still owes thirteen years' time to three penal institutions from which he has escaped."

"Still Living in the Dark Ages" —people who, through ignorance, dose themselves with the violent cathartics that injure the digestive organs, afford but partial or temporary relief, and the bowels more costly than before. The refinements of medical science have overcome all these evils, in the form of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are "gentle persuaders," sure in action, and aid Dame Nature to reassert her authority. When she is aided, not opposed, all is well.

Origin of Swearing. The brother of the fairy Pari Banou was only thirty inches high. His beard was thirty-two feet long and extended horizontally in front of him as he was seated. He invented swearing to express his feelings when poor biscuit were set on his table. His wife could always make biscuit to please him by using Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder.

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