

## Adam Graeme, of Mossgray.

Edward's manner was more manly than usual. In my yearning for something to make up for the fatal loss I had sustained, I caught at this eagerly. Perhaps I had neglected him hitherto. I resolved to do so

o longer.
I tried to seat myself so as to shut out I tried to seat myself so as to shut out Charlie from the light of that countenance, which made me forget even his unworthiness. I gradged him the slightest word from Lilias—I faneied how the pure soul within her would withdraw itself in lofty indignation, did she know him as I did.

"Mossgray," said Walter, "have you any message for your friend Hew Murray? Maxwell is going to follow his example down know."

message for your fitten flow has example do you know."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, that famous appointment we have heard so much of has come at last," said Edward. "The—regiment are to have the lenelit of my learned services, and they are lying at some heathenish place not far from flew's headquarters. The name I have learned to write offer a day's practice—but the proninciation—come now, Walter, be mercital—don't make me desperate by foreing those dislocated syllables over my lips—at least not in Miss Johnstone—Lillie is not such an opicure in sounds," said Walter. "Come along, Mixy. After all, man, I believe you don't know the true secret so well as I do. A professed lady's man should never be ladylike himself. What do you say, Mossgray? Do you hear me, Charlie—an I not right?"

Mixy was our familiar contraction of feldward's respectable surname—we were rather proud of our ingenuity in manufacturing a diminutive which suited name and profession alike so well; and he took it with wonderful good humor. To-night, however, he seemed displeased a little. I did not wonder; for who could endure to be exposed to ridicule in the presence of Lilias?

"You're right in the abstract, Wat." answered Charlie, with perfect coolness; "but wrong in this particular instance. I of think of giving counsel to Mixy in such matters—why, Mixy's irresistible!"

Edward colored and laughed.

"Take care, Lillie," said Walter, "he wants to put you off your guard. Ask hossgray, if you don't believe them. I beg, Miss Johnstone; it's mere malice, I assure you."

"Take care, Lillie," said Walter, "he wants to put you off your guard. Ask hossgray, if you don't believe them."

I colored more deeply than Edward—this was carrying the loke too far—that Lilies, in her approachable purity and lottness, should be so addressed was a kind of sacrilege. I started in jealous eagerness to save her name from the careless badinage which wurse," I said hastily, and I felt my check burn as I turned away from Charlie. "Are you to bin Bembay, Edward?—are you to

her name from the carcless badinage which was profanity to me.

"All this has nothing to do with Hew Murray." I said hastily, and I felt my check burn as I turned away from Charlie. "Are you to be in Bembay, Edward?—are you to be rear Hew!"

"Yes, Bombay is my first destination," said Edward. "I shall seek him out, of course—and I suppose I must go in a month or two, so you may prepare your remembrances, Adam."

"And will you be long away. Mr. Maxwell?" said Lilias, soitly.

I bent forward at the sound of her voice. I always did—but this night, for the first time, I felt myself grow hot and anpry whon I saw Edward's head also inclined toward the speaker, and his face brighten to answer her.

"Many years, I fear, Miss Johnstone— many sad years—if I ever do see Fendie

many sad years—I record and a pagain."
I thought the low fall of his voice was affectionate. Then I repented me—I was exquisitely uncomfortable; doing them all injustice except herself and Charlie—my pure and beaut. ful star whom no imperfection could cast a shadow on, and the untrue, detected man whom I had called my friend. To these, in their extremes of honor and humiliation, I could not fail to do perfect instice.

justice.
"Come, don't be sentimental." said Johusione. "You'l come home, Mixy—not the least fear of you—and build a thing with bagodas, and a veranda, and call it by an cutlandish name, and end your history like a fairy tale. Hew, poor fellow—I am afraid his chance of seeing Fendie again is worse than yours.

his chance of seeing Fendie again is worse than yours." How is that?" I exclaimed. "Has anything happened, Walter? Hare you heard of anything adverse to the Murrays?" "The poor old man has ruined himself," said Walter. "I am afraid he must lose everything—but to be sure that is not a thing to be discussed so publicly." I turned round and looked Charlie Graeme in the face. He lifted his coward eyes to me for a moment in quick self-consciousness, but they fell before mine. This, then, was the pitful reason—I turned indignantly away. I could scarcely bear to look at him again.

way. I could searcely bear to look at him again.

We all rose to leave Greenshaw together. Waiter accompanied us to Fendie. I put my arm through his hurriedly, and kept him behind, while Charlie and Edward went on helore us. I was eager to question him abous Murrayshaugh, and eager to escapion the society of my cousin.

"It is in obtrach of confidence, Walter," I said, "I would be glad if you would tell ne what this is that seems to threaten Murrayshaugh." "It is no breach of confidence now," said Johnstone, "for I fear it must very soon be public enough. Murrayshaugh undertook a heavy responsibility long age for some old friend, Adam—and many years since this friend died, and the whole burden of the febt fell upon Mr. Murray, so that only the ransual forbearance of the creditor kept him from being ruined. But now the original creditor, who knew the circumstances, is also dead, and his heir will have no mercy, that the old man I fear must give up every thint the old man I fear must give up every thint the old man I fear must give up every thint the old man I fear must give up every thint the old man I fear must give up every thint. I am afraid, Adam, they will think of me very unfavorably — but that my poartner happened, before I joined him, to be their creditor's agent is of course no fault to thew—not that any sensible person would blame me of course—but only there's an united the man that show the original creditor, who knew the circumstances, is also dead, and his heir will have no mercy, that the old man I fear must give up every thine. I am afraid, Adam, they will think of me very unfavorably — but that my power the course of the course of fault the world. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Near Lamar, Col., a little girl of 4 years wandered to the platform of an express running at the rate of 30 miles an horr. A locemotive was sent back, and the searchers found the child at midnight sitting unlarying the world and candada.

No one need fear cholera or any summer completio

ail?—and con nothing be done to he'p him?"

'Nothing but paying the money," said the man of business by my side, 'and it's a verysheavy sum, what with costs and interest, and other such devourers of impovarished means—and besides, Murrayshaugh is too proud to receive a favor, Adam, even from you. He would rather loss verything, you know. I confess, harsh and repulsive as he has aiways been, there will be something wanting in the countryside if that proud old man does not decay peacefully here, like any other ruined tower—but ne would take assistance as an insult—you know he would."

I did know it, and went on sadly, thinking of the desolate household, and searcely remembering my companion's presence.

"And by the bye, Mossgray," said Walter abruptly, "you might mention that—sbout my partner being this man's agent—to Miss Murray; not that she will care of course—but just—one does not like to be unjustly "Lucy does not know," said I, "but I will tell her, Walter, since you wish it. Poor.

Murray; not that she will care of course but just—one does not like to be urjustly blamed."

"Lucy does not know," said I, "but I will tell her, Walter, since you wish it. Poor Lucy! I mean," I added, as I saw his keen eye shoot from me to Charlie, who wasked before uz, with an intelligent glance, "I mean it will be so great a trial for her to leave Murrayshaugh."

Johnstone did not speak. I felt that this was not known to me only, and I remembered bitterly then, that on the scorn would lie the stigm of being slighted and deserted and that scarcely either man or woman would think the worse of him—him, the faithless coward who had thus islied in need.

I scarcely recollect how Charlie and I managed our brief intercourse after that, but it was a very great relief to me when he departed next day. For the first time since we knew each other, Charlie went into Fendio to take his departure alone, with no ono to bid him farewell. I believe he felt in some degree the emphasis of the broken custom. I almost believe he would have been giad then to undo what he had done—but the die was cast—it was too late.

A few days site, I went to Murrayshaugh anxious, if I could manage it innirectly, to see Lucy, and yet afraid to meet her. It was a chilly day for summer, with a clouded sky and a loud boisterous breeze tossing the long willow boughs into a sort of fantastic unearthy mirth, which moved me much as the unseemly merry-making of a mourner might have done. Lucy was sitting in a favorite cornor of hers, at the end of the terrace, reading—at least she had a book in her hand. As I approached the stile, and ittie bridge, over the Murrayshaugh burn, ander cover of the eldritch willow branches, she perceived me, and observing that I hesitated to enter, beckoned me to her. I obeyed at once.

1 do not think she was paler that day than she had always been, but there was a

tated to enter, beckoned me to her. Fooeyed at once.

I do not think she was paler that day than she had always been, but there was a grave composure about her face which made her seem so. Whatever struggle there had been it was over—and I remembered a consciousness of something clear and chill about her, such as one feels in the air after a storm—an atmosphere in which everything stands out in bo'd relief, disclosing all its points and angles against the distinct faristants ky. Yet Lucy was no less benign—no less gentle than she had always been.

"I wanted to see you, Adam," she said.
"I will write to Haw to-day—have you anything to say to him?"

thing to say to him?"
(To be Continued.)

Children Enjoy
the pleasant flavor, gentle action and
soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in
need of a laxative; and if the father or
mother be costive or bilious, the most
gratifying results follow its use, so that it
is the best family remedy known, and every
family should have a bottle.

It is reported that a nugget of gold in one mass, weighing 35 pounds, has recently been found in the newly explored gold district in British Guiana, and has been sent to England as a specimen of the auriferous deposits in that country.

Every Southern State except Kentucky has passed pension laws for its ex-Confederate soldiers.

A man's wife should always be the same

"Any money in it! Well, I should say so! All of mine, all of my wife's, and about \$3,000 that I got from my firends."
Carters Little Liver Pills must not be concluded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills as they are extremely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Independent is he who has no wants he cannot gratify without the least risk of being overtaken by debt or tempted to dishonor; a man ten times richer, but with twenty times more wants, is, in reality, twice as poor.

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Many a woman is unhappy because she has not married the man that she loves. But often she would be infinitely unhappier if she had married him.

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"How its this little."

their husbands say so, too.

"How is this little mining scheme of yours getting along? Any money in it?"
"Any money in it! Well, I should say so! All of mine, all of my wife's, and about \$3,000 that I got from my friends."

Carlest little Large Pills must not be con-

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Eact of Record Record State of the Englishwomen in Rotten Row. And not only see
their dress (you can see that in New York),
but their riding—which you cannot see in
New York, begging the New York ladies'
pardon. As for their dress, imagine the
very shortest of short skirts, beneath
which, as a sharp canter sweeps the trifling
drapery backwards, is seen the broad hem
of the trouser-leg, just reaching the instep
(or the place where the instep ought to be)
of a—er—um—candor compels me to say it
—big foot. There is no doubt about that.
Englishwomen's feet are big, whether on
horseback or in a patent-leather "Hessian"
or "Wellington," or in a white-satin shoe
at a drawing-room. However, white for
size, any day in the week, and a riding
boot, being biack, does not make an
English women's toot look so "all out
doors" as the satin shee does.
There is some advantage in that.
But it is big enough in all conscience, however you clothe it. But the
foot is the only flaw in the spectacle, which
in dozean gladdens your eyes in Rotten
Row of a morning. You soon forget it alltegether as you gaze upward at the perfect
figure above—the slender, round waist, the
flat back, unbroken by the faintest protrusion of shoulder-blade, the swellingbust, the rounded (not round)
shoulders, noither square nor high,
but gently curving inward and
upward without break or bend to the swanlike neck, upon which is poised the small
and high-bred head. Not a seam, not a
wrinkle do you see, from waist to collar,
and you think that the trite description of
a perfect garment on a perfect figure, being
as though the figure had been metted and
poured in, must have originated at sight of
one of these Rotten Row equestriennes.

Tall, silk "stove-pipe" hats do seem to be
the fashion this seepion. In their place is
seen the soft and decidedly more sensible
wider-stalker." But while sensible, the
effect is peculiar. There seems to be something wanting, and the women have a
stunted curtailed, look, like a ship with her
topmasts lowered, or a man w

SHIPS THAT ARE LOST-MAN'S RECORD ON THE SEA FLOOR.

It has, to many persons, been an inter It has, to many persons, been an interesting speculation as to the aspect of the countless wrecks which have been swall-lowed up by the North Atlantic since the churn of waters has been plowed by the keels of ships. Their number is probably to be reckoned by the tens of thousands, and the greater part of them lie in a comparatively small part of that field. If we count this portion of the Atlantic which is most peopled with wrecks as having an area of 3,000,000 square miles, and estimate the total number of such ruins within this space as 30,000, we would have an average of one sucken ship for each 100 square miles of surface. If all these crafts were at once sailing over the surface of the sca we should, from the deck of any of them, be likely to note the masts of several others. But as they lie on the floor of the ocean the greater part of them are probably reduced to low meands of rubbish, so that if the ocean floor were converted into

the be likely to note the masts of several others. But as they lie on the floor of the ocean the greater part of them are probably reduced to low mounds of rubbish, so that if the ocean floor were converted into dry ground, and we crossed it in a railway, it seeing the fields as we do the prairies, it would require an attentive eye to discern the existence of many of these remains.

It is a singular, and perhaps somewhat insulitating fact, that the most conspicuous and indelible record which man is making in the strata now forming on the sea-floor is written in the bits of coal and ash which are cast from our steamships as they pursue their way over the ocean. The quantity of this debris is very great, and unlike the wrecks, it is very evenly scattered along the paths followed by our steam marine. It is likely that already, in the track of our translantic commerce, not a square rod would fail to give a trace of this weste from our coal-burning engines. As this material is not attacked by the other agents of decay, it will doubtless be very perfectly preserved in the strata which are to bear the records of our deposit containing a notable quantity of cinders, it may be that our successors in the far hereafter will interpret our, perhaps otherwise, unrecorded ways of voyaging. [From 'The Depths of the Sea," by Prof. N. S. Shaler, in the July Scribner.

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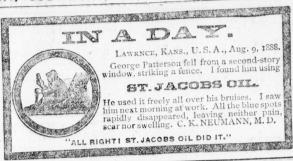
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## RAILWAY

TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Canada Southern Divisi	on-Goir	g East.
	Loove	Leave St. Thomas.
Porth Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m
Niagara Falls and Bunalo	8:30 p.m.	4:30 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m 1:50 p.m
New York and Boston Ex-	2:25 p.m.	4:30 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	8:30 p.m.	3:00 a.m
Accom d'n (except Sunday) Canada Southern Divis	8:30 p.m.	-
Lorth Shore Limited (daily) Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m	. 4:40 B.W
Chicago special (daily)	8:30 p.m	. 12:05 a.W
Chicago L't'd Exp. (daily)	9:50 a.m	. 10:55 a.m
Mondays)	8:90 W'III	
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m	
Accom d n (except Sunday)	2:25 p.m 8:30 p.m	

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 11:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

[Norm.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

John Paul, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 325 Richmond street. GRAND TRUNK-Southern Division

CORRECTED JUNE 27, 1892, MAIN LINE-Going East ARRIVE. | DEPART \*Limited Express (A) 3:35 a.m. 3:45 ited Express (A) .... MAIN LINE-Going West. ..| 5:25 a.m. 5:40 a.m 6:45 a.m

tChicago Express (A)...
West End Mixed
Frie Limited
18t. Louis Express (A)
Accommodation...
1Pacific Express (A)...
Mail... 11:30 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 12:40 p.m. 6:50 p.m. 6:50 p.m. 7:10 p.m. 7:10 p.m. ommodation. 7:20 p.m ARRIVE, | DEPART

Sarnia Branch. London, Huren and Bruce.

..... 10:15 a.m. 8:05 a.m. 6:55 p.m. 4:30 p.m London and Port Stanley. ARRIVE. | DEPART 7:20 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 2:10 p.m. 2:50 p.m. 5:35 p.m. 6:65 p.m. 11:15 p.m.

| ARRIVE. | DEPART.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch. ARRIVE. | DEPART. ixed—Mail 11:20 a.m. 7:56 a.m xpress 2:05 p.m. 7:54 p.m. 7:40 p.m. 7:40 p.m. 7:40 p.m. 7:40 p.m. 7:55 p.m

Toronto Eranch.

Hamilton—Depart— m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | Hamilton—Arrive—
n.m. | a.m. | s.m. | p.m. |

\* These trains for Montreal.
1 These trains from Montreal.
4. Huns doily, Eundays Included,
(ii) Runs doily, Eundays Included,
(iii) Runs doily, Eundays Included,
(iii) Fo. 32 carries passengers between London
(iii) This train connects at Teront for all
roints in Manitoba, the Northwest and British
Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

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7:00 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 7:05 p.m 

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Exp|Exp|Mix|Mix 

Trains North. Etations. | Exp | Exp | Mix 

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bellion July 25