

She bent her head and fixed her gaze on Maisie as though she would read her through and through.

"I cannot kill you, but girl, my love outflows yours as the river, the sun. I love him so: I feel his fall as though it were my own. Yes, more, more. Yours is a poor, paltry thing pale as your own cheeks."

"Let me go," screamed the girl again endeavoring to drag herself from the strong grasp of Helen's hands.

Helen laughed: a hoarse grating laugh that rang through the empty gallery with a shrill unnatural sound.

"Shriek," she said "none will hear you: no one will come, and Rory—sits alone."

Maisie sank on her knees. Her struggles had loosened the neck of her dress: a band of ribbon round the girl's throat caught Helen's glance. It aroused a storm of jealous suspicion.

She let go one hand and pulled it off. There was a sudden sparkle of green from the jewel that rested in her palm.

"Give that to me," cried Maisie, "that is mine."

Helen was staring like one transfixed at the gem.

"You have no right with that. It is not any business of yours if I wear a ring around my neck."

"Fergus Maclon's ring!"

"It is not: it was never his: it is my own."

"Fergus Maclon's ring!"

Helen spoke slowly, curiously. She was trying to take in the significance of it all, but she had for the moment suffered a kind of mental paralysis.

"What are you doing with Fergus Maclon's ring?"

"I tell you, you are mistaken. It is my own."

"Girl, do you think I don't know it? I have seen it too often ever to be mistaken. Where did you get it?"

"It was given me."

"By whom?"

Maisie made no answer, but wrenching her hand free made a desperate effort to seize the jewel.

"Touch it if you dare, Maisie," she cried, "but if you love your life, leave me. It shall never be yours again: it never was yours. The captain shall see it at dawn."

Maisie fell back, wondering, fearing. She thought of her father. Would Hugh kill her when he found the ring gone? Dared she brave him? She dared not brave Helen.

"I'll tell you what it will benefit you to hear more than you dream of, Mistress Helen, if you give it back to me," she cried as a last resort. . . .

With a panther-like spring Helen bounded forward.

"Girl," she hissed, "you would turn traitor even to your own accomplices. No. I will not hear. I will never never give it back."

She struck her with her closed fist.

"You've seen tonight what you never should have seen: a gleam of Hell-fire in the soul of Helen Vor—"

She lifted her arm to strike again, but Maisie staggered back her hands pressed to her head. She was so small, so pale, so fairylike: she looked like a child, for the blow and robbed her face of every expression save that of pain.

Helen's wild volatile passion shrank. "Go, she whispered, "go: never come near me again. Your child-face has saved you. Go."

She pushed her out into the night.

Then Helen Vor turned back and flung herself down on the floor in a storm of tears.

She was alone till dawn.

### A PRINCE AMONG HIS RACE

Barry II, the finest dog belonging to the Saint Bernard (Switzerland) Hospice, sacrificed his life to duty. Three travelers who were climbing the pass from the Italian side would have perished but for the appearance of Barry. He conducted them safely to within two hundred yards of the hospice, when he slipped and fell sixty feet into a newly opened crevasse, and his skull was crushed. Twice he was swept away by avalanches. In all he saved thirty-four lives. Once he brought a baby in his mouth to the hospice, and then returned to aid its parents, who were saved by his agency.

No wonder that the monks sang a special Te Deum in his memory. In our first visit to Switzerland, ascending Mount Saint Bernard in October, in a snowstorm which had overtaken the party about two thousand feet below the hospice, those wonderful dogs came running down to see if we needed their aid. Their spirit is more than human, and their intelligence equal to that of many persons not popularly classed below the normal. In death Barry had the honor of having his demise cabled round the world. Thousands of travelers have seen him and will genuinely mourn his death.—Exchange.

### TOO LITTLE AND TOO BIG

Today I asked my mamma if I could whistle.

Yes, I did.

"Oh, no, my little girlie," said she, "you're too little."

So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe.

I cried, I did.

She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so."

That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I am little? Or, if I'm big, why can't I whistle? —School Record.

### THEIR HONEYMOON

As a rule, nine married people out of every ten will give a very decided no to the question, did you enjoy your honeymoon? To begin with, it is generally the woman's fault, for not decidedly expressing an opinion beforehand where it is to be spent. She is too afraid of losing his love by saying she prefers a town when he says a country hamlet is the place of all others to go to. She knows it will be horrid, but lacks courage to say so. Again, she abhors sight-seeing, and doesn't care the least bit for historic remains or old pictures, and when he plans some weeks in a city where his antiquarian tastes will have full scope, she only murmurs, "How fascinating that will be, dearest, and you can teach me so much." And when he takes her at her word she ends by openly yawning, and declaring the only use of ruins is an excuse for a picnic. As a rule, I notice that the bride looks bored, and the bridegroom happy, on their honeymoon. For him, of course, it is a delightful holiday, with the added charm of having a wife with him to look after. For her the change is very great, the wrench from her home too recent to be healed: she is tired out with all her wedding preparations, and unused to her new duties. The happiest honeymoons are those where husband and wife have been great friends before marriage, as well as lovers, and their quiet month is one of intense pleasure to both, as they can now enjoy each other's society to the utmost, where formerly they only saw each other now and then.

Love is bounded neither by latitude nor longitude. The deeper you go the brighter it seems; the higher you rise the purer it is.

### IVORY AND WOOD IN AFRICA

African ivory is everywhere esteemed for its superiority in color and hardness to the Indian variety. The large herds of elephants inhabiting the forests of the Congo State provide, at present, an enormous supply; but the government wisely takes into account the possibility of its exhaustion and has prohibited the shooting of elephants. Wise laws also regulate the cutting and export of lumber; and the folly of denuding vast regions of trees, such as we have been guilty of in America, will not be repeated on the Congo.—From "The Story of the Congo Free State," by Henry Wellington Wack.

### NO REACTION

We must impress upon parents the great responsibility which rests upon them. I occasionally meet with people who say: "When I was a boy my father and mother were very strict. They brought me up so rigidly that reaction took place in my mind, and I have turned away from religion." I have sometimes said to such persons: "Did they teach you to be honest?" "Yes." "To tell the truth?" "Yes." "Did they insist upon it?" "Yes." "Has any reaction taken place on these points?" There is a great deal of nonsense palmed off upon the community in relation to this matter. Not one man of us learns the multiplication table from sheer love of it; but I never knew any one to say his mind was in reaction against the multiplication table.—Dr. John Hall.

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