

other. A little later Madge entered from her morning's ride and stood spellbound at the sight of her aunt reclining in Ralph Lester's arms. There was no mistaking their looks and her face tingled with shame and natural mortification when she remembered he had been regarded as her lover. As she crept away unperceived she heard him say:

"You have always been heart of my heart, my darling. I thought you could not love me your words were so cruel, and so I came away. But no woman has ever taken your place in my heart."

Madge went soberly to her mother in the kitchen and there heard the facts of this romantic love story.

Years ago, when Aunt Kate was no older than Madge herself, she captivated the heart of a young Canadian who was on a visit to England. She was at that time very wild and thoughtless, with a saucy, witty tongue and a tremendous flow of animal spirits, which were always running away with her. She really cared very much for the young man, but instead of telling him so like a sensible girl, laughed and mocked at him so that he left her in a tearing rage. He went back to Can-

spend our honeymoon in London?" he said slyly, at which she blushed and brightened.

"A good idea, Ralph. We shall both enjoy a few months in dear old England. Afterwards," she added, with the faintest of sighs and the happiest of smiles, "we will come back to Canada, and I will do my very best to become a first-rate farmer's wife."

The Deer Hunt.

A story! Yes, a story.
A story of the chase;
All honor to the hunter;
Long live his name and race!

He sauntered forth at daybreak,
With firm and easy tread,
His shot-gun full well loaded
With a bullet made of lead.

The day before, this hunter,
In the dusk of evening gray,
Had seen a little fallow deer
Go bounding o'er the way.

And, sure, he meant to shoot it,
Why, yes, he could not miss,
Last night he hit the chicken-shad
And felt quite proud of this.

So, now, with gun well loaded,
As I before have said,
With powder in the cartridge
And a bullet made of lead.

He stepped along with caution;
His quick and eager glance

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General Facts.

A man who has never made a blunder is not to be trusted.
Thirteen British life insurance companies decline proposals from unvaccinated persons.

try, and that this has greatly increased the mortality among them.

Among civilized nations 4 per cent. of the men and 1 per cent. of the women are color blind. The Chinese are the only people free from color blindness.

In Sweden they have a land arrangement of this kind: The farmer will give a tenant so many acres of ground provided the tenant will give him so many days' labor for so many years, the labor to be paid as wanted.

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HE DON'T LIKE HIS PANTS.

ada without even wishing her good-by and she heard nothing more of him from that day until this one, when he had come innocently calling at the house.

"But did you not recognize him, Mama?" cried Madge, wondering.

"I never saw him, child, never heard his name. It was certainly a merciful Providence that made him sell his farm down in Manitoba and come up west to start again."

"I suppose he is very rich," sighed Madge. "Dear Aunt Kate. I am glad she is to be happy at last."

Her mother returned the girl's kiss and ere she skipped out of the room, found chance to whisper:

"Take warning, Madge; Cyril loves you; don't miss years of happiness like poor Aunt Kate did." Madge seriously considered this advice, so seriously, indeed, that the next time the young man proposed (which made the fourth time he had done so) she graciously accepted him. Meanwhile the "elderly young lovers," as Aunt Kate would insist upon calling themselves, were making plans for their future.

"I must go home to wind up my affairs and see the 'chief,'" she said, with a shade of sadness in her clear eyes; "and to say good-bye to all."

"May I suggest, dearest, that we

Pierced through the semi-darkness Some paces in advance.

He stepped along with caution;
He knew quite well the deer
Was always very wary
And had a practiced ear.

And thus he was proceeding.
When, lo! He heard a rush,
And saw the deer emerging
Out from a clump of brush.

He cocked his gun, and quickly
Knelt down in "soldier style,"
But out upon the roadway
The deer emerged the while.

Meanwhile, the noble hunter
Did take a steady aim,
And hit the deer, and killed it, too—
All honor to his name!

The deer, just as he fired,
Shot through from side to side,
Took one, two, three, leaps forward,
Then tumbled o'er and died.

The hunter, now excited,
And feeling proud and gay,
Jumped up and ran on forward
To where his victim lay.

But why now act so strangely?
Why turn so deathly pale?
Why glance in all directions
As a man escaped from jail?

Why has that cow down yonder
Now lost her small red calf?
How is it all the people
Who know about it laugh?

I cannot tell the reason;
But this the old owl hoots:—
"The hunter since that morning
Looks twice before he shoots."

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