ky? walk or does he run!
the buzzards coze around up there, just
like they ve alius done!
ere anything the matter with the foot
er's lungs or voice?
mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice!

let us one and all, be contented with ou The June is here this morning, and the sun is shinin' hot. he to fill our hearts with the glory of the day.

CHAPTER XXXII. HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

He was talking to Patty and Eleanor in the garden when Elizabeth wentout to him, looking cool and colonial in a silk coat and a solar topee. The girls were chatting Very cheerfully did Mr. Yelverton come forward to greet his beloved, albeit a little moved with the sentiment of the occasion. He had parted from her in a ball-room, with a half-spoken confession of—something that he knew all about quite as well as he did—on his lips; and he had followed her now to say the rest, and to hear what she had to reply to it. This was perfectly understood by both of them, as they shook hands, with a little conventional air of unexpectedness, and he told her that he had come at Mrs. Duff-Scott's orders.

"She could not rest," he said, gravely, "until she was sure that you had found pleasant quarters, and were comfortable. She worried about you—and so she sent me up."

"It was troubling you too much," Eliza-"It was troubling you too much," Elizabeth marmured, evading his direct eyes, quite unable to hide her agitation from him.
"You say that from politeness, I suppose? No, it was not troubling me at all—quite the contrary. I am delighted with my trip. And I am glad," he concluded, dropping his voice, "to see the place where you were brought up. This was your home, was it not?" He looked all round him.
"It was not like this when we were here," she replied. "The house was old then—now it is new. They have done it lup."

here, she replied. The house was can then—now it is now. They have done it up."

They reached high land after a while, whence, looking back, they saw the other buggy expelling towards them a mile or two away, and, looking forward, saw, beyond a green and wild foreground, the brilliant sea again, with a rocky cape jutting out into it, sprinkled with a few white houses on its landward shoulder—a scene that was too beautiful, on such a morning, to be disregarded. Here the girl sat at ease, while the horses took breath, thoroughly appreciating her opportunities; wondering, not what Mr. Yelverton was doing or was going to do, but how it was that she had never been this way before. Then Mr. Brion turned and drove down the other side of the hill, and exclaimed "Here we are!" in triumph. "Where are the caves?" she inquired—to Mr. Biron's intense gratification.

"Ah, where are they?" he retorted, enjoying his little joke. "Well, we have just been driving over them."

"But the mouth, I mean?"

"Oh, the mouth—the mouth is here. We were very nearly drivin over that too. But we'll have lunch first, my dear, before

"Oh, the mouth—the mouth is here. We were very nearly drivin over that too. But we'll have lunch first, my dear, before we investigate the oaves—if it's agreeable to you. I will take the horses out, and we'll find a nice place to camp before they

soon as he had lifted Patty and Eleanor from their seats.

"You are making yourself hot," he said, with his quiet air of authority and proprietorship. "You sit down and let me do it. I am quite used to commissariat business, and can set a table beautifully." He took some tumblers from her hand, and, looking into her agitated face, said suddenly, "I could not help coming, Elizabeth—I could not leave it broken off like that—I wanted to know why your ran away from me—and to know why you ran away from me—and Mrs. Duff-Scott gave me leave. You will

"It is a case of faith," said Mr. Yelver-ton. "We must trust ourselves to Mr. Brion entirely or give it up."
"We will trust Mr. Brion," said Eliza-

beth.

A few minutes later the old man's voice was heard from below. "Now, come along. Just creep down for a step or two, and I will reach your hand. Who is comingfirst?"

will reach your hand. Who is coming first?"

They looked at each other for a moment, and Patty's quick eye caught something from Mr. Yelverton'a. "I will go first." ahe said; "and you can follow me, Nelly." And down she went, half sliding, half sitting, and when nearly out of sight stretched up her arm to steady her sister. "It's all right," she cried; "there's plenty of room. Come along!"

When they had both disappeared, Mr. Yelverton took Elizabeth's unlighted candle from her hand and put it into his pocket. "There is no need for you to be bothered with that," one will do for us." And he let himself a little way down the

droping along hand in hand, they came to a chasm that vawned, bridgeless, across their path. It was about three feet wide, and perhapit was not much deeper, but it looked like the bottomless jit, and was very terrifying. Bidding Elizabeth to wait where she was, Mr. Yelverton lesped over by himself, and, dropping some tailow on a boulder near him, fixed his candle to the rock. Then he held out his arms and called her to come to him.

For a moment she hesitated, knowing what a waited her, and then she leaped blindly, fell a little short, and knocked the candle from its insecure socket into the gull beneath her. She uttered a sharp cry as she felt herself falling, and the next instant found herself dragged up in her lover's strong arms, and folded with a sawage ten derness to his breast. This time he held her as if he did not mean to let her go.

"Hush'—you are quite safe," he whispered to her in the pitch darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DRIVE HOME.

An hour later they had reached the shore again, and were in sight of the headland and days and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and days and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and days and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and the same taken a little more and fixed the thing close up to the wall?

An hour later they had reached the shore again, and were in sight of the headland and the same and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and the same and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and the same and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and the same and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and the same and investigate this matter—before again, and were in sight of the headland and the same and in the same taken a little more and fixed the thing close up to the wall?

An hour later hey had resched the shore again, and w

ould not help coming. Elizabeth—I could not leave it broken off like that—I wanted to know why you ran away from me—and Mrs. Duff-Scott gave me leave. You will let me talk to you presently?"

"Oh, not now—not now!" she replied in a hurried, low tone, turning her head from side to side. "I must have time to think—"

"I'me to think!" he repeated, with just a touch of reproach in his grave surprise. And he put down the tumblers carefully, got up, and walked away. Upon which, Elizabeth, reacting violently from the mood in which she had received him, had an agonizing fear that he would impute her indecision to want of love for him, or insensibility to his love for her—though till now that had seemed an impossibility. In a few minutes he returned with her sides and Mr. Brion, all bearing dishes and bot-dies, and baggy cushions and rugs; and, when theffuncheon was ready and the groom had retired to feed and water his horses, she lifted her veys to her tall lover's face with look that he understood far better than she did. He quietly came round from the log on which he had been about to seat himself and laid his long limbs on the sind and bracken as her side.

"What will you have?" he asked care leasily; "roast beef and salad or chicken pie? I can recommend the salad, which has travelled remarkably well." And an bracken as he side, which has travelled remarkably well." And alt the time he was looking at her with happy contentment, a little smile under his red moustache; and her heart was beating so that she could not answer him.

When the sylvan meal was ended, and the unsightly remnants cleared away, the women maked a soothing cigarette under the reas, and the marked and her breat had and her sylvan meal was ended, and the time he was looking at her with happy contentment, a little smile under his red moustache; and her heart was beating so that the could not answer him.

When the sylvan meal was ended, and the two men and the unsightly remnants cleared away, the women alittle and tied handleave her her heads, and the



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A Druggist Thinks Up a Novel Advertising

A Bruggist Thinks Up a Nevel Advertising Scheme.

A South Illinois street druggist man worked a novel cigar-selling scheme a few weeks ago in the following fashion, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. He found a stray nickel on the floor of his store one morning, and resolved to post this notice on the window of his store:

"A sum of money found on Tuesday last in this establishment. The owner will receive same within upon describing the money."

The scheme worked like a charm. Hundreds of citizens came in daily for over a week, while the notice was left on the window, describing their losses and bewaling their misfortune. Invariably every applicant for the lost money bought a cigar. Some were satisfied with 5 cent straight whiffs, but the great majority, anxious to impress the drug man favorably towards their claims, invested in two for a quarter. So great was the rush that the fortunate druggist had to order a fresh consignment of choice brands. None of, the applicant ever applied for the nickel. All the claims ran up into the hundreds of dollars, one man stating he missed his bank book with \$1,500.

Another New Move.

The National Anti-Nuisance League, with W. Jennings Demorest behind it as a promoter, is the name of a new organization at New York, whose work will be the proving before the courts, by suite in equity, injunctions and for damages, "that the fascinating, acrid and deadly poison of alcohol is the most dangerous enemy of our health, homes and country—a public nuisance, and as such to be absted."

This declaration of purpose has the merit of novelty as well as truthfulness, for it is proposed by Mr. Demorest and his followers to cause the outlawing of alcohol, both as to its manufacture and sale, on the ground solely of its being a poison. It is said that the society expects influence the courts by arguing that the investigations of Pasteur, Baron Liebig and other eminent chemists demonstrate that alcohol is the excrement of microbes; that it is a deadly poison, and that it should be legislated against just as opium and other poisons are when used except by order of physicians. There is a good legal backing for this sort of crusade except by order of physicians. There is a good legal backing for this sort of crusade agond the latter of the United States which declared in the Kansas case:

"No Legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."—Exchange.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the lawyer, in a very loud, commanding voice.
"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.
"How dare you speak to me in that way?" angrily asked the lawyer.
"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler.
"Heve you been drinking?"
"Yes, sir."
"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"
"Cofice," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.
"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking! Don't look at me like that, sir!" furiously. "Look at the jury, sir," I bid you have something in your coffee, sir,"
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"Yhat was it?"
"Sugar."
"This man is no fool, my lord—he is worse!" stormed the counsel.
"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning!"
The hostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath and, in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out:
"A spune! A spune! and nothin' else!"

—Boston Globe.

Lepers in India.

Lepers in India. Lopers in India were treated with shocking inhumanity before Christianity entered that country. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers in India.

A large snake was discovered milking a cow at Hagerstown, Md. The cow's owner had been at a loss for a long time to account for the diminution in his milk supply.

supply.

A woman in San Diego, Cal., is said to have succeeded in accumulating 970,009 postage stamps. She is after a million.

Wool—The Chicago World's Fair Commissioners made arrangements for some mighty interesting things during their recent visit to New England. Van Pelt—What did they secure? Wool—The hand of Providence and the foot of the Bunker Hill monument.

—Rome—has twenty-five Protestant

-Rome has twenty-five Protestant

Rome has twenty-five Protestant churches.

A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should treat him with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty and in too great a hurry will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger-ends.—

Roseleaf.

Employer—Are you not going in the country for a couple of weeks? Clerk—No, sir; it will do more good to sit here and see you work, and know you can't ask me to do anything.



The Aliensis and Neurologies, a journal devoted to mental diseases, gives three marked cases which seem to comfirm the view.

In the first case, a woman, without any nervous tendencies, hereditary or acquired, and every way healthy, began to suffer with constipation, with loss of appetite and general debility. After a while she had attacks of fainting and romiting. At length there were developed marked symptoms of insanity—restlessness, elseplessness, incherence, hallucinations and delusions of a melancholy character. The skin was of a dirty brown and covered with branny soales.

It took ten daily injections to bring away the accumulated mass of hardened fecce. After this was done, the bowels began to act regularly, the mind became clear, and the patient entered on full convalescence. The second case was that of a man with suicidal tendencies, who had refused food for months. He was restored to mental soundness, after being relieved of an immense quantity of accumulated fecces.

The third case was that of a young man who had become morose, suspicious and quarrelsome. He was similarly treated and restored.

In some of the worst cases of constipation there is a free passage through the compact mass, the latter adhering in thick layers to the walls of the intestines, while the patient has no suspicion of his resi condition.

That grave diseases do not oftener result from constipation is due to the constant use of cathartics on the part of those affected. But such use is itself injurious. The true course is to establish habits that will effectually remove the tendency to contition.

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Detroit News: Gladstone must have been influenced by Henry George's writings. He is now advocating the imposition of a land value tax exempting improvements, and an income tax including bondholders. The latter tax, however, he does not press in deference to the views of others, but he insists upon the land value tax. How far he goes in this direction we do not know; but it is not probable that he would absorb the total rental value of land, as Mr. George would. Indeed, England is making haste slowly. And Then!

On."

The boy didn't say anything, but when is mother came home he told her about it

Philadelphia Times: "I am angry at Mr. Muffy. He met me on the stairs just now with both my hands full of dishes so I couldn't help myself."

"And he kissed you, I suppose ""

"No.

Dr. Newman Hall, the noted English Congregationlist divine, is 75 years old. The famous tract, "Come to Jesus," of which he is the author, has had a greater ale than almost any other religious excepting the Bible.



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