



Like you will learn. I cannot understand it."
 "So it was Major Norton who saved her life?" he said, with an evil look.
 "Yes, captain. But for the major the young lady would have been drowned, certainly."
 "I am glad to hear of your accident, Angel," said the captain, when he met her an hour afterward.
 She raised her eyes wistfully to him. "It is strange," she remarked, gently. "That is the second narrow escape I have had from death."
 But the strangest circumstance was that the captain would not allow the boat to be raised from the depths of the lake.
 "It was so very nearly being a coffin," he said, "that I should never like to see it used again."
 CHAPTER XXXVII.
 Three days after the boat accident Angela stood alone in her room. She had not yet ceased to wonder at the strangeness of her misadventure, but to solution of the mystery came to her. The captain refused to have the boat raised, although Major Norton and every one who spoke to him about it strongly advised him to have it done.
 "You ought to know what was wrong," the major said. "Life is far too precious to be sacrificed in such a way. If the fault lies with those who repaired the boat, they ought to be reprimanded for it; if with Jones, he ought to be dismissed. You take it far more coolly than I should."
 The captain seemed very impatient during his friend's harangue.
 "It would be a waste of time and labor to have the thing raised," the captain replied, "for I should never allow it to be used again. I hate the very thought of it."
 It might have been the major's fancy, but it certainly seemed to him that, instead of being grateful to him for the service he had rendered, the captain grew cooler to him from that time forth.
 Angela was as much perplexed as ever regarding the cause of the accident. But she had not seen a silent figure creeping down the stairs at night, groping in the darkness, unfastening doors with a stealthy hand, passing out of the house through the grounds, down to the boat-house. She had not seen the boat-house door carefully closed, and a lantern procured and lighted. She had not heard the muffled sounds that might have proclaimed the treacherous deed.
 The captain had calculated to a nicety how long the nails would hold, how long the loosened plank would be before it gave way and allowed the water to rush in and overwhelm the frail craft.
 Up to this time Angela had not the faintest suspicion of the truth. She was restless and uneasy concerning the mishaps which had so nearly terminated her existence. "Danger and death seem to pursue me," she said to herself. "Why should it be so?"
 There was a faint knock at the door, and Jaus Felspar, her faithful old nurse, came in.
 "Are you alone, my dear?" she asked. "I want to talk to you."
 "Come in, nurse. I am glad to see you," said Angela; for, although a fashionable lady's maid had in some measure taken old Jane's place, no one to Angela was like this faithful woman. She had nursed her fair young mistress through her infancy and childhood, and she worshipped her now as one of the most lovely and perfect of women. She had been in great trouble and distress about her young mistress, and, with the sure instinct of love, she felt there was danger near her.
 "May I stay and talk to you, Miss Angela?" she asked. "I am not lippy about you, my dear. I do not like to be always hearing that you have been in this accident and the other."
 "I must be more careful, dear nurse," said the girl.
 "You are careful," returned the old woman; "it is not your fault. I have my thoughts and my fears, but I hesitate to tell them to you."
 "You may tell me anything, nurse," she said, gently.
 "Perhaps it is cruel of me," Mrs. Felspar went on, "and perhaps it is unjust. Still I cannot help it. Something bids me speak, and I must speak. My dear," she continued, bending to her and whispering into Angela's ear, "my dear, do you think the captain has any motive for wishing you dead?"
 The captain? cried Angela, in astonishment. "No, certainly not. My death would make no difference to him."
 "You are quite sure, dear?" persisted the nurse.
 "I am quite sure of it," she answered. "My death would not affect him in the least. He would neither lose nor gain by it."
 "Does he like you?"
 "I should think not," was the grave reply. "I have never liked him. I can truly say there is no love lost between us."
 "I thought not, dear. I have never liked him. I saw how the dark shadows fell round the old house on the night he came home with my lady. People call him handsome; but I know he is cruel. I have never said one word about it, but I have seen my lady's heart breaking slowly day by day. It was an evil hour that brought him here. He means mischief, I am sure; I have seen his face looking wicked and cruel—ay, and troubled, too. Do not be angry, Miss Angela, if I say out what I think."
 "Say what you will," said Angela.
 "I am sure, my dear, that the captain means some harm to you; he intends to do you some deadly mischief. I have seen it in his eyes and his face when he has been looking at you. Love is quick to read signs of love or hate."
 "You must be mistaken, nurse," said Angela, gravely. "I have never liked the captain, and he has never liked me, but he would not do me any harm, I am sure. Why should he?"
 "That is the very thing I should like to know," replied Mrs. Felspar. "I cannot help feeling that he seeks your death, though why he should seek it I cannot tell."
 (To be continued.)

Piles

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Pisanky—The Painted Easter Eggs of The Ukraine.

(By FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.)
 The genius of the Ukrainian people manifests itself in very many ways, and naturally so, for the peasants living in the midst of a beautiful and very fertile country, varied as it is, must be susceptible to its influence, they have an ancient culture, an art in embroidery and weaving handed down for centuries, and a wealth of folk song. Their work "bears the imprint of a noble simplicity, of what is natural and real, and this is proper to all kinds of their creative product, nothing grandiose, no excessive waves and curves."
 Those who saw the section devoted to Ukrainian work in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, may perhaps have been struck by the odd Easter eggs, a dozen of which had been procured from an Ukrainian woman living in the city. They formed a very interesting example of this people's artistic expression. The Galicians are said to excel in this particular instance of applied design. The Ukrainian artists and manufacturers of the present day use the motifs of the Easter egg in the decoration of pottery, textiles, etc. Before the war this was especially the case in the Art School at Mykhovrod, Poltava Province.
 The many museums of Russia had really wonderful collections of these eggs; one, in Lemberg, possessed two thousand specimens. Formerly, any one applying to the head of the "Gubernskaya Zemskaya Uprava" of Poltava, and sending two dollars, would receive an album in color, showing all the specimens of these eggs collected by the ethnographer Wewijnovsky, the originals being in the Museum. These ran into the thousands and were bewildering in the diversity of their patterns and colors. They were collected from the peasant cottages, where at Easter even to-day, or at least in peaceful times, old women are quiet but grim contestants with boys of sixteen in matching their skill.
 In Winnipeg, and doubtless in some Toronto homes, you can watch the work being done. The egg is covered with wax, and the conventional figures, often of the workers own designs, are carved with a knife or sharp pointed instrument. A hollow is left for the desired dye, and the same process is continued for each tint. Some really beautiful effects are attained with the many hues skilfully blended into bizarre and barbaric designs.
 In their own land they make their own dyes for the adornment of their gifts. Onion skin will give a yellow tint; buckwheat chaff a greenish color; wild apple bark, red orange; the flower of the "prolosok" or squills, green-blue; the dark red mallow blossom, dark purple. There is, too, a special red dye—symbol of Christ's grave. As from the inert egg life appears, so Christ from the tomb.
 There is an old legend of the Russian church which says:
 When Mary of Magdala learned that Christ was risen she hastened to her home, and there, to her great joy and amazement, she saw that some eggs left in the house were wonderfully painted in red.
 Full of the joy of the miracle she went to the house where the apostles were gathered together, sad at heart. Beside the great news of the resurrection which was hers to give she might also show something that had been reserved for herself alone. She distributed the painted eggs, but as she gave each one, it turned into a bird and flew away—as proof that from the blood and sufferings of Christ eternal life would rise in vision of men.
 There are legends, too, about "Pisanky" in old church tradition. One is that the stones which were cast at St. Stephen became transformed into painted eggs. Another says that when Christ carried his cross to Golgotha and fell under its burden, a peasant bearing a basket of eggs was compassionate over his suffering and helped to bear the cross. When he looked again at his basket all the eggs were changed into beautiful Pisanky.



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"Oh, that will be in the Rakhmen a man dies at Easter time, a painted Easter." In some parts of the Ukraine, when egg is placed in his hand in the coffin.

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 (To be continued.)



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LADY LAURAS' RELEASE

THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
 A groom crossing the yard to go to the saddle-room, seeing the captain still mounted, went up to him.
 "Shall I take your horse, sir?" he asked.
 The gleaming eyes fixed themselves on the man's face. Had there been an accident, surely he would speak. The captain declined his aid sullenly, and the men passed on. Then the captain saw Jones coming quickly toward him, and by the old man's manner he guessed that he had something to tell him.
 Captain Wynyard's face flushed fiery red, then as suddenly grew deadly pale; his hands shook so that he nearly dropped the bridle, his whole frame trembled; great drops gathered on his brow.
 "What is it?" he asked, as Jones came up to him and stood cap in hand.
 "There has been a terrible accident, captain," he replied, quickly.
 An accident. Had his scheme succeeded? His voice was hoarse and thick as he cried out:
 "What do you mean?"
 "An accident with the boat, captain—the very boat that I tried on the river yesterday, and which was safe and sound as any boat could be."
 Then the old man told of Angela's mishap and her rescue. The flush in the captain's face died away; but the great drops gathered more quickly and fell from his forehead.
 "Then Miss Rooden is all right?" he asked, huskily.
 "Yes, captain; but she might have been drowned."
 "And if she had been, you would have been responsible for it. The accident must have been caused by your carelessness. I told you to see that the boat was safe."
 "So I did. No boat was ever more safe and sound, captain."
 "Then what had happened to it?" he cried, angrily.
 "That is what no man can tell, captain. If you have it raised out of the

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