In dust of roses in an antique jar, With rare sweet savors round and over it Of spicy odors Time can never mar, I find a letter by a woman writ. No ghost could make me shudder as the sight No ghost could make me shudder as the sigt Of this poor missive all so long unseen, Wherein I read of all my lost delight And all the sweetness of what might have b

A woman's face, a woman's tender touch, A woman's gentle voice and soft caress-Yourself, my darling, whom I loved so muc Foreyer by my side to soothe and bless— All mine for but one poor unspoken pray'r My faint lips might have uttered long ag All lost (and surely this is hard to bear) Because I did not hope and could not kn

birds.
And in a green and shady woodland place
I see the Spring's pale sunshine on your hair
The matchless marble beauty of your face,
Bayond all other women's cold and fair. The matchless marble beaut Beyond all other women's

Then mocks us with the bitter words, "Too late,"
And hardest taunt of all, "It might have

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

yes, he was fond of her; but why was he Yes, he was fond of her; but why was he so changed and quiet when they were alone together? What had become of the frank sunshiny look, the merry laugh, the careless indolence that had always belonged to Erie? She never seemed to hear his laugh now; his light-hearted jokes, and queer provoking speeches, were things of the past. He was older, graver; and sometimes she fancied there was a careworn look on his face. He was always very indignant if she fancied there was a careworn look on his face. He was always very indignant if she hinted at this—he always refuted such accusations with his old eagerness; but nevertheless Evelyn often felt oppressed by a sense of distance, as though the real Erle were cluding her. The feeling was strong upon her when she read that letter; and the weeks of separation that followed were scarcely happy ones.

scarcely happy ones.

And still worse, their first meeting was and still worse, their first meeting was utterly disappointing. He had come to the station to welcome them, and had seen after their luggage, and had questioned about their journey; his manner had been perfectly kind, but there had been no eager glow of welcome in his eyes. Lady Maltrayers said he looked ill and wearied, and Evelyn felt wretched. But it was the few Evelyn felt wretched. But it was the few minutes during which her aunt had left them together that disappointed her most; he had not taken the seat by her at once, but stood looking moodily into the fire; and though at her first word ha had tried to rouse himself, the effort was painfully evident. "He is not happy; there is sigh." We shall be awfully rich, Eva;

"I am afraid I am awfully stupid this vening. Eva," he said apologetically; but I was up late with Uncle Rolf last "Yes, of course; but I never see her," evening, Eva," he said apologetically; "but I was up late with Uncle Rolf last

worse."
"No, he is just the same; perhaps

a trifle more conscious and weaker; that is all.

selves; no change can happen but the Poor Mrs. Trafford."

"Poor Mrs. Tranord."
"Ah, you would say so if you could see her; Percy's death has utterly broken her down; but she is very brave, and will not spare herself. We think Uncle Rolf knows her, and likes to have her near him; always seems restless and uneas if she leaves the room. But indeed the difficulty is to induce her to take needful

she returned, tenderly; but at that moment Lady Maltravers re-entered, and Erle looked

the room with a heavy heart. He had been very kind, but he had not once said that he was glad to see her back; and again she told herself that something hadcome between

them.

But there was no opportunity for coming to any understanding, for the shadows were closing round Belgrave House, and the Angel of Death was standing before the threshold.

Huntingdon was dying.
He had never recovered consciousness, or seemed to recover consciousness, or seemed to recognize the faces round him; not even

Mrs. Trafford was sitting by the bed as usual. She was rubbing the cold wrinkled hands, and speaking to him in a low voice; she turned her white, haggard face to Erle as he entered, and motioned him to be quiet, and then again her eyes were fixed on the face of the dying man. Oh! if he would only speak to her one word, if she could only make him understand that she I have sinned," he had said to her,

"It would not be a true marriage," she

"but in the presence of the dead there should be peace;" but she had answered him with bitterness; and then he had fallen across the feet of his dead grandson, with his grey head stricken to the dust with late repentance. And yet he was her father! She stooped over him now and wiped the death dews from his brow; and at that moment another scene rose unbidden to her mind. o her mind

She was kneeling beside her husband She was kneeling beside her husband; she was holding him in her arms, and he was panting out his life on her bosom.
"Nea," she heard him say again in his weak, gasping voice, "do not be hard on your father. We have done wrong, and I am dying; but, thank God, I believe in the forgiveness of sins;" and then he had

am dying; but, thank God, I believe in the forgiveness of sins;" and then he had asked her to kiss him; and as her lips touched his he died. "Father," she whispered as she thought of Maurice. "Father!" The fast glazing eyes turned to her a moment and seemed to brighten into

"He is looking at you—he knows you Mrs. Trafford. Ah, he knows her at last; what is it he

is saying?
"Come home with your own Nea, father—with your own Nea; your only child, Nea;" and as she bends over him to soothe him, the old man's head drops heavily on her shoulder. Mr. Huntingdon was

EVELYN'S REVENGE. Look deeper still. If thou canst feel Within thy inmost soul. That thou hask kept a portion back While I have staked a whole Let no false pity spare the blow, But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy work that mine cannot fulfil? One chord that any other hand Could better wake, or still? Speak now—lest at some future day My whole life wither and decay, Adelaide Anne Proctor,

Evelyn Selby stood at the window, one afternoon about three weeks after Mr. Huntingdon's death, looking out on the

snowy gardens of the Square, where two rosy-faced lads were pelting each other with snowballs.

She was watching them, seemi gly absorbed in their merry play; but every now and then her eyes glanced wistfully towards the entrance of the Square with the scherosystems of one that he wited

hollow gaieties, knowing that he was sad and troubled? If it had been left to her, she would not have postponed their marriage; jahe would have gone to church quietly with him, and then have returned to Belgrave house to nurse the invalid; but her aunt had seemed shocked at the notion, and Erle had never asked her to do so.

Evelyn was as much in love as ever, but her engagement had not satisfied her; every one told her what a perfect lover Erle was perfection in her eyes, but still something was lacking. Outwardly she could find no fault with him, but there were times when she feared that she did not make him happy; and yet, if she ever told him so, he would overwhelm her with kind affectionate speeches.

Square, she turned from the window with a sigh of relief; "at last," she murmured, as she sat down and made a pretence of busying herself with some fancy-work; but i sat down beside her.

"I am afraid I am very late this after
"I' am afraid taking her hand." Mrs unheeded on her lap as Erle entered and

noon, Eva," he said, taking her hand. "Mrs.
Trafford wanted to speak to me and so I
went up to her room; we had so much
business to settle. She has given
me a great deal of trouble, poor
woman, but I think I shall have my way at last.

last."

"You mean about the money?"

"Yes; I think she will be induced to let me set aside a yearly sum for her maintenance. She says it is only for her children's sake if she accept it; but I fear the truth is that she feels her strength has gene, and that she cannot work for them any longer."

"And she will not take the half?"

"And she will not take the half?"

"No; not even a quarter; though I tell her that so much wealth will be a heavy burthen to me. Eight hundred a year—that is all she will accept, and it is to be settled on her children. Eight hundred; it is a mere nittance."

"Yes; but she and her daughters will live very comfortably on that; think how poor they have been; indeed, dear, I think you may be satisfied that you have done the right thing; and after all, your uncle wished you to have the mone."

evident. "He is not happy; there is something on his mind," thought the poor girl, watching him. "There is something that has come between us, and that he fears to tell me."

It is not happy; there is sigh. "We shall be awfully rich, Eva; but I suppose women like that sort of thing. I shall be able to buy you that diamond pendant now that you so admired."

admired. "No, no; I do not want it; you give me

he answered so quickly that Evelyn looked at him in surprise. "I have not spoken to her once since Uncle Rolf's death—the lawyers keep me so busy; and I never go into the sick-room unless I am specially

invited. But poor Mrs. Trafford is better

now."
"Yes; and Dr. Connor says that it will "Yes; and Dr. Connor says that it will be better for her to be anywhere than at Belgrave House. We want to persuade her to go down to Hastings for the rest of the winter. When I see Miss Trafford, I mean to speak to her about it; but" interrupting himself hurriedly—"never mind all that now; you told me in your letter that you wanted to speak to me parti-cularly. What is it, Eva?" looking at her

cularly. What is it, Eva?" looking at her very kindly.
"Yes; I have long wanted to speak to you," she returned, dropping her eyes, and he could see that she was much agitated.
"Erle, you must not misunderstand me; I

ished at this, for no suspicion of her meaning dawned upon him. You have no fault to find with me. Surely want of frankness

is a fault?"
"Yes, but I think it is only your thought "Yes, but I think it is only your thought for me. You are so anxious that everything should be made smooth and bright for me, that you do not give me your full confidence, Erle"—pressing closer to him, and looking up in his face with her clear, loving eyes. "Do you think that I can love you so and not notice how changed you have been of late—how pale and careworn? though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappn."

cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, as though my presence

and soothed him like an infant; and yet in a dim sort of a way he seemed conscious of her presence. He would wail after her if she left him, and his withered hands would grope upon the coverlet in a feeble, restless the way and the way and the way and the way and the work way and the way and t speeches to her, but just now they jarred on her. It was truth—his confidence—

she went on ; " but you do not tell me all that is in your heart. When no one is

cares and perplexities then?"

He was silent; how was he to answer

continued, in a low, vehement tone, "if you did not think me worthy to share your thoughts. Erle, you are not treating me well; why do you not tell me frankly what makes you so unlike yourself. Can you look me in the face and tell me that you are perfectly happy and satisfied?"

"I am very fond of you; what makes you talk like this, Eva," but his eyelids drooped uneasily. How was he to meet the satisfied to meet the satisfied to meet the satisfied to here. There were very candid and true. There were very candid and true.

irooped uneasily. How was he to meet those candid eyes and tell her that he was happy—surely the lie would choke him— when he knew that he was utterly miser-

"Erle," she said in a low voice, and her "Erls," she said in a low voice, and her face became very pale, "you do not look at me, and somehow your manner frightens me; you are fond of me, you say—a few months ago you asked me to be your wife; can you take my hand now and tell me, as I understood you to tell me then, that I am dearer to you than any one else in the world?"

"You have no right to put such a coor.

dearer to you than any one else in the world?"

"You have no right to put such a question," he returned angrily. "You have no right to doubt me. I have not deserved this, Eva."

"No right!" and now her face grew paler. "I think I have the right, Erle. You do not wish to answer the question; that is because some one has come between us. It is true, then, that there is some one dearer to you than I?"

He hid his face in his hands. No, he could not lie to her. Was not Fay's miserable exile a warning to him against marriage without confidence. He would have spared her if he could, but her love was too keen-eyed. He could not take her hand and perjure his soul with a lie; he loved her, but he could not tell her that she was the dearest thing in the world to him.

him.

It all came out presently. He never knew how he told it, but the sad little story of his love for Fern Trafford got itself told at last. Poor Erle, he whose heart was so pitiful that he forbore to tread on the insect in his path, now found himself compelled to hurt—perhaps wound fatally—the girl who had given him her heart.

Evelyn heard him silently to the end. The small white hands were crushed

Evelyn heard him silently to the end. The small white hands were crushed together in her lap, and her face grew white and set as she listened; but when he had finished, and sat there looking so downcast, so ashamed, so tulike himself, her clear, unfaltering voice made him raise his eyes in astonishment. "I thank you for this confidence; if—if—" and here her lips quivered, "we had been married, and you had told me then, I think it would have broken my heart; but now—it is better now." etter now.

"And you can forgive me, dear; you can

"And you can forgive me, dear; you can be sorry for me? Oh, Eva! if you will only trust me, all may yet be well. I shall be happier now you know the truth."

"There is nothing to forgive," she answered quickly; "it is no fault of yours, my poor Erle, and you were always good to me—no," as he tried to interrupt her, "we will not talk of it any more to-day; my head aches, and of course it has upset me. I want to think over what you have said. want to think over what you have said It seems "—and here she caught her breath
—"as though I can hardly believe it.
Will you go away now, dear, and
come to me to morrow. To-morrow
we shall see how far we can trust each

other."
"I must go away if you send me," he answered humbly, and then he got up and walked to the door. He had never felt more wretched in his life. She had not more wretched in his life. She had not reproached him, but all the color and life had gone out of her face. She had spoken so mildly, so gently to him. Would she forgive him, and would everything be as though this had never happened? "Oh, Erle, will you not wish me good bye?" and then for a moment the poor girl felt as though her heart were breaking. Was she nothing to him after all?"

At her words Erle quickly retraced his steps. "Forgive me, Eva," he said, and there were tears in his eyes; "I am not myself, you know; all this takes it out of a man." And then he stooped over her as though to take her into his arms.

For an instant she shrank from him For an instant she shrank from him; then she lifted up her face and kissed him. "Good-bye, Erle," she said, "good-bye, my darling. No one will ever love you as 1 have loved you." And then as he looked at her wistfully, she released herself and quietly left the room, and no one saw Evelyn Selby again that wight night.

The following afternoon Fern stood by the window, looking out on the white snowy road sparkling with wintry sunlight. Her little black bonnet lay on the table beside her, and the carriage that had brought her from Belgrave House had just driven away from the door. Erle had given special orders that it was to be at Miss Trafford's service, and every morning the handsome bays and powdered footman drew a youth-ful crowd around the side door of Mrs. Watkins'. Sometimes Fern entered the carriage alone, but very often her little sister was with her. Fluff revelled in those drives; her quaint remarks and ejacu-lations often brought a smile to Fern's sad

ips.
Those visits to Belgrave House were very trying to the girl. Mrs. Trafford used to sigh as she watched her changing color and absent looks. A door closing in the distance, absent looks. A door closing in the distance, the sound of a footstep in the corridor, made her falter and turn pale. But she need not have feared; Erle never once crossed her path. She would hear his voice sometimes, but they never once came face to face. Only one day Fern saw a shadow cross the hall window as she got into the carriage, and felt with a beating heart that

Erle was watching her.

That very morning her mother had been That very morning her mother had been speaking to her of Erle's generosity; indeed the subject could not be avoided. "He wanted me to take half his fortune," Mrs. Trafford had said with some emotion; "he is bitterly disappointed at the smallness of the sum I named; do you think I am right to take anything, Fern? My darling, it is for your sake, and Lecause I have no strength for work, and I feel I can no longer endure privation for my

no longer endure privation for my children."
"I think you are right, mother; it would not be kind to refuse," Fern returned quietly; and then she tried to feel some interest in the plans Mrs. Trafford was making for the future. They would go down to Hastings for the rest of the winter—Fern had never seen the sea—and then they would look out for some pretty cottage in the ccuntry where they could keep poultry and bees, and perhaps a cow, and no the ccuntry where they could keep poultry and bees, and perhaps a cow, and Fern and she could teach in the village school, and make themselves very busy; and the mother's pale face twitched as she drew this little picture, for there was no responsive light in the soft grey eyes, and the frank, beautiful mouth was silent.

mother." she at last answered, throwing her arms round her mother's neck;
"and I will spend my whole life in taking

She was thinking over this conversation now, as she looked out at the snow, when brougham, with a coronet on the panel, that stopped before Mrs. Watkins', and the next moment a tall girl, very quietly dressed,

retried the house.

Fern's heart beat quickly. Was it possible that it could be Miss Selby? But before she could ask herself the ques-

before she could ask herself the question, there was a light tap at the door, and the girl had entered, and was holding out both her hands to Fern.

"Miss Trafford, will you forgive this intrusion? but I feel as though we knew each other without any introduction. I am Evelyn Selby; I daresay you have heard my name from "—with a pause—"Mr. Huntingdon." Huntingdon.

"Oh, yes, I have heard of you," returned Fern with a sudden blush. This was Erle's future wife, then-this girl with the tall graceful figure and pale high-bred face that,

taying to herself, "What a sweet face!
Erle never told me how lovely she was,
oh, my darling, how could you help
it? but you shall not be unhappy any

linger!"
"Of course I knew who it was," went on
Fern, gently; "you are the Miss Selby whom
Mr. Erle is to marry. It is very kind of

you to come and see me."

Oh, the bitter flush that passed over
Evelyn's face; but she only smiled faintly
"Do you know, it is you who have to do me
a kindness. It is such a lovely afternoon and you are alone. I want you to put or that bonnet again and have a drive with that bonnet again and have a drive with me; the park is delicious, and we could have our talk all the same. No, you must not refuse," as Fern colored and hesitated at this unexpected request; "do me this little favor—it is the first I have ever

this fittle lavor—it is the first I have ever asked you." And Fern yielded.

That drive seemed like a dream to Fern. The setting sun was shining between the bare trees in the park, and giving rosy flushes to the snow. Now and then a golden aisle seemed to open; there was a gleam of blue ice in the distance. Miss Selby talked very quietly, chiefly of Mr. Huntingdon's death and Mrs. Trafford's sudden failune of strength. But as the sunset tints faded and the grey light of evening began to veil everything, and the gas lights twinkled, and the horses' feet rang out on the frozen road, Evelyn leant back wearily in her place and relapsed into silence. Either the task she had set herself was harder than the theurist of the tears are the same relating but

the task she had set hetself was harder than she thought, or her courage was failing; but the brave lips were quivering sadly in the dusk.

But as the carriage stopped, she suddenly roused herself. "Ah, are we here?" she said with a little shiver; "I did not think we should be home so soon." Then turning to the perplexed Fern, she took her hand gently. "You must have some tea with me, and then the brougham will take you back;" and, without listening to her frightened remonstrance, she conducted her through a large, brilliantly lighted hall and down a narrow corridor, while one of the down a narrow corridor, while one of the servants preceded them and threw open a door of a small room, bright with firelight and lamplight, where a pretty tea-table was

already set.

Fern did not hear the whispered order that Miss Selby gave to the servant, and both question and answer were equally lost on her. "Do not say I have any one with me," she said, as the man was about to heave the room, and then she coayed Fern. leave the room; and then she coaxed Fern to take off her bonnet, and poured her out some tea, and told her that she looked pale and tired. "But you must have a long rest; and, as Aunt Adela is out, you need not be afraid that you will have to talk to strangers. This is my private sanetum, and only my special friends come

here."
"I ought to be going home," replied Ferr "I ought to be going home," replied Fern uneasily; for the thought had suddenly occurred to her that Erle might come and find her there, and then what would he think? As this doubt crossed her mind, she saw Miss Selby knit her brow with a sudden expression of pain; and the next moment those light ringing footsteps, that Fern often heard in her dreams, sounded in the corridor. Fern put down her cup and rose; "I must go now," she said unsteadily. But as she stretched out her hand for her bonnet, Erle was already in the room, and was looking from one pale face to the other in undisguised amazement.

"Miss Tarfford!" he exclaimed, as though he could not believe his eyes; but Evelyn quietly went up to him and laid her hand on his arm."

his arm."

"Yes, I have brought her. I asked her to drive with me, and she never guessed the reason; I could not have persuaded her to come if she had. Dear Erie, I know your sense of honor, and that you would never free yourself; but now I give you back this "—drawing the diamond ring from her finger; "it is Miss Trafford's, not mine. I cannot keep another weman's property."

"Eva," he remonstrated, following her to the door for she seemed about to leave

the door, for she seemed about to leave them; I will not accept this sacrifice; I refuse to be set free," but she only smiled

"Go to her, Erle," she whispered, "she is worthy even of you; I would not marry you now even if she refused you, but"— with a look of irrepressible tenderness—"she will not refuse you;" and before he could

answer her she was gone.

And Fern, looking at them through a sudden mist, tried to follow Evelyn, but either she stumbled or her strength forsook her. But all at once she found nerself in Erle's arms, and pressed closely

herself in Erie's arms, and pressed closely to him.

"Did you hear her, my darling?" he said, as the fair head drooped on his shoulder; "she has given us to each other—she has set me free to love you. Oh, Fern, I tried so hard to do my duty to her; she was good and true, and I was fond of her—I think she is the noblest woman on God's was good and true, and I was fond of her—
I think she is the noblest woman on God's
earth—but it was you I loved, and she
found out I was miserable, and now she
refuses to marry me; and—and—
will you not say one word to me, my

How was she to speak to him when her heart was breaking with happiness—when her tears were falling so fast that Erle had to kiss them away. Could it be true that he was really beside her; that out of the mist and gloom her prince had come to her; that the words she had pined to hear from his lips were now caressing

her ear. But Evelyn went up to her room. It is not ordained in this life that saints and martyrs should walk the earth with a visible halo round their heads; yet, when such women as Margaret Ferrers and Evelyn Selby go on their weary way silently and uncomplaining, surely their guardian angel carries an unseen nimbus with which to crown them in another with world.

> CHAPTER XL. AUNT JEANIE'S GUEST.

The cooing babe a veil supplied.
And if she listened none might know,
Or if she sighed;
Or if forecasting grief and care.
Unconscious solace then she drew,
And lulled her babe, and unaware
Lulled sorrow too.

Jesu Ingele

Jean Ingelou All the winter Fay remained quietly at the old Manse, tenderly watched over by her kind old friend and the faithful

For many weeks, indeed months, her want of strength and weary listlessness caused Mrs. Duncan great anxiety. She used to shake her head and talk vaguely to Jean of young folk who had gone into a waste with nought but fretting, and had been in their graves before their triends realized that they were ill; to which Jean would reply, "Deed and it is the truth, mistress; and I am thinking it is time that Mrs. St. Clair had her few 'broth." For

Mrs. St. Clair had her few 'broth.'" For all Jean's sympathy found expression in deeds, not words.

Jean seldom dealt largely in soft words; she was somewhat brisk and sharp of tongue—a bit biting, like her moorland oreezes in winter time. In spite of her everential tenderness for Fay, she would chide her quite roughly for what she called her fretting ways. She almost snatched the baby away from her one day when Pay

was crying over him.

"Ah, my bonnie man," she said indignantly; "would your mither rain testis down on your sweet face, and make you sair-hearted before your time? Whist, then, my bairn, and Jean will catch the sunshine for you;" and Jean danced him vigorously before the window, while Fay peni-

ously before the window, while Fay penitently dried her eyes.

"Oh, Jean, give him back to me. I did not mean to make him cry; the tears will come sometimes, and I cannot keep them back. I will try to be good—I will, indeed." But baby Hugh had no wish to go back to his mother; he was crowing and pulling Jean's flaxen hair, and would not heed Fay's sad little blandishments.

"The bairns are like auld folks," remarked Jean, triumphant at her success,

emarked Jean, triumphant at her success remarked Jean, triumpnant at ner success, and eager to point a moral; "they cannot bide what is not bright. There is a time for everything, as Soloman gays, 'a time to mourn and a time to dance;" but there is never a time for a bairn to be sair hearted. either nature nor Soloman would hold with that, as Master Fergus would say. Ech

Fergus."

Fay took Jean's reproof very humbly. Fay took Jean's reproof very humbly. She shed no more tears when her baby was in her arms. It was touching to see how she strove to banish her grief, that the baby smiles might not be dimmed. Jean would nod her head with grim approval over her pile of finely ironed things as she heard Fay singing in a low sweet voice, and the baby's delighted coos answering her. A lump used to come in Jean's throat, and a suspicious moisture to her keen blue eyes, as she would open the door in the twilight and see the child-mother kneeling down beside the old-fashioned cradle, singing him to sleep. "He likes the songs about the angels best," Fay would say, looking up wistfully in Jean's face. "I sing him all my pretty songs, only not the sad ones. I

wistfully in Jean's face. "I sing him all my pretty songs, only not the sad ones. I am sure he leves me to do it."

"Maybe the bairn does not know his mither apart from the women angels," muttered Jean in a gruff aside, as she laid down her pile of dainty linen. Jean knew more than any one else; she could have told her mistress, if she chese; that it was odd that all Mrs. St. Clair's linen was marked "F. Redmond." But she kept her own counsel. own counsel.

wn counsel.

Jean would not have lifted a finger to Jean would not have lifted a finger to restore Fay to her husband. The blunt Scotch handmaiden could not abide men—"a puir-hearted, feckless lot," as she was wont to say. Of course the old master and Mr. Fergus were exceptions to this. Jean worshipped her master; and, though she held the doctrine of original sin, would never have owned that Mr. Fergus had a fault. But to the rest of walking haves fault. But to the rest of mankind she was suspiciously uncharitable. "To think he drove her from him—the ruir bit lammie," she would say; "and yet the law can't have the hanging of him. Redmond, indeed! but we won't own to any such name. It is lucky the old mistsess is not ower sharp-sighted—but there, such an idea would never get into her head."

(To be continued.)

Here and There. California has sent east seven solid train oads of raisins, each train composed of

loads of raisins, each train composed of twenty cars, thus far this season. It is a singular fact that the recent cold snap in Georgia froze up the ice factory at Griffin and deprived the town of ice. A man in Paineville, Ore., bit off an ad-

A man in Paineville, Ore., bit off an adversary's nose in a qurrrel and the local paper says that he was fined \$250 and placed under bonds to keep the piece.

Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, is worth anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$20.000,000. He began life as a clerk on a car al boat at the age of twenty.

A ferocious panther rushed through the streets of Montgomery, Pa., pursued by a pack of dogs, the other day. A score of men turned out with guns to kill the animal, but it escaped into the woods.

Whenever Ben Mann, of Terrell county, Ga., returns from a hunting trip he throws-

Ga., returns from a hunting trip he throws a nickel to his favorite pointer and the dog picks it up in his mouth, trots over to the butcher's and buys a piece of meat for himself. When the fire department at Brunswick,

When the fire department at Brunswick, Ga., is called out at night Mrs. M. C. Rowe hangs a lantern on the piazza of her house to notify the firement hat there is hot coffee awaiting them there when they have finished their labors.

A Kansas City oculist says that nearly two-thirds of the spectacles and eyeglasses which near-sighted people pay good prices for are merely bits of common glass treated with a coating of chemicals, which gives them the appearance of being genuine pebthem the appearance of being genuine pel

The largest diamond ever found in the United States was picked up by a laborer employed in grading a street in Manchester, Va. It weighed 23% carats in rough, and 11% carats when cut. It passed into the possession of Capt. Samuel Dewey, and John Morrissey once loaned \$6,000 on it. A young man in Tallahassee, Fla., who in calling on his sweetheart stayed until east midnight, found the front door of the house fastened when he was ready to go. He made his exit through a window, and fell into the hands of the town marshal, who mistook him for a burglar and marched

him off to the lock-up.

Mrs. Johnson Newman, of Jasper, Tex. heard dogs baying the other even-ing, and going out of doors she found that they had driven a handsome buck deer into a corner of the fence near the house. Procuring an axe, she dealt the animal two
powerful blows on the head and killed it.

The Piute Indians of Nevada are just
now engaged in their annual rabbit hunt.
It is their custom to form a circle ten or the their custom to form a circle ten or twelve miles in diameter and gradually contract it until large numbers of rabbits have been driven together in the santral Then the slaughter begins, the little animals being killed in thousands.

How the Bank of England is Protected. The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion department of this and other banks are nightly ment of this and other banks are nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-room, and an entrance can not be effected without shootentrance can not be elected without shoots mug a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor during the day should happen to knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking

Novel Remedy for Rheumatism A lady residing on South Main street arose from her bed last night in response to the appeals from her daughter, who was suffering from rheumatic pains, to give her a vigorous application of some effective liniment which the family had been in the liniment which the family had been in the habit of using on such occasions. The fond mother rubbed her daughter's limbs and applied the remedy without stint. The pains soon disappeared and the daughter slept well until morning, when she discovered that nearly 50 cents worth of cough medicine had been wasted on her rheumatism. Her pains returned as quickly as they had disappeared.—Jacksonville (III.) Convier.

Passenger (in crowded car)—Is this scat ngaged?

Occupant—Don't yer see it is? Passenger (forcibly removing bundles, pacing them on the floor, and sitting down)—Pretty comfortable kind of a sty, ain't it?

The Empty Barn. "If I were as bald as you," said Gus DeSmith to one of the most prominent citizens of Austin, "I would wear a wig." "Idon't see why you should ever wear a wig if you were bald," was the quiet response, "an empty barn doesn't need a roof."—Texas Siftings.

"A THREE-TIME WINNER.

Has Hanlan Lost His Grip?-Philosophica Training Demanded. The defeat of "Ned" Hanlan by

Reemer at Toronto in August indicates the end of the glory " of the doughty cham-

ion. He has sustained his record with admira-

He has sustained his record with admirable pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly some day find its limit.

Apropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of aquatic annials:

On a fine bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenebecasis, near St. John, N.B., attracted by a four-oared race between the famous Paris crew, of that city, and a picked English four-oared race between the famous Paris crew, of that city, and a picked English crew, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Wallace Ross, the present renowned oarsman, pulled stroke for the Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, champion sculler and swimmer of England and of the world, was stroke in the English shell.

Excitement was at fever heat.

Shell.

Excitement was at fever heat.

But three hundred yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen noticed that their rivals were creeping away.

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kally as character of England, who

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"I can't, boys, I'm done," said Renforth, and with these words he fell forward, an inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by bookmakers," was the cry, and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but after terrible struggles of agony, the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his countrymen, passed away.

his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed, but no sign or trace of poison could be found therein, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the life strange condition of the blood and the life-giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were badly congested. The whole system was, therefore, in just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength only made his dying paroxysms more dreadful and the fatality more cernore dreadful and the fatality

Hanlan is now in Australia. Beach champion of that country, is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the lia-bility of athletes to death from overtraining, the effect thereof being very serious on the heart, blood and kidneys as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death Within the past three years he has taken

particular care of himself, and when train ing, always reinforces the kidneys and prevents blood congestion in them and the consequent ill-effect on the heart by using Warner's safe cure, the sportsman's universal favorite, and says he "is astonished Harry Wyatt, the celebrated English trainer of athletes, who continues himself to be one of the finest of specimens of man-

good and one of the most successful of hood and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to the English Sporting Life. September 5th, saying: "I consider Warner's safe cure invaluable for all training purposes and outdoor exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am satisfied that it pulled me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time winner."

Beach's and Wyatt's method of training sound and should be followed by all.

Sixty Thousand Useless Words. "There is no man living," said a publi school teacher the other day, "that knows every one of the 75,000 words in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, nor half, nor a third of them. Nor is there a man that could define them if he wereasked. Shakscould define them if he were abulary used beare, who had the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8,000, but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words. Right here in Buffalo there are Americans born and bred who contrive to express all their wants and opinions in 300 ords, and in the rural districts the know ledge of 150 or 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through the world. So the unabridged dictionary is cluttered up with 60,000 or more technical or obsolete words that you never hear in ordinary conversa-tion or see in ordinary books and news-papers.—Buffalo Courier.

A Large Estate.

A broad land is this in which we live A broad hald is this in which we have dotted so thickly with thirfty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever-increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering; wherever there is suffer-ing there is the best field for this greatest American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula) yields to it, if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases, yield to it! If you want the est known remedy for all diseases of the plood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medica

Discovery, and take no other. Making Hay While the Sun Shines. "You seem to be enjoying yourself, Bobby," remarked one of the guests at a

dinner party.

"Yes," assented Bobby, with his mouth full, "I am making the most of it, 'cause after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty days."—Harper's Bazar.

Always Prompt in Action. This is just what every sufferer wantsprompt action and rapid relief from pain.
The grandest discovery of the age, the great pain cure, is Polson's Nerviline—prompt, powerful, pleasant to the taste, and yet so pure that it may be given to the youngest infant. Try a 10 cent sample bottle, which

you can purchase at any drug store. Nervi

line, the great, sure, and prompt pair cure. The large bottles are only 25 cents The Merciful Wife is Merciful to," Him. When a man comes home late at night when a man comes nome late at high after working hard all the evening at the office on the books, it is mean for his wife to require him to say, "Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?" be fore she will unbolt the front door.—Jour nal of Education.

Our lady friends will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c, to pay post-age, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe age, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated Cook Book, free. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

There Was Wire Enough. Friend (to happy father)-Hello, Jones let me congratulate you. I hear you have a new boy at your house. Happy Father—By George, can you hear him all this distance?—Pittsburg Chronicle

Isaiah Williamson, of Philadelphia, is the richest bachelor in the United States. His fortune of \$20,000,000 was made in the dry goods trade, and yields him an annual ne of a million and a half.

-Notice is given by Bennet Rosamond of Almonte, of application for divorce from his wife. Adair M. Rosamond, on the grounds of adultery and desertion.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARI This institution which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and

Music at the very lowest rates.
Address, Principal Austin, B. D. Explained.

Explained.

"My sister Calra," said Bobby to young Mr. Sissy, "was talking to ma about your leaving so early last night."

"Did she say she was sorry, Bobby?" whispered young Sissy.

"No; sl.o said she s'posed you went home so early because very likely your mamma won't let you carry a night-key."

—The Epoch.

-The Epoch. Popular Preparation ! Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People Praise, Progressive People Purchase! Posi-tively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Properly Partaken, Preserve Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Per ection. Purchase, Prove!

Who Told You So ? It is a solemn hour with a rose-lipped society bud when she begins to wonder vaguely how a mustache feels on the face.

Binghamton Republican. The Longest Word in the Dictionary The Longest Word in the Dictionary is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparationdesigned especi, ally for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all Female Weaknesses, Nervousness and disease peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for a woman's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

years by the proprietors. The Palate-Tickling Oyster. On the subject of oyster eating the writer recently saw a rhyme something after this order, entitled " How to kill an oyster :" Don't drown it deep in vinegar, nor season it at Nor cover up its glistening form with pepper like Nor cover up to guarening to the apall:
a pall:
But raise it gently from its shell, and firmly hold
your breath,
And then, with eager tooth and tongue, just
tickle it to death.

Better Times. Men talk of it being hard times for the ocomotive for \$9,000, which would have cost him \$30,000 ten years ago.—Detroit



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing niments peculiar to females, at the Invalidat Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and theroughly testing remedies for the case of warmers have been applied by the state of the case of warmers and the publishment of the case of warmers and the publishment of the case of warmers and the publishment of the case of warmers are supported to the case of warmers and the publishment of the case of warmers are supported to the case of warmers and the case of warmers are supported to the case of warmers and the case of warmers are supported to the case of warmers and the case of the case of warmers are supported to the case of the ing and theroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had buffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of cuffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar allments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system,

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, and to the wonb's and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prestration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing

monly attendant upon nunctions and visions disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Plerce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial. cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small dealers, will prove very beneficial.

*Favorite Prescription, property is a postitive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolipsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, fremale weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, instammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood. "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small larative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgaréa. Pelieta (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggiste, unider a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years, Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases or Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

and faithfully carried out for many years, Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

DON L. 51 87. **DUNN'S** POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CURE FITS

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Torento

I hold the crumpled sheet that tells it all, And, looking on your gracious loving words, One dead sweet hour my dreaming though recall, Made glad by whisp'ring leaves and song objects.

Across a dreary gulf of tears and pain
You come, a radiant vision of the Past,
And all unchanged, unwithered, still remai
O love, as when I looked upon you last!
Ah had I told you in that hour, my sweet,
Of all the true deep love you could not gue
And poured my soul's wild passion at your
I might have heard your soft and whispe
"Yes!"

But, fool and blind, I did not dare to speak;
No tender glance or word would fear allow
Because my love had made my heart so weak!
I wrote my pray'r, and read the answer—now
Now—and I waited, oh, with that despair
In that dead time of bitter loss and shame;
And while I deemed my grief too hard to bear,
You watched and wondered, and I never came

Some wayward chance, some pitiful mistake—
Ah me, could sadder destiny appear?—
Two hearts were ruined and two hearts might
break—
This letter lay among the roses here!
Oh, cold and cruel irony of Fate,
That, having held most precious gifts unseen,
Then mocks us with the bitter words, "Too
late,"

Evelyn sighed as she read the letter; it sounded a little cold to her. If she had been in Erle's place she would have wanted him to come at once. Was it not her right as his promised wife, to be beside him and to try to comfort him? How could she have the heart for these hollow gaieties, knowing that he was sad and troubled? If it had been left to her,

Just' then he looked up, and their eyes

night."
"Yes," sle answered gently; "I know you have had a terrible time; how I longed to be with you and help you. I did not enjoy myself at all. Poor Mr. Huntingdon but as you told Aunt Adela, he is not really

"And there is no hope?" "None; all the doctors agree in saying that. His health has been breaking for years, and the sudden shock was too much for him. No; it is no use deceiving our-

"You are looking ill yourself, dear Erle,"

at his watch:
"I must go now," he said hastily; and
though Evelyn followed him out into the
corridor there were no fond lingering
words. "Good-bye, Eva; take care of
yourself," he said, kissing her; and then
he went away, and Evelyn went back into

But there was no opportunity for coming of any understanding, for the shadows were losing round Belgrave House, and the could not answer her.

"He pulled his moustache nervously, but he could not answer her.

"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's lillness has detained you, and have seen you are seen the Source with you had beet and his favorite Erle, or the daughter who fed and soothed him like an infant; and yet in "And why not, Eva? do you think you

way, but never once did he articulate her He was dying fast, they told Erle, when he had returned home that night; and he had gone up at once to the sick-room and had not left it again.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Is there within thy heart a need

is a mere pittance."
"Yes: but she and her daughters will live

am finding no fault with you. You are always good to me—no one could be kinder; but you are not treating me with perfect frankness."

"What do you mean?" he asked, aston-

that she wanted; and no amount of soft words could satisfy her. "You are always good to me—always," speaking to you, I often see such a tired, harassed look on your face, and yet you will never tell me what is troubling you, dear; when we come together—when you make me your wife, will our life be always unclouded; am I to share none of your personal problems they will our life be always unclouded; am I to share none of your