

To Love
In dust of roses in an antique jar,
With rare sweet savors round and over it
Of spicy dews Time's hand has laid,
I find a letter by a woman's hand.
No ghost could make me gloomier than
This poor missive all so long unopened,
Whence I read of all my long-lost love,
And all the sweetness of that might have been,
A woman's face, a woman's tender touch,
A woman's gentle voice and soft caress—
Yourself, my darling, whom I loved so true,
Forever by my side to soothe and bless—
All mine for but one poor unspoken prayer,
That I might see you once again—
All lost and surely this is hard to bear!
Because I did not hope and count on it.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Evelyn sighed as she read the letter; it sounded a little cold to her. It was not her father's hand 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? Evelyn could not help but think of the hollow gaieties, knowing that he was sad and troubled? If it had been left to her, she would not have postponed their marriage. She would have gone to him 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 so she had not seen the need of it. 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 had not made him happy and yet, if she ever told him so, he would overwhelm her with kind affectionate speeches.

Yes, he was fond of her; but why was he so ungrateful? What had become of the frank sunny look, the merry laugh, the careless indifference that had always belonged to Erle? He had never seemed to mind her now; his light-hearted jokes, and queer provoking speeches, were things of the past. He was older, graver; and sometimes she noticed there was a certain 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 eluding her. The feeling was strong upon her when she read that letter; and the weeks of separation that followed were so long and dreary.

And still worse, their first meeting was utterly disappointing. He had come to the station to welcome them, and had seen after their luggage, in a manner had been perfectly kind, but there had been no eager glow of welcome in his eyes. Lady Maltravers said he looked ill and worried, and Evelyn felt very sorely that he had not left them together that disappointed her most; he had not taken the seat by her at once, all the time he had been sitting next to her and though at first word he had tried to rouse himself, the effort was painfully 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."

Just then he looked up, and their eyes met.

"I am afraid I am awfully stupid this evening, Eva," he said apologetically; "but I was up late with Uncle Rolfe last night."

"Yes," 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. Huntington but as you told Aunt Adela, he is not really worse."

"No, he is just the same; perhaps a trifle more conscious and weaker; that is all."

"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 ourselves; no change can happen but the worst."

"Poor Mrs. Trafford,"

"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 Rolfe knows her, and likes to have her near him; he always comes to see her, and she always goes to see him. But indeed the difficulty is to induce her to take useful rest."

"You are looking ill yourself, dear Erle," she returned, tenderly; but at that moment Lady Maltravers re-entered, and Erle looked 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 the room with a heavy heart. He had been so glad to see her back; and again she told herself that something had come 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.

At the end was drawing near now. Mr. Huntington was dying.

He had never recovered consciousness, or seemed to recover consciousness, or seemed to recognize the faces round him; not even his favorite Erle, or the daughter who fed and soothed him like an infant; and yet in a dim sort of way he seemed conscious of her presence. He would wait after her if she left him, and his withered hands would grope upon the coverlet in a feeble, restless way; but never once did he articulate her name.

He was dying fast, they told Erle, when he had returned home that night; and he had not been long in his low condition, and had not left it again.

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 she could only speak her own word, if she could only make him understand that she forgave him sinners, he had said to her, "I have sinned," he had said to her,

"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-dew from his brow, and at that moment another scene rose unbidden to her mind.

She was kneeling beside her husband; she was holding him in her arms, and she was panting out his life on her bosom.

"Nes," she heard him say again in his weak, gasping voice, "do not be hard on your father. We have done wrong, and I am lying, 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 head.

Fatherly whispered as she thought of Maurice. "Father!"

The fast glazing eyes turned to her a moment and seemed to brighten into consciousness.

"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 back, and his hands fall to his sides, and he is dead.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
EVELYN'S REVENGE.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel pity for almost any one,
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked a whole
Treat and fashion, and I shall know
But in true mercy tell me so.

It is within thy heart a need
That thou hast kept a portion back
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"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. Will you try to be good—I will, indeed." But baby Hugh had no wish to go back to his mother; he was crying and pulling Jean's flaxen hair, and would not heed Fay's and little blandishments.

"The bairns are like wild folk," remarked Jean, triumphant at her success, and everything to point a moral; "they cannot be tamed, but they will be good—I will, indeed." But baby Hugh had no wish to go back to his mother; he was crying and pulling Jean's flaxen hair, and would not heed Fay's and little blandishments.

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"A THREE-TIME WINNER."
Has Hulan Lost His Grip?—Philosophical Training Demanded.

The defeat of "Ned" Hulan by Tomer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the doughty champion.

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.

Appropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of a Canadian: "On a fine bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenbecasis, near St. John, N.B., attracted by a 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 stroked in the English scull.

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 Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"I can't, boys," 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 the Englishmen suggested for his restoration was tried; but after terrific struggles of agony, the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his country, lay motionless in the boat.

The stomach was analyzed, but no sign or trace of poison could be found there, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the liver and the giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were badly cramped.

The whole system was in a state of just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength and endurance were due to the giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were badly cramped.

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ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution which has had the largest enrollment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to the young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Explained.

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

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

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

—The Epoch.

Popular Preparation:

Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People Praised, Progressive People Pursued! Positively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Properly Partaken, Preserve Physical Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Perfection. Purchase, Prove!

Who Told You So?

It is a solemn hour with a rose-lipped society but when she begins to wonder vaguely how a moustache curls on the face, —*Biographical Republican.*

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 preparation designed especially 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, and by which she can obtain 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.

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 all. Scrub it up its glistening flesh with pepper like a pall! But raise it gently from its shell, and firmly hold it! And then, with eager tooth and tongue, just tuck it to the death."

Better Times.

Men talk of it being hard times for the poor, and yet a poor man can today buy locomotive for \$90,000, which would have cost him \$3,000 ten years ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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CONSUMPTION.

When you are afflicted with this disease, it is a sign that you are in a low condition of health, and that you are in need of a powerful remedy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine that will cure this disease, and it is a powerful and reliable remedy. It is a powerful and reliable remedy. It is a powerful and reliable remedy.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.