say will scare your mind dease it in another. I have been hard pressed ou like a book, John—by ch that old villain said, the necklace. You have light of it for the men; but on the whole it to more than even this y." have done so, Jeremy ould once have believed without much belief, it is manners, that it makes

manners, that it makes
Only think of loving
hink of kissing her; and
ring that her father had
life of mine!"

very voice, "of Lorna hn, of Lorna kissing you, the while saying to her-i's father murdered mine," in Lorna's way, as well as way. How one-sided all

at it in fifty ways, and yet ome of it. Jeremy, I con-hat I tried to make the hat I tried to make the lyto baffle the Counselor, ause my darling needed hore it so, and behaved to But to you in secret I am o say that a woman may easier than a man may." her nature is larger, my truly loves, although her r. Now, if I can ease you to branch, will you hear the thurden, will you hear er. Now, if I can ease yet burden, will you bea and courage, the othe

and courage, the other on you?" ny best," said I. n do more," said he; and cory. BE CONTINUED.

ME OF THE LILIES

as flooding the cane fields;
ed among the myrtles and
e blooms of the syringas
he ground. Down in Esme
e corner, where the sweet
s fragrance, a cluster of
nowy heads. "Marriage
Pierre Jasmin had said a
sast. " marriage Illies.

wast — " marriage lilies, ir you and me." in bloom now, and up the in bloom now, and up the along the bayou a wedding twound its happy way.

min, dressed in blue, with hat shading his face, had de had not been the little a short time ago, but her it, the friend who had been her, who had shared her dences, whose beauty no bught of denying, but who too indolent to be generated.

the pretty, brown-eyed y. But he had had nothing imself, and as Esme sang ters and laughed with the the lanes, they imagined well with her and that she e one to break the engage-

lights were out and the till, when the frogs in the crickets in the china trees

the should love Jeanne had Esme; in her humility she f the beauty that the Brule it that he should be cold ith her, should frown when ar, should move away tog her, that was the mysty of it all.

selection of the control of the cont possessed, accomplished, not fail to notice her beauty, ed at him apprehensively, ear clutched at her heart, ear clutched at her heart, e turned and spoke to her tout the usual smile or hand-emed to suddenly see down h of the future. the beginning. Afterwards seemed to go wrong. She

eally Cure ick Kidneys

so get the liver and bowels h DR. A. W. CHASE'S Y and LIVER PILLS

s disappear, biliousness and a is overcome, digestion im-you feel fine in every way. e use of experimenting with medicines of uncertain and

the difference of the control of the

isn't it, that the intimate he liver and kidneys should o long overlooked? Or. A. W. Chase's Kidney and we their wonderful success nition of this most essential are regular, healthful action and bowels, and thereby at a burden from the kidneys them to strength and vigor. no way you can so quickly if of backaches as by using Chase's Kidney and Liver

could not please Jasmin; to-day he was savagely tender, to-morrow rude and exacting. Between his changing moods her heart was like to break.

The lilies in the fence corner burst into bloom, but on Esme's little brown hand Pierre's ring, bought one happy day from Monsieur Blanc at the Brule store, no longer shone. Granddemaman was grave and reproachful. Girls were not like that in her time. Promised today, free to-morrow.

Rettine, the little maid, grieved in

him strangely; he turned and gazed at the still figure on whose breast his wife lay dying and recognized the childish

sweetheart of other days.

"Esme!" he cried eagerly.

"Hush—not to me—tell her you forgive her."

He hesitated for a moment, then, bending over his wife, called her name.

"Jeanne, will it make you happier to know that I forgive you?"

She did not heed him.

"Jeanne," he said again.

"Pierre," she cried, opening her wide, brown eyes; "tell Esme I was sorry; tell her I meant—and the illies, Pierre—when they bloom again—"

Her voice broke suddenly, then died away into silence.

The curtains stirred slightly; the acacia blooms swept their fragrance into the room, and beside the bed of her who had parted them Pierre Jasmin looked into Esme's eyes.

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POULTRY



TEAR IT DOWN!