

## Indispensable in Winter.

There's a need in every home for

## GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough. All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce Gum—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

## Proper Breathing.

According to a lecturer on health, people that breathe through the mouth, habitually neglecting the nose, the proper channel for the air supply, "have short upper lips, flat cheeks, irregular and decayed teeth, pigeon chests, pointed chins and pointed or upturned noses"—a dreadful list of dire penalties, in truth, fearful enough to convert us all in a moment, yet greatly exaggerated, of course. However, as we have heard many times, usually never heeding as we pass by, it is decidedly injurious to breathe through the mouth. Moreover, if we stop to consider a bit, we shall be able to see for ourselves several common sense reasons that ought to make us supply our lungs with air through the nose. Taken in by way of the mouth, the air reaches the lungs by a much shorter route and without the beneficial warming and cleansing process so well afforded by the longer nasal passage. In winter especially should we take care to breathe only through the nose, thus lessening greatly our chances of taking deep seated colds. It is merely a matter of habit and simply a question of trying after all.

## Love Potions.

Love potions as used by the peasants of lower Austria and Syria are generally taken by the person who wishes to be loved. The common habit is to consume minute portions of white arsenic, which will in a few weeks develop a thin, pale girl into a plump, rosy cheeked beauty. Great care has to be exercised in taking the arsenic or death results, and when the habit is once formed it usually lasts for life, since the body becomes uncomfortable and even diseased, showing all the symptoms of arsenic poisoning, if the habit is broken off.

Some of the eastern nations use love potions differently. If a girl loves a man and he seems cold, she contrives to give him a drink of hashish, obtained from Indian hemp. The man's brain becomes fogged, and he is ready to believe anything that is suggested to him. The girl suggests to him that she is beautiful and thus compels him to regard her unlovely features as she desires.

## The Human Electric Battery.

The superstition that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is believed by the French to have for its foundation a scientific fact. They affirm that each human system is in itself an electric battery, the head being one of the electrodes, the feet the other. Their proof was discovered from experiments which the Academy of Sciences was allowed to make on the body of a man who was guillotined. This was taken the instant it fell and placed upon a pivot free to move as it might. The head part, after a little vacillation, turned to the north, and the body then remained stationary. It was turned half way round by one of the professors, and again the head end of the trunk moved slowly to the cardinal point due north, the same results being repeated until the final arrestation of organic movement.

## The Tobaccoist's Emory.

One of the most peculiar things in the whole history of signs is the fact that while all other shopkeepers were patronizing the embryo painters the tobaccoist always called upon the woodcarver on the continent as well as in England. As long ago as Elizabeth's reign the wooden image of the black boy was the favorite sign of the tobacco dealers. Later the customary sign was the Highlander or a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Holland, for some strange reason, the tobaccoists adopted the dairymaid as their sign, with the motto, "Consolation for sucklings." The Indian, naturally enough, has always been the predominant sign in this country, although once in a while a reversion to type crops out with the ancient black boy.

## The Great Jenner.

An Englishman had occasion to go often to an eminent physician and said to James, "You will be tired of opening the door for me." "Not at all, sir," was the gracious reply; "you are but a hunt in the hogan."

Another James was accustomed to say during his master's occasional absences: "You had better try hoggisette. There's a very respectable man hoggisette as we often sends to when Sir William is absent. His name is Jenner."—London Mail.

## How Long the Bills Last.

A dollar bill has an average life of about fifteen months. Two dollar bills, not being quite so actively used, last on the average more than sixteen months. A five dollar bill lives on an average two years before it is worn out and the government is called upon to replace it. Ten dollar bills last about three years and twenty dollar bills more than four years.—Youth's Companion.

A lost fortune grows in proportion to the passage of time.

Live and let live is a good maxim, but live and help live is better.

## DARREL of THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER.  
Author of "Eben Holden,"  
"Dri and L," Etc.

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"Pardon me for introducing a scamp of the name of Roberts. He's engaged to a very sweet young lady and has the impudence to make love to me. I wish to get him out of town for awhile and can't think of any better way. Don't use him too roughly. He was a detective once himself."

"Well, in a couple of days the widow got a telegram message from her uncle, and what do you suppose it said?" The sister Serene covered her face and began to quiver. The other two were leaning toward her, smiling, their mouths open.

"What was it?" said the sister Lize. "Kicked him downstairs," the narrator quoted. "The two whispered. 'Good enough for him.' It was the verdict of the little shopkeeper, sharply spoken, as she went on with her work."

"So I say," this from the other three, who were now quite serious.

"He'd better not come back here," said the sister Lize.

"He never will probably."

"Who employed the widow?"

"Nobody knows," said the sister Serene. "Before she left town she had a check cashed, and it came from Riley Brooke. Some think Martha Vaughan herself knows all about it. Sh-h-h! There goes Sidney Trove."

"Ain't he splendid looking?"

Ruth Tole had opened the door, and they were now observing the street and those who were passing in it.

"One of these days there'll be some tall lovelorn making up there at the Widow Vaughn's," said Lize.

"Like to be behind the door."

"I wouldn't," said the sister Serene.

"No, you wouldn't!"

"I'd rather be up next to the young man." A merry laugh and then a sigh from Lize, who looked a bit dreamy.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Trove had come to Hillsborough that very hour he passed the Golden Spool. In him a touch of dignity had sobered the careless eyes of youth. He was indeed a comely young man, his attire fashionable, his form erect. Soon he was on the familiar road to Robin's Inn. In the air was an odor of the harrowed earth, and up in the hills a shout of greeting came out of field or garden as Trove went by. It was a walk to remember, and when he had come near the far side of Pleasant valley he could see Polly waving her hand to him at the edge of the maple grove.

"Supper is waiting," said she merrily as she came to meet him. "There's blueberries and biscuit and lots of nice things."

"I'm hungry," said he. "But first, dear, let us enjoy love and kisses."

Then by the lonely road he held her close to him, and each could feel the heartbeat of the other, and for quite a moment speech would have been most idle and inadequate.

"Now the promise, Polly," said he soon. "I go not another step until I have your promise to be my wife."

"You do not think I'd let one treat me that way unless I expected to marry him, do you?" said Polly as she fussed with a ribbon bow, her face red with blushes. "You've mused me all up."

"I'm to be a teacher in the big school, and if you were willing we could be married soon."

"Oh, dear!" said she, sighing and looking up at him with a smile. "I'm too happy to think." Then followed another moment of silence, in which the little girl, if he were near them, must have smiled.

"Won't you name the day now?" he insisted.

"Oh, let's keep that for the next chapter," said she. "Don't you know supper is waiting?"

"It's all like those tales 'to be continued in our next,'" he answered, with a laugh.

Then they walked slowly up the long hill arm in arm.

"How very grand you look!" said she proudly. "Did you see the governor?"

"Yes, but he can do nothing now. It's the only cloud in the sky."

"Dear old man!" said Polly. "We'll find a way to help him."

"But he wouldn't thank us for help—there's the truth of it," said Trove quickly. "He's happy and content. Here is a letter that came today:

"Dear Sidney—Think of all I have said to thee, an' if ye remember well, boy, it will bear thee up. Were I indeed, as ye believe, drinking the cup of bitterness for thy sake, know ye not the law will make it sweet for me? After all I have said to thee, are ye not prepared? Is my work wasted? Is the seed fallen upon the rocks? And if ye hold to thy view, comest thou to rob the dark world of a light or sacrifice? Nay, ye will answer, then I say, if ye would give me peace, go to thy work, boy, and cease to waste thyself with worry and foolish wandering."

"Somehow it puts me to shame," said Trove as he put the letter in his pocket. "I'm so far beneath him. I shall obey and go to work and pray for the speedy coming of God's justice."

"It's the only thing to do," said she. "Sidney, I hope now I have a right to ask if you know who is your father?"

"I believe him to be dead."

"Dead?" There was a note of surprise in the word.

"I know not even his name."

"It is all very strange," said Polly. In a moment she added, "I hope you will forgive my mother if she seemed to doubt you."

"I forgive all," said the young man. "I know it was hard to believe me innocent."

"And impossible to believe you guilty. She was only waiting for more light."

The widow and her two boys came out to meet them.

"Mother, behold this big man! He is to be my husband." The girl looked up at him proudly.

"And my son?" said Mrs. Vaughn, with a smile, as she kissed him. "You've lost no time."

"Oh, I didn't intend to give up so soon," said Polly, "but the supper would have been ruined."

"It's now on the table," said Mrs. Vaughn.

"I've news for you," said Polly as they were sitting down. "Tunk has reformed."

"He must have been busy," said Trove, and he'd ruined his epitaph."

"His epitaph?"

"Yes; that one Darrel wrote for him: 'Here lies Tunk. O grave, where is thy victory?'"

"Tunk has one merit. He never deceived any one but himself," said the widow.

"Horses have run away with him," Trove continued. "His character is like

streets are crowded. Here are men and women, but I see only the horses. You know, sir, how I love them. Well, here is a big stable. A tall man has halted by its open door and addressed the manager."

"I learn that you have a bay mare with started face and a white stocking." It is Trove who speaks.

"Yes. There she is coming yonder. The mare is a rack of bones, limping, weary, sore. But see her foot lift! You can't kill the pride of the Barbary. She falters. Her driver lashes her over the head. Trove is running toward her. He climbs a front wheel, and down comes the driver. In a minute Trove has her by the bit. He calls her by name—Phyllis! The slim ears begin to move. She nickers. God, sir, she is trying to see him. One eye is bleeding, the other blind. His arms go round her neck, sir, and he hides his face in her mane. That mare you ride—she is the granddaughter of Phyllis. I'd as soon think of selling my wife. Really, sir, Darrel was right. God'll mind the look of your horses."

So spake an old man sitting in the freight.

"Trove went home with the mare," he continued. "She recovered the sight of one eye and had a box stall and the brook pasture—you know, that one by the beech grove. He got home the day before Christmas. Polly met him at the depot, a charming lady, sir, and a child of three was with her, a little girl, dark eyes and flaxen curly hair. You remember Beryl? Eyes like her mother's."

"I was there at the depot that day. Well, it looked as if they were still in their honeymoon."

"Dear little wife!" said Trove as he kissed Polly. Then he took the child in his arms, and I went to dinner with them. They lived half a mile or so out of Hillsborough."

"Hello!" said Trove as we entered. "Here's a merry Christmas!"

"Polly had trimmed the house. There against the wall was a tapering fir tree, hung with tinsel and popcorn. All around the room were green branches of holly and hemlock."

"I'm glad you found Phyllis," said she.

"Poor Phyllis!" he answered. "They broke her down with hard work and sold her. Such he here tomorrow."

"You saw Darrel on the way?"

"Yes, and he is the same miracle of happiness. I think he will soon be free. Leblanc is there in prison, convicted of a crime in Whitehall. As I expected, there is a red mark on the back of his left hand. Day after tomorrow we go again to Bannemora. Sweetheart, I hurried home to see you."

"Night came, dark and stormy, with snow in the west wind. They were sitting there by the Christmas tree, all bright with candles—Polly, Trove and the little child. They were talking of old times. They heard a rap at the door. Trove flung it open. He spoke a word of surprise. There was the old Santa Claus of Cedar Hill: upon my word, sir, the very one. He entered, shaking his great coat, his beard full of snow. He let down his sack there by the lighted tree. He beckoned to the little one."

"Go and see him. It is old Santa Claus," said Polly, her voice trembling as she led the child.

"Then quickly she took the hand of her husband."

"He is your father," she whispered. "A moment they stood with hearts full looking at Santa Claus and the child. That little one had her arms about a knee and, dumb with great wonder, gazed up at him. There was a timid appeal in her sweet face."

"The man did not move. He was looking down at the child. In a moment she began to prattle and tug at him. They saw his knees bend a bit. Ah, sir, it seemed as if the baby were pulling him down. He gently pushed the child away. They heard a little cry, a kind of a wailing 'Oh-o-o,' like that you hear in the chimney. Then, sir, down he went in his tracks, a quivering little heap, and lay there at the foot of the tree. Polly and Trove were bending over him. Cap and wig had fallen from his head. He was an old man."

"Father!" Trove whispered, touching the long white hair. "Oh, my father, speak to me! Let me—let me see your face."

"Slowly—slowly the old man rose, Trove helping him, and put on his cap. Then, sir, he took a step back and stood straight as a king. He waved them away with his hand."

"Nay, boy, remember," he whispered. "Ye were to let him pass. And then he started for the door."

"Trove went before him and stood against it."

"Hear me, boy; 'tis better that ye let him sleep until the trumpet calls an' ye both stand with all the quick an' dead."

"No, I have waited long, and I love—I love him," Trove answered.

"Those fair young people knelt beside the old man, clinging to his hands. The good saint was crying."

"I came not here to bring shame," said he presently.

"We honor and with all our souls we love you," Trove answered.

"Who shall stand before it?" said the old man. "Behold—behold how love hath raised the dead!" He flung off his cap and beard.

"If ye will have it so, know ye that I, Roderick Darrel, am thy father."

"Now, sir, you may go. I wish ye merry Christmas!" said that old man of the hills.

But the other tarried, thoughtfully puffing his pipe.

"And the father was not dead?"

"Twas only the living death," said the old man, now lighting a lantern. "You know that grave in a poem of Sidney Trove."

"It has neither sod nor stone; it has neither dust nor bone."

He planned to be as one dead to the world."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DID ye hear the cock crow? By the beard of my father, I'd forgotten you and myself and everything but the story. It's near morning, and I've a weary tongue. Another log and one more pipe. Then, sir, I'll let you go. I'm near the end."

"Let me see. It's a winter day in New York city after four years. The

streets are crowded. Here are men and women, but I see only the horses. You know, sir, how I love them. Well, here is a big stable. A tall man has halted by its open door and addressed the manager."

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"And the other man of mystery, who was he?"

"Some child of misfortune. He was befriended by the tinker and did errands for him."

"He took the money to Trove that night the latter slept in the woods?"

"And, for Darrel, returned to Thompson his own with usury. Thompson was the chief creditor."

"With usury?"

"Yes. For years it lay under the bed of Darrel. By and by he put the money in a savings bank, all but a few dollars."

"And why did he wait so long before returning it?"

"He tried to be rid of the money, but was unable to find Thompson. And Trove, he lived to repay every creditor. Ah, sir, he was a man of a thousand."

"That story of Darrel's in the little shop I see—it was fact in a setting of