

"Ah, yes! It is there her benefactor used to live. She has, no doubt, gone to him. Our aunt knew him well. He was a lawyer—an avocat!"

"What! an English solicitor? What was his name?"

"Bernardin—M. Jules Bernardin—he was our friend. He helped us; he assisted my father—my poor father—and lent him money on security. Then mon pere, he died, and my mother already had passed to heaven. My sister and my aunt remained. Young M. Desmoulins assisted us, for he pretended to love Pulcherie, monsieur; and I, like a fool, went away and left her. His attentions aroused the fears of my aunt and sister. They wrote to me. I was in the south; I could not come. Then they found the wretch Desmoulins had a claim on them; he broke up their home. Oh, monsieur, I wish I had died!"

Peter Witney noticed that the young man felt very bitter against the young Desmoulins, and feared he would proceed to violence, so he said—

"Never mind, I can explain all. M. Bernardin is dead. Julius Bernardin was the partner in my patron's office. I have come to claim the property. I will manage M. Desmoulins. Leave him to me."

A sudden inspiration had seized the middle-aged bachelor lawyer. He had already a romance; he would find Desmoulins and Pulcherie, and then—So he persuaded the young soldier to return with him, and assume his civilian attire; to quit the army if he liked afterwards, but first to come to England and find Pulcherie and the kind aunt. After much parley, this was all agreed to.

Next day the lawyer called on M. Desmoulins: found him a bully and a rascal; quelled him by stern threats of exposure in the tribunal and in the village, where he was hated. Finally, he succeeded in getting from him a quittance of all claims, and, with the French avocat who had accompanied him, took his leave.

In fifteen hours he was in London. The business had developed into a romance, and Peter Witney was as eager as a boy.

"Then you do not think the place will suit me," said Mr. Barnstone, after talking the matter over. "It is

duh, quiet, not near the sea. No; I will let it to some young couple who want to live and love alone. They may have it for a song. It's no use to me, and only a farm-house after all!"

"May—I have the refusal, sir?" asked Peter timidly.

"You, Witney, you? are you going to be a benedict after all? Well, I am surprised. My good sir, certainly. You are a faithful, good fellow. Take it as a wedding present. It will cost me little, remember, and may do you good," he added hastily. "No thanks, please."

"Miss Mallis wants to see you, sir," said a lad at this juncture.

"Let her come up," said Mr. Barnstone. "My charming French client," he added; "you shall see her. She is connected with this very house—my tenant. Ah, here she is."

As he finished speaking, Made-moiselle Pulcherie entered with a little woman, whom she called "ma tante." She at once greeted Peter Witney, and in broken English and more voluble French explained to Mr. Barnstone and her aunt alternately how she had become acquainted with the "monsieur."

"Then you actually directed made-moiselle here?" said Mr. Barnstone. "If you had known, you might have saved yourself the journey. Have you any news of your nephew, madame?"

"Alas! no; he was in Africa, in the 144th of the line. He will come and find it desolate—our home. We must return, monsieur, to Dieppe. You have been an angel to us, indeed."

"Not a bit, madame, only doing my duty; in this instance a positive pleasure. Have you—pardon me—all necessities for your journey?"

"Madame need take no journey to see her nephew," said Peter in French. "How, monsieur? Is it possible—he is—he is dead?"

"No, madame; alive, well, and in London. He returned with me; I will bring you to him. I met him near the old home yonder."

Then Peter, in his plain but sympathetic way, told his story, and the ladies' eyes filled with tears of joy and happiness.

"Go," said Mr. Barnstone, wiping his spectacles. "Run away, good people; I am busy."

So they went and found Antoine, as had been promised, and after awhile the three returned to Dieppe. The following month, plain good Peter Whitney again crossed the Channel, and spent three weeks in France near his new friends. Lo and behold! the year after the old farm-house was again inhabited; not by Antoine, who had gone away on promotion to a commission—an officer; not by the kind aunt, for she lay in the village churchyard; but by "M. and Madame Veetnee," as they were called, who had come for "their honeymoon."

So Peter Witney, the "old bachelor," met his fate—a charming wife and some fortune—in Pulcherie. Malaise all as some thing, "by the worst accident," but you and I know better.

#### THE ONLY FLOWER.

The Violet's had its season,  
The Rose has had its day;  
The flowers of autumn stayed awhile,  
Then softly sped away.

Now, 't would be weary waiting  
With wintry skies above,  
Had God not known and sent us  
A little flower called "Love."

The world is gray with blossoms  
In summer, autumn, spring;  
But had the heart no garden,  
Ah! what would winter bring?  
But Love blooms on for ever,  
'Tho' seasons flutter past,  
The only flower in all the world  
God wills shall last!

#### A LITTLE CHILD.

In a railway station a little child sat by his mother. He held a big apple in each hand, biting off first one then the other. The father coming in, sat down and turning to the child, said: "Please give me one apple, son."

The mother said to the little one, "Say, 'I can't spare it.'" And the child echoed, "I can't spare it."

"Well," said the father in mock pleading, "give me just a bite of this one." And he held out his hand as though he really wanted it and expected it.

"Say, 'I can't afford it.'" again came from the mother. And again came the echo, "I can't afford it."

Thus the little child was being taught selfishness by those who loved him. Neither the father nor the mother was serious in what was said to the child, but the little one thought they were. One apple would have been quite enough for the lad, and was more than he did really eat. Here was a fine opportunity to teach unselfishness, to share with others.

Later the lad was stuffing himself with a big banana. Selfishness and probable sickness. A poor way to show love for a dear child.

God intends that parents shall teach their children. But what a botch we often make of it. In later years, looking back at our experiences as young parents, we realize this keenly and sorrowfully.

It is also divinely intended that the parents shall learn from the children; be made better, more patient, tender, sympathetic, loving—more like him who loved little children. How dull, how slow, we often are to learn of them.—Snap Shots by A. Passing Preacher in Cumberland Presbyterian.

Mashed cabbage is excellent now, when people are apt to be tired of the plain vegetable. Boil the cabbage till tender, then drain and chop it very finely. Return it to the pan with a teaspoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a good seasoning of pepper and salt. Make very hot, and serve in a mound on a hot dish.

#### A RELIABLE MEDICINE FOR ALL CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. This medicine is as good for the new born babe as the well grown child. It contains no opiate or poisonous stuff. The mother who gives this medicine to her child has the guarantee of a government analyst that these statements are true. This is worth something to every mother for Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine that is sold under such a guarantee. The Tablets cure such ailments as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, and teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and thus prevent deadly croup. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### HADDOCK IN A NEW FORM.

Haddock is an inexpensive fish food which may well form the central dish for a simple dinner. When planning for stuffed baked haddock, order a four-pound haddock to be sent cleaned, with head and tail left on. Wipe with a piece of cheese cloth wrung out of cold water, sprinkle with salt inside and out, stuff, and sew. Cut five diagonal gashes on each side on one side (having the gashes on the other side), and insert a narrow strip of fat salt pork in each gash.

Shape in the form of a letter S, and hold in place with skewers, which should be fastened with string. Place on a greased fish sheet in a dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter, dredge with flour, and place around the fish one-third of a cupful of small cubes of fat salt pork. Bake one hour in a hot oven, basting as soon as the fat in the pan is tried out, and continue basting every ten minutes. Remove to a hot platter, take out the skewers, and garnish with Julienne potatoes, slices of lemon and parsley. Serve at once with the following sauce:

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of hot water. Bring to the boiling point, add three tablespoonfuls of butter, and season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper.—Woman's Home Companion.

#### ALL SEASONS FOR ITS OWN.

It was a saying of Victor Hugo that there are moments when, whatever the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. In this sense we can "pray without ceasing." The soul does not need a place of retirement to converse with God. It can speak to him amid the rumble of machinery. It can call to him amid the springtime furrows. It can commune with him when the hand is on the throttle, and the engine is rushing over plain or mountain. It can keep in touch with him when the miner is begrimed in his subterranean pit. It can hold sweet converse when the seamstress plies her needle, or the housemaid her daily chores. Its cry may be heard above the sound of the axman in the forest, or the bugle note in the warrior's camp. It may break the silence of the pilot at his wheel, and hush the tumult when the populace is aroused. There is no confusion that can drown the voice of the soul when it is in tune with the Infinite. There is no flood that can overflow it. There is no enemy that can destroy it. There is no thief that can steal it away. It has all seasons, all places, for its own. And when it will and where it will, it may bend its knees, and lift up its hands in supplication.—United Presbyterian.

Wrestle with a chimney sweep and you will need a bath. Throw back the mat that is thrown at you, and you will have dirty hands. Answer Shimei when he curses you and you will echo his profanity.