#### Down and Wicklow.

I leve the fresh, bright autumn days
Of mottled skies and lucid weather,
For then from Wicklow's fraughanbrace
I half Sileve Donard's heights of hea-

ther.
Far off I strace in outline clear
The peaks of Down in light extend-

Twin spots of earth I hold most dear In one othereal realm are blended.

With Wicklow's land of stream and hill
My childhood's hopes and joys enwound mo;
t woke the bevos that mould me still;
With nots of gold its beauty bound
me;

we we will the color of the color will be with the color will be seen and Where rolled its beaches' ocean thun-

der, 1 bowed before the mystery Of nature's life in awe and wender, —G. F. Savage Armstrong

## The Lady Story.

It was through flying of my kito in Whitehall Gardens that the ad-venture befell me.

I was then but twelve years old,

in Whitehall Gardens that the adventure befell me.

I was then but twelve years old, yet already a page to Her Majesty Queen Catharine. We were kept loss straight in our ways in this court of a king who loved to laugh than had been the pages of his late sainted majesty, and we were a wild lot of lads, more mischlovous than monkeys, and yet I think honest at heart. Anyhow, we were faithful to His Majesty and to the Queen, albelt her blinking brewn eyes missed many a prank, and we went more in fear of her Portuguese ladies than we did of her.

His Majesty had forgiven nearly all things for sake of a jest, and, indeed, I doubt the court was a good school for lads, yet I had not been brought up by Dame Magdalen Cardow, my mother's wister, for naught, and now I see nothing to blush for looking back on those carelyss days of boyhood.

So, as I have said, I, Raiph Neville, with Dick Tremaine, another page, played with our kites, when mine—the body of which I had built with pride and the tall thereof fashloned out of waerlieglously plucked leaves from the "Recital of the Wars of Troy"—soared away out of my sight like a great butterfly in the June sunshine.

I was out of the postern after it before the sentined could challenge me. A lad of my own country he was and actio like to work me a mischlef, and hardly knowing what I did I followed the track of my kite.

Now it sailed, as though a stronger will than the wind's directed it,

I did I followed the track of my kite.

Now it salied, as though a strongor will than the wind's directed it, and went at its case as a butterfly floats over rose gardens.

It was like one that would follow the end of the rainbow, for oven as I went the kite retreated, and yet it was never out of sight.

I went by narrow alleys and green fields. Having my eyes upon the kite lest I should miss him, I netled not whither I went nor did it occur to me that the hour approached in which I should attend her Majesty and that I might be hard put to it to recover my way.

At last the wings of the kite flapped windless. An instant it hevered in the air, then dropped like a plummet. I paused and looked about me. I was between two high walls of brick in a narow laneway, and the blank wall at which I was gazing was eyeless, not one break in all its dull surface.

Now, the chase after the kite had

was cycless, not one break in all its dull surface.

Now, the chase after the kite had given the thing a new value. I stood panting and measured the wall. There was no footheld that I could see yet the brick was old and must needs be crumbling in part. And some little distance from me I espied the bought of a mulberry hanging upon the wall and went towards It. Here was greater luck than I had thought, for lvy grew beneath and had reached down knotted hands half way of the wall.

I came beneath it and measured the distance. It was beyond my reach.

reach.

Just then there came down the lane a countryman driving a flock of sheep to market.

"Good fellow," said I, "you are of uncommon stature. Will you let me mount your shoulders that I may reach as far as the ixy that looks over the wall? My kite has flown abo to it."

"Your kite?" said he, with a grin.

abo to it."
"Your kite?" said he, with a grin.
"And am I to help you to piracy
and house breaking for the sake of
a kite that I could make of an ev-

ening?"
"Not such a kite as mine," said I Then a thought struck me, and I put my hand within my doublet.

"Here is a piece of silver," said I, "to prove to you that I am honost."

He held out a greedy hand.

He held out a greedy hand.

"You are mistaken, Master Flyakite," said he, "if you think a pocketful of silver makes an honest man.
Yet have I made kites and flown
them, too, and for love of the se days,
not for your silver, shall I hoist
you upon the wall."

He had me on his shoulder while
he pocketed the coin, and I catching

He had me on his shoulder while he pocketed the coin, and I catching at the ivy stems clambered by them into the bough of the nulberry. They were thick and hid me like a rubin in his house, and I rested an instant and watched my countryman out of sight with his bleating sheep and barking dog and then parted the boughs to look for my kite.

sheep and barking dog and then parted the boughs to look for my kite.

Now, the scene below me was so far from what I expected that I at the moment forgot the object of my search. The place was a garden of great beauty, such as often lay about the houses of nobles near to the city, yot I think none could be more beautiful than this.

The sward was emerald green and smooth as velvet. All about It lay little beds out quaintly in such shapes as hearts and trefolis and filled with rose bushes, which now, since it was June, bloomed most sweetly, perfuming the air. There were arches and trelies of roses and winding walks between hedgerows of them led up to a house which even at that distance and in the low sun I could see to be stately. A fountain in the sward caught the scene was as peaceful and

heautiful as over my eyo rested up-

heautiful as over my eyo rested upon.

Yet I was too much of a child to he held for long by rose gardens, however musky and fair.

I forgot all sise, indeed, when I was recalled to my kite, which I espled at he great distance urinjured, except that his tail trailed through many bushes. I was about to descend the mulberry tree to recover him, when a hady came towards me down the garden path.

I waited an instant, and as luck would have it she passed beneath my tree. Then as she litted her face to the light I saw what manner of woman she was.

She was as old as my aunt, Dame Magdalen, whom I then, being a chilld, esteemed to be quite old, though her age could have been no more than forty-five. She, the strange lady, was dressed in by-gone fashion, and her hair was in little ourls on her brow, as was the usage in the reign of his late Majesty. Shever white they were and framed a face withered with long grief. As she raised her large dark eyes an impulse came to me. I have ever acted on impulse, not always to my injury. The fact that her eyes were kind, although mournful, and her mouth sweet had something to say to it perhaps.

"Hist," I called softly to her out the serve were were than a something to any to it perhaps.

"Hist," I called softly to her out the serve were were were a server and the content of t

mouth sweet had something to say to it perhaps.

"Hist," I called softly to her out of my tree. She gave a little cry, but never moved as though to go, which I had feared.

"Who are you?" she asked in a whisper, yet stood with her eyes uplifted, but not her head, so that one looking from a distance might believe she stood in contemplation or prayer.

prayer.
"I am Ralph Neville, a page of the

prayer.

"I am Ralph Noville, a page of the court," I made answer.

"Of the court," she repeated, with a catching of her breath. "And how are you come into this living death? Has any one, has any one—sent you?"

"Nay, madam," I said, "I came but in pursuit of my lite, and crave your pardon for having mounted your wall?"

"Ah," she said, with a sigh, "I thought some one who knew me in my old life might have sent you. As for climbing my wall," a delicate, faint smile broke over her face, giving sudden life to the gray, blacklashed eyes and the mouth that once was arch, "as for climbing my wall, you are very welcome. I had not looked to see aught climb it but the winds and the birds and the day. These my lord cannot keep from visiting me."

"Pray, madam," said I, "may I fetch my kite and be going? For the

These my lord cannot keep from visiting me."

"Pray. madam," said I, "may I fetch my kite and be going? For the Queen's service calls me at 6 of the clock, and I fear it may be past that hour. Resides, I do not know the way to return"

She tock a little jeweled horologo from her bosom.

"Alas, 'tis stopped," said she. "It knows that time is nothing in this mournful place. 'Ind as for vour kite, young sir, I dare not hand it to you for fear of observation. But if you will return by the wall as you came I will send it flying after you."

"Can I help you madam?" I asked, for I could see she was in trouble.

ble.
"None can help those who rivet their own fetters," she said, mournfully. "Yot, stay. You are of the court. Have you ever heard of such a one as the Vicomte de Croissy?" "Why," said I, "It is the French gentleman, who befriended the Queen mother in her need, and who was crossed in love and is a great fighter."

mother in her need, and who was crossed in love and is a great fighter."

"The same," she said, and her oyes sparkled. "You know him, then?"

"Ho is at the court."

"Ho is he?" she asked, cagerly.

"He carries his years well, for all that he has had much sorrow. He is grave and silent and walks with bent head, yet is no kill-joy and is gallant to look on. It is every one's marvel that he should go sad for the sake of a lady of long age, when there are so many ladies even yet willing to make him forget."

I repeated the gossip of the court gibly, but she listened as though her life depended on it.

"Tell him, then," she said, "tell M. de Croissy that you have spoken with Anne Bellamy and that she has not forgetten."

"I will remember, madam," I said, in a great hurry to be gone, for the wosterning sun told me the time had gone further than I thought.

I dropped into the lane with acmore mishap than a bruise to the knee, and was no sooner on my feet than I saw my kite take the air again joyously.

than I saw my kito take the air again joyously.

A fine dance he led me, up hill and down hollow, in and out woods and lanes, I knew not where; but I would not relinquish him, and already I feared my pageship was a thing of the past.

It was indeed 7 of the clock when all was indeed 7 of the clock when

It was indeed 7 of the clock whom is slid under Master Gregory Dabohick's arm into the courtyard, and it was with great perturbation of heart I presented myself before Donna Mercedes, for Majesty's mistress of the robes.

What she might have done beyond reting ma soundly I do not know.

What she might have done beyond rating me soundly I do not know, but in the mids. of her anger there came passing through the chamber both their Majesties in much amity, for the King had his arm about the Queen like any Jack and Jill.

Seeing the Queen, who was always sweet, I ran to her and craved pardon for my uumannerliness, pouring out a tale of my kite and the walled garden and the lady that must have scemed a strange medicy indeed. I fear Her Majesty did not understand the half of it, but kept looking to the King in perpiculty, as though he would read her the riddle. But the King listened as I proceeded.

eaca. 'Why, hore's an adventure. Kate,'

"Why, here's an adventure. Kate," he said at last: "give the rascal your hand to kiss and let us hear more of it."

Then, being forgiven, I was able to tell them my tale at length, so that the Queen could understand. She listened with her kind heart in her eyes, and though I thought His Majesty's interest waned when he heard the lady was no longer young, yet it seemed the Queen's increased.

However, when I came to the lady's message to the Vicente de Crolsey the King was all attention again. your hand to kiss and let us hear nore of it."

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However, when I cama to the lady's message to the Vicento dy's message to the Vicento de Crolssy the King was all attention again.

"If you hav, not been to Bedlam,"

Master Page," he said, "I think I should know the lady."
Then he turned to the Queen.
"The De Crolssy's old flame." he said, "whom he has mourned as dead this many a year. Bellumy, her husband, the same who fought against our royal father in the late rebellion, noised it abroad that she died of the plague. It was a jealous raseal without cause, I dare swear, for the vicemte is cold as the moon and as faithful as the moon to the earth, and the lady was ever virtuous. You are sure it was not Bedlam you entered, boy?"
"Nay, sire," said I. "Has Bedlam roses and foantains, peacooks and green arbors?"
"How was the lady? Well favored!"
"She had been so in her youth,"

"She had been so in her youth," said I, "and though she was white with sorrow, had very pleasant gray eyes, with arched black hows. And was slender as a dansel and tall, and moved in her white lawn like a ship sailing. Her hair was white and she looked as though Joy had long forgotten her."

"Its the Lady Bellamy," said the King. "And to think the rascal keeps her immured! What is to be done, sweetheart? Shall we send De Croissy to deliver her?"

"Alas, I know not," said the Queen. "Since she is married and he is at peace, why bring back, the dead to life?"

"When De Croissy hears it he will kill him," said the King, "as he had killed him long 'since but that her grave stood between them."

"It is well," said the Queen, timorously, "that he is gone into France on thy mission."

"And 'tis ill meddling 'twixt man and wife," said the King.

Now, I had learned enough at court to know that Lord Bellamy, a sonr and sanetimonious knave, as we held him, stocd well with the common people, and His Mrjosty's straits at that time were not unknown to us, so it seemed to me, child though I was, that I could read why the King was not alert to succor beauty in distress.

"Hark ye, Master Page," said he speaking to me with a sharp suddenness that nigh took my breath away, "see that you hold your tongue about this adventure."

"But, sire," I stammered, "the lady's message to the vicomto? I am pledged to deliver it."

"At the King's pleasure," he replied, tartly. "I indeed all this be not a parcel of lies to excuse your ill-doing."

Now, I went sadly from the King's presence, being disturbed by these changes of mood. Yot was there a respite before the time when I must choose between my obedience to His Majesty and my word to that unhappy lady, since the vicomto was in France on the King's business and there was no word of his return.

After that the weeks passed quietly. We pages were he'd in closer keeping, and it was many days before I was again enabled to slip beneath Master Gregory Dabehlek's musket arm and go the way my kitc

I was indeed baffled and weary of

fore.

I was indeed baffied and weary of my search when I came upon a great house staring at me out of an opening between high walls. The opening was filled in with ironwork, very fine, perhaps brought out of the Netherlands, where they make an art of such things.

But the raillegs were twisted and the ironwork red rusted, and, looking within, the desolation of the place went to my heart.

Docks and thisties sprang up with coarse grass where smooth lawn once was. The fountain rusted and the dial had been flung over and lay headlong Statues here and there in the dank growth hung their mournful heads or lifted them as in an appeal for succor The grasses and tho weeds had reclaimed the terrace and choked the flowers in their beds. Above the desolation stood the great mournful house ruined and forbiddlifts, the glass in its barred and shattered windows broken, the steps fallen in, the rabbits playing by the Jak doors, so that I longed for Pinch, the stout Airedale I had left with Dame Magdalene ere I set out for court.

The sun falling below the horizon

for court.

The sun falling below the horizon depend the gloom of the place. I shivered and I knew not what came over me, but to see a frightful face at one of those black window places would have in no way surprised me.

As I turned I saw a very ancient man leading his kid home from past-

ure.
"Whose house may this be?" I ask-

"Whose house may this be?" I askel Ho looked at me cunningly out of cyes over which the wrinkies hung in creases.

"Tis the Lord Beliamy's house," he said, wheezing, "and left to bats and owlets since his dear lady was taken from him the year of the great plague."

"The Lord Beliamy's," I repeated, stupified ."And is there no inhabitant of the house?"

"There is none," said he, "save only ghosts. Rumor will have it that the poor lady walks. But, bless you, they keep 'em too close in Bellamy vant for that. "Tis more like a white owl they see, or maybe Parson Doubleday's whitefaced pony; that'a rare one for trespassin."

I threw him a coin and went on my way mystified. I followed the wall which lay in front of the house, and presently, taking a sharp turn, I came out between two high brick walls, as like those others as two peas.

had gone to Hampton Court by water, I being of her attendance, and it chanced that in one of the winding walks of the great garden the

ing walke of the great garden the vicente and I came face to face. I litted my sword to salute him with the respect due to so valiant a fighter, and noticing me his face graw kind.

"What is your name, Master Pages" he asked.

"Ralph Naville," I answered.

"Of what profession beside page-ship?" he asked.

"Of the profession of arms," said I.
"Tis the only one becomes a gentleman."

of the profession deside page-ship?" he asked.

"Of the profession of arms," said I.

"Tis the only one becomes a gentleman,"

"Rashly said, young sir," he replied, smiling. "Yet it is a right profession for gentlemen if but rightly chosen and rightly followed. Nover draw your sword in a wrong quarrel nor sheathe it in a right. That is my advice to you."

"I would follow in your footsteps if I might, vicomite," said I, panting with excitement at being spoken to thus by so great a soldier.

If patted my head as though I had been six instead of twelve, and said he, very kindly:

"It would be better, Master Raiph, that you should follow in the footsteps of a happier man."

Then my obedicense to the King was forgotten, and, suddenly selzing the recomte's sleeve, a cried.

"M. lo Vicomite, I have a message for you. Mistress Anne Bellamy bade me tell you that she has not forgotten."

"A message from the dead!" he cried, with staring cyebalis. "Are you mad, boy? Or has some one sent you to mock me? If so, I shall surely kill him."

"I spoke with the hady on an afternoon of June bygone."

"She is dead of the plague, boy, and sleeps in Witham churchyard."

"I spoke with ber and the was no ghost, I am sure of it. lie was a lady of more than common height, gray eyed, dark browed, with lips that had known how to smile, though they had grown mournful. 'And tell the Vicomite de Crolssy,' she said, 'that Anne Bellamy remembers.'"

"Where?" he asked, with dry lips.

"In a walled garden in the fields towards Highgate."

"Where?" he asked, with dry lips.

"In a walled garden in the fields towards Highgate."

"Ah he said, and the weight of years seemed to have dropped from his head. "It is Bellamy Grange. And so she lives. To think that I shou.' I not have known It, though all the vorld had told me she was dead!"

He spoke to limself, not to me, but now I was terrified to think upon what I had done. Yet I would

dead"

He spoke to himself, not to me, but
now I was terrified to think upon
what I had done. Yet I would
not be ray that the King had known
of the matter and bado me keep it

of the matter and older me help reserve.

"What will you do, M. le Vicomte?"
I resked.
He stared at me, and I saw he had forgotten me. Then his face clear-

"Ah, my good lad!" he said, "you have restored me my dead. Ask what you will of Raymond de Croissy and it will be given you. Now, tell me how you found her."
"Tell me first," I said, "what you will do."

will do."
"Why," he said, "I will kill Bellamy and then I will deliver her."
"Ah, but," said I, "she did not bid you to deliver her. If she would be delivered would she not have sent you her message other than that she had not forgotten? I think myself she would not escape if she could."

could."

The perplexity deepened in his face, and again I saw that he had forgotten my presence.

"Why," said he, speaking to himself, "the boy is right. Will she not remind me as she did of old that she is wife and mother? Will she not bid me go, leaving her to her fate?"

"My Lord Bellamy is in the Low Countries," said I at his elbow.

"Ah," said he with a start, and then speaking deliberately: "Must I wait till she is dead before I revenge her?"

venge her?"

which it so is dead decord? The renge her?"

"Will you revenge her," said I, "and go to her with her lord's blood on your hands?"

He !aughed out suddenly, and the sound of his laughter was strange.

"O Solon!" he said, "O lawglver! O Solomon! Is wisdom given through the mouths of babes and sucklings?"

Then he listened, with his hand on his sword, while I told him the adventures of the kite, which had led mo to the lady of the rose garden.

When I had finished he turned his face to the north and his eyes were eager.

eager.
"I must speak with her," he said,
"and she will tell me what to do."
And then his broad breast heaved.
"Tis an impasse, my lad," he said,
"into which you have led me. Yet
she lives, she lives, and the air of the
world that was dead lives with her."
Now that you reavoning the King. world that was dead lives with her."
Now, that very evening the King summoned me to his closet. I went in dread, not knowing but that some one had betrayed me and revealed to His Majesty how I had broken his command and carried to the Vicomto de Croissy the message of the lady of the rose garden.

But when I had come in and knelt woon his footstol and kissed the

But when I had come in and knelt upon his footstool and kissed the hand extended to me I saw that he was not angry Indeed, his face glowed under his dark curls, and he smiled as though well pleased.

"Master Raiph Neville," he said, "you well remember an afternoon of two group by when you yillful Red-

Juno gono by when you visited Bed-

"you well remember an atternoon of June gone by when you visited Bedlam and there saw a strange lady calling herself the Lauy Beltamy?"

"Not Bedlam Hospital, sire," said I, "but Bellamy Grange, as I have since discovered."

"Ah, so you have been negle. ting Her Majesty's service once mere," he said; but he was smiling.

"Sire," said I, "I would dle in Her Majesty's service or yours, as did all the males of my house in your sainted father's. But you would not forbid my following ah adventure."

"No, Taith," said he, "If the lady were a score or more years younger. But, after all, Master Raiph, you are right. It was not Bedlam; it was Bellamy Grange where 'you behold the lady. And now news comes that her husband is dead of the small-pox in the Low Countries. comes that her husband is dead of, the small-pox in the Low Countries. This time she was restored to the liberty she never forfeited and the children who have grown no believing their mother dead. And now, who shall find her in her prison and tell her the news? Whose hand shall set her free?" "M. de Croissy's," said I.

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"Right!" said he. "And you shall lead him to her side." Ho then summoned M. de Croissy to his presence.
"Bellamy is dead, vicomte," he said, "and his lady awaits a deliverer. Will you be that one?"
"Dead" repeated the vicomte, and his color went from white to red. "And who has killed him?"
"The net of God, man," said the King. "Ho is dead of smallpox in the Low Countries. And we know that his lady lives, though he sent abroad a false report of her death. "Tis time she were reunited to her chilren and the world."
"I would I might have killed him," said the vicomte.

"I would I might have killed him," said the vicomte.
"Take a better revenge man," said the King: "Console his lady." The vicomte stared at him as though he heard him not. Then he kissed the royal hand and looked towards the door.
"You would be gone," said the King. "Well, then, go, and good fortune attend you. But take some company with you to enforce the royal warrant. Bellamy has not kept his lady in prison all these years without a guard."
"My sword shall make me a way" said the vicomte. "Tis my affair, sire."

said the vicomte. "Tis my affair, sire."

"Well, then, this boy—shall not Master Raiph Neville be in at the Joy belle?"

The vicomte's lined and weather-beaten face was turned on me with a new expression.

"Let use begone, lad," he said, "since the King, our master, bids us. We do not need a troop of horse to cut down a pack of scul-

us. We do not need a troop of horse to cut down a pack of scullions, ch?"
"I am with you, vicomte," said I, putling my hand on my sword.
"Bring him back safe, De Croissy," said the King, "Tis a forward child, but the Queen loves him."
Then we rode together through

but the Queen loves him."

Then we rode together through the fields and winding lanes towards Highgate, and only on that journey did I realize how har my kite had carried me. The vicomite rode hard, but my Bess kept up with him, and 'twas lucky we met no highwaymen, for the vicomte had cut down any one who stayed him. It was full moon and light as day by the time we drew rein in front of Bellamy Grange.

Now, the fear had been at my

Now, the fear had been at my heart that Lady P lamy had been removed from the house, but I remembered how the lty and the mul-

removed from the house, but I remembered how the ly and the mulberry tree, by the help of which I had climbed the walls, had been cut down, so that I could hardly doubt but some knave had observed us that evening when we spoke.

But I would not daunt the vicomte's heart with my misgivings.
Indeed, the place looked little like as if it could contain a hady and hidden behind it the garden of a dream. Yet no fear seemed to touch the vicomte as with the arder of a younger man he climbed the screen of ironwork, and ere I was beside him had reached the great oak doors. Then following him I perceived that they stood open. When I was open to the wind and weather, and I confess my heart falled me at the sight.

Yet not so the vicomte.

He strode through the capty house with his spurs clanking and went without misgiving, as though the knew the way.

"She will be in the blue closet," I heard him say to himself.

He opened a door, and as I followed him into a low winding corridor I could have cried out with surprise, for the air felt warm and sweet and there were thick carpets underneath our feet. At the end of the corridor a light gilmmered.

I followed the vicomte almost breathless, so fast he went. He opened the door of the little room and went in, and I also. There by a lamp, reading, sat the lady of the rose garden.

The vicomite went to her with something like a cry.

"You live, Anne," he said, "and I have thought you dead all these vents."

"You live, Anne," ne said, "and I have thought you dead all these years."

"You thought me dead," she said.
"I was only in prison, where it was my lord's will to seclude me."
"You are free now," said the vicomte, and his eyes burned.
"Yes," she said, "yesterday the jallers who have kept me all these years went away hurriedly on receipt of sudden news. My old nurse, Ursult, whom he spared me, brought me word they had gone and that we were free. But where should we go, we two women, who are grown so used to prison that we should not know how to walk in free air? Besides, they will come again. My lord will not set me free after all these years."

"You bay not heard, then, Anne.

"You have not heard, then, Anne, why you are free?" asked the vicomte.

The lady looked at him wonder-

ingly.

"Bellamy is dead," he said.

"Then I can go to my children," she cried.

she cried.

"They will be brought to you, Anne," said the vicomte. "It's the King's command that you come to court."

"Alas," she meaned, "so Bellamy is dead and has not forgiven me,"

"He had nothing to forgive," muttered the vicomte, 'darkly.

"I never loved him, Raymond," she said, simply.

"I never loved him, Raymond," she said, simply.
"Ho punished you heavily for that."
"It might have been worse. I was in prison, but at least I had my garden and my books; he dealed me nothing except liberty and the love of my children."
"They are young yet, and he is no longer in the world to share them with you."

"May are young yet, and no is no longer in the world te share them with you."

"May he be forgiven his sins!" she prayed.

The next morning the lady Bellamy came to court riding on a pillion, and a nine days' wonder it was when she who had been dead was discovered to hav, come alive.

But the most tender thing of all was when the lady was summoned to the Queen's closet and found there her three children, who had grown up believing themselves orphans.

At the marriage of the Vicomto de Croissy with the Lady Bellamy, I, with Rupert, her son, carried her train. But it was some twelve months later that I married her Prue, and found a most sweet mother-in-law in the lady of the rose garden.—Katherine Tynan-Hinkson in the Dublin Weekly Freeman.

ONE TEASPOONFUL of Pain-Killer In hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 23c. and 50c.