

throats of all but Hassan Agha. But when the turn came to him, Torkom muttered between clenched teeth:

"May God curse the day on which you were born and the ground whereon you die. Offspring of a breed of unholy dogs, God has granted me my prayer. I prayed that I might be prevented from letting you get off alive. Now you shall die."

Then sinking his sword into the breast of the prostrate form, he drew it and struck again and again. He kissed the blade, and blood reddened his lips. Striking off the ears of the dead man he hung them from his belt. He called to his friends that they should pick up whatever they wished to carry away as a trophy of their day's work. And he set out, his face turned homeward. He had had such partial revenge as a broken heart is capable of; and the blood on his dagger saved his tottering faith in God.—*L. P.*

THE END.

The Lion Heart.

AUTUMN had stolen unawares on the slow little town of Tedford, nestling at the foot of great green hills overhanging the wide blue Georgian Bay. The sturdy maples of the avenue had "put their glory on." Through the mild afternoon air there swept out at times from the bay gusts which foretold wild winter nights and the moan of waves on the breakwater.

The school-bell in the tower rang for four, and as its last clang sounded over the sleepy town, round the corner and down the avenue dashed half-a-hundred boys, whistling, shouting, running in full chase after one another, their school-bags flapping back and forth on their shoulders. Slowly, demurely the girls followed, chatting and giggling in groups. Then came the teachers talking in a dignified undertone. All made straight for the Post-office as was their wont. The children swarmed round the wicket like a hive of bees, bobbing up and down, crowding into the front rank, calling out for their mail, then flying off through the open door into the street.

Back in the corner, awaiting their turn, stood Miss McLaren and Miss White, who had been doing substitute work in the school for the month past. Because "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," these two strangers had become fast friends. They spent long happy hours walking by the bay, drinking in its beauty. They found a great deal of amusement, too, in watching this old town and its people; and had a humorous appreciation of the interested stares with which the townsfolk followed them. Rumor said these teachers came from the city. But even city girls have hearts and sometimes long for a "kent" face, as the Scotch say.

"No letters! Well, all that's left us to do, then, is to go and see the sunset over the bay, Miss McLaren."

"Very well; but let us go up Main street. This is market day and we'll see the farmers. I do like to watch their faces. They are so unconscious of themselves, and so intent on their bargains and their customers that their whole