# The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I shall not!" she retorts haught-

the windo wdown, and stands before

to me truthfully and fully, or you

shall not leave this room! You have tortured me long enough! You have treated me badly ever since I have

known you; you know you have,

Lady Damer, and you know, too, I have been patient under your un-

Why am I not to marry Gillian Deane?"

Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's
On her new lord, her own the first of men."

I am patient no longer

"And let her eyes

You

have been patient under your kind, ungenerous treatment.

know it.

"I fail to see, Lady Damer," George says, white to his lips, what is shameful or dishonorable in a man loving a woman, and offering her his life. I acknowledge the great difference there is in our social positions. I am prepared to acknowledge it with mility to her father, and wait with deference for his goodwill. But I mean to marry the girl I love, sooner or later, in spite of the

He stands, tall, and stern, and proud, before her; a goodly man in the flower of his manhood; strong of will and determined of purpose. She knows his will lends him on to victory, and that speedily. She knows that, looking at him as he stands before her, brave, handsome, young, honest, strong of mind and body, that the gates of success open before

m, unless— Unless a deadly blow be dealt him! A blow to main him, and crush him, now in the pride of his youth, so that he shall only be able to creep on with bowed head and hopeless eyes in the obscure by-ways of the

worth.

A rigid look passes over her face, every nerve is at a tension, half dreading the thing she is going to do. "Why do you oblige me, most un-willingly, to say painful things to you?" she asks, glancing at him with a frowning brow and then avoiding the stealy inquiry of those clear blue eyes. "You know—you must know— you cannot marry Gillian Deane. You know, apart from the fact of her being heiress to a splendid fortune, and you being a poor man whose being heiress to a splendid fortune, and you being a poor man whose year's income would not support her for a week in the style she has been accustomed to live, apart from the fact of her father's most certain heavy displeasure, which would fall heavily on me, to whom he confided his daughter, as on you; apart from all this, which are surely reasons enough for a reasonable man to give up an utterly fallacious hope. Lady Damer says, with a haughty droop of her eyelids and a haughty droop of her eyelids and a haughty toss of her head, "apart from all this, I say you know, you must know, why you cannot marry a girl of good family and high position."

"Because I am poor, and I am not in county well and poor asks, placidly, locking down at her, tall as she is; "that does not trouble me yevy much Lady Damer. I am formation of men."

"You are very rude and ungentlemandly," she falters, looking about in nervous fear, in cowardly fear, such as easily besets a selfish, cruel heart. "I must excuse you, I suppose, under the circumstances. Please to open the door."

"I will not, Lady Damer, unless you give me the information I am waiting for." he says, steadily.

"I am sorry I came here," she says, with a poor attempt at cold dignity, marred by the twitching lips and frightened glances. "I might have let you go on. Please to open the door, sir, this moment?"

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"I am sorry I came here," she sa

placidly, locking down at her, tall as she is; "that does not trouble me very much, Lady Damer. I am an honest man and a gentleman in mind and feeling, I hope, and I love her and will be a faithful and tender husband to her all the days of my life—as Heaven hears me."

"I am not doubting that—I am not doubting what you have just said in the least," she says, hurriedly, in rather unsteady tones, and wiping her lips, which have grown fevered can hardly endure to look at him.

rather unsteady tones, and wiping her lips, which have grown fevered and clammy; but surely you do not need me to tell you; you must have known the truth long ago, well as the wretched secret has been kept."

"What truth?—what secret?" he interrupts, hoarsely, and a hand seems to tighten around his heart.

Seems to tighten around his heart. "What truth?—what secret?" he interrupts, hoarsely, and a hand seems to tighten around his heart.

a threat of my husband's ven-acc if ever I dare to tell you," greance if ever I dare to tell you, Lady Damer says, in unsteady tones, voiding his eyes "Only for the girl's sake I would never now. I must prevent that you know. I dare not keep silence if-if indeed you are under this terrible mistake. "What terrible mistake?" he asks again, quietly, but wondering stupidat the same time how cold the sultry evening has grown. How chill is the breeze from the open window on his damp brow.
"I am afraid to go any further,"

Lady Damer says faintly, and it is in all honesty she has spoken, but there is a reason, an absolute reason, why you cannot marry Miss Deane. You cannot—you would say so your-

"Tell me the reason," George says,

"Can you not go away somewhere, and try to forget her?" Lady Damer urges, almost pleadingly, as if not hearing him. "Take a holiday, if not hearing him. "Take a holiday, and go over to London or Paris for a few weeks, and try and forget her. I will o' myself do anything—help you in anyway. I am very sorry for all this; I have said so all along."

tain selfish relief.

Who are my father and mother? What are they? What am I?".

"Your mother was a peasant girl with a pretty face and easy virtue," Lady Damer answers, speaking very calmly and not betraying the malignity, the cool, merciless hate

and jealousy that smolders still in

and comfortably enough—as such girls generally do. She had been dead

her cold, narrow nature after twenty seven years. Her lover sent her to America when you were born and provided for her very comfortably. And she lived in America decently

in anyway. I am very sorry for all this, I have said so all along."
"Tell me the reason why I cannot marry her." he repeats, exactly as he had spoken before.
"You said—I understood lately that you said you thought of going abroad with some expedition." she persists: "why not go now? It will be best—wisest, it indeed, believe me. And—received."

you shall have money or anything you want to help you!"

"Which Go you take me for — a knave or a fool?" George demands through his close-shut teeth. "A fool, I think! Tell me at once what

not believe me, you are so obstinate! I thought you knew. And -I dare not enter my husband's presence to-night if he found out that I told you and that I was the first to

enlighten you!' Lady Damer, I insist on your telling me plainly, truthfully, and at what you have got to tell George reiterates, his eyes ing dangerously. "You shall gleaming dangerously. speak out now, at once, and for-ever!"

- SSARK Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a celd in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents. is—my husband—Harry Damer, and you are—his illegitimate son." CHAPTER XXVI.

The blow has been struck, the bolt has been shot, but Lady Damer does not venture a glance at her victim for several moments.

When she does so, she sees that he is standing, or rather leaning, against the table, both hands bent backward, holding the thick rim of the table.

the table.

His chin is resting on his breast, and his white face downbent in an unseeing starc at the floor.

"It were better surely you knew the truth now than later on," she ventures, in a low voice, deprecatingly. She is iaul terrified by this dumb, blind, silent emotion.

"Yes, much better," George says, in a quiet, clear, subdued voice. "You are my benefactrees."

my benefactress.' "You see how why I meant it was mpossible you could marry a girl in her position?" she urges softly, longing to have some definite promise or prospect before her—longing to be gone out of the sight of that stricken figure crushed under the blow she has

"Yes, I see that," he replies, star-ing at the floor still, and never moving a muscle of his expression or ing at

attitude.
"Well, having faced that difficulty "I shall not!" she retorts haughtily. "I shall not say a word more.
You threaten me, sir—truly!"
With three striding steps that fairly shake the old room, solidly as it
is built. George crosses the floor,
shuts the door with a crash and
locks it, and throws the key on the "Well, having faced that difficulty and trial, and overcome it bravely, as I hope and trust you will," her ladyship continues; with the cheerful parrot speech and resignation which people are so fond of employing for their neighbors' benefit, "I hope you'll favor my suggestion that you should go away at once and take a long holiday. Go on the continent or to table, then dashes the raised sash of day. Go on the continent, or to America, or anywhere for two or three months," Lady Damer says, briskly and cheerfully, rather flat-tering herself that she is behaving "Now!" he says, panting, white and red by turns, the sweat standing in drops on his brow, and the cold, cold grasping dread at his heart making his life-blood chill and slow. "Now, with magnanimous kindness and generosity. "You will be able to see things in a different light when you my lady! If you beard a lion in his den you know what to expect. Tell me what you are hinting at; tell it

"To see Miss Deane in a different light, you mean, George says, in the same quiet, dull, passionless voice. "There will be time in three months for your nephew, Capt. Lacy, to supplant me, and woo and win Miss Deane and her fortune; but I shall take a longer holiday than, that, Lady Dam-er. You may be quite sure when I leave Ireland, you are rid of me for life."

"You are, naturally enough, I con-And it seems dreary years ago to him—shut out in this tempest of misery and darkness of overhanging shame—since the sunlight of those eyes of love beamed on him, her beloved, her honored: ress, unjust to me and angered against me, as the person who has been the unhappy means of enlightening you with the painful truth."

Lady Damer says, blandly, her heart oute swelling with gratification to think how easily her and will be think how easily her end will be attained. "But as to Captain Lacy, you are quite wrong. He admires Miss Deane, as everyone does; but you are quite wrong. He admires Miss Deane, as everyone does; but Miss Deane can be a marble-hearted young lady, gentle as she seems. She is very proud, too, and rather unforgiving, I fear; some of a spoiled child's faults, with an overhelming sense of her own dignity, nd importance, behaves en prinand importance, cesse, in a crowd; and, somehow or other, poor Bingham 'sails in the north of my lady's opinion.' He is not in her good graces by any means, and to tell you the truth, what between her wealth, and her requirements, and her spoiled chill pettishness and her purse-proud father's charges and warnings, I

shall be glad when the says, impatiently, walking angrily for his wisitor's departure. "She will resolve and down, and wishing angrily for the rest by the unhappy young fell is visitor's departure. "She will resolve and own the very brief explanation about ten or eleven o'clock to-night."

"Explanation!" Lady Damer respect the she she she when the she were she glad when the says, impatiently, walking to her the she will resolve and twent with a very brief explanation about ten or eleven o'clock to-night."

"Explanation!" Lady Damer respect the she she was the lock of old them too much, keep the she she was the she was the she when the she was the she was the she was the she when the she was the s thre you!" her ladyship says with her handkerchief to her eyes; and the feint of tears enrages him.

But the absolute truth of it is she can hardly endure to look at him. "I con't want to torture you. I am very sorry for you. You have forced me to speak. If Gilian Dane had never com; here, or you were never foolish enough to think of marrying her, this obstacle need never have been told."

She puts her handkerchief down and stares at him with a half frightened, fascinated stare.

sion, strong and burning as the blood that stones at kie kleava in his veins.

Httred—bitter, burning, vengeful hat courses like lava in his veins.

Httred—bitter, burning, vengeful hat ed-bitlef-long benefactor and kindly friend. The man who has given his wiretched son a heritage of shame. "I could kill him only for his grey hairs," he says, inwardly. "The black-hearted traitor! To play the generated traitor! To play the generated traitor! To play the generated traitor." To play the generated traitor! To play the generated traitor. To play the generated traitor! fascinated stare. "The likeness!" she provide for me, and take all my thanks and gratitude for his good-ness to an orphan boy. To know I re-garded him as the best and kindestwhispers to herself. "I think I can see the angry cyes of one face looking at me out of the other face with a deadly menace."
"George Archer," she says, slowly, trembling, indeed—"do you not know you have not even a name to offer. hearted man that ever breathed. To know that he had won my respect and affection, and that I gave him almost the obedience of a son, and to know all the time that he was my you have not even a name to offer the girl you think of marrying and dragging down to worse than pov-erty, an outcast from society and friends alike, disgraced through you?" He does not answer her but the curse and disgrace, the author of my shameful, miserable life, blighted and

snameful, miserable life, blighted and blasted forever by him! 'If I could trust myself to see him once, if I could trust myself to speak to him once," he mutters, almost suffocat-ing. "I would tell him I should search friends alike, disgraced through you?"
He does not answer her, but she sees a change pass over his face, his very figure and attitude, as if a load has fallen on his shoulders, and the proud head and firm throat droop, and his hand clinch themselves on each folded arm.

"The name you bear is not a legal name—surely you know that?" she ing. I would tell him I flouid scarch and find the foot where may another's body was buried, and over her grave curse him, living or dying, not only for the shame that he laid on me to bear as long as I live, but for the cold-blooded, deliberate treachers and covarying that he defend name—surely you know that?" she asks, noticing his aspect with a cerery and cowardice that has defrauded me of gratitude, and respect, and affection for him these six-and-twenty years! Ay, curse him, my father!"

"I guessed it was not my legal name," he answers, in a thick, low colee. "Have I—do you know my He puts his hand to his burning He puts his hand to his burning head, recollecting himself with a start in his delirious trance of passion, for he vaguely heard Lady Damer's voice speaking to him.

"Well, madam, what more do you want of me?" he says, looking up at her, blank'y, hardly seeing her, indeed, with his bloodshot eyes.

"What are you going to do, George?" she asks, almost softly and kindly. She has a corner in her and his heart smites him sorely. His head droops lower as the weight of his humiliation seems to burn in his breast like a red hot brand. "You have no name!" she says, tersely. "Surely you must have guessed that also. You have no legal name, no legal position."
"Do you mean that I am—" he demands, starting forward with those

George?" she asks, almost softly and kindly. She has a corner in her heart for womanly pity for a crushed foe, and, besides, she knows womanly pity is her best weapon now. "I don't know. Anything. Get out of this place at once," he says, slowing and stupidly.

"It will be far "I had wender, and lament, and shed tears, and make confidences, and lave hysteries, and all those other concomitants of a young lady's love affair."

And his heart smites him sorely. Sorely Lady Damer's hard, contemptous words paint a picture of his poor little love in her minor of his poor little love in her minor of his per language. gleaming eyes and one upraised arm.
"Are you telling me some cruel falsehood of your own? Have you no pity? How do you know who I am? and kindly. She has a corner in her heart for womanly pity for a crushed foe, and, besides, she knows womanly pity is her best weapon now.
"I don't know. Anything. Get out of this place at once," he says, slowly and stupidly.
"It will be far the better way." she agrees warmly, "and I will help." in a suffer even this to Do you know who is my father?" "I do," she says, drawing away fearfully. "Surely you cannot but know. You are even like him—very like him at times. You must know."

"You are telling lies! George retorts, his white face almost convulsed as been constant. of this place at the better way."
"It will be far the better way."
"and I will help "It will be far the better way." she agrees warmly, "and I will help you. You said I have not been friends, I know. You can, perhaps, tell why now. I could not help a bitter feeling, on account of others, before you were born. Unjust, I admit, but I could not help it."

She is half angry with herself for the weakmindedness of this speech, which is true enough in the main: vulsed as he staggers back against the table. "I do not know! Tell me at once and stop torturing me, if you are a woman and not a fiend!

the weakmindedness of this speech, which is true enough in the main; but it has the effect she intended, and makes George regard her in a new light—as in some sort a sharer in his suffering.

"Thank you, Lady Damer, for your proffered help," he says, coldly, but without http://press. "You must know,

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tableta. Aldruggists refund the money if it falls to cure E. W. Grove's signsture is en each box. 25c. however, that I can accept nothing from you, or anyone of your name. I shall leave the place at once, Fortunately there is an opening for me with this expedition. I can join at

"But you—you mean in a few days or a week or two?" she questions, hastily. "You will come to Mount Ossory again?"
"I mean in a few hours—to-night. As soon as I can pack up a few personal belongings," he says, curtly and sternly, beginning to pace about the room as if easer to commence pack sternly, beginning to pace about the room as if eager to commence packing up. "The rest—the furniture and so forth—are the property of my late employer. He can keep them for the quarter"s rent that is due. I will give my poor old servant her wages, and be off out of the place by surrise. Will that do, Lady Damer?"

"You speak as if I were driving you away," she says, sighing, "I dare shy I am I am truly sorry for being the immediate cause of your trouble. Will you not accept something from me if you can forgive me? Will you not accept some money from me,

not accept some money from me, George?" her ladyship says, entreat-ingly. "My own money," she adds, in

not accept some money from me, George?" her ladyship says, entreatingly. "My own money," she adds, in a whisper.

"I should not dare to offer it to you else. Let me feel I am not driving you out of house and home."

"Ay, like, Ishmael," George says, with a cyhical laugh. "That's as it should be, isn't it? The son of the plebelan has no part with the son of the patrician—meaning Bingham Lacy, I suppose. I won't take your money, Lady Damer—it would bring me worse luck, and I do not need it. I can pay my way. If you will say a kind word for me, or in defense of me, when I am out of your way forever, that is all I shall ever take from you," he says, going to the door and unlocking it. "I beg your pardon for my violence and rudeness. But what can you covered from Lebrack!"

"I beg your pardon for my violence and rudeness. But what can you expect from Ishmael?"

"You have my kindest wishes,"
Lady Damer says, in a subdued tone.
"And I will always speak well of you and defend you if I hear you blamed. I hope you will try and forgive me."

"Oh, yes, I forgive you, if I have anything special for which to for-

anything special for which to for-give you," he says, indifferently, "Now, Lady Damer, will you leave me? I have a good deal to do in a very short time."

"I assure you I will not detain

"I assure you I will not detain you one instant longer than is necessary," she says, with dignified reproof. "I must, however, ask you, for Miss Deane's sake, by what method you are going to apprise her of your change of plans?", "I will see her for a minute or two—no, I will write to her," he says, absently and coldly, with not a falter in his voice.

er in his voice. Poor little Gillian and her tender habitation has fallen in ruins about him, it costs him but one pang the more to know that the fair young rose that blossomed there for a few summer days is torn away from his sight forever.
"It is but one wrong the more add-

ed to the big account," he mutters; "and by and by I can think of Gillian. I shall have time enough to regret her by and by."
"She will expect to see you to-

pettishness and her purse-proud father's charges and warnings, I shall be glad when the time comes to return that charming young lady cagerness beneath her assumed well-

ornament that I should care to display it very freely."

"I tell you I dare not meet Mr. Damer if he suspected me of having to'd you," she says, shivering. "He menaced me in the most vio-"He menaced me in the most violent language. And in his rage and
vengeance—to punish me—he would
not care if the story got bruited
about everywhere. You don't desire that, surely, even if you have
no consideration for me?"

"Don't be afraid Lady Damer,
George repeats, wondering a little
that he has never before perceived
that this proud and arrogant wo-

that he has never below that this proud and arrogant woman is physically and morally a coward. "You shall have no further annoyance on my insignificant ther annoyance on my insignificant in great shape. Well, the whole batch of hens stopped everything and looked with amazement at the little abruptly, giving my employer any reason I please for so doing, and forfeiting a certain amount of salreason I please for so design and forfeiting a certain amount of salary in lieu of notice, which is all legally fair and square. And the young lady who has done me the honor to think so well of me, may in the future think as ill of me as she can. I shall simply bid her good-bye." Lady Person

She will not suffer even this to make her temper assert itself.

"Of course it all rests with you," she says, in the same decided way. ignoring his rudeness with clever ignoring his rudeness with clever self-possession. "If you make her understand that the affair is quite understand that the affair is quite at an end, her own self-respect will compel her to be silent. It is the could ye, sah?"

best way; the only way. It would have come to this in the end, I assure you," Lady Damer says, shaking her head. "Mr. Deane is not the man to be influenced by such considerations as young people's love-fancies. I assure you he is not, George. A man of money—shrewd, sordid, keen, hard-headed, testing all the world by his own test of gold"—her ladyship says, almost "dropping into ladyship says, almost "dropping into poetry," like Silas Wegg, as she

improvises another little fiction deximprovises another little fiction dexterously. "Not il you and that poor child waited for 'years, if, indeed, you could ask or expect her to do such a thing as wait for years. She is only a child in feeling, poor little soul—a child of habits, and mind, and judgment." Lady Damer says, with such fluent smoothness that she does not perceive she has glided just a little too far.

"We shouldn't have waited more than two years, anyhow," he says, curtly. "She will be 21 then, her own mistress, and the possessor of a very comfortable fortune."

(To be continued.)

# Magistrate Dauphine's Deplor-

**WEAK AND NERVOUS.** 

able Condition.

Despite Medical Treatment. He Became Weaker and Weaker, Until He Could Scarcely Sign His Name

Mr. James Dauphine, of East

Bridgewater, or as he is better known as ex-Councillor Dauphine has been a sick man for the past three years. His health gradually for sook him until by degrees he was forced to give up doing all kinds of work. He consulted a physician and took a large quantity of medicine, but it did him no good and ne gradually grew weaker and weaker. His duties grew weaker and weaker. His duties as a magistrate necessitated his doing much writing, and being an exceilent penman is his days of good health it came very hard to him when his hand shook so much he could scarcely keep it steady enough to sign his name. His daughter, seeing his deplorable condition, advised him to try. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a bit of coaxing he was induced to try them. There was no noticeable change in his condition until he had change in his condition until he had started taking the third box. From that on the improvement was rapid. He grew stronger every day, his appetite increased, the wearness and lassitude departed from his limbs, some of the lustre of his youth returned to his even and by the time some of the lustre of his youth returned to his eye, and by the time five boxes were used Mr. Dauphine felt a new man. The weight of years and the burden of sickness have rolled from his shoulders, his hands are now steady and his pen can run as rapidly as ever. He attributes his curs to the ministration of a good wife and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Dauphine is 73 years of age, but feels as young and vigorous as he did years age, and is ever ready to praise in the age, and is ever ready to praise in the warmest terms the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents new boy or six boyes. at 50 cents per box or six boxe for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Wi liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### THE FOOLISH ROOSTER.

their dads until they are full-grown Even this supply has recently failed,

evident mortal fear, staring at him yard of a livery stable where I keep with a haggard face and fevered my horse Some of the stable man my horse. Some of the stable men took a notion to raise a brood of chickens and set one of the hens. bar sinister' isn't such a becoming ornament that I should care to display it very freely."

"I tell you I dare not meet Mr. Damer if he-suspected me of having to'd you," she says, shivering, and the rats soon got all the rest, all but one little rooster, who managed to save his bacon by sticking close to the

In a minute or two, when he hop-

If he could crow, he could work. See the moral?

How "de Ole Man" Was Fooled An old, negro, whom I recognized as Uncle Tom Bolling's "Jeems," came slowly up to the porch where my wife and I were sitting. "Howdy, Marse Charles?" he said, "Howdy, Marse Charles?" he said, taking off his hat and resting his stick and basket on the lower step. "Sarve ye, Mistis! Ye does bofe look

mighty peart dis hot day. Thanky, Marster, I believe I will res' dese heah bones. I done brung ye a present, Marse Charles. Five ob de biggest, fattest, sof'est chick-eas my hen 'ouse could scratch up,

"Yes, sah, I'se right peart fer a ole man. Er-Marse Charles, sah, you couldn' please, sah, len' me \$5 fer my

nothin' mean nor little 'bout yo' pa she | "James," put in my wife, by way of

### Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal

giving the conversation a new turn, "you must have a very good wife to raise such fine chickens for you."

James reflected. "Well, Mistis," he said slowly, "she ain't so good now ez some others I is had. Nor'm, dat she ain't."

"How many have you had, James?"
questioned my wife, with some musement.

"Wellum, dis one make fo'-yas'm, "Wellum, dis one make fo'—yas'm, dis is de fofe one, Mistis. T-other th'ee was all likely gals, 'n young, too. Yas'm, dey was all young 'cep'n dis one, an' she's ole.
"Why did you get such an old one?".

asked my wife.
"Why'd I'git her, Mistis? She got

"Why'd I'git her, Mistis? She got me. She fool me, dat's hoccum. Yes'm, she fool 'dis nigger good. 'Twas this away: She were a widder 'oman wid one daughter, a mighty sprightly, light complected gal. She favor her ma, too; but de diffunce betwixt 'em was in de youngness.

"I didn't want no ole 'oman a-groanin' an' a-moanin' roun' me wid de rheumaticks in her jints. Naw, ma'am. So I jes sett right up to de daughter, yas'm, 'n she seem ter like de ole man right f'um de word go. Arter-while I notice dat she don't light de 'lamp when I come in ter see her in de ebenin's.

"Norm! She say she like de fire light bes', too; so den she 'low she'd like to be mar'ied jes' by de fire light, 'n like a ole fool I say, 'Dat suits me, honey,' 'kase my seein' am'

suits me, honey,' 'kase my seein' am' suits me, noney, 'kase my seein' am none to good noway, spite ob dese heah horn specs Marse Torm glb me 'fore he dled, 'n I (ain' keer 'bout de bride seein' me blinkin' in de light like a owel. Nor'm! So I say, 'Dat suits me, honey.'
"Well. Mistis. to make de short

well, mistis, to mistis de silver story long, ez de sayin' is, when de pa'son th'ow back de vell for to s'lute de bride, one ob dese heah fool niggers on de Llantation lit a pine knot 'n hel' it up in front ob her, an', Mistis—wid mos' all my eyesight

Mistis—wid mos' all my eyesight gone, I seen 'twas dat gal's ma dat was de bride.

"Sah! de perspe' sweats come apo'in' outer me same ez if 'twas watermillon time, an' I ain' aquit sweat-in' yet. Aye, Lord!

"Thanky, my Marster, des a little drap: It sho' do make de ole man thu'sty ter tell dat tale."—Cally Ryland, in N. Y. Herald.

#### THE SEALED FOUNTAIN.

Jerusalem's New Water Supply From an Ancient Spring.

The Holy Land has its railways, electric lights and American windmills, and now Jerusalem is about to get a supply of good drinking water. In ancient times the City of David so," he says, impatiently, walking up and down, and wishing angrily for his visitor's departure. "She will receive a note from me with a very brief explanation about ten or eleven celek tonight."

Out of a Snap.

We have ourselves to blame if our aqueducts and reservoirs show this. But since the Turk's day the people of Jerusalem have been dependent on the scanty and often polluted accurwas well supplied. The remains of the scanty and often polluted accumulations of rain-water in the rockhewn cisterns beneath their feet. says a correspondent of the London Times, owing to the want of raid. Distress and sickness became so general that the Turkish Governor has at length been induced to sanction the purchase of iron pipe to bring water from Ain Saiah, or the "Sealed Fountain," at Solomon's Pools, about nine miles south of Jerusalem. A bring 8,000 "skins" of water a day, for distribution at "fountains" supfor distribution at "fountains" supplied with faucets. Solomon, in his famous "Song," speaks of this secret spring, now turned to use. "My beloved," he says, as quoted by the Times' correspondent, "is like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." It is a deep-down subterranean spring which deep-down subterranean spring, which has, from the time of Solomon, flowed through the arched tunnel built by him to the distributing chamber or reservoir near the northwest comer of the highest of Solomon's Pools. Half a century ago the location of this "hidden" spring, which was still, as in Solomon's time, flowing into the reservoir mentioned, was unknown. The tunnel is roofed by stones leaning against each other like an inverted V, the primitive form like an inverted V, the primitive form of the arch, which is also seen in the roof of the Queen's chamber of the Great Pyramid. The entrance to this tunnel from the apring is one of the oldest structures in existence. The oldest structures in existence. The piping is to be lain along the old aqueduct which fermerly, from the time of Solomon, brought this same water to the temple area. There are cleven or twelve ancient: There are eleven or twelve ancient fountains here and there is the city, long unused, but now to be utilized, and from which the water may be drawn, free to all, several taps being attached to each foun-

> Help Wanted, Quick. Wanted, an able-bodied man to be the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York. He may have any kind of politics he likes, provided he hasn't too much of any one kind. If his father was a German, his mother an Irish woman, and he was born in the American consulate of Italy, so much the better, providing he is really a true-blue American after all. He must be puritanical enough to suit the Puritans, but not plous enough to be painful to a Bow-ery constituency. He must be cul-tured enough to catch the Murray Hill vote, and a good enough all-arcund fellow to be willing to kiss the babies down in Mulberry Bend. He must not be an old man, but just old enough. If he has had previous experience it will be all right, providing he made no enemies while in office. If any such man lives this side of heaven, let him hurry up and apply at once at C-Steenth street, Manhattan.-Leslie's