

gate! What wad I do without you, John!"

"Where's the bairn?" repeated John, not a muscle of his grave, strong countenance relaxing at the woman's appeal.

"Dinna—dinna," she cried. "dinna look at me as if—as if—oh, ye think mair o' the wee lassie than o' me!" And she wept great tears, half in anger, half in agony of spirit.

"I hae nae peety for the woman that's no kind to a bairn," said John Stoba, still more quietly.

"Wee Agnes is no here," said Mrs. Colvend, sobbing. John Stoba rose to his feet. He lifted his broad bonnet from the window ledge, where it lay among the almanacks and advertisements of sheep-dips. He whistled on his dogs, and was half way to the door before the woman could stop him.

She put her arms about his neck, and her face was changed to that strange impersonal, grey anguish, which only comes to women at times of their utmost agony.

"Oh, John," she cried, "ye winna—ye winna forsake me. What wad I do without you, John? I need you, John, My—her—needs ye."

"The bairn, woman, what o' the bairn!"

"The bairn I sent hame, John," she pled with him, "ye were that fond o' her. I couldna bear it, John. Ye looked for her first when ye cam in off the muir. So she's gane hame. I sent Bob w' her to the toon. She's to stop the night w' my sister Ann and her man in King street, and the morn she will gang hame."

Then John Stoba uttered a short command to his dogs which, instantly responsive to his voice, again took their places under the table.

"O, whar are ye gaun, John?"

"To yoke the gig," said John.

"What for—oh, what for?"

"For you and me to drive doon to toon."

"I winna—I winna!"

Then John Stoba stood up towering above her, very strong and very stern. The buxom, bright-eyed woman seemed somehow to shrink and dwindle before him.

"Then ye hae seen the last o' John Stoba," he said, removing her hands one after the other from his neck, without harshness, but rather as in a thick wood one might put aside natural obstructions.

In fifteen minutes more the herd of Balminnie and the mistress of the farm were on their way to Cairn Edward. It was a long drive—nine miles by the nearest road. But the man would not speak, and the woman dared not.

They drove up the street of the little town—then scarce more than a village. All was in darkness. To the moon had been left the task of lighting the burgesses' home. Country visitors except on market days, were not looked for—certainly not welcomed. Man, woman, and child in Cairn Edward—all were expected to know the way to their own doors in the dark. For the moon although a party to the contract, not infrequently did not come up to time, owing to stress of weather, temper, and other feminine whimsies.

For the first time since they had jolted out of the farm leaning, Mrs. Colvend laid a hand on John's arm.

"It's here," she said, "that's my sister's door."

John could only discern the white blur of whitewash then the black oblong door.

"I'll get the bairn," she added.

"Haud the reins," the herd commanded. "Bide where ye are."

Tremblingly the woman obeyed, venturing only the timid remonstrance. "But they will a' be in their beds."

He went to a window and tapped. Then he tapped again. A man's sharp voice barked from within. Then

as the questioner was recognized, it subsided into the continuous quiet of men's business communications with one another. John came back to the gig.

"Hap yourself up, Mary," he said, "there's nae need for them to see that you are here."

It was the first time that night he had used her Christian name, and she nearly dropped the reins in her gratitude. She leaned down to touch him in the darkness.

"Oh, John, ye love me! Ye winna gang awa'!"

"That we'll see when the bairn's safe at Balminnie," he answered, but there was a great kindness in his voice which Mary Colvend caught at once. Still there is no such thing as instantaneous conversion, at least in the affairs of this earth.

"Oh, John," she moaned, "ye loe her mair than ye loe me."

"We'll see, we'll see, Mary," he answered, "row the shawl close aboot yer head, and I'll hand ye up the bairn when they bring her doon."

"Oh, ye will love her and no me!"

And the mistress of Balminnie rocked herself to and fro in the gig.

"Na, na," said John comfortingly, "there's nae comparison between the woman a man loves, and the bairn she loves. But—" (he put his broad shepherd's hand up till it touched her chill one on the reins), "mind—she is to be ours—your and mine, Mary. You are to love her—as if she were our ain. Aik-ye Mary!"

"I hear, John," she said, "I'll do it if ye will only love me—first and best."

She had taken the herd's hand, twisting and squeezing it unconsciously among the reins so that old Grey heaved up his head. He did not understand why they kept him standing there in the cold, and yet tugged so at his bridle.

"Wheest, Mary," said John Stoba, "they are coming—yonder's a light!"

"Say it, John!"

ouldna help it. Maybe it was a sin, but I never lo'd him! How could onybody loe him?"

"Mary," he said, ye are temptin' "Say what, ye foolish woman!"

"That ye loe me first and best—ye maun say it. Ye ken that I do you! I Providence juist terrible—"

"I did—I do," she said, sobbing. But I could say nae ither—no even afore the Judgment Throne!"

"Oh, Mary, ye shouldna speak sic words," whispered the herd, "ye ken I never gied ye cause."

"Cause!" she laughed hysterically, "was it no cause eneuch juist to see Aitchie Colvend and you thegither?"

"But I never spak," said the herd.

"Then speak noo," answered the woman, "say what I bade ye say—quick afore they come."

"Then ye will keep the bairn as oor ain a' your days?"

"I will, John, I promise—as God sees us in the black, black nicht!"

"Then I will say it," said John Stoba, like one taking oath. "Mary, I love ye 'first and best.' And we will put up banns in Bar-maghie Kirk next Sabbath."

He ran to the door. Little Aggie, wrapped for a mighty journey, was put into his arms.

"What's that wi' ye John?" said the man's voice from the dark door in which a solitary "dip" glimmered.

"Juist a friend," said John Stoba shortly. "Here gie me the reins. Tak hand o' the bairn—aye, that way—an-eath the cloak. Guid-nicht to ye."

And thus they drove into the deeper darkness—love in Mary's heart, and little Aggie contentedly nestling her cheek against her aunt's shoulder.

The collection of palms in Kew Gardens, London, is much larger than any other in the world, nearly five hundred species being represented.

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Baby's Own Tablets contain no opiate, no narcotic, no poisonous drug. The mother who uses those Tablets for her children has the guarantee of a government analyst as to the truth of these statements. This medicine can therefore be used with absolute safety, and it always cures such troubles as indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea and colic. The Tablets cure simple fevers, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. Mrs. W. H. Young, Roslin, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets as needed for more than a year and would not be without them in the house. They are just the thing for teething babies and other minor ailments." The Tablets cost only 25 cents a box and may be had from medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS.

"Auntie, please tell me something to do. I'm tired of Sabbath. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything."

"Well, let me see," said Auntie. "Can you tell me of any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?"

"Yes; Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said auntie; "Benjamin. Now a C."

"Cain."

"Right," said Aunt Sarah.

"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing our talk. "Daniel."

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called to supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.

THE SNOW-SHOE RABBIT.

Nature has tried many means of saving her own from the snow death; some, like the woodchuck, she puts to sleep till the snows shall be over. Others she teaches to store up food and to hide—so she deals with the woodmouse. To still others, as the moose, she furnishes stilts. The last means she employs is snow-shoes. This, the simplest, most scientific, and best, is the equipment of the snow-shoe rabbit, the Wabasso of Hiawatha—a wonderful creature, born of a snow-drift crossed with a little brown hare.

The moose is like a wading bird of the shore that has stilts and can wade well for a space, but that soon reaches the limit beyond which it is no better off than a landbird. But the snow-shoe is like the swimmer—it skims over the surface where it will, not caring if there be one or one thousand feet of the element below it. In this lies its strength.

Wabasso has another name—the varying hare—because it varies in color with the season; and the seasons in all its proper country are of two colors, brown for six months, white for six. So all summer long, from mid-April till mid-October, the northern hare is a little brown rabbit. Then comes the snowy cold, the brown coat is quickly shed, a new white coat appears, the snow-shoes grow fuller—and the little brown hare has become a white hare, the snow-shoe hare of the woods.—Ernest Thompson Seton, in May Everybody's.

A thermometer, when being purchased, should be tested by inverting it and allowing the mercury to fall to the end in a collected mass. If it separates into two or more parts the tube contains air, and therefore will not register accurately.

A caterpillar will, in one month, devour about six hundred times its own weight in green food. It would take a man nearly three months to eat a quantity of food in proportion. The caterpillars of moths usually eat more than those of butterflies.