The Old Front Gate. Oh, give me back the old front gate,
And let it swing once more
Just where it early swung and late—
Before our cottage door;
And learn the secret if you will,
That this is why we love it;
Some hearts are now forever still
That used to beat above it.

Some happily have found a mate
That once did linger long
Where father hung the old front gate
On hi ges good and strong.
There maidens shy and lovers bold,
The maple boughs to screen them,
Repeated oft the scene so old,
With that old gate between them.

Full well we know when friend or foe
The clicking latch had found,
And rosy cheeks were apt to grow
More rosy at the sound;
The eyes of pretty Genevieve
Were veiled in jetty fringes,
When, at a certain hour of eve,
The gate creaked on its hinges. Then give me back the old front gate,
And let it swing once more,
It will, perchance, the old-time state
O: kindliness restore.
And many friends who love to press
The latch that lifted lightly.
Will come again the home to bless
With faces shining brightly.

## UNCLE PAT

"All right, Hugh. I was there. Take my advice—mind your own business, and keep off the whiskey. You had better shake down as the Lodge. Good night!"

Dumfoundered at his coolness, and wavage at having had all his crouble for mothing. Hugh watched him into the house.

nothing, Hugh watched him into the house and heard the look fall without uttering a word. Then he turned his fare westward and strode off for his fifteen mile walk to

Stop at the Lodge! Not me! Be given a shakedown like a dog? No! he would take nothing from a man who could not strike a blow for his sweetheart, and who had not even decency enough to thank a friend for his services."

Hank a friend for his services."

He crossed the bridge, and found the village all asleep and as silent as the grave. He crept up to Maggie's house, but not a sign of life was there. He waited a little while listening in the deep stillness; then furned bitterly away, cursing the hour Wynter had ever come to Rannoch.

It was broad daylight when he reached Dunan. No bright, health giving sunshine reached his heart though. His widowed

Dunan. No bright, health-giving sunshine reached his heart though. His widowed sister was already up, and coming out of

Wee Jeannie has been speerin' for You, Hugh. Take you the milk to her," and his face relaxed a little as he took the cup, and the sick child laughed out joyously as he entered the weather-beaten

Gottage.
"Was the dancing fine last night, ighey?" she asked eagerly, as he sawn by her side. "Did you dance the

"There was no dancing, Jeannie."
"No dancing! And ye hadna the

"I wass just attending to the gentle-men." Hugh replied, carelessly. "I wass for Rannoch." "No gentleman looked as fine as you, Hugh!" she said, pointing to the

she said, pointing to the gay tan.
"Fine feathers will be making fine

birds, Jeannie! The gentlefolk—they will and be wearing the kilt. They wass in black, like the minister. Dance! They can no dance. They will be brought up that quiet and cool they dare no' be taking the four likes. I am glad you are not a gentleman,

I will be glad my blood is no' watter, Jeannie; but if I wass a gentleman I would be treating every man like a gentleman, and be treating every man like a genuleman, and I would be giving you a pony."
"You are the best pony, Hugh—I told Maggie so, when she came to see me. You'll give me a ride to day! When is

Maggie coming?"
Hugh threw off his bonnet angrily.

ever mind about Maggie."

But I am fond of Maggie—so are you

"But I am fond of Maggie—so are you. You saw her at Rannoch. When is she coming? She is to bring me the book, and I am to teach her—think of that! Don't be greeting, Hughey, dear! Ah, you're tired—see! I have the brush for you!" Hugh laid his head on the pillow, and the child gently brushed his long looks till he fell fast asleep. When his sister came in she threw a plaid over him, and for a gouple of hours he never stirred. On awaking he put on his working suit, had

the child gently brushed his long looks till he fell fast aleep. When his sister came in she threw a plaid over him, and for a couple of hours he never stirred. On awaking he put on his working suit, had his porridge with Jeannie, and started off to the Barracks for the day's orders.

His real object was to watch Mr. Wynter, and, after what he had witnessed the previous evening, he would watch him pretty clesely. He saw Mr. Hanover. Mr. Wynter, he was told, would go deer stalking the next day; he had gone to Dalchosnie that morning, but would be back in the evening. In the grounds he met Fanny, looking so pinched, pale and miesrable that he hardly knew her. He would have spoken as ususl, but her looks deterred him, so he doffed his cap and let her pass without a word. Some more of Mr. Wynter's handi work, this! No doubt she had seem or been told what was going on on the balcony—and this was the result. He had contained the house.

For two long hours there he sat, pulling out the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over again, flation to the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over again, flation to the sketches over and over again, flation to the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over again, flation to the sketches over and over again, flation the sketches over and over and over again, flation the sketches over and over work, this! No doubt she had seen or been told what was going on on the balcony—and this was the result. He had gone to Rannoob, had he?—the very first day of his visit! That was odd. He would see about is. The post-cart had not started; he got a lift by it as far as the village, and walked straight into the shoemaker's cottage.

Hugh watched Polleken across the road, saw him go timidly into Robson's house, but in a moment saw him emerge sgain a deal quicker than he entered. In a most undignified manner, too! for, propelled from behind with a boot of his own make, he was shot through the doorway and fell prone on the road.

one on the road.
Did you ever see the like of that?" he "Did you ever see the like of that?" he cried, as he limped in rubbing himself. 'Man, I had hardly time to get out, 'Robbie,' when up he jumps and kicks me out. That comes of pulling up! 1'll be even with him yet! He was at his lousy moths. It's my belief he was manufacturing a roller."

Mr. Robson will be an honest man,"

caid Hugh, dangerously.

"All right, Hugh! All right! Keep your hair on for you've a fine crop; but keep your eye on the road pretty tight just now who is that coming over the Now who is that coming over the

"Keep your eye on him. I'll be even even with Robbie yet." Hugh did. He saw him go first into obson's house, and in less than ten minutes come out again and walk across the yard into the shed.

the yard into the shed.

"He's going to get 'em to make it up; that's his game," whispered the cobbler.

Hugh put his hand back on Polleken's head, just as he would have put it on a dog as wanted to keep quiet on the hillside. Presently the old gensleman appeared with Maggie by his side. To their uter astonish ment, though, the pair did not go into the house, but walked straight past it over the bridge towards Dalchosnie.

house, but walked straight past it over the bridge towards Dalchosnie.

This was a startler! The two watchers were so dumbfounded that they could only sit and stare at each other. Hugh drew a deep breath, snatched up his cap, and see wled ominously. Polleken's eyes rolled horribly from the retreating figures to Hugh's face, and from Hugh's face to the whiskey bottle, which he forthwith seized and replenished their glasses, with one of those choice caths he had just been denouncing. He was surprised out of his

with a lock that set the cobbler shaking in his shoes. "See you, Pawkie, if you wase to say another word about Maggie, I'll...."
"Pawkie's your friend, Hughey!" he spluttered. Pawkie's your friend."
"Oh, ay! you'll be grand friends. Grand, grand friends," and Hugh pulled on his cap and strode to the door.
"Wait you a wee. Hughey Wait a

"Wait you a wee, Hughey. Wait a wee, while I show you something to prove I'm your friend.'

I'm your friend."

As he spoke he took the old worn Bible from the shelf and drew therefrom some loose scraps of paper, which he threw tremblingly across to Hugh. They were rough skesches of Maggie at the bench.

Some time ago, as he was surreptitiously picking up scraps of firewood in the joiner's yard, he had accidentally came across one that Harry had thrown aside, and since that had carefully searched and religiously kept them.

and since that had carefully searched and religiously kept them.

He shought they might prove useful; and so they did. They enabled him to return Hugh's back hander with interest, and when poor Hugh pocketed them without a word, and walked off across the bridge toward, haldbackers, he corrections.

and when poor Hugh pocketed thom without a word, and walked off across the bridge towards Dalchosine, he smoothed his sore mouth and laughed quietly.

Hugh walked on wishout the slightest notion why he went, or what he was to do when he get there. He could not openly attack Mr. Wynter, nor could he ring the bell and ask for Maggie. What was she doing there? Why had Mr. Monsell the way time when no one was there but Mr. Wynter? He tried hard to fit all this on with the strange interview he had just witnessed in the shed between Mr. In the wide of the witnessed in the shed between Mr. In the strange interview he had just witnessed in the shed between Mr. In the strange interview he had just to witnessed in the shed between Mr. In the signed the slipped up the little burn into the wood, and there, under cover of the firs and birohes, equated down among the heather, and waxched the house.

For two long hours there he sat pulling

and watched the house.

For two long hours there he sat, pulling

There was a look of satisfaction, too, about old Monsell himself, as he stood there at the door with his hands thrust into the very depths of the pockets of his knickerhookers.

knickerbookers.

"You think it will do, then?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Harry. "I've got
all I want. I'll do the rest in London." all I want. I'll do the reas...
"When will you go?"
"Directly. I shall steal away unknows
te anybody. Keep it dark."
CHAPTER XIII.

Harry had been in luck. He had managed to get a long sitting with a good light, he had worked well, and, most important of all, had caught that particular, desolate, distant expression on Maggie's face, which was to make such a grand foil to the masculine arms and give the key-note to the picture. His high spirits were dashed, however, when he reached the barracks, to find that Fanny had gone off to bed with a feverish cold. In the morning she appeared so altered and she cast such wistful looks al him that Harry took alarm. Joanna, who was to ride up with MR. WYNTER STALES THE DEER. such wisiful looks al him that Harry took alarm. Joanna, who was to ride up with him as far as Dunan, was ready to start, but he would not budge till Mr. Monsell came. Indeed, he was uneasy enough to walk down the road to meet him.

"I can't for the life of me make out what has come over her so suddenly," he said," after telling the old man his tale.

"Sha is changed entirely. Hardly speaks. Joanna says she is worrying about something."

without being discovered, but not

"Oh, that is it, is it?" cried Mr. Monsell. "Well, we must put a stop to that."
So, telling Harry to wait, he went
straight off to Fanny. And Miss Fanny,
who had always run atilt against all
authority, had suddenly become as quiet
and submissive as any Grisel. All in a few
hours too. Incomprehensible. She declared she was not worrying about the old
foolish question. She could not quite
understand why he could not tell her, and
she was quite ready to go for that trip
abroad as soon as he liked. No, she had
not talked to Harry yet, but she would
have to, because she now felt it would
perhaps be best if the engagement was
broken off. "Oh, that is it, is it?" cried Mr. Mon-

"You are overstrung, my dear girl. We must get away. It is all settled. Pack up. Here's Harry with Miss Hanover come to say good bye before he slays the deer. I shall stop and take care of you.

Harry's first impulse on coming in sight of Dunan, where Hugh and another ghillie, Donald, were waiting for him, was to turn back to the barracks and get it over.

The slight movement of the rein was not

lost on Joanna.

"I don's wonder at your being upset about it," she said, sympathetically, "Think it over. There is nothing like a said, will when you are bothered. You will

"Think it over. There is nothing like a good walk when you are bothered. You will have one to day, and we will make dinner h If an hour later for you."

It cheered Harry's wretchedness a little to see that Hugh had so far recovered his bad temper as to be acting as ghillie to him. He gave him a friendly nod as he jumped off and went inside with Joanna to shake hands with the old man and say a word to Jeannie, then, after a cup of milk, he bid Joanna good bye, and followed the ghillies towards the Pharlagain forest, which spread out northward, half hidden in the mist.

"A wild spot, Hugh," Harry said, rous

"A wild spot, Hugh," Harry said, rousing himself for a moment.

"That was so." Hugh replied, "but you will be seeing wilder yet yonder up under Pharlagain. They will be calling this the Riddlings of Creation. A strange sight! But it wass stranger still to see the white bones of a man amongst them. And I wass seeing that! Nobody wass knowing whose bones they would be. Some belated body maybe who wass for walking from King's House. He would be losing his way here among the Riddlings, and the hoodies they would finish him fine. Ah! there will be many a one losing his way, Mr. Wynter!"

There was a gentle breeze from the no There was a gentle breeze from the nor'. west, good enough for stalking, but it had brought with it a drifting mist that olung to the hills so tenaciously, and filled the Corries so densely, that when they arrived at the coign of vantage whence to sweep the first Corrie with the glass, not a morta

the first Corrie with the glass, not a mortal thing could be seen for a spreading sea of white fog.

Donald was for giving up at once. It was n'a day at all for stalking. They could see nothing, and it was getting worse. Hugh dissented. The drag of the clouds showed that the wind was norrarding, and it so they might try Corriemore. If the mist lifted ever so little they were sure to see deer there.

Harry gave no sign for or against. The

Harry gave no eign for or against. The

deer there.

Harry gave no sign for or against. The shance of bagging a royal had no charms for him now. He fervently hoped he might not be called upon to make a shot. All he wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to be left in peace and quiet, so as to thresh out his peck of trouble before he got back, and what better place for this wanted was to the held in the got back, and what better place for this wanted was to the hill place was and water, now or creaming the driving clouds.

When they determined to go on, he followed apathetically—now or all fours through rifts in the flying clouds.

When they determined to go on, he followed apathetically—now or all fours through rifts in the flying clouds.

When, at length, they came upon the signs of "plenty deer" at the mouth of Corriemore, and he still how done on cern, Donald turned rusty. Why, such a concentration of tracks was wonderful to behold! Out of the common altogether.

Neither he nor Hugh had ever seen the like of its before. And yet here was this cold—bence and the was to the deer, Mr. Wyner. Now—"

But here he was again baulked by to man the deer, Mr. Wyner, with a

Delow.

Duncan shook his head.

"He'll never do it; and ye'd need be canny yourself."

"The deil will take care of his ain," said Hugh. "Get youdown to the burn by the rocks. Keep close, and make for the boy. Maybe we shall join you, maybe we shan't." We shan't."

What Hugh proposed was to scramble down the face of the rock by the slender foothold afforded by the ledges, and, under cover of the mist, to reach a well-known stone known as the "Pulpit," where they would be safe from detection.

stone known as the "Pulpit," where they would be safe from detection.

A foolbardy proceeding at any time, never thought of in an ordinary day's deerstalking, as it would expose any one to the gaze of the whole Corrie. Just then, though, in the thick mist, a sure foot might do it without helps discovered by the contraction.

He took the gun and slipped down at once, dropping from ledge to ledge like a goat tail he reached the shelter. To Donald's utter amazement, Harry followed without hesitation. He never thought twice about it. Everything came as a matter of course to him that day. Beyond being under cover of a square granite boulder, which appeared to command the whole Corrie, he had not the slightest notion of his surroundings. There might have been an indefinite space before him and a sea below him for all he knew or cared. The utter silence and seclusion suited him, and for the time he gave no thought to the man by his side, whose heart was filled with such bitter hatred against him. He had bitter enough thoughts of his own. No doubt he would fight and kick himself clear of them, but for the time they made the cutlook as void and impenetrable as the space before him. "Void and impenetrable as the space before him. "Void and impenetrable!" He almost spoke these last words, when lo! out of the space itself rolled the deep hoarse roar of a stag. Even Hugh was startled. Following his eyes, Harry aw facing them, hanging his eyes, Harry awa facing them, hanging as it were in mid-air, a perfect forest of

stag. Even Hugh was startled. Following his eyes, Harry and facing them, hanging as it were in mid-air, a perfect forest of hinds' heads, and towering among them, the antiers of a royal, monarch of all he A wonderful and beautiful sight it was

For a moment or two the groups of hinds would have all the soft, delicate tracery of

would have all the soft, delicate tracery of a mezzotint, then the moving mist would gradually blot them out, and the grand proportions of the royal loom out, with his antiered head clear against the sky-line. As he left them, and leisurely descended the hill, they heard his fierce bellow borm out in answer to the challenge and the hill, they heard his fierce bellow boom out in answer to the challenge, and presently the bulky form of his adversary began to emerge from the mist below. The combatants did not hurry; they approached each other leisurely in parallel lines, swaying their heads and treading daintily on the shelving ground, while the hinds gravely peeped down from above in a dense row. When within fighting distance there was a passe—just one moment dantily on the shelving ground, while she hinds gravely peeped down from above in a dense row. When within fighting distance there was a passe—just one moment to gather breath and pult themselves to gether—and then, like a thunder orash, and stones and moss flying in the air in the fury of the onslaught. For a time the combat was pretty equal. With antiers looked they lunged and swayed about like one body. Then, by dent of sheer weight, the royal forced his adversary so close to the edge of the ledge that only a quick jump on to the lower one saved him from a fall that would have finished the fight for good and all. The royal followed, and fought out another bout with the same result. So the battle raged lower and lower down the meuntain side till the mist again hid the combatants from their view. They could hear the clash of horrs. the combatants from their view. They could hear the clash of horns, and presently afterwards a crash and a thud that woke the cohoes of the Corrie. The royal re-appeared and accended the hill to join his hinds, but little the worse for the encoun-

That wass a lesson, Mr. Wynter, that

"That wass a lesson. Mr. Wynter, that some of us could be laying to heart."

"A grand sight, Hugh."

"I said it wass a lesson, Mr. Wynter. Yon deer will be dead in the burn. That will be showing what comes of meddling."

He cast his eyes up the opposite slope, then went on whispering.

"That will be a grand beast, yon royal. He will be a well put up beast, and well beknown about here. Come you inside, Mr. Wynter, till I will be telling you about old Chandy."

old Chandy."

The "inside" simply meant a natural The "inside" simply meant a natural excavation under the rock, into which you could crawl on your hands and knees. This secret of the Pulpit was only known to the ghillies and a few excursive botanists. It is doubtful whether it had ever been reached at midday before without disturbing the deer. Into this the two crept, Harry unsuspicious, and Hugh hiding his hate under a little extra civility. His turn would come directly.

"Take him broadende on," Hugh whispered, handing him the gun.

The mist had lifted. The deer was perfectly steady. Harry had the right sight and a good rest. Chandy, very goodnaturedly, turned at the right moment, Harry pulled the trigger, and heard is fall with a dull click on—nothing!

Away went Chandy, and away went the hinds.

Then he began to pick his way slowly down the rough hill. By the time he reached the bottom Donald and Hugh were reached the bottom Donald and Hugh were already hard at work gralloching the deer they had pulled out of the burn. This done, it was lifted on the pony's back, and they proceeded in single file to the cottage and thence to Dunan.

It was dark when he reached the Barnacks. January and some for Mr. Hannyer.

To was dark when he reached the Barracks. Joanna was alone, for Mr. Hanover had astonished them all by starting suddenly that afternoon for Edinburgh. Mr. Monsell had driven with him as far as Rannooh and had not returned, and Fanny had gone to had.

Rannoch and had not returned, and Fanny had gone to bed.

Joanna sat with him while he ate his meal, and she had not forgotten how grateful this is to a tired man. The dishes were fair as she is painted.

C. Harden testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin St., Balto , Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18, '90. Gentlemen: I met with a severe ac-cident by falling down the back stairs of ordens by tailing down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a haif bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. Harden," Member of State Legislature.

Did You Ever Think, My Dear

That personalities are not always interesting, and very often offensive?

That to be witty (?) at the expense of comebody else is positive cruelty many

someody else is positive oruelty many times?
That the ability to keep a friend is very much greater than that required to gain

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That to talk, and talk, and talk about

yourself and your belongings is very tire-come to the people who listen? That to be always polite to the people at ome is not only more ladylike, but more come is not only more ladylike, but more effined than having "company manners"? That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness, day by day, are really greater than one immense act of goodness shown once a year.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Don'ts for Young Mothers. Don't do everything for the baby that verybody recommends.

Don't dose it with soothing syrup.

Don't give peppermint teas

Don't worry and fret yourself ill, then expect a "good baby."

Don't give tapioca, corn starch or pota-Don't give meats of any kind.

Don't give meats of any kind.

Don't fail to form, early in its little life,
habit of regularity in nursing.

Don't offer nature's fount every time the baby cries. A too full stomsch is doubt-

baby cries. A ton tull stomeoh is doubt-less the cause of its pain.

Don't bind too tightly; Nature will keep the baby from falling apart.

Don't dose with castor oil; but for constipation gently rub the abdomen .- Ladies'

## Assignments in Ontario.

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency report The Bradstreet Meroantile Agency report the following assignments in Ontario: Baysville—B. McQuarrie, general store, assigned to F. H. Lamb, Hamilton. Freelton—John Ross, general store, assigned to C. H. Scott, Hamilton. Toronto—Wm. Ashall, jeweller, assigned to E. R. C. Clarkson, Toronto; W. A. Randall, grocery, assigned to T. McDonald, Toronto.

then Hugh, putting a hand on either side of his mouth, gave vent to a prolonged bellow like a stag's. In one moment the royal answered him. On Hugh repeating down the slope sgain and glared angrily "Take him broadsude on," Hugh whispered, handing him the gun.

The mist had lifted. The deer was read a good rest. Given the survey of the stage of the stage

of its own theology, because, forsooth, rioh men might not approve. Continuing, he said:

A thousand priests to-night are mute as stones whose hearts are burning with a desire to teach, and why? The thousand people have not been to church to-day in Bufalo. And why? Because they don't care to go into a place where they have to be invited by the proprietor to share his seat. The whole of the outside world is looking with contemptuous pity at the church, and asking her what she of all things on the earth can mean by her indifference and cold neglect. She will give a poor man a pair of shoes, will feed him when he is hungry, will patch his broken body when he is run over, will say sweet things and gentle things to his widow. Will pay her rent, will do all that a sweet size of the poor can do to aske the agony and a lay the pain—but standing beside her Master she ought to be right in the very van of those empiricists who are to-day asking the question. Why are these things proved to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let found in any such position, but agrees to let this well enough alone, and silently ignores to let found in any such position, but agrees to let found in any such position, but agrees to let found in any such position, but agrees to let found in any such position, but agrees to let found in any such position. Profit made the gambling his land position and silently in the

An Indiana man killed a cow and found 50 cents and enough nails to build a chicken coop in her stomach.

During the last one-and-twenty years no During the last one-and-twenty years no less than 97 peerages have been created, and 56 have become extinct. One hundred and forty-four gentlemen have received the handle "St" to their names, in the form of baronescies, and as many as 82 have become extinct, whilst the so-called honer of Knighthood has been conferred upon 1,106 persons. The study of "Debrett"—the "British Stud Book," as it has been irreverently called—is by no means uninteresting.