A LOST SUMMER.

In the yellowing grass the cricket Tunes its endiess boding song— In the fading fields, the daisy Casts its petals all day long— When all Nature, robed in stillness, Yievs the summer's dying pride Shiver 'neath the chastened glances Of September's golden tide.

Through the withering brakes, the stigma
Of mortality is seen—
Soon the crimson-robed October
Will declare what might have been
When the ripened fruits are garnered,
And the fields of grain are nare
Then a small voice is recounting—
What we might have gathered there.

On the borders of the highway,
With its vists far and near,
Softened by the mellow sunlight
Lo! the maple leaf is here.
Carried by the eddying ourrents
Of the Autumn's fitful wind—
Thus we tread the linted tokens
Of our summers lost behind.

Through the bars that guard my lattice, Glimpses of the larkspur gay, By the paling frail petunia
Wile the dreamy hours away—
Bathed by floods of crimson sunset
Bright as empty moments fled,
Thus I drain the wasted challoe
Of a summer lost and dead.

GRAGE O'BOYLE.

GRACE O'EOYLE, Ollawa

Several English and French Medical Gentlemen

And Their Opinions on Diseases.

HIGH SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS. Several medical gentlemen from the English and French armies having recently be-nome associated with M. Souvielle, of Paris, and ex-side surgeon of the French army, at his International Throat and Lung Institutes, Phillips, Equare, Montreal, and 173 Ohurch street, Toronto, where thousands of people are yearly treated successfully for diseases of the Head, Throat and Lungs by Spirometer the present opportunity is embraced of making known to the people of Canada this fact, and also the opinions of these specialist surgeons connected with the International Throat and Lung Institutes on the symptoms attending the following prevalent and dreadful diseases, in language devoid of technical difficulties :-

Hemorrhage of the Lungs.

As a general thing hemorrhage from the lungs is looked upon as a fatal symptom.

True it is seldom patients recover from lung disease who have had severe hemorrhagee without the very best care and treatment. Buill many cases have recovered fully under properly directed treatment who have had several severe attacks of bleeding from the lungs. In the majority of cases the hemorrhage occurs early in the disease, and is oonsequently amenable to treatment. But when It occurs late in the course of the disease the prognosis is very uniavorable. Consumption.

This dreaded disease is seldom developed in a few months. It is slowly and gradually creeping upon the patient, sometimes very insidiously, but often as a result of other discases of the air passages of which the patient is perfectly cognizant, but foolishly allows to run and advance until the fatal disease, consumption, has the lungs so fairly grasped that the tributes paid to our commissioners by no earthly power can restore them to health. After the positive symptoms of consumption have been developed, there is always an uncertainty in the prognosis. We find cases even advanced in the second stage, where recovery has taken place from proper treatment by inhalations suitable to of peace that we commemorate for the United the individual case and such constitutional States. treatment as the case demands. We also find cases in the first stage that the best directed skill cannot make any impression upona specialty of diseases of the air passages:

Causes -The most important causes are estarrb, laryngitis and bronchitis being allowed to run until finally the lungs are involved. Heavy colds and inflammation of the lungs, or pleure, or both, debility of the system, which predisposes to any of the above | address of the day and warmed his auditors, causes, hereditary predisposition, syphilis, scrofula, self-abuse or anything that lowers the tone of the system, even poor living and

Insufficient clothing.

Symptoms—The most important symptoms are a regular cough, it may be very little, but at a certain time every day, generally in the morning upon rising, sometimes upon lying down, expectoration of white, frothy material or a yellowish substance, sometimes mixed with blood, shortness of breath upon exertion, night sweats, chills and fever, the chills generally being irregular, but the fever regular at a certain time every day. The temperature rises slowly but surely in consumption. The pulse is frequent and feeble, the patient becomes emaciated and weak, the eyes are sunken, the nose pinched, and a peculiar appearance is given to the mouth in advanced cases which cannot be mistaken by an experienced eye, and lastly, but not least, the voice has a changed and peculiar sound which speaks very positively to the epsoialist (who sees so many cases), and who becomes so familiar with the sounds articulated. This is a disease not to be trifled with. On the first indication of anything that would lead to consumption, have it attended to. And don't despair even if your family physician tells you that you are beyoud help. With our present knowledge of cured that are even far advanced in consumption and pronounced beyond the skill of man ♣O EBV6.

Asthma.

Our treatment for asthma has for its object the removal of the cause, the principal of which is a catarrhal inflammation of the mucus membrane lining the bronchial tubes and air cells, and of the nasal mucus membrane and larynx in many cases, and not simply giving anti-spaemodics to relieve the par-exysm. This latter will only relieve the spasm-not cure. Our applications contain medicines which will not only relieve the spasm, but also remove the inflammation, which is the principal cause. When the cause is complicated with derangement of the blood, the stomach or the heart, we give mitable remedies to remove those causes also. Our treatment will cure asthma, not simply relieve it.

Physicians and sufferers are invited to try the instruments at the clices free of charge. Persons unable to visit the Institutes can be successibily treated by letter addressed to the International Throat and Lung Institute 13 Phillips' Equare, Montreal, or 173 Church street, Toronto, where French and English specialists are in charge. 12-45-2.

The woman who seeks relief from pain by the free use of alcoholic slimulants and narcotic drugs, finds what she seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended No ourse was ever wrought by such means and the longer they are employed the more horeless the case becomes. Leave chloral, morphia and belledonne clone and use Mrs. Linkham's Yegetable Compound.

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

The true Florida water always comes with a litte pamphlet wrapped around each bettle, and in the paper of the pamphlet are the words, "Lanman & Kemp, New York," water marked or stamped in pale transparent letters. Hold a leaf up to the light, and if genuine, you will see the above words. Do not buy if the words are not there, because it is not the real article. The water mark letters may be very pale, but by looking closely against the light, you cannot fail to see them.

Dwarfs die of premature old sge, giants of exhaustion.

Do not suffer from Sick Headache a moment lorger. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Phis will oure you. Dose, one little pill. All druggists sell them. 51 ts

Sponge is woven into cloth in France.

A TOTAL EOLIPSE of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

CENTENNIAL OF PEACE.

OPENING OF THE FOREIGN EXHIBI-TION AT BOSTON.

Mgr. Capel's Address.

Bostos, Sept. 4.—The foreign exhibition of arts, products and manufactures was opened yesterday by speakers who paid eloquent tribute to the enterprise of the citizens of Massachusetts, with whom the project originated, and to the exhibitors who had come thousands of miles to decorate the large halls of the fair building, on Huntington avenue, with specimens of the skill and workmanship of the people.

A DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE. There were perhaps twenty thousand persons in the main hall when President N. J. Bradley advanced from beneath the canopy of harps and shamrocks, by which the display of Ireland is made prominent, to the front of the platform to open the exercises. The audience was made up of the best citizens of Boston, representing its wealth, business enterprise and culture. Governor Benjamin F. Butler was noticeable by his absence. An invitation had only been extended to him last Friday, and he accordingly filled an engagement elsewhere.

AN AUSPICIOUS DATE. After prayer by Mr. Horton, President Bradley began the speech making, alluding to the signing of the treaty of peace, which ended the war with Great Britain, on September 3, 1783, and the grand results which had been achieved in the past hundred years. Mr. John Jay, of New York, sketched the history of the negotiations for peace and read statesmen and historians. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., called attention to the fact that the 3rd of September was the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester and of Oromwell's death. In opening this exposition on this date it is this blessed centennial

Mayor Palmer said the time and place of the exhibition were peculiarly appropriate.
On the three hilled city of Boston the indushence the necessity of applying early, either trial arts had found a nursery and music a before the discrete best reached what we call home. Boston had had many things unique, the discrete the first stage, or if that and this festival of industry and act was not was extremely relieved from his allment by the stage, because the control of them. The exhibition was a one or two applications, after having tried in applying for treatment to those who make kindergarten of nations—the academy of arts numberless other remedies without effect. and labor. The crowned heads of Europe were present, for labor, industry and art, these were the crowned heads of the nineteenth century.

EPRECH OF MGR. CAPEL. Mgr. Capel was greated with "God Save the Queen" from the band. He made the who had received much that had been said very coolly, into enthusiaetic applause. His address was as follows:-

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-AD honor of s very especial kind has been conferred on me by your President, who has asked me to say a few words as the representative of a country which I have heard much about this morning. It is not, however, a matter of ease to speak after so many orators and men who know so well the country about which they speak. But I know I am in the presence of gentlemen whose hairs are whitened by saying prayers of a particular kind. They must have been more than well versed in the works of St. Teresa and have for their motto, Laborare est orare.' The one grand law which seems to have sunk into their souls is one of labor, and I may say that that labor was at first of a very rough kind. You lived in a time of necessity, and that brought forth invention, and now you wish to leave a legacy to

your sons and daughters. AN IMPUSTRY AND AN ART. "It seems to me that under such circum-

stances an exhibition such as this will tend to make labor not only an industry, but an art, and when I look at the variety of objects from all countries I know that the old countries which cent there sent their best feelings along the new and scientific modes of treating dis-soil. The skill of the old folks, after all, is not an enormous white mushroom of an unheard to be despised by the young people, and of variety that he had dishovered. He was ease, applying the medicine directly to the to be despised by the young people, and part affected, instead of pouring dings into those who have interested themselves the stomach, hundreds of cases are being in this exhibition have thought it well to instruct the young by the eye, and hence forward the people of America will take that which is good from the people of the old world, and ther, as the young men call their inthers 'governor,' if you will you may do the same. (Laughter.) I represent two of the vanced sluce that time to \$1.75 and the re-oldest Powers of the world. England must gular wholesale rate in small quantities to ever be regarded as one of the leading coun- now \$1.80 to \$1.90. A large manufacturer tries. Then I am the prelate of another country, which is the home of at a less price than \$1.40. There has been art in Europe, and therefore I can return considerable speculation in the article and thanks to your President for the kind invita- this has tended to advance prices, which the tion which he has extended to me to be present demand is likely to keep high. present on this occasion. I have been over your soil and have seen the old wooden houses of your forefathers, and then I have seen the grand new houses which you have in this present day, and I can only wish that you may continue to pros. cation of the fine properties of well selected per. There is no reason why you should not Cocoa Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast modern Athens, for such your Mayor says it is, and he must be infallible. It is a seat of learning and certainly should be the home of all that is good. Ladies and gentlemen, in the name of those who are strangers to your

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

my few remarks." (Applause.)

warm welcome you have extended to us and

Beware of Imitations. Imitations and counterfeits have again arpeared. Be sure that the word "Hon FORD's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine with- isnd. Also makers of Epps's Chocolata Es-

THE BISHOP OF HAMILTON. THE NEW HEAD OF THE BOMAN CATHOLIC DIO-OBSE .-- AN IRISH DOMINICAN APPOINTED.

Since the Venerable Bishop Orinnon, head

of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Hamilton, died nearly a year ago, the people of the diccese have waited for news of his successor. The mode of procedure is for the council of bishops of the archiepiscopal province in this instance under Archbishop Lyncb, to send at least three names to Rome. ally one of these is more recommended than the others. Usually one of these is appointed by the Pope, but such is not always the case. An instance occurred in filling the vacancy caused by the death of the late Archbishop Hannap, of Halifax. The ordinary course would have been to promote one of the bishops. The new archbishop was Dr. O'Brien, a simple priest of great learning, who had been a professor in St. Dunstan's College, but at the time of his appointment to the archbishopric was pastor of a little church in a seaside fishing village. In appointing Bishop Crimon's successor also, the Pope has departed from his ordinary rule. The names supposed to have been sent to Rome by the Council of Bishops were those of Bishop O'Mahony, co-adjutor of Toronto; Vicar-General Dowling, of Paris, administrator of his diocese, and Father Hogan, of St. Ann's Church, Montreal. The new bishop is not one of these, but a talented and accomplished Dominican monk, whose present residence is in Bome. The Freeman's Journal of New York says this week that the Pope has appointed Dr. James Joseph Carberry, O. P. (Order of Preachers), now Prior of the Dominican Convent of St. Clement, at Rome. Dr. Carberry is an Irishman, 62 years of age, and being a Dominican, must certainly be an able preacher. His talents have raised him to the position he held before this last appointment, and he will be welcomed to the see of Hamilton. The clergy of the diocese have not yet received notice of the appoint-

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880. I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM, T. McCLURE. The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHUP & Co.

BERNARD GALLAGHER.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 5.—Bernard Gallagher, who, it was reported, intended to turn informer at Glasgow, is now at Greenpoint. He says the report is talse. He thinks another man may bear his name in Glasgow or that the rumor was started for the purpose of inducing certain priseners to turn Queen's evidence. He says he was offered bribes in London to inform on his fellow-prisoners. He expects to prove his brother's innocence.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L.L.D. and Counsellor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: One single application of St. Jacobs Oil cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcis, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten months standing. Mr. Decker was oured of inexplicable pain by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He

A fellow working in a Maine factory where young women are employed contrived a pracjoke for the entertainment of himself and his admirers. He killed an adder and left it among some boxes that were to be atsorted by the young women. Miss Stevens uncovered the reptile with her hands. The shock made her insane, and the physicians say that she will probably die, and in any event will be a maniac for life.

BEV. J. G. STEARNS writes :- "I consider Perry Davis' Pain-Killer the best remedy I eyer knew for Dyspepsia."

There is in Atlanta a young man who may be said to have in a measure married himself. His bride is a Swede, and unable to speak English. The American clergyman could not speak any tongue but his own. There was a doubt how the ceremony would end almost as soon as it began, but this was removed by the bridegroom, who acted as interpreter, put the questions, made the responses, and declared the marriage ceremony performed.

I have derived much benefit from using Feilows' Hypophesphites in Chronic Constipation.

JOHN B. MOORE, Forest City, Montana.

A lady living in Clinton, Mass., recently mixed a batch of bread which failed to rise, even after a delay of twenty hours. She did not wish her father to see the waste of flour. so she buried the dough in the garden. The next morning her father called her out to see calling his neighbors to see the curiosity, when his daughter enlightened him as to the nature of the plant.

It is many years since quinine has sold at so low a figure as it reached in May last, when sales were made in quantities of 1,000 ounces at \$1.40 an ounce. Prices have adsays that it does not pay to produce quinine

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING _"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and yet by a careful applihave an exhibition of this kind in this tables with a delicately ilavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' hills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle country, allow me to return thanks for the maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We for the manner in which you have listened to may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished trame."-Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (} lb and 1 lb) by grocers, labelled-"JAMES Errs & Co., Homosopathic Chemists, London, Eag-

EDMEN

THE CARQUINEZ WOOD.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BRET HARTES NEW ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X. The nest of the tuneful Burnhams, although in the suburbs of Indian Spring, was not in ordinary weather and seasons hidden from the longing eyes of the youth of that settlement.
That night, however, it was veiled in the smoke that encompassed the great highway leading to Excelsior. It is presumed that the Burnham brood had long since folded their wings, for there was no sign of life nor movement in the house as a rapidly driven horse and buggy pulled up before it. For-tunately the paternal Burnham was an early bird, in the habit of picking up the first stirring mining worm, and a resounding knock brought him half dressed to the street door. He was startled at seeing Father Wynne before him a trifle flushed and abstracted.

"Ah ha! up betimes, I see, and ready. No sluggards here—ha ha!" he said heartily, slamming the door behind him, and by a series of pokes in the ribs genially backing his host into his own sitting room. "I'm up too, and am here to see Nellie. She's here, ehof course?" he added, darting a quick look at Burnham.

But Mr. Burnham was one of those large, liberal Western husbands who classified his household under the general title of "women folk," for the integers of which he was not responsible. He hesitated and then propounded over the balusters to the upper story the direct query-

"You don't happen to have Neltie Wynne up there, do ye?" There was an interval of inquiry procesding from half a dozen reluctant throats, more or less cottony and muffled, in those various degrees of grievance and mental distress which indicate too early roused young wcmanhood. The eventual reply seemed to be affirmative, albeit accompanied with a suppressed giggle, as if the young lady had just been discovered as an answer to an amusing

conundrum. "All right," said Wynne, with an apparent accession of bolsterous geniality. "Tell her I must see her, and I've only got a few minutes to spare. Tell her to slip on anything and come down; there's no one here but myself, and I've shut the front door on Brother Burnham. Ha, ha!' and suiting the action to the word, he actually bundled the admiring Brother Burnham out on his own doorstep. There was a light pattering on the staircase, and Nellie Wynne, pink with sleep, very tall, very slim, hastily draped in a wnite counterpane with a blue border and a general classic suggestion, slipped into the parior. At the same moment her father shut the door rehind her, placed one hand on the knob, and with the other seized her wrist.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked. Nellie looked at him, shrugged her shoul-

ders, and said, "Here."
"You were in the Carquinez Woods with Low Dorman; you went there in disguise; you've met him there before. He is your clandestine lover; you have taken pledges of affection from him; you have-

"Stop !" she said. He stopped.

" Did he tell you this?" she asked, with an expression of disdain.

"No: I overheard it. Dunn and Brace were at the house, waiting for you. When the coach did not bring you I went to the office to inquire. As I left our door I thought I saw somebody listening at the parlor windows. It was only a drunken Mexican muleteer leaning against the house, but if he heard nothing I did, Nellie. I heard Brace tell Dunn that he had tracked you in your disguise to the woods-do you hear?-that when you pretended to be here with the girls you with Low-slone; that you wear a ring that Low got of a trader here; that there was a catin in the woods---"

"Stop !" she repeated.

Wynne again paused. "And what did you do?" she asked. "I heard they were starting down there to surprise you and him together, and I harness. ed up and got shead of them in my buggy."

"And found me here," she said, looking full into his eyes. He understood her and returned the look.

He recognized the full importance of the culminating fact conveyed in her words, and was obliged to content himself with its logical and worldly significance. It was too late now to take her to task for mere filial dicobedience; they must become allies.

"Yes," he said hurriedly; "but it you value your reputation, if you wish to silence both these men, answer me fully." "Go op," sne said.

"Did you go to the cabin in the woods yesterday

"Did you ever go there with Low?"

"No; I do not know even where it is." Wynne felt that she was telling the truth. Nellie knew it; but as she would have been equally satisfied with an equally efficacious falsehood, her face remained unchanged. "And when did he leave you?"

"At nine o'clock here. He went to the hotel."

"He saved his life, then, for Dunn is on his way to the woods to kill him." The juopardy of her lover did not seem to affect the young girl with alarm, although her oyes betrayed some interest.

Then Dunn has gone to the Woods?" she said thoughtfully. "He has," replied Wynne.

" le that all ?" she asked.

"I want to know what you are going to do?,

"I was going back to bed." "This is no time for trifling, girl."

"I should think not," she said, with a yawn; it's too early or too late," Wynne grasped her wrist more tightly. Hear me! Put whatever face you like on this

affair, you are compromised—and compremissed with a man you can't marry. "I don't know that I ever wanted to marry Low, if you mean him," she said quietly. And Dunn wouldn't mairy you now?

" I'm not so sure of that either." "Nellie," said Wynne excitedly, "do you want to drive me mad? Have you nothing

to say—nothing to suggest?" "Oh, you want me to help you, do you? Why didn't you say that first? Well, go and bring Dann here."

"Are you mad? The man has gone already in pursuit of your lover, believing you with him." "Then he will the more readily come and

talk with me without him. Will you take the invitation—yes or no?" " Yes. out-

"Enough. On your way there you will stop at the hotel and give Low a letter from " Nellie "

"You shall read it, of course," she said, conversation you will have with him. Will other young man—isn't it another young thome of the voyageurth who traded with you please take your hand from the look and man? -all alone, ch? Perhaps you want open the door."

Wynne mechanically opened the door. The young girl flew up stairs. In a very few moments she returned with two notes; one contained a few lines of formal invitation to Duny, the other read as follows:

you how deeply I regret that our recent botanical excursions in the Oarquinez Woods have been a source of serious misapprehensions to those who had a claim to my consideration, and that I shall be obliged to discontinue them for the future. At the same time he wishes me to express my gratitude for your valuable instruction and assistance in that pleasing study, even though approaching events may compel me to relinquish it for other duties. May I beg you to accept the enclosed ring as a slight recognition of my obligations to you? Your grateful puril. Nellie Wynne."

When he had finished reading the letter she handed him a ring, which he took mechanically. He raised his eyes to here with perfectly genuine admiration. "You're a good girl, Neilie," he said, and in a moment of parental forgetfulness, unconsciously ad-vanced his lips toward her cheek. But she drew back in time to recall him to a sense of that human weakness.

"I suppose I'll have time for a nap yet, she said, as a gentle hint to her embarrassed parent. He nodded and turned toward the door.

"If I were you," she continued, repressing a yawn, "I'd manage to be seen on good terms with Low at the hotel; so, perhaps, you need not give the letter to him until the iast thing. Good-by.?

The sitting room door opened and closed behind her as she slipped up stairs, and her father, without the formality of leave-taking, quietly let himself out by the front

When he drove into the high road again, however, an overlooked possibility threatened for a moment to indefinitely postpone his amiable intentions regarding Low. The hotel was at the further end of the settlement toward the Carquinez Woods, and as Wynne had nearly reached it he was recalled to himself by the sounds of hoofs and wheels rapidly approaching from the direction of the Excelsior turnpike. Wynne made no doubt it was the Sheriff and Brace. To avoid recognition at that moment he whipped up his horse, intending to keep the lead until he could turn into the first cross read. But the coming travellers had the fleetest horses, and, finding it impossible to distance them, he drove close to the ditch, pulling up suddenly as the strange vehicle was abreast of him, and forcing them to pass him at full speed, with the result already chronicled. When they bad vanished in the darkness, Mr. Wynne, with a heart overflowing with Christian thankfulness and universal benevolence, wheeled round and drove back to the hetel he had already passed. To pull up at the veranda with a stentorian shout, to thump loudly at the deserted bar, to hilarlously beat the panels of the landlord's door, and commit a jocose assault and battery upon that hal!dressed and half-awkened man, was eminently characteristic of Wynne, and part of his amiable plans that morning.

" Something to wash this wood smoke from my throat, Brother Carter, and about as much again to prop open your eyes," he said, dragging Carter before the bar "and glasses round for as many of the boys as are up and stirring after a hard-working Christian's rest! How goes the honest publican's trade, and also who have we here?"

"Thar's Judge Robinson and two lawyers from Bacramento, Dick Curson over from Yolo," said Carter, "and that ar young Injin yarb doctor from the Carquinez Woods. I reckon he's jist up-I noticed a light under his door as I passed."

"He's my man for a friendly chat before breakfast," said Wynne. "You needn't come up. l'il find the way. I don't want a light; I reckon my eyes ain t as bright nor as young as his, but they'll see almost as far in the dark—hel he!" And, nodding to Brother Carter he strode along the passage and with no other introduction than a playful and preliminary "Boo!" burst into one of the rooms. Low, who by the light of a single candle, was bending over the plates of a large quarto, merely raised his eyes and looked at the intruder. The young man-s natural imperturbability, always exasperating to Wynne, seemed accented this morning by contrast with his own over-acted animation.

"Ab, ha!-wasting the midnight oil instead of imbibing the morning dews," said Father Wynne archly, illustrating his metaphor with a movement of his hand to his lips. "What have we here?"

"An anonymous gift," replied Low simply. racognizing the father of Nellie by rising from his chair. "It's a volume I've longed to possess, but never could afford to buy. I cannot imagine who sent it to me."

Wynne was for a moment startled by the thought that this recipient of valuable gitts friend Thacramento Bill," said Cus might have influential friends. But a glance at the bare room, which looked like a camp, and the strange unconventional garb of its c upant, restored his former convictions. might be a promise of intelligence, society of prosperity, in the figure before

. ...! We must not forget that we are was oned over in the night season," he said, taying his hand on Low's shoulder, with an iliustration of celestial guardianship that would have been impious but for its palpable grotesqueness. "No, sir, we know not what a day may bring forth."

Unfortunately, Low's practical mind did not go beyond a mere human interpretation. It was enough, however, to put a new light in his ove and a faint color in his cheek,
"Could it have been Miss Nellie?"

asked, with half boyish hesitation. Mr. Wynne was too much of a Obristian not to bow before what appeared to him the purely Providential interposition of this suggestion. Seizing it and Low at the same moment, he playfully forced him down again in

his chair. "Ab, you rascal!" he said, with infinite archness; "that's your game, is it? You want to trap poor Father Wynne. You want to make him say 'No.' You want to tempt him to commit suicide. No, sir !-never, sir! "l og "og-

Firmly convinced that the present was Nellie's and that her father good-humoredly guessed it, the young man's simple, truthful nature was embarrassed. He longed to express his gratitude, but feared to be barray the your ri's trust. The Reverend Mr. Wynne speedily relieved his mind.

"No," he continued, bestriding a chair, and familiarly confronting Low over its back. No, sir-no! And you want me to say 'No,' don't you, regarding the little walks of Neille and a certain young man in the Carquinez Woods—he, ha! You'd like me to say that I know nothing of the botanizing, and the herb collections, and the picnickings there—he, he!—you sly dog! Perhaps you'd like to tempt Father Wynne jutther, and make him ath promithououthly ath she wath; and swear he knows nothing of his daughter's disscornfully, "for it will be your text for the guising herself in a duster and meeting anpoor old Father Wynne to say 'No.' No. sir,

nothing of the kind ever occurred. Ab, you young rascal !" Blightly troubled, in spite of Wynne's

hearty manner, Low, with his usual directness, however, said, "I do not want any one Inne, the other read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Dorman: My father will tell to deny that I have seen Miss Nellie."

"Out how deeply I regret that our recent doning his method, considerably disconcerted." by Low's simplicity, and a certain natural reserve that shook off his familiarity. "Certainly it's a noble thing to be able to put your hand on your heart and say to the world, Come on all of you! Observe me; I have nothing to concent. I walk with Miss Wynne in the woods as her instructor—her teacher in fact. We cull a flower here and there; we pluck an herb fresh from the hands of the Oreator. We look, so to speak, from Nature to Nature's God.' Yes, my young friend, we should be the first to repel the proud calumny that could misinterpret our most innecent

" Calumny ?" repeated Low, starting to his feet. "What calumny?"

"My friend, my noble young friend, I tecognize your indignation. I know your worth. When I said to Nellie, my only child, my perhaps too simple offspring-a men wildflower like yourse!!-when I said to her Go,' my child, walk in the woods with this young man hand in hand. Let him instruct you from the humblest roots, for he has trod den in the ways of the Almighty. Gather wisdom from his lips, and knowledge from his simple woodman's craft. Make, in fact, a collection not only of herbs, but of moral axioms and experience'—I knew I could trust you, and trusting you, my young friend, I felt could trust the world. Perhaps I was weak, foolish. But I thought only of her welfare, I even recall how, that to preserve the purity of her garments, I bade her don

sons known but to yourselves." "But-did Nellie-understand you?" inter rupted Low, hastily. "I see you read her simple nature. Under

a simple dueter; that to secure her from the

trifling companionship of others, I unde her

keep her own counsel and seek you at sea

stand me? No, not at first! Her maiden! instinct perhaps her duty to another—took the slarm. I remember her words. But what will Dunn say?' she asked. 'Will he not be jesloue."

"Dunn i jealous! I don't understand," said Low, fixing his eyes on Wynne.

"That's just what I said to Nellie. 'Jealous!' I said. 'What, Dunn, your affianced husband, jealous of a mere friend—a teacher a guide, a philosopher—sir, impossi le Well, sir, she was right. He is jealous And, more than that, he has imparted h jealousy to others! In other words, he has made a scandal !"

"Where is your daughter now?" he is sternly.

Low's eyes flashed. "At present in bed, suffering from a ner vous attack brought on by these unjus suspicions. She appreciates your anxiety and, knowing that you could not see her, to me to give you this." He handed Low th ring and the letter.

The climax had been forced, and, it must be confessed, was by no means the one Mr Wonne had fully arranged in his own inner conscioueness. He had intended to take or unostentatious leave of Low in the barroom deliver the letter with archness, and escape before a possible explosion. He conse quently backed toward the door for an energency. But he was sgain at fault. The unaffected stoical fortitude in acute suffering which was the one remaining pride and glo of Low's race, was yet to be revealed

Wynnes civilized eyes. The young man took the letter and read without changing a muscle, folded the rin in it, and dropped it into his havresack. The he picked up his blanket, threw it over h shoulders, took his trusty rifle in his han and turned toward Wynne as if he was cold surprised that he was still standing there,

"Are you-are you-going?" stamm Wynne.

"Are you not?" replied Low dryly, leanly on his rifle for a moment as if waiting fo Wynne to precede him. The preacher look at him a moment, mumbled something, then shambled feebly and ineffectively do the staircase before Low, with a painful at gestion to the crdinary observer of being casionally urged thereto by the moceasin the young man behind him.

On reaching the lower hall, however, endeavored to create a diversion in his far by dashing into the barroom and clapping the occupants on the back with indiscrim ate playiulness. But here again he seem to be disappointed. To his great discoture a large man not only returned his as tation with powerful levity, but with equipley fulness seized him in his arms, and after an ingenicus simulation of depositing bi in the horse trough, set him down in affect amazement. "Bloth't if I didn't think fro the weight of your hand it wath my apologetically, with a wink at bystanders. That'th the way alwayth used to tackle his friendth, he wath one day bounthed by a prithefigh in Frithce, whom he'd mithtaken for a mitionary." As Mr. Curson's reputation was a quality that made any form of apology for him instantly acceptable, the amused spi tators made way for him as, recognizing L who was just leaving the hotel, he turn coolly from them and walked toward him. "Halloo!" he said, extending his hat

You're the man I'm waiting for. Dia y get a book from the Exthpreth Offithe night?" "I did. Why?" "It'th all right. Ath I'm rethponthi for it I only wanted to know."

"Dld you send it?" asked Low, qui fixing his eyes on his face. "Well, not exthactly me. But it'th worth making a mythtery of it. Tere gave me a commithion to buy it and then to you anonymouthly. That'th a woman nonthenth, for how could she get a rethe

for it ?" "Then it was her present," said gloomily.

"Of courthe. It wathn't mine, my boy, have thent you a Tharp'th rifle in plathe that muthle loader you carry, or thomethin thenthible. But, I thay! whatth up? look ath if you had been running all night Low grasped hit hand. "Thank you," said burriedly: "but it's nothing. must he back to the Woods sarly. Good-

But Curson retained Low's hand in his

powerful grip. "I'll go with you a bit further." he si In fact, I've got thomething to thay tor only don't be in thuch a hurry; the wood can wait till you get there." Quietly com ling Low to alter his own characteristic dian stride to keep pace with his, he would "I don't mind thaying I rather cottoned you from the time you acted like a w man-no offenthe-to Teretha. She that you were lest when a child lying round, j can do anything towardth putting you

the trail of your people, I'll do it. Cherokeeth, and your father wath of (Continued on 3rd page.)