I like the Anglo-Saxon speech With its direct revealing It takes a hold at Way down in

That some folks dee And therefore they . But I have never found Before all else I choose I don't object that men she The Gallic they have paid With "Au revoir," "Adieu For that's what French But when a crony ta'

He drops all foreign lingo and

He says, "Good-bye, God bless) This seems to me a sacred phrase, With reference impassioned A thing come down from righteous a Quaintly but nobly fashioned;

It well becomes an honest face. A voice that's round and cheerful; It stays the sturdy in his place. And soothes the weak and fearful. Into the porches of the ears

It steals with subtle unction.
And in your heart of heart To work its gracious function And all day long with pleasing so It lingers to caress you-I'm sure no human heart goes wrong

That's told "Good-bye-God bless you." I love the words, perhaps because When I was leaving mother. Standing at last in solemn pause We looked at one another.

And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me; A love eternal as the skies Whatever fate beell me, She put her arms about my neck

And soothed the pain of leaving. And though her heart was like to break, She spoke no word of grieving; She let no tear bedim her eye, For fear that might distress me

But, kissing me, she said good-bye, And asked our God to bless me. EUGENE FIELD.

SELECT STORY.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant morning-room, in an old-fashioned country house. From the wide open window one could see the flower-filled garden, the smooth green lawn, flecked with sunshine, as the branches of the trees at either side of it waved and let in the golden light.

The table was elegantly appointed, and daintily spread with such viands as might satisfy the healthy appetite of a man who such pretty, affecting ways, she seemed to had been up betimes, and also tempt the rouse all the chivalry of the men and comely, well-preserved middle-aged lady sitting behind the big silver urn.

The butler appeared with some eggs and also the letter-bag, which he laid down on the table beside his master. Mr. Ormscorrespondence not being generally of a very absorbing or exciting nature, and

renew the lease of his farm, I suppose, and-and-by Jove! isn't that your aunt

Dorothea's handwriting, my dear?" for the letter, and soon became engrossed with its contents. A brief silence followed, the meal Mr. Ormsby put aside the local paper for future perusal, attacked the eggs, and

said blandly to his wife-"Well, my dear, what does your Aunt

Dorothea say?" "It is a most extraordinary epistle," replied Mrs. Ormsby, with a puzzled expression of face. "Do you remember last Christmas, when she was staying with us, I used to laugh and tell you that if you earlier than usual that evening, and sat went out hunting and shooting so much and left me alone, I would have a com-

"Yes, I remember. What then?" "She has taken me at my word and en-

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Ormsby, quite overcome. "Read me what she day," he urged, eagerly.

Mrs. Ormsby put on her gold-rimmed spectacles again and began-

"My DEAR NIECE last Christmas I have been making very earnest efforts to find what you required, a pleasant, companionable, intelligent other gentlewomen affect?" young person, who would be some com-

"What the deuce does the woman "Aunt does not understand, and she not approve." has taken a jest for earnest," replied his wife. "But leteme go on." "I can hardly describe to you, dear

Florence, all the difficulties and discouragements I have had. But I think I last, and I was so afraid she might be caressingly on the girl's. snapped up by somebody else, I engaged her at once, and told her she was to start for Cheston the very next morning, and I her train myself, and I expect she will be "I did not sleep very well last night." with you at about four o'clock, which is always a pleasant time, as a cup of tea is so comfortable after a long railway journey. I know you will be delighted with the dear creature, and I expect, when I too, and there were such strange noises in pay my usual visit at Christmas, I shall the house, I fancied all sorts of things." find Miss Greville the pet of the house."

Mrs. Ormsby looked up, helplessly, as the letter dropped from her hand into her lap, and meeting the blank stare of amazement in her husband's eyes, began to laugh, though somewhat feebly.

"My dear Florence," he said at last in a dry deprecating tone, "your Aunt Dorothea is in her second childhood. You like that myself when I was a girl." had better give Miss Greville a month's salary and get rid of her at once."

"My dear," Mrs. Ormsby replied, "we ghosts there." Then, turning persuasivecan't punish the poor girl for Aunt ly to Mrs. Ormsby, "You have always Dorothy's mistake. She must stay her

"Certainly, my love," the squire said, with a humorous smile. "To-morrow, get a few nice people to meet you, and your aunt having made such thoughtful Miss Greville shall have some tennis. Let provision for your entertainment during us say Monday, shall we? I know the my absences, I shall run up to town for a Cursons are not engaged on that day, for

word, Mr. Ormsby went off to his study.

At four o'clock she was in her boudoir | died away in the avenue, but the pained | watching and waiting, and distinctly con- pallid look on her face stopped him sud- with his own sister, Sir Charles. scious of a feeling of anticipation, that al- denly. most amounted to eagerness, as she saw | "I should be very sorry for Sir Charles the brougham pass through the lodge if I thought so," she said, gravely. "But were at Eton and Oxford together, and Cooper will be placed in an English unigate and come slowly up the carriage you are quite mistaken, Mr. Ormsby. He we think alike on every subject, so that I drive. The next minute it had stopped at | is a chivalrous gentleman, and my poverty | feel afraid sometimes_he will fall in love the door, and Mrs. Ormsby went to the and despondence excite his sympathy." | with the same girl that I do." window to get a glimpse of the figure that | Long ago Mrs. Ormsby would have was alighting. She steps on the stairs, the butler's vice answering to a known what she wanted better than she yours, Sir Charles, surely." clear, girlish one; then the door opened, knew herself; only that Miss Rodswell and Miss Greville stood on the threshold, had gone abroad for three months, Miss But I have that faith in Tom's affection. gazing at Mrs. Ormsby, who gazed back Greville brought word with her, and had I believe he would sacrifice himself rather at her, with a sort of wonder-she was so not left any address, therefore she must than me." very beautiful and well dressed.

comer, at last, with a smile that brought travel Miss Rodwell had quite forgot her two dimples out of ambush. "I am so correspondents, for, as a rule, she wrote a little.

very glad. I was quite afraid to come-Miss Rodswell said you were so particular -but I do think I shall be able to please

Miss Greville sank down on the nearest couch, her slender arms falling limply to

"You are tired," Mrs. Ormsby said, sympathetically. The girl seemed so young, with her pretty look of delicacy and refinement, that Mrs. Ormsby felt already drawn towards her. "See what a strong cup of tea will do for you, before age since we heard from him." you go to your rooms," as the door opened to admit the butler with his tray. A fragrant odor at once pervaded the apartment, and Miss Greville showed signs of

"Tea might do me good?'-she said lanzuidly, "only I am afraid I am giving a library, leaving the two ladies alone. great deal of trouble and making a bad But Mrs. Ormsby was only too pleased

do anything for her, and said so at ce in her genial kindly way. Miss eville drank three cups of tea and e two large slices of cake, apoligizing ettily for her gourmandise, and seemed make herself at home at once.

When she was ready the elder woman erself conducted her up stairs and showed r her rooms, at which Miss Greville exessed the greatest possible delight.
"It will be just, like my own home," she said. "Fancy having a sitting-room

to my very self! Only I shall always want to be with you when it is convenient and I will try," with sudden earnestne 'to-to please you all I can." Mrs. Ormsby went downstairs very much charmed with her young com-

panion, and seeing her husband riding up to the door, went out to meet him. "Well, has she come?" he asked pleasantly excited.

Mrs. Ormsby smiled as she answered-

"And is she pretty?" "I knew that would be your second beautiful; but you will see for yourself at dinner. She has a headache, poor child, and I made her promise to lie down un-

"Umph; then you are rather please with her?" "I am very pleased with her, James. She is a lady evidently—her father was an officer, she tells me-and her accent,

short a time, leave nothing to be desired." CHAPTER II. VENI. vidi. vici. should have been Miss Greville's motto, for she had not been three days at Cheston Hall before every

creature in it was her slave, from the Squire to the scullery-maid. She had The young men of the neighborhood

began to find a strange attraction in the Hall drawing-room at afternoon tea-time, and there were generally two or three by opened it with due deliberation, his there to help Miss Greville with her

Charles Manby, a tall ruddy-faced, goodnatured young fellow, who was fond of country pursuits, and was great favorite with Mrs. Ormsby. He was asked to dinner one night, and showed a decided tendency to follow the general example, so far as Miss Greville was concerned, for he scarcely took his eyes off her during

The girl betraved no sign of consciousness, but laughed and talked with the easy gaiety of a person who knows she has an indulgent audience. Sir Charles was not quick witted, perhaps, or a great sparkle of her ready wit, charmed him as much as her face, evidently. He found his way into the drawing-room much with his handsome bronzed cheek resting

"I am sure you hunt," Sir Charles said, in a low voice; "you could not sing that gaged one, and the worst of it is the girl bought the other day is warranted to sure, if you would come with us on Thurs-

carry a lady, and I'll try it myself to make "That would not do at all. You forget that I am only Mrs. Ormsby's companion."

woman like herself, and if so, why should you be debarred from the pleasures that "One has to consider the fitness fort to you during your husband's lengthy things, Sir Charles. I don't think it

would be considered seemly for me to be rushing about the hunting-field on your mean?" exclaimed the squire, irascibly. mare, and I feel sure Mrs. Ormsby would "Shall I ask her?"

"No. I should not go if the consented." She rose from the piano and moved speaking, and sat down close beside Mrs. have found exactly the right thing at Ormsby, who laid her jewelled hand "You look pale," she said kindly. "Are you tired?"

"Just a little," Miss Greville replied, a would write and explain. I looked out cloud crossing the brightness of her eyes "How was that, my dear?" "I had been reading a little ghost story

he last thing before going to bed and it made me nervous. The wind was high, "Why didn't you burn a light?" Mrs. Ormsby asked.

"Well, I blew out the candles just before I jumped into bed, and then I was so ridiculously timid, I dared not get out of bed to light them again.'

"Poor child!" replied Mrs. Ormsby "You must come to The Grange," said up on purpose for you." Sir Charles, eagerly, "we have no end of

been promising to come and lunch with me, but you never have yet. Why don't couple of days to see Fox about the tim- Tom told me so, and he plays a good

He looked at her so appealingly she torted banteringly. promised at once, with her usual good supposed to make?" nature, and Sir Charles took care that all Mrs. Ormsby rang for her housekeeper details were all satisfactorily arranged bedoes not expect any return; not that I who is now at Calgary. Miss Cook is as soon as she was alone, and gave the fore leaving them. Mr. Ormsby began to pretend to be that," he hastened to add, only sixteen years of age, though she necessary orders concerning Mrs. Dorothy's joke Miss Greville about her conquest as fearing to risk his chance of future favors. looks older, and the alliance is not looked soon as the sound of the horse's hoofs had | "I shall claim you as a partner."

"I think I will write to Aunt Dorothea

at her own house, under cover to the housekeeper, and ask her to forward it." Mrs. Ormsby said, "I don't like being so long without news, and I have no doubt aunt has written to her if she has not condescended to write to us."

Ormsby, rather abstractedly; then he added in the same musing tone: "I wonder what has become of Jack? It is an "Oh! you'll hear from him soon enough, James, when he wants to borrow more

with an injured look, he went off to the "He doesn't like what I said about

Jack," observed Mrs. Ormsby, in a low "He believes in him, and I don't." Miss Greville looked at her in a sudden startled sort of way, as she said-

"Why don't you, Mrs. Ormsby?" "Because I can't, my dear, unfortunate ly. I have tried," she added, earnestly, "tried harder than I can describe, and sometimes I felt almost sure I had succeeded, and then a word or look would rouse all my suspicions again. James thinks I am jealous of him, or rather only be sure that he was worthy to fill to you." my husband's place here—that he was and his uncle is so good to him."

"I am sure he would be," replied Miss of the window. "Mr. Ormsby is good to you were trying to fit the cap on to my "He is naturally kind, and he took a great liking to Jack at the very leginning. The boy has a plausible, winning

way with him. I am heartily ashamed question," she said, but her tone was in- of my prejudice, and I do hope, I do hope dulgent. "Yes, she is pretty, almost it isn't jealousy, as James thinks, that would be so unworthy." "Has he ever done anything to justify this prejudice?" inquired Miss Greville.

with a calmly judical air. "I can't say that he has, exactly. He is always writing for money, but most young men are like that, I believe." "You don't seem to have anything

tangible against him, Mrs. Ormsby." "But one can trust one's instinct such matters." to us, and yet there is nothing wrong

about them. I should be afraid to judge anyone like that." Miss Greville sat absently turning over the leaves of the book in front of her, un- ran behind in his rent, and Jackson be-

should be anxious. "No news is good news, you must re-"Not always. Supposing she were taken ill in some out of the way place

"Then her maid could telegraph." crastinating, lympathetic creature, this come down stairs. would never occur to her as the right thing to do until it was too late to do it. But I will write at once, and as you will and deliberately set them on fire. be passing the post office presently, when you go to see poor Martha Pratt, you

"Perhaps it is the weather. There is a | the door, and made her escape out in the sort of oppression in the air which makes open air with her two children.

me melancholy too. I believe we shall channel. Of course there were all sorts of in the floors, and the side walls had been etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warunpleasant possibilities connected with a on fire. Pratt, lest she should be struck by light- several threats he fled to the woods. ning en route. Indeed, she was only

Miss Greville got off at last, the letter to Miss Rodswell, under cover to the housekeeper, having been written whilst she was putting on her things.

est sound of thunder.

Never was anyone so popular as Mrs. pleasure as Miss Greville sat down by the learned, of only a few hours. bed and began to unpack the basket she the poor invalid, and the sunshine of her That night a brother left for Savannah.

rather outstayed her time, when, in turn- the marriage ing a corner, she came suddenly upon Sir Charles Manby, strolling along with his there the brother then engaged Major P. dogs, and he stopped eagerly to speak to W. Meldrim, a well-known lawyer, to

the ground watered and rolled every day, groom. Where the bride now is is unand it is in splendid order. Tom Curson known. and his sister, you and I, will make a Mrs. Ormsby company while we play." she answered, laughing a little, "but you

want one more lady." "Why, if you please?" "In case I am not able to go." His face fell visibly.

"That is a possibility I decline to admit," he said. "Besides I got the party "Oh, Sir Charles, when I heard you tell Mrs. Ormsby she had promised you to come and lunch at The Grange a long time ago, and she must fix an early day."

"Don't be provoking, Miss Greville. You know quite well I wanted you-" champion tennis-player?" "I don't care a straw whether you play well or not."

"A 'thoroughly disinterested person'

"But Mrs. Curson may object to playing "Tom never objects to anything I want him to do, he is my fidus Achates. We trip to England in the spring, where

"But you wouldn't let any woman "Not if I could help it, Heaven knows.

needs wait until she heard from her, and "That is a good deal to say. Men are "Are you Mrs. Ormsby?" said the new- it seemed that in the excitement of foreign not fond of sacrificing themselves."

"You don't seem to have a very good pinion of my sex, Miss Greville, and yet should not think that a man could

ever have been unkind to "Perhaps I haven't gi chance," she said, gaily. "Then you have no "I would if I were you," observed Mr. love, and if I can't have a wit I care for sible. Hawker's Catarrh Cure is a cer-ormsby, rather abstractedly; then he and who cares for me, I will have none at

"Of course you are quite right of principle," replied Miss Greville, looking sadly across the long low line of meadow land towards the distant hills, over which a faint purple mist was gathering; "but have you never heard of such things as that, my dear," Mr. Ormsby returned, and shattered idols? Your wife might turn out to be very different to what you expected. The close intimacy of domestic life is like the fierce light that beats upon a throne, it blackens every blot. You might forgive a good deal and make every allowance, Sir Charles, because I believe you are a generous man; but what if there were faults you could not make allowances for, or forgive?

"Would it be possible to cond faults, even for a time?" "Onite: I have known cases

Love makes us very blind." "You speak as if you had known all about it," he said, with a thrill of jealous fear that took him by surprise, "and yet jealous for the boy I lost who should have you told me just now that you had never been heir, but it is not that. If I could given any man a chance of being unkind

"Of course I was giving you the benefit upright and true, I should not mind; but of my experience as an observer," she exam certain he deceives us in every way, claimed, laughing. "I thought we were indulging in a mere psychological study, and therefore aimed all my pet theories Greville, who was looking musingly out and ideas on the subject. I did not know

> Mother and Two Children at ASBURY PARK, N. J., Jan. 6.- Lambert W. Jackson, it is alleged, attempted four days ago to burn to death a woman and her two children, who he had locked in a

IN A BURNING HOUSE.

mall house near Hamilton, N. J. Jackson is a basket maker, and carried on an extensive business in that line in the pines, where he lives. For some time he had charge of a house

in a clearing in the woods on the estate "It wouldn't be fair," Miss Greville re- of the late Judge Hendrickson, of Red plied. "People are sometimes antipathetic Bank. He occupied the lower part and rented the upper portion to John B. Connell, a farm hand.

Connell has a wife and three small children, three, six and nine years old. He til Mrs. Ormsby began to speak again. came very angry, and failing in his efforts hours by the "Great South American "I think it is very odd Aunt Dorothea to drive the Connells from the house, he Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a ing her husband's absence at work. Connell started to work early Wednes-

day morning, taking with him his oldest About nine o'clock, while she was en- and pain in passing it almost immediately gaged in her household duties, Mrs. Con- If you want quick relief and cure this i

"Yes, but poor Lane is such a pro- that she and her two children could not Co., Druggists. Then, she says, he heaped shavings and

The fire had got well under way b perilous situation of herself and her two will save time. I believe I am growing little ones. She screamed for help when nervous, for I have such a weight on my she found that they had been fastened in mind—a sort of presentiment of coming the burning building, and tried to force trouble, and I never used to have those open the door leading to the lower floor She finally succeeded in breaking open

By this time several of the neighbors, including Capt. Edwards, of life saving But this suggestion rather increased than station 6, reached the house, and Mrs. diminished Mrs. Ormsby's nervousness, Connell aided them in extinguishing the Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, although it diverted her fears into a new flames. Large holes were found burned

ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure storm which gave her food for apprehen- Jackson was charged with having locked ever known. Warranted by Davies, with so much spirit if not. The mare I sion, and perhaps Miss Greville was Mrs. Connell and her two children in the Mack & Co. rather sorry at last that she had opened | house and then firing it for the purpos out such a wide field for painful specu- of burning them to death. He did not lation and surmise when Mrs. Ormsby deny the charge, but said he would yet began to worry over her visit to Martha succeed in his scheme. After making The woods were searched and his capallowed to go at all on promising to seek ture and committal to the country jail shelter in the nearest house on the faint- followed. Jackson is a veteran of the

MARRIED ON SIGHT.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch says: On Ormsby's companion, and somehow it and Miss Catherine E. Carridice, a physeemed as if she could not possibly have sician from Canada, who spends her wintoo much praise and appreciation. Martha ters in Florida, were married in this city, Pratt's pale sickly face flushed with after an acquaintance, so far as can be

The news of the marriage reached had brought full of tempting things for Stout's family in Cincinnati on Sunday. presence lingered in the poor chamber Arriving here on Tuesday he immediately found his brother and went to the house She was hurrying homeward, having of the clergyman who had officiated at

Securing all the information possible bring a divorce suit to separate his "I am looking forward to Monday," he | brother from his bride of four days. That said, in his simple frank way. "I've had night he returned to Cincinnati with the

Stout is twenty-eight years old, and the capital set, and Mrs. Curson will keep marriage license gave his bride's age at thirty-five. The brother said she must be "You have arranged it all very nicely," ten years older than that. Lawyers will be topics of the day and season. consulted at Cincinnati to determine whether to bring suit there or in Georgia. Stout's brother says that Miss Carridice evidently exercised a wonderful influence over his brother, which rendered him subservient to her will. The ground for

Stout's people are said to be wealthy.

the divorce will probably be that Stout

was not in his right mind at the time

LOVE LAUGHS AT POVERTY. A romantic marriage has just come to light in Toronto, in which the daughter "Because you have an idea that I am a of a millionaire lumberman married a young officer at Stanley barracks. Last October May Helen Cook, daughter of October May Helen Cook, daughter of John L. Cook, of 633 King street west, Country "It isn't often one meets with such a was married to Walter Henry Cooper, the thoroughly disinterested person," she re- handsome soldier cricketer, who has been His father is an Anglican clergyman who for a long time was rector of Stayner, but upon favorably, as the groom is not by any means a young man of wealth. However, reconciliation has been affected, and it is the intention of the family to take a

A HUMAN RESERVOIR.

versity to study medicine.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Jan. 8.- Within the past ninety days; three operations have been performed upon George Leggitt, of Sparta, by which twelve gallons of water, weighing about one hundred pounds, has been taken from him by means of an in-cision in his flesh. After the last operation he walked easily and talked freely. Sir Charles' handsome blue eyes clouded his body to scientists for an examination.

LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publisher a little.

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I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours, said an agitated woman to a calm one. Don't be excited, madam, replied the latter. I've been looking for a husband for the last twenty-five years.

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children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.' Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sypre" A school teacher, who had been telling the story of David, ended with "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes open-

ing wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh dear, what a memory you have got!" RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six reat surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Fred - Oh, I see, ah - would you mind taking a stroll into the conservatory with English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs. Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs.

A MORTGAGE ON THE UNIVERSE. She - Do you know why God, after he

last of all? He - Well, I have ideas on the subject. He made woman last because he wanted to put the crown on his work. Yes; maybe so. You don't put the

mortgage on a building until after it is finished. Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

Old Bramble - Want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me say, sir, that should like for a son-in-law. Young Gentleman - Well, you are not the sort of a man I should like for a father-in-law but then you know we needn't be chummy unless you want to.

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