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AN AFTER-DINNER YARN.

BY KATHARINE M'LAGGAN M'KENZIE. We had been sitting round the open fire smoking. It was X'mas Eve. Cambell had just finished telling us a tall ghost story, which he swore was true. I could hear Doc Anderson chaffing him about

A new note in Cambell's voice stirred some old memories long since sadly buried in my heart. I am fifty-five, Cambell is twenty-eight; yet if a sad, broken-down old man and a gay, rollicking lad with never a care or a sorrew, can be friends, we have been that for tendence of the local state of the letter lying in the post, office even then. Does he really know everything then? was my second thought. I turned wearily away from these perplexing questions and fell to dreaming.

As I looked back along the local state of the

were dim. We waited in silent I know it." thrown away at twenty-three.
And—heart-broken Polly—had drowned herself in wild despair, and on the next day but one her body had drifted into shore. He went on trembling, "It was the great temptation of my life; the devil whisperod two or three wooed and won at twenty he had devil whisperod two or three look, "I believe that the devil is versions of the story in my ear true to his own." I rose and walked over to where ed to guide me. I said—or rather a voice—'Miss Nell, I love you with all my heart and soul, but I dare not ask you to be my wife until I have told you something.' I thought the voices would be still if I were near my love, but they kept right on. 'Tell the whole truth,' said the one, solemnly. 'What! Lose the girl you love, mocked the other. 'She will hate and despise you. It is not at all necessary that she should know the whole truth. Tell her—' 'Would you perjure the Evil one has had his hands full in trying to keep you and Nell apart. Where are you going? What's your hurry?''

Cambell was putting on his coat. "I am going to get the end of the story for you," my lad teazingly replied. Then he added shyly, "I am going to get Nell's answer tonight." "Nell's answer?" we repeated stupidly. "Yes. The answer to the question I asked her last X'mas Eve," he explained, with shining eyes and heightened color.

"That is a very odd story" Doc remarked when Cambell paused. 'It certainly was a temptation of the devil, but that is common

letter from a person who had been animals say, or in any a friend of Polly's. She apologized to hear them. Not to bell

"But if the letter were written the night before Xmas Eve, how was it that it did not reach Nell until Xmas Day," her brother ob-

"Nell forgot to send for her mail that day-at least you would say 'forgot.' I mantain that her sixth sense took possession of the field and saved us both."

He stopped abruptly. We two smoked on in silence—Cambell it, but my thoughts were far away.

I was aroused my from reverie by hearing Cambell say. "So you think there is no sixth sense, do you? I knew better." I looked around startled. "Bailey thinks you are a little 'off', Cambell, and so do I," Doc said carelessly.

A new note in Cambell's visice. A new note in Cambell's voice Then he must have known about

ten long years—no, for only nine—for he is so much changed that I have had a new lad to love this them away from me, back into the have had a new lad to love this year—such an earnest, steady lad, full of determination to redeem the past. One of Cambell's old chums walked up street with me the other day—Cambell was on the other side. "What has got into Cambell, anyhow?" he asked me confidentially. He won't touch a drop of early hing, and as for going any "What has struck you now old."

anything, and as for going anywhere that isn't first cousin to a church, you might as well ask your grandmother."

But to come back to the present.

Cambell was saving "I guess you."

What has struck you now, old man?"

"I have the solution of your story," I answered. "Now listen and see if you don't think so too."

Cambell was saving "I guess you." But to come back to the present.
Cambell was saying, "I guess you two fellows have often wondered what has made me so different this last year. Well, I am going to tell you—and when I am through you—and when I am through you—and when I am through you may believe or not in what I call the sixth sense. Now don't inter
He had a pretty good jag on, but the sixth sense. Now don't intermay believe or not in what f call the sixth sense. Now don't interrupt me; I'll try to tell it straight. One year ago to day I was in a restless mood and I wandered all over the tewn. I had a strange feeling of impending evil. I did not know what to do with myself.

PSTATES & CANADA.

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C. WARMUNDE

C. WARM

"When was that?" Doc grew desperate, Miss Nell's manner became more and more constrained.

My mind was a blank, I tried to speak, but all I could think was, Rose of my heart I love you, —and I dared not say that. As the model of the speak is the stant in the s ACCIDENT CO.

I dered not say that. As the moments passed this strange feeling intensified; in my distress I instinctively cried to God for help.
All at once the years rolled back, back; in one of these odd soul illuminations of which I have often read, I saw what lay between Miss Nell and myself—it was the dead body of poor Polly."

RANCIS A. GILLISPIE

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I dered not say that. As the moments passed this strange feeling intensified; in my distress I indevil tried to get me to lie to Nell about Polly,—the night hat woman wrote that letter to Nell. By jove! He worked hard that night. I always did think some angel of darkness, if not Satan himself, impelled that woman to write that letter,—now woman to write that letter,—now woman to write that letter,—now woman to write that letter.—now woman to write that letter.—now woman to write that letter.—now woman to write that letter.—the night before the excitamed Cambell, white with excitament, "the night before the devil tried to get me to lie to Nell about Polly,—the night hat woman wrote that letter to Nell. By jove! He worked him to the province of the passed this strange feeling intensitied; in my distress I indevil tried to get me to lie to Nell about Polly,—the night hat woman wrote that letter to Nell. By jove! He worked hard that night. I always did think some angel of darkness, if not Satan himself, impelled that the province of the passed this strange feeling.

**The only province of the passed this strange feeling intensitied; in my distress I indevil province of the passed that the body of poor Polly."

His voice was choked, his eyes woman to write that letter,—now

sympathy. We knew the story So you actually believe that his —it is teo long to tell here. Poor Satanic Majesty responded to Van lad the heart he had so madly fromp's demand and at once set to work to make trouble between you

—all partly true, too. Another voice said 'now is the time; don't delay; tell the whole truth.'

Well! what is the end of the story, Cambell? It's the end I amintered in "—Doc smiled quizzically. "From what I have seen Nell was sitting—something seem-ed to guide me. I said—or rather the Evil one has had his hands full

Tell her-' Would you perjure shining eyes and heightened color. Tell her—' 'Would you perjure your soul?" interrupted the other voice; sternly.

"In despair I began to tell her the story, the two voices each prompting me. Word by word they fought for the mastery. Stumbling, with Nell's hands firmly clasped in mine to give me courage, I told the whole bitter, shameful truth.

"Since then Nell has told me that all that day she had had a go, sitting by the fire in her own and the story of the other voices each prompting me. Word by word they fought for the mastery. Stumbling, with Nell's hands firmly clasped in mine to give me courage, I told the whole bitter, shameful truth.

"Since then Nell has told me that all that day she had had a go, sitting by the fire in her own the story intervent the clock struck ten—I silent with an old in the clock struck ten—I silent with an old in his wooing. This is the ittle given to Scotts Emul sion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands had the course, happy in following my dear lad in his wooing. Half wistfully I imagined his passionate caresses, his tender words, for I knew that Nell loved him. How did I know? I know because his dear love poured out her heart to me not so very long ago, sitting by the fire in her own that all that day she had had a sense of impending evil—doubts of me flashed through her mind; unformed suspicions clung to her consciousness, and in the evening when I called a marking voice "I promise" I answered salamate.

when I called a mocking voice whispered. 'Ask him about Polly.' Distressed, torn by conficting emations, she too had cried to God for help. He had heard us both I know, for the voices ceased."

The memory of that promise lies in my heart to-night like a fragrant flower, and uncensciously I whisper, "Rose of my heart, I too love you." A Christmas Legend from the Alps. Here and there prevails the strange belief that herses and

"But you have not heard the whole stery yet," my lad interrupted. "The next day Nell received a lt is a sin to listen to what the for her interference by saying that, though she was almost a stranger to Nell, some unseen force impelled her to lay the facts of the case before her that we get; The letter was dated December 28rd—that the facts of the case beath to make sure, he hid in the master's stable on Christmas we that the cattle could speak, and, to make sure, he hid in the master's stable on Christmas we that the cattle could speak, and listened, Then the countries that the cattle could speak, and listened, Then the countries to hear them. Not to believe that they call it is also as in.

The writing of the letter was a struck 12, he was surprised at what

"We shall have hard work to do this day week," said one horse. "Yes; the farmer's servant is neavy," answered the other horse. "And the way to the churchyard s long and steep," said the first. The servant was buried that day

The Scotch Hogmanay.

If you want to make a Scotch man's blood tingle, pronounce, i "Hogmanay." If one attempt to chase this philological freak through dictionaries and lexicons the last state of that man is worse than the first. That way madness lies. But Hogmanay to the Scotch-man is Christmas and New Year's day rolled into one. It is the "richt guid willie waught" that turns to revelry the last days of the passing year. After Hogmanay, Sandy drops back into his grim, industrious life again.

industrious life again. Yule come an Yule's gane, An we hav feasted weel. Sae Jack maun to his flail again An Jeannie tae her wheel. -Montreal Sta

The Kneeling Cattle, etc.

Christmas Eve in old England was a time of vigils. All were on the watch, as were the ancient shepherds, watching for the ap-pearance of the star. This custom, to some extent, yet prevails in places. One strange belief which obtains in England, and particular-

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one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good and its since kept the since had a since kept the hair in good and its since kept the since had a since had "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color." — H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. —

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