

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Alice Arden was not a woman one would select for a heroine because of her personality. She was neither large nor small; she was beautiful (I think beauty is a hard thing to define and limit), but it was a beauty of no wonderful or unusual type, and was of that kind which grows on one gradually, as his knowledge of the possessor of it grows. There was a wealth of sweetness and purity shining up in her eyes, which tears could never wash out; and the mouth indicated firmness and resolution, which had its beginning long before the night's vigil which had left it so sternly agonized. The trouble which had come to Alice Arden is of no unusual kind. It is a sudden sorrow, of a kind which has crushed out all of hope in life, many times in the past, and will many times in the future as long as men and maidens are proud and willful. One may say, "only a lover's quarrel," but one should remember that there are heart tragedies in this world, under the torture of which men and women drag out long lives without finding peace. To Alice Arden it seemed as though everything worth having in life was now forever utterly beyond her hope. She arose from the seat she had occupied for so long, and moved slowly around her humble room. She had not known, until she had moved, how much she was suffering physically; how cold it was; how cramped and weary she was. There was really little to do. Her bed had not been used; her room was in order. She had plenty of time to prepare herself for the task of covering her sorrow from the gaze of her friends—if she could. She made a fire and into it she remorselessly put all the fragments of the paper which she had spoiled in her efforts to write a simple letter, long ago, when her sorrow was new. Long ago? Last night! Happiness gives wings of lightness to eternity (lying about our being and so called time rather than sternly), which we roughly measure and call minutes and seconds; but sorrow weighs their noiseless feet with lead. Mr. George Fenby was next among the actors in this little fragment of human life. He had sat at his window that morning as Alice Arden sat at hers. His window looked in the same direction; from it he saw much the same scene she saw. The stars faced out for him as for her; day brightened; the sunlight fell across his face. But as he sat there with a cheerful fire near him, he was strong from happy sleep; his eyes were bright and cheerful and looked as though tears had always been strangers to them, and his lips were smiling. The icy marshes seemed to him a type of the future. Smooth, white, pure—the light stretching warmly across them—and with the ocean outside standing to him, as to her, as a type of eternity—an eternity which he felt would be one of strength and happiness. George Fenby thought of what he had to be thankful for this lovely morning. A small fortune, enough for himself—and one other, a fair woman—and good as fair—for his promised wife; health, education, friends, influence, position; it was indeed a goodly prospect. This man was strong and quick; good looking if not handsome. He looked like a man who would not do a wicked thing, or think it, while he might do a weak or foolish one. He was a man who would be likely to win a woman's heart—and hold it; a man whose love a woman might prize, and the loss of which she might wisely mourn. Woak enough to be a man, he was strong enough to be one hard to win from the life which had once had him. There was a happy smile on his face as he heard his little brother knock at the door, and he answered "Come in" in a cheery voice. "Here's a letter for you, George." "Thank you," said George, as he took it. "You are welcome. By the handwriting on the envelope I judge the message will be a pleasant one." And the boy left the room. A pleasant message! The smile deepened on the man's face as he lovingly handled the letter a little time before he broke the seal. A pleasant message! These were the words he read: "Mr. GEORGE FENBY.—I will not consent to be any longer a hinderer regarding your 'higher ambition.' I never wish to speak with you again in all my life. I give you back your freedom. ALICE ARDEN."

windows of which we have seen two unhappy persons. It was a relief to both George and Alice that there was service in the little church that morning, and everybody would be looked for there. Secret sorrow finds a certain abatement of its intensity in the efforts of appearing unconcerned. Then there is a mournful pleasure in seeing what one has lost. In a place no larger than Marham every one knows everybody else. Every one knows the business of everybody else some degree, or thinks so, and says so. So our two friends were known, and their relations to each other were known also. And so poorly had they played their parts that when service was finished nearly all their friends had concluded that their engagement was over, and many were speculating as to the reason for it. Ralph Warden was too shrewd a man not to see what every one else saw. He said but little about it, as he spoke to one and another, after church, but he was deeply interested and very much puzzled. The time had been when the gossip had connected his name with that of Alice Arden, and there were those who had shaken their heads when it became evident that she had been won by George Fenby, instead of Ralph. Ralph had never spoken to Alice of love, and he will respect his reserve. What he cared for her may remain a sealed book. George Fenby walked home alone. Ralph Warden came the same road, but a quarter of a mile behind him. Some distance out of the village Ralph suddenly came upon two papers, resting by the side of the road. They had most likely been pulled from the pocket of the owner in removing his pocket handkerchief. The smaller paper had blown apart, it lay upon the other, and its contents were so brief that Ralph had read it before he had taken it into his hand, and before he was aware of what he was doing. We have seen the paper before. It was the brief letter in which Alice Arden had dismissed George Fenby. Ralph Warden stood for a long time with the letter in his hand. "I've read it once; it can do no harm to read it again," he said. And he read it again—not once, merely, but a dozen times. It seemed as if he was trying to draw something from the bit of paper which he did not find there. After a time he stooped and picked up the other paper, a long, folded document but the action was merely a mechanical one. He did not open it to see what it was, but with his head bent forward on his breast, and with a very gray face he went on his way. He walked more slowly than before; he sometimes stopped, and he talked to himself from time to time. "If this is final," he commenced aloud, and then relapsed into silence. "A hinderer." Then, after standing and thinking for awhile, he went on: "She never was moody and self-distrustful." He thought for many minutes now, "I don't understand what she means by his 'higher ambition.' His highest ambition lately seems to have been to win her. It has cost her a great deal to give him up—any one can see that with half an eye. And his freedom is not welcome to him; he neither wanted it nor expected it." The noonday sun was shining and making everything pleasant. There was a glow in the wintry air which seemed to have a promise of summer in it. Suddenly he stood still, and a hot, fierce flush crept into his face. "I wonder if it is true that hearts are ever 'caught in the rebound,' as they sometimes say they are? I will—" And he clenched his hands and hurried on his way. He did not stop again until he reached his home, where his mother and sister were waiting for him, nor did he think his thoughts aloud any more. With a few words of greeting and a few words of excuse, he put his mother and sister aside for the present, and went up to his own room. He seated himself at his table, placed Alice Arden's letter upon it, and read it again. Then for the first time he looked at the other which he picked up. He turned it over and saw at once what it was—a deed from Bertram Kingsley, conveying certain lands and buildings to George Fenby. Ralph Warden drew a long breath, and the light faded slowly out of his face. In a single moment he had seen the whole secret of the misunderstanding. It might be necessary to go over it all to see the details, but the general outline of the unfortunate affair was, he felt, as certainly in his possession as it could have been if he had been given the privilege of looking fully and freely into the minds of the two lovers whose lives were drifting so far apart. Down went his head upon his hands on the table—the winter sunshine shone that day on no nobler head—and from his lips came these words of which frail humanity has deepest need. "Lead us not into temptation." He thought it all out. Bertram Kingsley owned the finest place in all

Marham, or had until the deed was made which conveyed it to George Fenby. Estella Kingsley, the daughter of Bertram, was a beauty and something of a flirt. More than one lady of Marham had quarrelled with her lover on Estella Kingsley's account. And last night there had been a little gathering of the young people in the church and circumstances had done their worst—seemingly. In the first place George Fenby came with Estella Kingsley: the meeting was not of a character to make it unkind for him to leave his promised wife to come with her father, as she had, but his coming with Miss Kingsley had been noticed by several. With the deed before him, Ralph Warden had no difficulty in deciding why George had been at Mr Kingsley's and consequently why he had come as he had. Ralph was well acquainted with a young man living where the Kingsleys had formerly resided, and through him he knew of the engagement of Miss Kingsley to a gentleman living there. He had known this for a long time; and, knowing this, had thought little of events which might have otherwise deeply affected him. Last night, for instance, a laughing group of gentlemen had spoken of Miss Kingsley. One had said: "She is a beauty and heiress. Whoever wins her will have a beautiful home. The Kingsley estate is the finest in Marham." Now, every gentleman in the group knew that the Kingsley estate was for sale and every one had counted at its true value the answer which George Fenby had made. Indeed, his devotion to Alice Arden was so absolute and complete that no one, save her modest self, would ever have doubted for a moment. "It's my highest ambition to be the master of the estate," laughed George, "and I have made offer which I think will be accepted. I am to have an answer tonight. If I succeeded I shall be supremely happy. If not—why, I will do as other men have done—failing of what I want, I will take what I can get." Ralph could not remember where Alice Arden had been when these innocent words had been spoken. That she had been near enough to hear them was evinced by her letter, which was before him. He could only dimly imagine how she must have suffered in trying to evolve the truth (as he believed the truth to be) from what she had heard. When a human idol falls from the place it has filled in the heart, not the least of the pain comes from what we see, or believe we see, of its unworthiness. To find out gold but gilded clay is a sorrowful thing. So he sat there, and pitied Alice Arden for the faith in man which she had lost, as well as for the man himself who had been put from her. With what pain beyond that which would come to her from a belief that her lover would think and do what his words seemed to imply, must she face the added shame of his stooping to tell it; nay, more, to boast of it. Ralph raised his head. The time had not been long since he sat down to think. But he knew it all. Two proud and obstinate young creatures had been parted by fate. And he muttered with white, compressed lips. "I alone understand it all. I alone, of all the world, can see it right. What a temptation!" We will not seek to follow his thoughts. What a man does should be the basis of our judgment, not what he would do. If he thought of the curative effects of time on suffering hearts, we can forgive him; if a possible future, in which a happy home of his own was the central figure, rose up to meet him, we can do no less than pity him. If she only had the slightest reason for what she had done—but she has none. If George Fenby was really a scoundrel—but he is truly a noble man. The band of sunshine rested on his head like a golden crown. His face was almost glorified as he raised it to the light again. And surely the angels made a record of a second gift that day coming to the lot of those whose lives fall for a little time within the line of our story, when he said aloud: "I will do right! Alice Arden shall have her lover back again." Evening service at the little church was over. Ralph Warden stood on the steps as the congregation came out. He looked happy. If it be true that "coming events cast their shadows before," and that "virtue is its own reward," he was happy. He spoke cheerfully to this one and that one when they passed. He did not look like a conspirator. One would not have dreamed that he had made a plan which for audacity would find few rivals, while for simplicity it might find few.

She accepted at once, hoping as she did so that George Fenby would see her. He was not there to see, however, and Ralph had taken good care to know that. He was already half way home. But Miss Arden was in no mood to refuse. She was in a reckless temper and Ralph Warden had counted on that. One desirous of widening the breach between Alice and George would have found it an easy task to make a beginning that night. Ralph Warden's lips moved slowly as he seated himself beside Alice, but he will not try to determine what he said to himself in that crisis in more lives than one. "I admire your cloak and hat," exclaimed Ralph, "though the saying may be as much a compliment to my sister's as to your own taste. Her's are like them, are they not?" "Very nearly; not quite. But I didn't know that you ever noticed what your lady friends wear." "I don't very often. I did today. Would the masculine eye detect the differences?" "I think not. But it is a pity to talk of dress on such a night as this. What a strong and helpful sermon we had this evening." "Yes," said Ralph. They made a turn in the road, and there was George himself only a few yards ahead. Alice put down her veil at once. Surely, fate was on the side of Ralph Warden's plans that night. "Get in, George. I won't take a refusal." "Who is with you? Your sister?" "Yes," said Ralph, with a promptness which should be admired and pardoned. "Sit on this side," said Ralph, as George got in; "I will sit between you. The night is beautiful, isn't it?" "Very beautiful," said George, who really had not thought of it before. "You needn't go home at once, I will turn here, and we will drive over toward shore." He had turned his horse down the road leading in that direction before either of his companions could say a word. The two lovers were gazing on the scene they had looked upon in the morning. The moonlight may have softened the harshness of it a little, but the man between them heard a sob from the woman at his left, and saw the moonlight sparkle suspiciously on the eyelashes of the man on his right. And he thought grimly of himself as the image of fate—fate, with the destiny of two human beings in his hand. "I found a paper of yours this morning," said Ralph, slowly, "and there it is. I could hardly help seeing what it was. I congratulate you on your bargain. You have bought the finest estate about here, George. It is remarkably cheap at the price. I believe the deed was signed last evening?" "Yes." "Mr Kingsley had not fully decided to sell it until then had he?" "Not fully. He told me his daughter might decide to tell it herself when she is married. Mr Kingsley will, of course, give her a handsome residence somewhere, when that event takes place, for Mr Jones, who is to marry her, has no fortune of his own." "It has been your highest ambition to own that estate, hasn't it?" "Certainly. I wanted the finest place here." "You ought to be supremely happy. You said last night that you would be when you owned the place." "Yes." The answer was short. Ralph could feel the strong man on his right tremble in spite of his efforts to control himself, and he knew that the woman on his left was crying softly. "You said something last night about your ambition to be master of that estate. Do you remember what it was?" "Yes, I think I do. Something boastful, was it not?" George Fenby was beginning to understand dimly why he had received the letter he had. "Worse than that. Did you ever think that one overhearing it might think you meant to marry Miss Kingsley?" "Never until now. Oh, what have I done!" "No matter. Did you ever intend to marry her? Not a word of objection. You've been led into answering too much already to stop now. I demand an answer, George. Did you?" The eyes of the two men met. In Ralph's there was the determination to know, and, perhaps, something more. In George Fenby's there was surprise, which changed to satisfaction and indignation, which gradually faded out. "Never on my honor!" he answered. Ralph Warden stopped the horse. They had driven far to the south, and he had now turned back toward the village again. In front of them was a level sweep of frozen marsh, but farther on was the peaceful village with its lighted windows, and with its range of sheltering wooded hills behind it. On the right was the sea, calm and bright. He stepped into the road and placed the reins in George Fenby's unresisting hands.

"Bring the horse home when it is all right," he said, "but take all the time you wish. Here is another paper of yours which I found this morning. Be thankful tonight that so meddling a man found it. Alice Arden and George Fenby, I give you back your future—and my blessing!" He spoke to the horse and obedient to his word, it dashed down the road and left him alone. There is no more need of following the lovers, to be sure that all came right, than there is of following the rushing mountain stream to be sure it finds the sea. Since last October I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head. For a week at a time I could not see. I have used no end of remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was impure blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was faithless but in a few days was cured. My nose now, and also my eyes are well. It is wonderful how quick it helped me.—Mrs. J. D. JONSON, Hartford, Conn. A New Rival to American Petroleum. America, which is only now becoming reconciled to the rivalry of Russian petroleum, is menaced by serious competition in a fresh quarter nearer home. In Venezuela the petroleum deposits of Lake Maracaibo, which have long been known for their copiousness, are at length being opened up by capitalists, and there are rumors reported by the American Consul, Plumacher, that the Rothschilds are likely to secure a monopoly of the affair. Lake Maracaibo is situated in the northern part of Venezuela, and by means of the Gulf of Venezuela has direct communication with the sea. The surrounding country, having an area of many hundred miles, is saturated with petroleum and asphalt, which flows in streams through the dense forests and emits inflammable gas, which often bursts into sheets of flame similar to those which have been a phenomenon in the Caspian region for thousands of years. While the petroleum gas boring at Baku has secured that country the appellation of "The Region of the Eternal Fire," the petroleum gas perpetually flickering on the bar and along the immediate coast of Maracaibo has earned for the phenomenon ever since the Spaniards discovered and conquered the country the title of "The Infernal Fire." According to Consul Plumacher, one of the streams of oil tested by a traveler was found to flow at the rate of nearly 60,000 gallons a day, the whole of which was wasted upon the sandy soil. The Venezuelan oil appears to occupy a midway position between the crude article extracted in the United States and Russia, yielding 50 per cent. of illuminating oil, or kerosene, of high quality, as compared with the 70 per cent. of the former and the 30 of the latter. The deposits, however, have one immense advantage over both, being situated on the coast of the lake—which is practically an inlet of the sea—while those of the United States are distant 400 or 500 miles from the refineries on the coast and those of the Balkan 500 miles from the Port of Batoum. No engineering obstacles exist to the extraction of oil, which, when properly bored for, may take rank with that of the United States, and to encourage the development of the industry the Venezuelan Government has issued a duty of 15¢ per barrel on those of the United States or Russian oil in the London market. With such a crushing duty as this to protect the home article there ought to be no difficulty in expelling American oil completely from Venezuela. Bad Year for Americans. This has not been a good season for Americans in London society. The revolution was sure to come after the immense social popularity enjoyed by our country people last year. Then the influence of the Prince of Wales was in the ascendant. This season Queen Victoria had everything her own way as regards the court entertainments and the invitations issued for the Jubilee fetes. It is an open secret that not half a dozen Americans were invited to the garden party at Buckingham Palace, for which 7000 invitations were issued. Of this half a dozen nearly all were related by marriage to English families, or had married into English families. It was the same with the state balls and concerts. Her Majesty positively refused the invitation of any of the transient interlopers. So far has this feeling been carried that when Miss Grace Hawthorne brought out the "Shadows of a Great City" at the Princess Theatre she was warned to admit not a single American to the cast. We want no Yankees coming over here to take the bread out of the mouths of our own actors and actresses was the loudly expressed decision of the theatrical profession and of the dramatic critics of London. Is this reaction against Americans in England never destined to find a parallel in the United States? Must we always worship at the feet of the traveling Briton, be he peer or player, whether he comes in sublime attitude to spy out the weak places in our land, or whether he bring with him a mistress to introduce to the choicest circles of American society? At least the Americans are guiltless of that peculiar form of British social meanness. The Woman with the Garden Hose. Beware of the woman with the garden hose. Although she may be arrayed in summer garb and look sweet enough to eat, at last she bethink like a serpent and stings like an adder. That is if she is within reach of you. And she generally is, allowing that you are not in the next county. And if you are, she has a female cousin over there with a garden hose also. A woman with a hose is more terrible than an army with banners. A man who controllh his temper is greater than he that taketh a city, but no man, neither the son of man, can control his temper and be soaked from crown to toe by the woman who is trying to sprinkle the lawn. There is no lawn, no tract of land, no universe big enough to protect the outside world from this woman, even though she stands in the centre of it. Give her a garden hose and a good pressure and Noah will begin to reconstruct the ark, sending out his agents after samples by twos of his horned cattle and the beasts of the field, for let she is a holy terror. An Old Time Favorite. The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus and bowel complaints generally prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept at hand. For 30 years it has been the most reliable remedy. 2 "Do you know why Mr. S.— allows his hair to grow long, while Mr. S.— keeps hers cut so short?" "Yes they're both literary." Be Prepared. Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, and colic come suddenly in the night, and the most speedy and prompt means must be used to combat their dire effects. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.

BETTER THAN BEER. A Philosophical Laborer and His Beverage—Oatmeal His Substitute. "No beer, thanks." "It will do you good, after working in the street all the morning," said the foreman of a party of laborers from the Public Works department to one of the most intelligent of his workmen, during a nooning on an uptown street, the other day. "I'd rather drink what I've got in my bucket." "What's that?" "Oatmeal and water." "What do you drink that for?" "To keep cool, same as you drink water." "It doesn't rest you like beer, though." "Try it once and see. When I began drinking oatmeal in my water, the wife had to almost make me take it. Now I wouldn't be without it. I used to drink a glass of beer every noon, two before supper and 'work the growler' before going to sleep at night. That cost about twenty cents a day. Now I save all that and get along just as well as before. I don't know what there is about the meal, but when I have had a drink of it I don't care for beer or anything else to drink. You'd better try it yourself." "Oatmeal in water," explained a physician to a Mail and Express reporter who had overheard the above-recorded dialogue, "is one of the best drinks in the world for a workman, especially in warm weather. It is nutritive, satisfying and agreeable to the stomach. For laborers it makes a useful addition to the diet, costs but little, and repays the small outlay in the form of increased ability to perform labor, either physical or mental." A Lucky Escape. "For six years I suffered with my throat and enlarged tonsils. I was very weak; I doctored four years and had advice from three doctors; they said I would have to undergo an operation. I tried B. B. instead. One bottle cured me." M. A. Squeelch, Kaslin, Ont. Circumstances After Cases. A sullen-looking man with a horsewhip entered a Nebraska newspaper office and asked the boy where the editor was. The boy "sized him up" and answered:—"Gone to Ohio; won't be back for six months." "Where's the foreman?" "He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. Won't be back fore cold weather. What do you want—want to paralyze 'em?" "No, no; I owe \$4 and thought I'd pay up." "That so? Hold on a second; perhaps the editor hasn't started yet." He whistled, a long, dark form crawled out of a wood-box and the editor was ready for business.—Nebraska State Journal. Home Rule. In Great Britain the question of Home Rule is commanding attention. To the man with a cold in the head or chest the safest way to ensure Home Rule over a cold is to have on hand a bottle of Dr. Harvey's Red Pine Gum. For sale at J. Wilson's Prescription Drug store. How to Make a Good Wife. No apology is necessary for giving the following rules. Every married man will at once see our object. He should cut this out, and put it carefully by his pocket book, and read it at least once every day. Every man who does this, and acts upon the advice given, will soon find that he has one of the best wives in Canada. Don't fail to give her words of approbation whenever you can conscientiously approve. Be attentive and courteous to her. Be cheerful when you enter your house. Don't be afraid to praise the neat room and bright fire. Don't be afraid to praise her mending and her skill in fashioning and making. Let your conduct be such that she will be proud of you. Be so upright that she will be happy in teaching your children to honor you. Give your family some of your attention. Tell them of the amusing things that have brightened your day's labor. Speak kindly to your children. Play and talk with them a few minutes after supper. Interest yourself in your wife's employment. Encourage her when she is down hearted. Be glad with her when she is happy. Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips. Share with her your good fortunes unselfishly as you do your ill. A Wonderful Organ. The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe book and medicine \$1. Sold by all druggists. GRAPE CATSUP.—Take five pounds grapes boiled and colandered, two and one-half pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, one table spoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and pepper, and one-half table spoonful of salt. Boil until a little thick.

Who can blame little respect for attempts to pay is due, but simply fully over her child threatens them your father who punish you. Every mother much authority of father has. Sh right to improve, sary, just as much the right to give praise, when nee All children at lives, need pun whipping, there punishment that and are much les and mother. I f solitary confines hour earlier at n hoped for excus work wonders Whipping is so seldom resorted t Great indeed m merits such de such punishment why my small t that mamma will task. Although mamma suffers n offender, and I t punishment of a I can not help with the women pleasant duties t fair to the child selves. Children should ward to papa's not the most, ple Not something to with dread and f papa's coming oc punishment. It must be, to unpleasant and father of a family home at night af and be met wit sulky, or tearful mamma that Joh disobedient, or truant instead of stead of a quis games, and chat hastily asten with as the children se wounded hearts, gloomy silence l not help think of him only with like. And the r her children lool and spy. All if punishment h offence took pl understand that well as gentle obedience will b as thoroughly, i giveness will be pent; child sel Never punish being certain th they are being p punishing them show them that revenge, but for they will have you than they w "sneak" out of the threat "I'll In reply to A to whether my dislike to go to those who bega They certainly church at all, c to go very muc boy would glad it were possibl do so, but as th boys is but a v will probably some years to o mit him to go desires, as it is ways go with h have him go evening. After over" the ser who remember and who und ly. Then in t of the morning many of the s short I try to pleasant day i the same tin darlings a Dr. God's Holy D ful privilege t Sunday schoo think that m idea as to ho a reverential They take aw and toys, pu and then exp keep their v noise. Poor How can the n the Sabbat to them. I make it a d everyday pl