THE POET'S CORNER.

I Wouldna Gie.

I wouldna gie a copper pack
For ony man that turns his back
On duty clear;
I wouldna take his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in ony boat
That he might steer.

When things are just as things should be,
And fortune gies a man a plea,
Whare'er he be,
It isna hard to understand
How he may walk through house and land
Wi' cheering face and open hand
Continuall.

But when, i' spite o' work and care,
A man willgloss and failure bear,
He merits praise
Who will not to misfortune bow
Wha cocks his bonnets on his brow,
And fights and, he kens na how,
Through lang, hard days.

I wouldna gie an auld baubee
For any man that I could see
What dinna hold
The sweetness o're his mither's name,
The kindness o're his brother's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
Far mair than gold.

But gie him praise, whose love is pain,
Wha wronged forgives and loves again,
And though he grieves,
Lets not the dear one from his care,
But loves him mair, and mair, and mair,
And bides his time wi' hope and prayer,
And still believes.

Mary A Barr in Harper's.

BEAUTIFUL JIM.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VERDICT.

The hour of the inquest had come, and all Walmsbury and the adjacent neighborhood was in a state of the wildest excitement.

The great criminal lawyer who had come down from London to watch the case on behalf of Beautiful Jim had given him as his cue two words, "absolute silence," and upon that line his client behaved.

There was a stormy scene with one Private Leader, who swore and foreswore himself until he was threatened with contempt of court, and was finally bundled unceremoniously out of it as a witness who was nothing better than an idiot; and his unwilling and confnsed evidence was the only evidence which bore in any way against the character of the dead man's friend, James Beresford.

On the other hand, there was the testimony of the officer commanding the regiment that since the time Capt. Owen and Lieut. Beresford had been in the service they had been on terms of unusual intimacy; that, on his oath, he believed they had never either quarreled or had any approach to a quarrel during all the years they had been officers of his regiment, and that, so far as he knew, Lieut. Beresford had never had any quarrel or unpleasantness with any other of his brother officers.

Then came the evidence of the other officers whose quarters were on the same landing, namely, the doctor, young Manners and Tommy Earle.

The doctor stated that he occupied a room overlooking the barrack yard, and next to that of Mr. Beresford. He was, therefore, the furthest away from the room in which the murder had taken place. It was Capt. Owen's invariable, or almost invariable, custom to spend the last half hour of the evening in Mr. Beresford's room. He frequently joined them there, but on that evening he was very tired. He had had a dangerous case under his care for some days previously, and had not had much sleep the two nights before.

"But you were invited to enter Mr. Beresford's room?"

"Certainly."

"And by whom?"

"Well—practically by both of them."

"Can you give us the exact terms of the invitation?"

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor, quietly. "I went up the stairs with Capt. Owen; Mr. Beresford was immediately behind us. I said: 'Well, I'm off to bed; good night, all of you.' Whereupon Capt. Owen returned: 'Oh! don't go to bed yet, come in and smoke a pipe with us.' Mr. Beresford supplemented the invitation by taking hold of my arm. 'Yes, come in for half an hour; there's a good chap,' he said."

"But you did not go?"

"I did not. I told them that I was dead tired; that I had been up the greater part of two nights with a bad case in hospital, and wanted to get to bed while I had the chance," Dr. Foster answered. "So I bade them good night and went into my own room."

"And that was the last time you saw Capt. Owen?"

"Alive," replied the doctor.

"And you heard no quarreling or any dispute between them?"

"Not a word."

"Could any such quarrel have taken place in Lieut. Beresford's room without your knowledge?"

"I think not."

"But, being very tired, did you not fall asleep immediately? Did you go to bed at once?"

"I did; but not to sleep. In fact, I heard Capt. Owen go to his own room."

"How long after was that?"

"I should say about half an hour."

"And they were apparently on good terms then?"

"Well, I heard them laughing several times. In fact, it was their laughter which kept me awake. And then I heard the door open and Capt. Owen say: 'Well, I dare say you're right. Good night, old chap.'"

"Did Lieut. Beresford make any reply?"

"Yes; he said 'Good night, old man.'"

"You heard Capt. Owen go to his own room?"

"I did, and close the door behind him."

"Did you hear Lieut. Beresford moving about his room after that?"

"Yes. Well, I heard him, to the best of my belief, get into bed."

"How could your hear that?"

"Because I heard him moving about the room precisely as I had heard him move every night for weeks past—once or twice across the floor; then one boot dropped off after the other, and then I heard his cot creak."

"Through the wall?"

The doctor smiled.

"The walls are not particularly thick, and there is, I believe, only a lath and plaster partition between his room and mine, and as our cots stand in the same position, with only the partition between, I can hear it creak very distinctly."

"You can hear voices plainly through the partition?"

"I have often called out to Mr. Beresford from my room, and received an answer."

"And what more did you hear after you believed Lieut. Beresford had got into bed?"

"Nothing."

"How was that?"

"I suppose because I went to sleep; at all events, I heard nothing more until I was called in the morning to Capt. Owen's room and found him dead."

Then followed some medical evidence, and the examination of the doctor was at an end.

Mr. Earle was called next and sworn. He had very little to say. He deposed that he occupied the room on the other side of Mr. Beresford to that occupied by Dr. Foster. Yes, it was on the same side of the block, and overlooked the barrack yard. He could not say whether Capt. Owen and Mr. Beresford were on good terms at the time or not, as he had been at Blankhampton, and only reached Walmsbury late in the evening. He had been present in the anteroom about half an hour before they all retired for the night. Was rather tired, and had not especially noticed either officer.

At this point Dr. Foster was recalled.

"Did you hear any dispute between Capt. Owen and Lieut. Beresford immediately before dinner?"

"Not a dispute. I heard them talking."

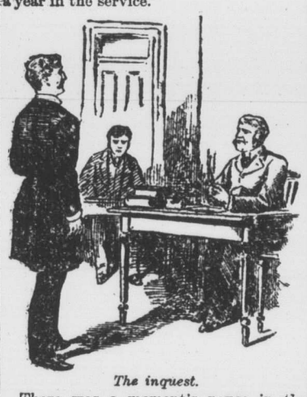
"Were they talking loudly?"

"Capt. Owen was speaking rathe loudly; but as I heard Mr. Beresfor laugh more than once it did not occur t me that they were quarreling."

"Thank you, that will do," and th doctor stood down again.

Then young Manners was put up, bu he had less even to say than any of th others. Apparently he had noticed noth ing and suspected nothing, and he ha got into bed as soon as he went to hi room, and he had gone to sleep imme diately.

Yes, he had noticed, while in the ante room after dinner, that Capt. Owen an Mr. Beresford kept pretty close togethe and that they were laughing a good dea at some joke between them. Yes, he sa them go up stairs as Dr. Foster had de scribed, and he saw Capt. Owen go in M Beresford's room. He had never heard o Mr. Beresford's having a quarrel with an one in the regiment—he was a great favo ite. He (the witness) had not been quit a year in the service.



The inquest.

There was a moment's pause in the proceedings, and then the name of Lieut Beresford was called, and Jim stood up.

"You are a lieutenant in the Blankshir regiment?"

"I am."

"What length of service have you?"

"Eight years."

"The deceased was in the regimen when you joined it?"

"Yes; he was."

"You and he became friendly very soon?"

"Yes; he was my best friend."

"You are on friendly terms with all your brother officers?"

"Yes; and I have always been so."

"You have never had any quarrel or misunderstanding with a brother officer?"

"Never."

"When the deceased came into your quarters before dinner did any dispute arise between you?"

"No."

"He was very angry about something?"

"He was annoyed," emphasizing the last word.

"With you?"

"Oh! no. He was never either angry or annoyed with me in all his life."

"What was he annoyed about?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

"You must answer the question."

"I cannot. It was an official annoyance, about a person not in Walmsbury or very near Walmsbury at the time, and who could not possibly have been in any way connected with Capt. Owen's murder."

"How was that?"

"Because that person never knew, and, to the best of my belief, does not know now that Capt. Owen had any cause for annoyance."

"And you say it was not a personal matter?"

"Not in the very least."

"Then why cannot you disclose the particulars?"

"Because they were given to me in confidence, and I decline to break it."

"Did Capt. Owen say where he had been during the afternoon?"

At this point Beautiful Jim raised his honest eyes and beheld staring at him, with the fascinated gaze of a bird attracted by a snake, the girl who was barmaid at the Duck's Tail; her small, sharp features were strained and anxious, her dark skin was of a greenish pallor, which contrasted horribly with her profuse and unnaturally golden hair. Jim looked at her steadily for a moment, and then turned his attention back to his questioner.

"Yes; he had been into Walmsbury."

"Did he tell you where?"

"Yes; he went to the Duck's Tail."

"The Duck's Tail? What to do there?"

"To get the address of a horse dealer who had been recommended by Maj. Whittaker."

"Did he get it?"

"I don't know; he did not say."

"Was the annoyance connected with this horse dealer?"

"Not in the very least."

Then there followed a long and close examination on the after events of that day and evening, to all of which Jim returned answers precisely corroborating the evidence which had gone before. Then at last he was told to stand aside, and the name of Rose Meeking was called.

Somewhat to Jim's surprise, Rose Meeking proved to be the sharp visaged young person from the Duck's Tail; and, if fright was any sign of guilt, Miss Meeking must have had the credit of being very guilty, indeed.

She deposed that rather late in the afternoon Capt. Owen had come into the bar of the Duck's Tail. There was no one else there. She did not know the exact time, but the landlord and the family were at tea. She was busy tidying up the bar for the evening. She always did that the last thing before she went to her tea.

Capt. Owen inquired the address of a certain horse dealer, a Mr. Johns. She knew Mr. Johns' address and gave it to him. She also told him that Mr. Johns had been in the hotel that morning and had gone up to London for two or three days, upon which Capt. Owen remarked that it was no use his writing or going to him for a week or so. Capt. Owen stayed a short time, talking to her about other things, and then left. She did not know which way he went. There was no one else in the bar during the time he was there.

She was then asked whether Capt. Owen had often been in the hotel before, and whether she knew him at all intimately.

And to this she replied that she had never seen him in the hotel but once before, when he had not spoken to her. The day of the murder was the first time she had ever had any conversation with him. She was not the least intimate with him. No, he had not shown the smallest wish to be intimate with her.

After this, Miss Rose Meeking was put down, and several minor witnesses were put up, from none of whom could any evidence worth mentioning be extracted. There were various officers' servants and the men who had been on duty that night, two mess waiters and the gentlemen who had been guests at the mess table. If their united evidence was worth anything it was toward clearing Jim Beresford of the suspicion which Leader's unfortunately long tongue had caused to rise up against him; and then they all sat down to await, with what patience they might, the decision at which the jury would eventually arrive.

"You are safe enough," said the great criminal lawyer to Jim. "There's not a jot of evidence against you."

"I have never been afraid there would be," said Jim, coolly.

And presently the jury were ready with their verdict, and amid a breathless hush it was given to the public, when it is safe to say that the only person in that assembly who did not tremble was the one on whom the darkest suspicion had fallen, Beautiful Jim. While the eyes of all were dimmed with fear of what the next moment might bring forth, he stood up in his place straight and true, and awaited the verdict with the assurance of complete innocence. And the decision of the jury was:

"Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

And oh! what a cheer burst out then and how they all—or nearly all—pressed forward to take Jim by the hand and tell him that they had never, never believed him guilty for a moment. And then poor Leader came, shaking and pale as a ghost to tell him if they had given a verdict against him he should have gone out and hanged himself like Judas; and then when Jim, with rough kindness, told him not to talk rot, but to get back to barracks, he burst out sobbing like a great baby and cursed himself for a blubbering fool, who had risked the neck of the best master man had ever served under.

But it was all very delightful, nevertheless, to Beautiful Jim. It is easy and well to make little of a danger when it is over; yet this danger had been very real while it had lasted, and more than once Jim, in spite of his innocence, had caught himself furtively stroking his throat and wondering what the feel of the rope would be like, if it should come to that. Oh! without doubt, it was very, very pleasant to be free once more.

On account of the dead man still lying in the room above the mess room, who had been so great a favorite with them all, there were no open demonstrations of satisfaction and joy at Beautiful Jim's release that evening. But immediately after dinner the colonel filled his glass to the brim, and, turning to Jim, who sat in the place of honor beside him, drunk to him in silence, an example which was followed by every other man at the table in turn.

"By the bye, where is young Tommy?" asked Jim, suddenly becoming aware that Tommy was not in the room.

"Gone to bed, or in his room. Seedy, I fancy," returned the doctor, who sat on his left. "The young duffer's not up to much; he's just about as weak as a cat. In fact, there's no stamina at all about him, and all this business has knocked him over completely."

"H'm—there's no reason why it should particularly," remarked Jim.

"No; but it has, and that's very certain," said the doctor decidedly.

Suddenly it occurred to him that it was just possible that young Tommy might have been down to see his charmer at the Duck's Tail; that that young lady, feeling herself released from silence by poor dead old Owen's death, might have disclosed to him the episode of the afternoon, when Owen had coolly taken possession of his ring. Further, that Tommy might at this time be in a mortal funk lest his well known ring should be found among poor Owen's belongings, and some very unpleasant inquiries be set afloat in consequence.

"I should think the sight of that beauty in the witness box today must have cured him completely," Jim thought, with a certain amount of compassion for the lad's foolishness. "Well, I must go up as soon as I can get off and talk to him like a father; and then I'll set his mind at rest about his precious ring."

Accordingly, as soon as he could get free of the colonel's ponderous efforts to show his pleasure at his favorite's freedom, Beautiful Jim betook himself upstairs, his eyes turning with a look which was in itself a reverence to the door before which two sentries were stationed, and with a rap upon the panel of Tommy's door opened it without further ceremony and walked in.

The lad was sitting in an easy chair, his pipe in his mouth, his elbows resting on his knees, staring into the fire. He looked up listlessly enough at Jim's entrance, but when he saw who his visitor was, sprung up into an attitude of haughty resentment.

"To what," he asked, "do I owe the honor of this visit?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU WON'T TELL HIM?"

"To what," asked Tommy Earle, with icy formality and politeness, "do I owe the honor of this visit?" For the space of quite a minute Beautiful Jim stood still and stared blankly at him, as if he had not understood the meaning of his words. At last, however, he pulled himself together, and spoke. "What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

"Exactly what I say," returned Tommy Earle, curtly.

Most men would have grown furious under such an attack from a lad of Tommy's years and regimental standing; but Beautiful Jim, just freed from the shadow of a violent and ignominious death, with the weight of his best friend's cruel murder still pressing upon him, did not loose his temper in the least—on the contrary, he became calm and still.

"Tommy," he began; when Tommy interrupted him passionately.

"Earle, if you please, sir," he cried.

"Mister Earle," said Jim, with a half smile, and strong emphasis on the word. "Tell me plainly what you mean by this extraordinary behavior."

"The inference is obvious," said Tommy coldly.

"Yes," in an inquiring tone—then, finding that the lad did not speak, went on—"and I am to infer—what?" but even as the question passed his lips the pale light broke in upon him, and he grasped Tommy by the arm with a grip that made him wince and shrink.

"My God, do you mean to say that you believe I murdered him?" he cried.

Tommy turned away his head and tried to force his arm from the grip of the other's strong fingers.

"Answer me!" thundered Jim.

"Let go my arm and go out of my room, if you please, Mr. Beresford," returned the lad.

But Jim stood still and stared straight into the lad's handsome eyes, as if he would force out of them the plain words which apparently Tommy's tongue refused to speak; and as they stood so an awful thought flashed into Beautiful Jim's bewildered mind—a confused recollection of something gone by, something like a dream, and yet, oh! what was it? What was it? A memory crowded over by the mist of intense drowsiness; and yet, if he could only grasp it, a memory that had something so utterly real and vivid about it that it would show the whole truth to the light at once. But what was it?

Ay, what was it? and what was there in young Earle's eyes which gave him the clew he sought? I know not, and assuredly Beautiful Jim, to the end of his days, would never know it either; but during those terrible moments of doubt and anguish the mists were suddenly lifted off his mind, and he remembered—remembered the dream he had had that night, a dream of Owen, his dear old friend, being in anger with him, and the momentous words, "Consider yourself under close arrest. Go to your room at once and I will send for your sword." In an instant everything was perfectly clear to him, and he gripped young Tommy's arms closer and faster than ever.

"You—young—hound!" he exclaimed, between his set teeth, "I suppose you mean to come your 'last of the Earles' rot over me in this instance. The last of the Earles, and a pretty ending for the Earles—to be snuffed out by the hangman's rope."

Young Tommy's white face turned to a sickly yellow, and Jim felt a tremor run through him.

"What do you mean, sir?" he cried, trying to pass it off with a high hand and succeeding very badly.

"I mean that you—you murdered Owen, and I know it—you dastardly young hound; and you tried to fasten it on me—you scoundrel!" and forthwith Beautiful Jim set to work and shook the lad, much as a terrier shakes a rat and with as little mercy, until in fact the teeth seemed to rattle in his head, and his very knees seemed to knock together. Then, with a last burst of fury, he flung him from him into the big chair, where he lay gasping and livid, more like a limp rag than a smart young officer—to say nothing at all of his being the last of the Earles.

But even then he did not altogether give in. "You shall answer for this!" he panted.

"Answer for it!" echoed Jim, with mighty scorn. "Yes, by the heavens above us, I will answer for it. I will answer you, you damnable, cowardly hound. I say you murdered Owen, murdered him in cold blood—you struck him from behind. I have the most convincing proofs against you. I have only to disclose the subject of Owen's conversation with me that afternoon, and to show the ring that he insisted on having from that woman, to put the rope round your neck without a chance of escape."

"Ring!" gasped Tommy, in a different tone. "What ring? What woman?"

"What ring? What woman?" Jim repeated, in disgust. "Do you come that humbug over me still? Then, Mister Earle, I will enlighten you. I mean the sapphire and diamond ring, engraved with your family crest and motto, which you gave as a pledge of affection to that sharp nosed little huzzy at the Duck's Tail! Ah!—you know what ring I mean, do you?" as a groan of utter and abject despair burst from the lad's lips.

Jim went on without mercy. "Now, I see it all—all. You went to see that woman on your way back to barracks from Blankhampton, and she—like the double faced, designing little jade she is—told you Owen had been there, that he had seen the ring on her hand and insisted on her giving it up. Then you came back and bided your time, and after Owen left my room, you followed him to his. And then, you came your 'last of the Earles' air with him and demanded your ring, and Owen refused to give it to you until he had communicated with your father"——

"He did not," broke in Tommy, eagerly.

"Ah! those were not the precise words, I dare say," said Jim, carelessly, "but I can give you the precise words which were the last the dear old chap ever spoke—they were these: 'Consider yourself under close arrest. Go to your room at once and I will send for your sword!' and then," said Beautiful Jim, speaking very slowly and distinctly, "you—went—back—and killed him!"

The lad had been lying helplessly back in the big chair staring at Jim with a fascination piteous to behold, but as the last words fell upon his ears, he sprung up, trembling in every limb.

"I never meant to do it—never—I swear it. I had no thought of harming him; it was done in blind rage; it was, indeed."

"H'm. Was it blind rage which prompted you to try to palm off your dastardly cowardice upon me?" Jim demanded, contemptuously. "Was that blind rage?"

"I have been mad ever since," replied the lad abjectly. "God above only knows how and what I have suffered. I have not known what I've been doing. I haven't indeed."

"Ah! there's been a good deal of method in your madness, though," returned Jim in disgust.

"But, Beresford—Jim"—Tommy began, when the other interrupted him sharply:

"Jim to my friends only—Beresford to my equals," he said, curtly. "To you, now and for always, Mr. Beresford, if you please."

The miserable lad made no reply, but he hid his face upon his arms, shivering and shrinking away from the blaze of his comrade's righteous indignation. What a contrast they made, the two; the one so straight and strong and honest, the other so wretched, so pitiable, a miserable, guilty thing, driven up in a corner, without even strength to stand at bay.

At last he looked up. "What are you going to do?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Do?" Jim repeated. "Why, what should I do but tell the colonel the whole truth at once?"

Young Tommy shuddered and buried his face in his arms once more. "They will hang me," he moaned.

"And a good thing, too," returned Jim, coolly. "The sooner the better, before you have time to do any more mischief. And one thing is very certain, which is that you'll thoroughly deserve it."

"No, no," Tommy cried, "my family; my father. Oh! no, no, Beresford, don't hang me; for the sake of my name, don't."

"And what the devil has your name to do with it?" Jim returned, roughly. "Did the fact that you are the last of the Earles keep you from compromising yourself with a little slut that you knew your father would have died rather than receive as his daughter? Did being the last of the Earles keep your hand from murder? Did it keep you from trying to fasten the blame of that murder upon an innocent man? No; don't talk to me about your family. Show me something your family has done for you before you expect that claim to have any weight with me. No, 'pon my soul, when a long and honorable name comes to an end with such an infernal young scoundrel as you are, the sooner it is blotted out altogether the better."

"I never meant to kill him," Tommy protested, shrinking over the word as if

"I never meant to kill him," Tommy protested.

the word was really more than the thing. "I had no such thought in my mind. I hadn't, Beresford, upon my honor."

"Your—what?" asked Jim, in genuine amazement.

The lad turned scarlet. "You think I haven't any honor," he said bitterly. "Well, I suppose I've forfeited any right to that forever. Any way, you may believe me or not, as you like, but I'll tell the whole truth. I had no thought or intention of harming Owen in the least, but I was furious at his interference in a matter which did not in the least concern him, and Owen was frightfully sarcastic and bitter about the whole affair. If he had spoken to me reasonably and told me I was a young ass I should have seen the justice of what he said. But he didn't—he jibed and jeered at me; taunted me with my youth, my family, my general idiocy; and I couldn't get back my ring. No; he meant to keep the ring until he saw my father, and he swore that nothing should induce him to keep quiet about it. I had disgraced my name, he said, and myself, and the regiment, and everything and everybody connected with me, and my father should know about it at once. And, of course, I was frightfully angry about it, for it isn't pleasant to have one's doings canvassed over to one's father, and I dare say I did answer pretty cavalierly—in fact, I believe I told him to go to the devil. Any way, he put me under arrest, and—and—and then I went back and clinked that dumb bell at him; but, Beresford, upon my soul, as sure as I am alive this moment, I had no thought of doing him a serious injury, let alone of taking his life; I had not, indeed. I was just blind with rage. I didn't know what I was doing."

"You were not blind with rage when I came in here to-night," said Beautiful Jim, who was not in the smallest degree moved by the lad's story, though he implicitly believed every word of it.

"I was worse than that, I was desperate," Tommy answered, humbly. "I—don't"— and then all at once he gave way entirely and broke down into violent weeping.

And Beautiful Jim stood looking at him, at the convulsively shaking shoulders and the fair, lovely head, so like hers—the one who did not count, but the one who was all the world to him. It was with an awful shock he realized that the news must reach her sooner or later; that, young scoundrel as he was, he was her brother, and if disgrace touched him it would of necessity touch her also.

Quick as thought his mind put into ideas all that would happen—he saw the almost certain death of the frail old man, bearing his good old name with honor to the last, but crushed completely beneath the shame and degradation of his son's end; he saw Nancy, with her pure, noble mind, and her sweet dove's eyes, left alone, quite alone—for he knew that even for justice tender Nancy would never forget that his had been the hand to bring him to punishment. "And, oh! God forgive me—Owen, dear old friend, forgive me," his heart cried within him. "I cannot be the one to break her heart—I cannot do it."

But was this a choice? Scarcely! His heart and soul were wrapped up in Nancy Earle. She was the one woman that the world held for him. No, there was no choice about the matter. The vision of Nancy decided the question, and the wretched, sobbing, craven hearted lad in the big chair was safe, or, if not actually safe, he was safe, at least, from Beautiful Jim's vengeance.

Having once come to a decision, Jim was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. There was much to be done, for if Tommy was to be shielded he must be shielded effectually. "Here, stop that howling, you miserable young cur," he said, breaking the silence at last, and speaking in a sharp, authoritative tone. He had any amount of the tenderest and most touching pity for Nancy; but for the boy, none. He would let him, for his sister's sake, go scot free, but he was troubled by no sickly sentimentality about the lad's abject terror and expressions of sorrow. "Quite right if the young devil does feel it," he told himself as he watched Tommy's efforts to regain composure. "I hope he'll go on feeling the same way for the rest of his life. I sincerely hope it."

"Come! What good do you think that will do?" he demanded, roughly. "I'm not going to expose you, though I tell you candidly, if there was no one but yourself to think of, I should have called for the colonel long before this. But there are others to think of besides yourself; there's your family—no, I don't mean the family pedigree that you are so fond of bragging about, but your old father, and the sister who has had to play second fiddle to you all her life—the Earle that doesn't count. Just you remember will you, that it's for her sake I do you' th service, not in the very smallest degree for your own."

By an immense effort Tommy pulled himself together and looked up at Jim. And Jim thought that a more pitiable object than the lad's white and haggard face, with its wild and staring eyes, he had never seen. He strode to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"Look here, youngster," he said, sharply; "this sort of thing won't do! If the truth has to be kept between you and me you must manage to pull yourself together and hide your feelings a bit better. The best thing for you to do is to get a stiff glass of brandy and tumble into bed at once. And then the sooner you get out of Walmsbury the better."

"But I can't get out of Walmsbury," Tommy exclaimed, fretfully.

"You get to bed, as I tell you," returned Jim. "I'll manage that—I'll speak to the colonel about it."

"But you won't tell him, Beresford?"

"Tell him what?" contemptuously. "Get to bed and stop there. Foster is impressed with the fact that you are seedy, and you had better keep it up—it will simplify matters. Besides, you cannot go to the funeral to-morrow—I couldn't quite stand that." He turned to leave the room then, and Tommy followed him a step or so with an eager expression of gratitude on his lips. Beautiful Jim, however, promptly cut that proceeding very short.

"Look here," he said. "You had better understand clearly from the beginning that I am not doing this in any way for you. If there was no one but you to think of, I would very cheerfully see you hanged to-morrow. You richly deserve it. But there happen to be others to be thought of, and I think of them—it's lucky for you that it is so, perhaps, though being such a thorough paced young scoundrel as you are, I don't know whether hanging would not be the best thing that could happen to you." With these words Beautiful Jim went out of the room, and, as the night was yet young, down into the anteroom again.

As for Tommy, he sat down before the fire again and thought it all over; but his first thought was: "I always did dislike that fellow—I hate him now."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New Light.

A new and promising light has been invented and patented, which is likely to come into extensive use for contractors and others who have night work on their hands. The principle is somewhat like that of the famous Lucigan, in which a jet of crude petroleum, driven in a spray by compressed air, is made to give a light rivaling in intensity an electric light, but steam is used instead of spray to drive the jet of oil spray. The apparatus, ready for use, consists of two cylinders, one containing oil and the other water. They are filled from the bottom, so that the air in the cylinders is compressed in the upper portion, or air may be forced in by a small condensing pump. When the lamp is to be used, the condensed air from the top of the cylinders is allowed to begin to escape through the jet, and the oil is then turned on. The spray of oil and air is lighted, and burns with a light equivalent to that of 2,500 candles. Just above the flame is a coil of pipe, communicating with the water cylinder. As soon as this coil is hot the water is turned on, and the passing through the hot coil is vaporized, and enters the jet in place of the compressed air, which is then turned off. This serves to maintain the blast begun with compressed air, while it greatly increases the light through its combustion into oxygen and hydrogen, which assist the combustion of the oil. As there is no wick, no choking can take place with any kind of oil, and crude and refuse petroleum or creosote from gas wastes can be burned, while the apparatus is portable, and the lamp can be lighted in a moment.

To the Medical Profession, and all whom it may concern.

Phosphatine, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin, M. D. of Boston, Mass., cures Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Nervous Attacks, Vertigo and Neuralgia and all wasting diseases of the human system. Phosphatine is not a Medecine, but a Nutriment, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opiates Narcotics, and no Stimulants, but simply the Phosphatic and Gartric Elements found in our daily food. A single bottle is sufficient to convince. All Druggists sell it. $1.00 per bottle. LOWEN & Co., sole agents for the Dominion, 55 Front Street East Toronto.

That God should have created at all, is indeed a mystery; that he should have created a moral world of which he must have foreseen the history, is a still greater mystery; but that having done this, he, the eternal justice, he, the eternal justice, he, the eternal charity, should have left his handiwork to itself would have been, had it been true, and if it been possible, a much greater, and, I will add, a much darker mystery.—[Canon Liddon.

"He Never Smiled Again!"

No "hardly ever" about it. He had an attack of what people call "biliousness," and to smile was impossible. Yet a man may smile and smile, and be a villain still, still he was no villain, but a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which never fail to cure biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. Of druggists.

"Every man shall bear his own burden"—this is the law of necessity. "Bear ye one another's burdens"—this is the law of necessity. "Bear ye one another's burdens"—this is the law of Christ. Let a man lighten his own load by sharing his neighbor's burden.—T. T. Lynch.

EDUCATIONAL THO

Interesting Selections of Va ers and Puplis

The late Edward Thrin his experiences as an eight "an oldfashioned private s flog-flog, milk-and-water type," says, suggestively, lasting lesson of my life wa of suspicion and severity the boy-world, however mu our outsides." Let no te that he can by any possibili in his profession until he "inside the boy-world."—Journal.

Education is the knowled use the whole of one's se often like knives with man know how to open one, an all the rest are buried in th they are no better they wo if they had been made blade. Many men use but faculties out of the score are endowed. A man is knows how to make a faculty—how to open it, h sharp, and to apply it to purposes.—Henry Ward B

Human perfection is the all well directed education er should have ever pres man whose perfection he in the children committed as the sculptor would rea forms of his imagination marble that lies unchisele —North Carolina Teacher.

"The rich need educatio class need it, and the poor that all may know that t not built up by one class depending on one class, a not be ruled by a class. Th be taught what their polit They must be taught that bribers are traitors. T taught to watch the politi election as well as before be taught that the lands and not to thieves wh enough to steal them. taught that the rule of t belong to the people of should come beneath th people.—E. V. Powderley

A fallacy is very comm mary teachers that the mo the children will take c They reason thus: Wher older he will know better and will behave properl tions arise: How is he t better? And, knowing assure yourself that he My experience goes to idle, troublesome boy o idle and troublesome at t obedient child at six is twelve; the dishonest b is the same at a less the matter persistent enters impressively into t life.—Miss E. M. Reed.

"To read the English to write with dispatch hand, and be master o of arithmetic, so to disp with accuracy, every que which comes up in prac a good education. And ability to write pure gra lish, I regard it as an tion. These are the tool much with them, but without them. They tion; and unless you b all your flashy attainme logy, and all other ologi are ostentatious rubbi Everett.

No scheme of educatio prehensive and elaborate unless animated by th sympathy of the teacher. er who takes the bare o tenderness and earnest effective. Children mus ed to through the heart gard is won the battle is the regard—the love o longs to the teacher, the of discipline are solved will do right not for right, not through fea cause by so doing they er. His approval and the reward. It takes a of humanity, a deep sy tience in a man to effec Some women have th unusual degree, while men and women—they ing. Such should neve only only offer dry hu waters.—Central Schoo

MISTAKES IN TEACHI *mind is like a block of* wrote very beautifully represents the teache operating on a rough b with chisel in hand, an beautiful angel statue. that the angel lay once to be hewn out and polis tors hand, will do we we deal with inanimat will never do to coo mind with it. The chi marble, a mass of m living, moving, activel from the moment it and must be treated a *the mind is like a pl* life, it grows, it change it is vegetable life, vegetable developmen mit the blunder of tr as if it were a vegetabl but not a cabbage hea but not like a plant. tal mind, a no less im above all an immort for eternity," Zenxi rearing, training, ed live through all life an out all extent. Re make no mistake. 3. *the pupil, as you receiv is like a blank sheet of* the most important c child's existence hav when you receive him has in these six years ledge and formed m and twelve years of su furnish him. As su receive him. Here and it may have to what has been done. stringent measures m to give to mind and