one has been like a daughter to me for these many, many long years," he said, if I only had the courage, I would ask her to be your daughter in reality," put in Dick, in a low tone, "My boy, it would make me happy if you would and I do not think you need fear that she will say 'No." I little later Dick went to the drawing. A little later Dick went to the drawing. A little later Dick went to the drawing on. Dora was sitting there, near the fire, busy sewing, while Pairy was playing with the dog, laughting in her pretty merry fashion at his anties.

"In to grandfather, darling; he is all by himself," said Dick; so the child ram off, the dog barking and jumping after her.

ora, smiling.

"Yee, and I do not wonder at it—you are so kind to her; but then you are kind and good to every one," he returned.

His eyes were fixed on her; the firelight shone brightly upon the fair head that was now so thickly streaked with gray; and with a feeling of pain he noticed how the years of patient resignation and suffering had changed the bright pretty girlinto a careworn woman; and yet, in spite of her altered looks, he knew that there was not and never would be a face so beautiful to him as hers. He stood leaning against the mantelpiece without speaking, and she looked up with a smile, "You are very silent, Dick," she said, "I was thinking of the past, Dora. Do you remember how happy we were once? It was in this very room that I told you how much I loved you. I was only a hoy then, Dora, but my love has never changed—I have never loved any one but you. I have hardly courage enough now, after all that is past, to tell you how my love for you has grown deeper, truer, if you were not so good and so forgiving I should fail. Hut, Dora, you are so tender-hearted, so sweet, that I, unworthy as I am, must tell you that I love you; and, if you will give yourself to me, I will love and cherish you for ever, and, Heaven helping me, I will never again bring sorrow into your life. You are so seed to a looked, will you help me to be bring sorrow into your life. You are so good, I so bad—will you help me to be a better man? Can you overlook everything and be my wife?

the rose from her chair, her dark eyes full of tears, her lips quivering, and, in spite of the emotion that overpowered her, unmaged, after a brief silence, to speak almost without faltering.

Thek, I have always loved your I will try to make you happy. Oh, dear Dick, you have made me so happy—for your love is my life!"

So Dick Ethnore settled down to aquiet your set if a happy in heaters are a love.

country life, happy in having an almost perfect roman for his wife—a woman whose deep love made him forget the shame and hitterness of the past, and who helped him to light against the emptations that sometimes came to him. There are many children in the old house There are many children in the old house now-his children and hers—as he had once foully dreamt there might be: they fill the rooms and passages with their merry voices, bringing renewed rigor and joy to old Mr. Edmore: and yet, dearly as he loves them all, Fairy Brenhamhitle no longer—will always reign queen of his heart, for he knows that but for her he might never have seen his son

Phiry's life is a very happy one, for, although there are many children at the trange now, neither Dick nor Dora love her less; and, could the poor circus-rider look down upon her child and see how happy her life is, she would know that she had never a see a lower to "Wild" left little fairy as a legacy to "Wild blok."

### HOW HE WON HER

The wind came shricking down from the municality; the sea came rearing up from the sands; moneter waves dashed against monster crags till the spray leaped up a hundred feet and was lost in the enden gray of the sky. Through many an open chasm and many a hidden cave the foaming waters rushed, raging and bellowing like maddened creatures in

the awful sounds; but he did not speak or turn his eyes from the shore, as the bont went away rapidly from Dunfanage

han out to the open sea.

He had travelled much and far, but he ver in all his many wanderings had he seen such wild gloomy grandens as along this rock-girt coast. A sense of awe, almost of fear, fell upon him. The majest of nature seemed to crush hims he felt himself utterly feeble and helpless under the dreadful frown of those tremendous

'An' wha's the chief we had wif us the day can' what for should be be wantin' to sause to Tory Island?" asked Andy M' oll, the bagman in a low voice of one

What for should he not returned the other, "Shure an isn't he a mighty traveller that prints booker an doesn't he want to see the holy crosses, an the blessed mins, an the eastle of Ballais; an then't he pay Mack Rory an me like a gentleman to row him across; an' why

Ay, why shouldn't ye why shouldn't that's the verra thing I'm spearin'

at. "Well, an' sure an' he's not a packman, anyhow, so ye needn't fash rersel'."

"I'd nac fash mysel' aboot any chiel that carries a pack. I have nac been on the road for thirty years to be afcard noo is a puir finikin body like that. But I'm thinkin', Pether, there's mebbe more than that to fash aboot, Mon, has ye ne'er heard fall o' a sunger?"

ne'er heerd fell o'a ganger?"
"Ganger indade! Is it him, wi' his purty face an' langhin' black oye? It's meself that wonders where are fer own

h was as l'ear said, a "purty" face, but there was nothing elleminate in its beauty. If the eyes were laughing, the mouth was from and there was no lack of decision in the expression of the rest

"An' where may he be for puttin' me Metabe the King's expectin' him?" suggested Andy, lowering his voice again, and dropping his suspicious way of speaking of the stranger when he saw that it

this displeasing to the heatman.
The Menning knows nothing about him, no more than verself; but shure Pmoninking that, barging his house, there is a place in the island fit for such a synthesis. entleman to holgo in."
Andy pursed up his lips once more with

a look of preternatural shrewdness.

"He may be a gintleman or he mayn't — Ye cama tell; but his clues are not sac the that ye can prenennee upon him at first sicht."

"Arrah, man, niver mind his class, but hook at himself in them—as straight as a rush, an' his shoulders so broad, an' his arrive universe. Hissin's on him, an' may he allers have as much money as he has eved looks this minute! An', by jabers, in it's thinkin' we've forgotien our many sees he'll be, to be talkin' about him he fore his face, for this me sees the last of the las fore his face, for his my awatcheart i

They were in smooth water now; and, then Gerard looked over the side of the out, he saw with amazement the round owers of other days sleeping under the

The wind was in their favor; and, hoisting their sail, they ran before it over the ruine of a submerged city, past several little islets, and then Tory Island came in sight, as if rising out of the ocean, its rugged rocks and barren sand luminous with the rays of the setting sun.

Soon those in the boat could see a crowd of people gathered at Cammismore, waiting for their landing. It was known that Andy M'Coll was on board, and the pedler's visits were always eagerly looked forward to, especially by the women, who depended on him for bringing them stuff from Glasgow for their petticoats and short gowns.

stuff from Glasgow for their petticoats and short gowns.

As they neared the shore, Gerard regarded with lively curiosity the people gathered upon it. The men were nearly all dressed like fishermen; the women wore blue drugget petticoats and short jackets—or bed-gowns, as they were called—descending a little below the waist, with sleeves reaching no farther than the elbow. The other women had red handkerchiefs tied over their heads, while the younger ones had a band of ribbon or string of some sort tied round their hair and fastened in a bow at the top.

The most conspicuous man in the assembly was the smallest grown-up person there—his height could not have exceeded four feet; but, small though he was, his head was the only part that was out of proportion with the rest of his body. His features were large and strongly marked, but well formed, and he had neither the wide mouth nor the broad nostrils that distinguish so many of the Milesian race.

It was evident from the way they made room for him and his companion to pass

room for him and his companion to pass to the front of the landing-place that the dwarf was held in great respect by his

neighbors.
"Who is he?" asked Gerard—"the dwarf, I mean, with the splendid head."
"Wha be he?" echoed the pedler, "Why yon's M'Conanig, the King of Tory himsel"; an' that's Miss Norna's sel' aside him!"
Gerard looked then for the first time at the dwarf's companion. One look was sufficient to make him for a little space

sufficient to make him for a little space lose sight of every one else.

She was a young girl, tall, lithe, and of queenly bearing. Her dress was similar to that of the women who surrounded her, except that her petticoat was of somewhat finer texture and her short gown of superior whiteness; but no difference of attire was needed to distinguish her from her companions—her beautiful face and noble carriage were sufficient, as she moved nearer the water's edge to gaze with surprise on the stranger who

gaze with surprise on the stranger who was stepping out of the boat. There was neither shyness nor bash-fulness in her look; her blue eyes, fringed with thick dark lashes, were as frank and fearless as those of an unspoilt child, Standing there in pure unconsciousness of self, with the sunlight burnishing her golden hair and flushing the creamy white of her cheeks, Gerard thought this island-maiden the fairest girl he had ever

What she thought of him was known only to herself. He was the first you gentleman she had ever seen; and he looked so different from the fishermen among whom her life had been spent that she could do nothing but gaze and wonder. But, when she found her steady gaze as steadily returned, her womanly instinct awoke. The dark lashes drooped over her blue eyes, and, with a slight elevation of the head, she stepped back and took the dware's heart,

"Why. Norma, an' shure you're not afraid of a stranger?" said her compan-ion, looking up at her in fond surprise, "Not atrack only shure an' Ed rather didn's stars at me."

Andy WColl now came forward, and apparently forgetting the mistrust he had so lately expressed of his travelling companion, introduced him to the dwarf as a

panion, introduced him to the dwarf as a "chiel" that was "travellin' to furrin' parts," and who, having heard of the fune of Tory Island and its King, had come to visit them.

M'Conanig welcomed him heartily, and bade Norna do likewise; upon which she extended her hand with such gracious dignity that, instead of taking if in his own, Gerard had bowed over and kissed it almost before he knew what he was done.

He was ready to laugh at himself the next minute, as it struck him how ludicrous his action must have appeared—forard Milman kissing the hand of a half savage maiden in short petticoats and clogs, and speaking a barbarous language!

M'Conanig, with the open-hearted hospitality of his race, at once asked the stranger to put up at his cottage during his stay on the island. After a very feeble demur, Gerard consented, marvelling to himself at the superiority of barbarous over civilized life, where letters of introduction would be needed to obtain a welcome even for a morning call.

When he accompanied M'Conanig and Norna up from the beach, he found the Ring's house was simply a mud cabin very little superior to the other mud hovels that were scattered here and there along the rocky coast. It contained three rooms instead of only one or two, but the earthen floors were unboarded and uncarpeted, the smoke-begrimed rafters unplastered, and the furniture was of the most primitive description.

The door was open, and, as they climbed the steep path leading to the cottage, they could hear the busy hum of a spinning-wheel, accompanied by a high-clear, though rather cracked voice singing a kind of chanting song.

The singer looked round when she

lear, though rather cracked voice singing a kind of chanting song.
The singer looked round when she
leard them enter; she had a strange weird
lace, with piercing dark eyes that seemed
to read the very sonl. Gerard felt almost
fraid of her as he met her keen penerating gaze; but her words were friendly

"Heaven save ye kindly, sur!" she said, rising from her wheel, "The stranger has ever found a welcome in the halls of the M Conanig."

The stranger cast a quick glance at the halls' in question, and had some diffi-ulty in retaining his gravity. McCona-ig observed the smile quivering on his ips, and a shade of annoyance crossed

his face.

"You forgot, Hilda, that the M'Conanig's half has dwindled down to a hut, now," he said quickly.

"In the hut of the peasant or half of the noble, M'Conanig still reigns King, and hids the stranger welcome," she an-

The stranger will require some sup-per as well as a welcome," said Norna, with a quick laughing glance at Gerard, which changed the entire expression of the face, making it look as if every curve and dimple had suddenly become a lurk-in-place for mischief.

The old woman

M'Conanig and his guest lighted their pipes, and sat talking for several hours.

When Gerard rose the next morning, he found the cottage empty. A pot was hanging over a clear turf-fire, and a cat lay curled up on the chair that M'Conanig had occupied; but there was no other living thing to be seen.

He went to the open door. The sea was glittering in the morning sunlight, and the herring-boats that had been out all night were coming back slowly to land. Thinking that M'Conanig would be at Cammismore, Gerard left the cottage with the intention of joining him. He did not take the path by which they had come on the previous night, but followed another that he thought would take him down to the narrow strip of sand lying between the sea and the cliffs. Soon the path began gradually to narrow till it became little more than a ledge of rock, with inaccessible cliffs above and the sea seething and boiling far below.

"It is sure to widen presently," Gerard said to himself, and still pursued his dangerous way, fascinated by the wild grandeur and awful decolation of the scene opening before him.

But, instead of widening, the ledge of rock narrowed till it would hardly aiford foothold; and he clung like a limpet to the cliff, with rocks above and rocks beneath, and the wild waves booming below till he grew deafened and confused by the noise of their thunder.

He tried to turn then, but it was too late. To have attempted it would have resulted in his losing what slight hold he had and being dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below. To scale the cliff was impossible; to turn back was impossible, in another instant he might have given way to the strange temptation, when from the depths below came a clear young voice crying—

sistible. In another instant he might have given way to the strange temptation, when from the depths below came a clear young voice crying—
"Don't look down, for your life! Look straight before you, and keep on; the worst part is passed."

He knew the voice, and obeyed it. A few steps brought him to a broader lodge, and a little farther on a regular and gradually-descending path began. But Gerard did not wait to descend by it. As soon as it became practicable, he let himself down the rocks, and was soon standing, pale and almost breathless, beside

ing, pale and almost breathless, beside She was pale, too, with a startled look in her eyes; and when he took her hand he found that it trembled. "I am afraid I have frightened you,

"You oughtn't to have attempted that onth. It is safe only for our own people, Then I must be one of your own peo-

pte, for, you see—thanks to your timely warning—it has been safe for me."
"You must not go that way again; it is very dangerous," she insisted imperi-

He noticed that when agitated she dropped the peculiar idiom that she used in her lighter moods. "I am not much afraid of danger; but, if you forbid me to court it. of course

must obey."

"It is not because I forbid it—that would be very foolish; it is because it is wrong to risk life without good cause," she answered gravely.

"But life would be very stupid if we it is would it.

did not do wrong sometimes, would it glanced at him quickly with a cloud

of pain on her face, which passed away as she met his smile.

"You do not think so, I would not care to talk to you if I thought you liked

Then you do care to talk to me?" he

"Oh, yes; it is very pleasant! I would like to have you for company always." she answered simply.

The color rushed to Gerard's face; the straightforward simplicity of this child of nature enchanted him. He wanted to tell her that he too would like to have her company always but the reverence her company always, but the reverence that mingled with his admiration sealed his lips and left him flushed and silent. Your father is watching the unlading

"My father?" she returned inquiringly.
"M'Conanig—he is your father, isn't

"What made you think that? Shure

an' he isn't my father at all." "I heg your pardon; I took it for granted. Your brother, I should have said." "But shure, he isn't my brother either."
"What is he then? Surely not your

The girl gave a little gleeful laugh.
"What a foolish guess. M'Conanig is my cousin just."
"But you kissed him last night!" cried Gerard, with a sudden sensation of hostility towards his host.

"It is not wrong to kiss a cousin; and the M Conanig has been both father and

rother to me all my life."
"What will be do when you marry?"
"Marry!" she repeated, in a surprised one; and then she gave a little laugh.
Shure there isn't anybody on the island hat I could marry?

Gerard's face brightened, but he could not rest satisfied without inquiring furth-

"There might be somebody on the ainland," he suggested. "But I could not leave the M'Conanig

"But I could not leave the A Country just," she replied.

He had continued to hold her hand till now; but, when she said that, he dropped it suddenly, and they strolled on side by side to where a break in the girdle of rocks encircling that part of the coast afforded a landing-place for the fishing-

conanig was there, superintending niading of the boats and counting errings as they were flung into the fs. Norna went and stood beside with her hand upon his shoulder. It was a favorite attitude with her, and with him also, to judge by the fond look her as soon as he felt the careesing touch.

Gerard greeted the dwarf, and then turned away hastily, and began talking to the two men who had brought him

easily of a woman—she would see so much more to admire than a man would."

Norms seemed to ponder this speech; she resumed her sun-bonnet, and made no reply. Then they walked on and joined M'Conanig, who was now alone and waiting for them. Norms appeared to have forgotten that she had declined to accompany them to see the cross, and walked on between them, with her hand on her cousin's shoulder as before.

That night, as the two men smoked their pipes by the kitchen fire after Norms and the old woman had gone to bed, M'Conanig told Gerard how some of the islanders had taken an absurd idea into their heads that he was an Excise officer.

"Well, there is no harm in that. I met an Exciseman at Stranolar—a very nice fellow," replied Gerard; "and Burns was a gauger, you know."

"Ay," answered the other bitterly. "Heaven made him a poet, an orator; man made him a hound of Excise. Gaugers are held in little account in this part of the world, I can tell you. I've never had a visit from any of them so far, and, if they value a whole skin, they will keep away. It is that pawky Scotch pedler, I have no doubt, who has set the notion affoat that you are one. He is jealous of any stranger coming near us, for fear he may open up some commerce with the mainland, and so spoil his trade. Of course no one of any intelligence would believe him; but the islanders are

just."

"You don't imagine, I hope, that I could be cross with you?"

"Why shouldn't you be cross with me as well as with anybody else if I deserved it? But I know that I didn't deserve it; that is why I wondered when you dropped my hand just now."

"I am sorry I was so rude; allow me to make amends," and he attempted to take her hand again.

But Norna became dignified in a moment.

"I think you will carry the fish better your hands are free," she said, with uch a stately air that he dared not per-

A large dish of porridge was smoking on the table when they entered the cabin, and Hilda was just going out with a pail in her hand to milk the goats. Norna drew out the hot embers on the hearth and laid the herrings on them; and Gerard sitting down on M'Conanig's chair, took the cat on his knee, and thought what a pleasant life Robinson Crusoe would have led if, instead of his man Friday, he had had Norna for a companion.

After breakfast M'Conanig proposed an excursion to Ballais Castle; but, though Gerard had come on purpose to see all

excursion to Ballais Castle; but, though Gerard had come on purpose to see all the interesting ruins of the island, he did not accede to the proposal till he found that Norna meant to accompany them. As soon as she signified her intention of doing so, however, he became quite eager about it. She was soon ready for the trip, her only preparation being to put on a sun-bonnet of blue calico stretched tightly over a large piece of pasteboard, tightly over a large piece of pasteboard, from the depths of which her face peeped out, bewitching in its lovelinesss.

"And you tell me there is not a look-

ing-glass in the island?" exclaimed Gerard as they walked on together, while M'Conanig stopped in answer to a sign from "Not one; but I have asked the pedler

to bring me one the next time he comes."
"You little know what you miss by not being able to see yourself," he could not forbear saying.

He was vexed with himself the mo-ment the words were out, lest they should annoy her; but, instead, she looked up "Why, then, am I so pretty?" "Not pretty merely—'prettiness' is a poor word to express all that is in your

pretty; and I thought maybe it was only because he is so fond of me that he thinks me pleasant to look at. And, when I asked Hilda this morning if I was as good-looking as Rory's daughter Katheen, she grew angry, and sail that no good ever came of a maiden thinking whether she was pretty or not."

"What made you ask her this morning?" Something had put it into my head, and I wanted to know," she a demurely, the lashes dropping suddenly over her blue eves.

Gerard would have given much to know whether he himself was in any way connected with her desire for information on that point: but M'Conanig joined them before he could question her Norna put her hand on the dwarfs

me for the loss of some one dearer to me than my own soul,"he went on; "and Heaven sent the child to heal the wound—my beautiful Norna—my one ewe-lamb." The last words were spoken half unconsciously, as if to himself; but he looked keenly at Gerard as he said them. shoulder, and walked beside him, putting him between herself and Gerard. "What did Hilda want" she inquired Hilda has one of her croaking fits this

this morning; and it wouldn't be easy to tell what she wants." Maybe she has been with the people of the hills again. See how she is going

They all turned and looked back to-wards the cabin. Hilda was standing at the door, throwing her arms about in a strange wild way, while her voice rose and fell in mournful cadence. They could hear the rhyme of the words from where they stood, but neither M'Conanig nor Norna could catch the sense of them. Had they been a little nearer, they would have heard her lament, in their native

White is the snow on the forehead of the "White is the snow on the forehead of the beautiful daughter Torre; Bright is the gleam of her eyes, like water kissed by the sunlight. The son of the glants loves her—Conanig, the son of the sea-kings, Great is his heart and noble, though not lofty, like theirs, in his stature.

Woe to Conanig for the day when he brought to his hearth a stranger!

Norna has looked in the eyes of the Saxon, And the love of Conanig she prizes no longer."

They watched the witch-like woman for a little, and then turned again and went on their way, Gerard laughing at her odd gesticulations and at Norna's as-surances that Hilda really did hold converse with the fairies, and that they had endowed her with the gift of prophecy.

As soon as they were out of sight, Anny M'Coll came to the cabin on his way from

Tormore, where he had spent the night. He was carrying his pack; but he showed none of his wares to Hilda; and, when he went in with her, it was upon other mat-ters than stuffs and ribbons that their

When Norna, Conanig, and Gerard had spent some time among the ruins of the castle, the king of the island wanted to show his guest one of the stone crosses that stood not far away. Norna did not wish to go any farther, she said, so they left her sitting by a well of clear springwater, from which the castle had probably been at one time supplied. Before they had gone far, however, a man who was digging potatoes in a little patch of earth surrounded by rocks stuck his spade in the ground, and, coming to them, told M'Conanig that he wanted to speak to him. As their conversation seemed likely to be protracted, Gerard thought he might as well go back to Norna till it was ended.

He found that she had thrown off her snn-bonnet, and was bending over the well, gazing intently into its depths.

She was so preoccupied that she did not hear his returning steps till he had come softly behind her and looked over her shoulder.

He saw at a glance what it was that she was regarding so intently. Gazing up at her from the clear waters was the lection of her own sweet face. gave such a start when his appeared be-side it that he was afraid she would fall into the well, and put out his hand to

save her.

"Are you not afraid of meeting the fate of Narcissus?" he asked, as he drew her away a little from the edge. "Who was she?"
"Some one who became so enamored of his own beauty when he saw it reflected in the water that he died for love of

"How silly of him! But, if he was a uan, I can understand it," she answered, toking meditatively at her companion.
"Do you mean that that accounts for

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# SILVERWARE.

More Silverware bought and sold than ever before. New styles received weekly.

Wedding Rings and Wedding presents, the very finest in the Of course no one of any intelligence would believe him; but the islanders are very ignorant, and the name of a gauger is so hateful to them that such a man's life would hardly be safe if they discovered him.

## S. J. PETTY,

As a again which to her ask "No don't lift you just, i ly, the try the other. "I take it quite "Po

Some poison She dock tender part is gan the enduration for the this. He his in

whe

over fall

N B.—Remember we have the finest equipped jewelry store in the country.

MARIPOSA

# Grain Elevator.

Gerard perceived from his host's manner that he was not at all so certain of the untruthfulness of the report as his politeness led him to say he was, and that his words were really meant as a threat. So he hastened to convince him that he was a "true man, and no spy," by showing him letters that proved him beyond doubt to be a young gentleman of good position, travelling partly for his own amusement, and partly to collect materials for a book he was writing on the archæological remains to be found in the United Kingdom.

The dwarf's brow cleared as he perused these credentials. Is now in full working order, and we are prepared to pay highest prices for

"It was a fool I was myself to pay any heed to their stupid claver; but I'll soon let them know their mistake," he said.

And then, all his doubts having been set at rest, he confided to Gerard how for many years private distillation had been carried on, not only on the island of Tory, but along the whole cast of Donegal. Lately, however, an Exciseman had been sent to Dunfanaghan to hunt for the stills, and the people were greatly enraged at this interruption of what they looked upon as a perfectly legitimate business.

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and are prepared to do

his momentary distrust of his guest by taking him into his confidence, as if he were an old friend instead of a stranger. He told him much of his own past life, and of the motives that had induced him to bury himself among the ignorant and superstitious islanders, instead of taking the place in the world for which his early education had fitted him. He told him too of Norna's father and mother—how her father, who was the half-brother of Custom Chopping at Lowest Rates.

Cash paid for any quantity of good TUB BUTTER at our

### her father, who was the half-brother of M'Conanig's father and many years his junior, had been killed at a party-fight, and how his broken-hearted wife, who had offended her own friends by heft to HOGG BROS. riage, had only strength enough left to bring her baby-daughter to Tory before she died, and asked him to be father and

OAKWOOD.



BUFFALO, N. Y.

One day he and Norna rowed along the coast till they came to where a huge boulder marked and partially concealed Organized with a full Staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases. the entrance to a cavern known as the Lion's Maw. Mooring the boot to a rock, they went in to explore the cave. A narrow passage led them into a spacious chamber made in the solid rock by the unceasing wash of the waves; and this opened into another which ran far in un-

der the cliff. A gleam of light from some crevice in the lofty room showed them the way as the light from the entrance dwindled. "If the tide had been full, we could have taken the boat all the way. M'Conanig and I have rowed in several times. aid Norna.

"I am quite satisfied with this manner of exploring it." returned Gerard, as he supported her from one slimy stone to her; and then the air struck so dank and chill that he shivered. What ails you? Some one must be

mother to her all his days.

on the settle in the corner.

"I was half mad with sorrow at the time for the loss of some one dearer to

and somehow Gerard could not meet his

raze, for he feit himself like a would-be

Then the two men shook hands, and

Gerard retired to his seaweed-strewn room, while the dwarf stretched himself

Time flew so rapidly on the wings of such pure idyllic pleasure as Gerard had

never before experienced that a fort-night had gone before he was aware of it.

treading on your grave," she said. referring to a prevalent superstition. "I wonder where it is-perhaps here. "It would be a very unquiet grave this; the waves would not let you lie long in

"Ah, then, I must choose some other place of sepulture, for I should not like to be disturbed after I had been laid decently to rest, and you had perhaps given me my good-night kiss!" "Why do you talk like that? Is it to

"I don't know. I don't like this place; it gives me the horrors somehow. get out into the air and sunshine

"You are as fond of the sunshine as our old cat is just!" And then, as they got into the boat again, and she saw how his face had paled, she laughed. "Shure an' I believe it was afraid of the tide reurning you were! "Perhaps it was: I always had a presentiment that I should be drowned some

People never die the way they expect; but I'll get you a piece of holy clay from St. Columbkille, and that will keep you safe from accidents." She kept her word, and that very even-ing brought him a bit of the clay sewed up in a little bag, telling him to keep it always in his waist-coat pocket. But the

foolish young man hung it round his neck and were it as close to his heart as A few mornings after, as he was returning from a bath before breakfast, he saw Norna with a large basket, into which from time to time she was putting some green stuff that she plucked on the cliffs. He hurried to join her.

"Are you collecting ferns?" he asked, when he came up to her.

when he came up to her.

"No: I am gathering nettles to chop up for my fowl," she answered, with the quick raising of the evelids that made her look so enchantingly mischievous.

"Allow me," he said, stoeping to pluck a tender top which she was just about to

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