Could she take it? Yes. Love love unasking, unthinking.

thoughts.
"Haven't I been a good father to you,

"The best, -the best that could be But, father, did you never make search for any ship with a name having those three letters?" She had never thought of this questio

before in all her life. Her girlhood had been so peaceful and happy it had never come into her heart to think of it. She was his daughter by the adoption of lov and care. She had never thought to ask

'No, Mai; I never did. We didn't think of it. You were only a baby, mother many things to think of I tock you as a little giri just sent out c'heaven for me to love, and I didn't do anything. I s'pose we ought to have done something 'bout it, but we were plain folks, and we didn't think. It wasn't just right."

"It's no matter now, tather. Sam does "No, Sam does not care. He loves you, and I guess he's contented. I be, so long

as vou stav near me." moments. The old man was twice tempted to speak, but did not. There was more to tell-something he had never mentioned to any one, except to his dead wife, and she had asked him to keep it always a secret,

Mother was right," he said in his heart. "It would break the girl's heart if she knew it. Its best she should never know." "And the buoy marks the spot, father?"
"Yes, deary. Governm't put the twofathoms buoy just six fathoms east by south
of the place were the ship went down."

That night there came in from the sea one of those series of long mysterious rollers that hint of storms far off on the open ocean. The stars sparkled and quivered as if anxious to speak, and the vast shaft of light from the tower searches round and round the horizon, but found nothing. And the buoy moaned and moaned to itself in the dark—moaned for the dead secret of the sea

Mademoiselle Louise Rochet burst upon Breakfast cakes were neglected and coffee grew cold that feminine eyes might mark, examine, and mentally digest its minutest details. The breakfast-room had not been closed an hour befere the natural result appeared. There was a timid knock at Mademoiselle's door and the maid opened

to a young girl. "Could I see Mademoiselle Rochet?" Mademoiselle would see the young miss. With some diffidence the girl made her errand known. Was this Mademoiselle Louise Rochet of Fifth avenue-late of Paris? Yes. Was there any service Mademoisele could offer? Yes. Mother, that is, Mrs. Van Houton, had a robe.

pride, but only to smile in a curious way at | Just a touch, and it would be magn

Van Houton with pleasure."

thank you kindly, mademoiselle. Mother will be greatly pleased, I'm sure."

Rochet had not been seen except at supper and breakfast, and yet it was known to more than half the people in the house that a certain valuable order of mind had arrived. The born dress-maker had appeared. The genius for draping had shed its beneficent light upon them. The masculine mind falls back on the safe proposition that as the waist is gored so is the skirt inclined—and stops. The feminine mind knows better and goes farther. Draping is a mystery, a matter only for superior within another had another had appeared.

The people in the big dining-room Mademoiselle was the picture of sweetness and light. Two gentle young things who carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel.

"Rich? I should say?"

"Ah, yes. Pity. With all that money feller might do very well. See?"

"Yes. Social rules footback of the control of the people in the big dining-room Mademoiselle was the picture of sweetness and light. Two gentle young things who carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel.

"Rich? I should say?"

"Ah, yes. Pity. With all that money feller might do very well. See?"

"Yes. Social rules footback of the control of the people in the big dining-room Mademoiselle was the picture of sweetness and light. Two gentle young things who carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel.

"Rich? I should say?"

"Ah, yes. Pity. With all that money feller might do very well. See?"

"Yes. Social rules footback of the carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel."

"An extended the carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel."

"Brune footback of the carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel."

"Brune footback of the carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel." better and goes farther. Draping is a mystery, a matter only for superior minds.
Within another hour the peasant maid at
M'lle Rochet's door had four times informed. anxious inquirers that M'lle Rochet was engaged at room 65. Thither the pilgrims went to see, admire and discuss. Mrs. Van Houton had secured the prize, but was willing that friends should witness her suc-

Mademoiselle gazed thoughtfully at robes, suggested, lightly touched the fabrics here and there, and it was done. Genius when really great rarely works with its hands in this fine art. It suggests, and other and perhaps lower minds buy maerials, direct the hands in needlework, and wear the result with conscious pride. In twenty minutes Mrs. Van Houton's robes had been passed upon, and Mademoiselle, with a mental note of the value of her services, was led away to see other robes. As she examined and commented on dress, she measured women. She soon found just what she wanted—a society woman with an unruly member. In this lady's dress M'lle found much to admire. She politely declined further orders. She would be obliged to stay with the madame in No. obliged to stay with the madame in No. 206 till certain very important changes were made. She might even be obliged to do a little stitching herself, as there was no one present with sufficient skill to do the work. This was, indeed, unexpected condescension, and my lady of No. 206 was proud, flattered, happy and talkative. The door was closed to all visitors, and genius and its patron sat down together ever the momentous affair. Seven distinct headaches at once developed in the hotel, and their poor owners declared they would not be well enough to attend the hop that night.
"Mademoiselle had many natrons among

"Mademoiselle had many patrons among society ladies in New York?"
"Yes, very many, the wives of senators, judges and others."
"Indeed! Not the wife of Judge Danellia or Judge Chote?"

"No. There was one, perhaps madame may know her; Madame Gearing."

"Oh! you mean Judge Gearing, of the Superior Court. She was a Rochelle, married a Mr. Yardstickie, and he died. She must be past forty now, but well preserved."

"I designed two habits for her."

"And I dare say they were not bad."

"I assure Madame they were magnificent. Madame, the Judge's wife, Mrs. Gearing you call her, was greatly pleased—charmed. Madame may have observed her habits."

"Well, no. I'm not very well acquainted with Mrs. Gearing. My Milly has met her

"Has she a son? He must still be an "No. It was by her first husband. Milly admires him very much. He's lived abroad some time. studied in Paris, was rather wild there, but of course is quite reformed

"Will Mademoiselle the daughter permit me to examine her robes? It is possible

I suggest something."

"Milly? Oh, Milly's young. She only came out this spring, and her things don't matter down here. There's nobody here of any consequence. We shall receive this fall for her, and then, if Mademoiselle can design a dress for her we shall be glad."
"Americans are so strange. What is it o come out?"

"Milly's a debutante. She is now ourg lady, and can receive calls from young gentiemen."
"The Judge's son call on her and she so

young!"
"Well, no: I couldn't permit that. Of course here at the beach young people must meet in a social way."
"Then the son of the Judge is not what

you call attentive to the daughter?"
"You're mistaken about that. Young
Mr. Royal Yardstickie is not the son of Judge Gearing. He is the son of the Judge's wife. She hasn't anything, but of course the young man will come in for a share of the Judge's wealth. As for his attentions to Milly, we couldn't allow it—at any rate not till Milly is older, and not unless she was very anxious to marry him.

Mademoiselle seemed to find something deeply interesting in the robe she held upon her lap. There were hard lines about her handsome mouth and a momentary flash in me mouth and a momentary flash in her black eyes, which the voluble patron mistook for the light of genius or the sign of deep thought.

"I think, on the whole, you had better look at one of Milly's dresses. I want her to look well at the hop to-night. As it is Saturday, there will be a good many of the vounger men down to spend Sunday Mademoiselle, with the sweetest smile

imaginable, continued her search for inform

"It will also please young Mr. Yard-stickie. All young girls wish to appear well before those who admire them."
"Oh, it's not at all for him. If I thought he was seriously attentive, Milly would not leave her room co-night. We could hardly the young man has lost his heart over some ommouplace creature at the light."
"The light! What is the light?"

"Hedgefence Light-House. "Oh, the maritime light. I understand. Do women trim such lamps in this

"Dear, no. There's a light-house keeper -a man. Every one is remarking on Mr. Yardstickie's very great interest in such things. He goes over to the light every the hotel at breakfast the next morning in | day, and twice he has been seen in the village with her. I'm sure it's a blessing he went off yesterday on Mr. Manning's yacht, as he will not be at the hop to-night. haven't a doubt he would disgrace self by bringing the girl with him. We should never recognize her, if he did."

"Was that a yacht—the beautiful vessel we passed in the steamboat last

"I dare say. Mr. Manning's yacht sailed vesterday. I think Milly said it was only for a few days. She knows somebody who knows the Boylstons, and they are friends of the Mannings."

After a pause, as if in deep thought, Mademoiselle came to the conclusion that nothing more need be done to the robe. There was to be a hop that night at the hotel. Could Mademoiselle examine it with perhaps a view to its improvement?

Mademoiselle seemed to think for an Mademoiselle seemed to think for an Milly was sent for to try it on. The instant. Should she continue her character of fashionable New York dressmaker or play the lady of leisure? Which would be the best character in which to appear when she met him? She thought of his said the robe was already nearly perfect. the thought. He had cared nothing for Mother and daughter were overflowing her feelings; why should she consider his? with voluble gratitude. Milly would be

Besides, business brought money, and brought it more easily and abundantly than she had ever dreamed in the days of her poverty in Paris.

With scarcely a perceptible hesitation she said, sweetly, "I shall receive Madame Van Houton with pleasure."

with voluble gratitude. Milly would be the best-dressed girl at the hop.

On Mademoiselle's return to her room the peasant maid had a most unhappy quarter of an hour. Mademoiselle was unlovely. Some characters are like certain apples—a little tart. Mademoiselle was van aburn and nore than sub-acid; she was sharp and "Our room is No. 65, this floor, and bitter, and the reason therefor was not plain to the poor little maid. All she could

"Yes. Social rules forbid. Hang rules!"

"Hop to-night?"

"Nothing better to do. Know feller knows her?"

"Sister does."

"Might ask her te present me at hop. Lots fun."

"Sister wouldn't. Girls so strange."

"Mean to get it."

"What? Introduction to La Rochet?"

"Horrid audacious, but must have fun. If Vardstickie were here, be all right."

If Yardstickie were here, be all right."
"Why? Does he know her?"
"Guess not. But he'd bring it round.
Royal can do anything like that, Great

"Sister says she worked for his mother.
Must know her. Oh!"
"What's matter? Burn mouth?"
"No. Idea. Recollect funny thing.
Paris last winter. Met Royal with lady.
Girl like that, tall, brunette—very French.
Everywhere with him. Can't tell what
reminds me of her."
"Can't he same?"

"Can't be same?"
"Ah! Awful idea! It does look like"
Royal

"Foolish idea. knows too much."

"No. Can't be. That girl was poor.
Royal paid bills like little man."

"Great folly. Got over it?"

"Yes. Royal's cured. No money now.

Very sad, you know."

"Hop to-night?"

"Yes. Smoke now."

The half-helliday had brought a great

She had hoped to find him, to confront him in the hotel, and openly to demand recognition. Months and months had passed since she had seen him, and she felt a certain melanchely pity for herself in finding in her disappointment how much she had wished to meet him publicly and to humiliate him in some striking and dramatic scene that would satisfy her sense of justice—and the picturesque. He would fall on his knees, and she would pour out her wrath—no, he wouldn't do that. He would wince, perhaps, but would hold his head erect through it all. What folly to think of what might be! She had learned much since she had reached America. She had learned more at this place. He had already strayed into some net. She must examine the net Perhaps it might prove another he net Perhaps it might prove another reapon in her hands.

Mademoiselle's appearance on the beach lid not attract special attention. She was lressed with what might be called elegant plainness. Her manners were ladylike and reserved, and, while many bestowed a passing glance upon her costume, none heeded the woman. The bathers were noisy and numerous, and she passed along the rear of the throngs gathered on the beach and took he path towards the light house without exciting comment. Lovers there were at

exciting comment. Lovers there were at intervals along the way, and now and then she met a party of children paddling and wading with white and shining legs in the creamy surf. Love and play are too absorbing to notice grief, particularly if it passes with serene face and robed in the latest style. She saw the lovers with a feeling of envy. She watched the children

with a sigh.

She came to the big yellow boulder and sat down to look over the sea, and think. The white tower, the little house planted almost in the surf, the wide sea, the soft warm sky, and the white mountainous clouds in the west, all appeared to her to rest—to rest and think. There was only a slight ripple on the water, yet the surf slowly thundered and boomed at her feet, the dying waves of some distant storm. So it seemed that her life had become serene and fair, yet moved by slow heart-

There was a shadow on the water. She looked to the west. The sun had disappeared behind one of the alpine heights of cumulus, leaving a faint glow of red on the sky beyond the irregular line of vivid silver that touched the edge of the cloud. Could it be forebodings of a storm? Was it vague hint of more rain-more tears, per-naps lightning—in her stormy life?

The surf was most irregular in its pulsations. Three closely successive waves would advance, and, booming, break, and rush up the shingly slope, and then the beach would scream as the white water ran back. Then all would be quiet for a little space. It was in one of these pauses that there came to her ear a dreary cry like a moan. The color left her handsome face, and see looked far and wide over the sea. There was nothng, and the surf roared and screamed again. Once more she heard it. It made her heart beat fast, she knew not why. She had read of the mysterious sounds of he sea, of the moan heard on the ocean be ore great storms. What did it mean? Why did she hearit? It was almost human in its faint sighing—fitful, half heard—yet felt, like a pain in the heart. She wrapped her light clock about her and shivered. The sea was purple under the western clouds, blue in the east, with splend d splashes of green over the shoals. There was a faint murmur of music and laughter from the hotel. At her feet rose the chirp of a cricket. Peace everywhere, save for that noaning from the sea.

"O, if it would only speak plainly. It means so much and says so little. Ah! there is a man coming." The approach of any human being seemed a comfort, and she sat still, looking towards the hotel to where a tall, plainly-



oulse had raced with such speed. Could this strange, unearthly voice be a cry from the unknown bidding her pause? Was it a real voice? Did she hear it all? Was it only a cry picked out by her heart from the mass of the sonorous thunder on the beach, as a sea shell picks out a tone from the roar of the sea? She would ask this man if he too heard the sound. As he came nearer she felt in a sense safe. His face bespoke a man of simple, unaffected life and honest heart. His blue eyes looked into hers for an instant only, and in that quick glance she felt she could trust him. With this thought there came also a regretful instant of pity for herself that she must look at anyone to see if he be indeed a man. "Good evening, miss."

He spoke pleasantly and naturally, much as a man at home might welcome a stranger. She guessed at once that he was the keeper of the light-house. She rose from the yellow stone on which she sat, and then saw that it was the atepping-stone to the he too heard the sound. As he came nearer

saw that it was the stepping-stone to the stile and that she blocked the way. "Beg pardon. I did not see I was in

your path."

"All right, marm. No consequence. I'd rather hopped over the fence than had a lady rise."

"I beg pardon, sir, for detaining you, but could you explain that strange sound from the sea? I do not understand why it should be."

"It's the two father heav."

"It's the two-fathom buey."
"Buey?"
"Yes. Whistling buoy. "Yes. Whistling buoy. Beacon, you know. Always makes that noise when there is a sea on. Warning for boats mak-

there is a sea on. Warning for boats making this port."

"Ah! I comprehend. Maritime signal for vessels—to warn against wreck."

"Yes, marm. Sounds kinder dismal in pleasant weather, but it's powerful pretty music if you're steering by dead reckoning and a thick fog coming up or driving snow hiding the light."

Here was a politeness unknown in France. She saw from his unaffected manner that it was the genuine courtesy of kindliness and respect, and not a pretended gallantry. For an instant the novelty of such a remark confused in New York the day she landed there when a stranger rose and silently gave her a seat in a street car. At that instant the faint mean from the sea came again.

"Have many lives been saved from wreck by that sound?"
"Can't tell, marm. Mebby a great many, mebby none at all. Anyway, it may yet save some life from going to smash; and so

by hearing the thing whistling in the das it will pay to let it whistle all the tim even if it does sound hinder forlow to fell hafe on shore."

Tains so matter. Pve just been to hotel with Mai. Nething particular to Glad to show strangers over the

do. Glad to show strangers dyer the light."
With an instinctive grasp at the fact that through this simple and transparent nature she might obtain some information of value, she smiled sweetly and said—"I am a stranger in America."
"So I see, marm."
"I have heard much of American politeness. I am quite alone; yet, if it be pessible, I shall greatly admire to see the lighthouse. My home is Paris, where we have not such things."
"Come right in. Guess father's round somewhere."

"Are not the ladies of your house at

"No; Mai's gone to the hotel It's no matter. Ladies often come over from the hotel alone. I've shown hundreds of 'em round the place."
She had the wit to see that from Parisian standpoint she could not possibly accept the invitation, yet in America it might be allowable. The situation would give her a wholly novel experience—that of unembarrassed and unaffected talk with

a man of sense whose natural politeness was as delightful as it was sincere. She laughed to herself as if it were a kind of child-like pleasure she had not had since she had played with Mignon and Pierre in the streets of Rouben. She would give herself up for the moment to an innocent

enjoyment.

More than an hour passed in inspecting the light. The old captain took her in charge and seemed pleased with her beauty and gayety. After all had been seen, the young man escorted her to the stile, that she might take the path back to the hotel. She seemed to linger a moment, and, in the delightful disregard of the value of time that seashore people often show, the young man appeared perfectly willing to wait and talk with the handsome and vivacious stranger.

"And all this is to prevent people from being lost in wrecks?" "Bout the size of it, marm. For all "Bout the size of it, marm. For all that, there's been many a wreck along this shore in my day. Why, some years ago there was a wreck right opposite the place where the hotel stands now. More'n twenty people were lost just about where those people are bathing on the beach."

"And they are laughining and playing just where men and women have died. How dreadful it all is!"

"Lor'! that was nearly twenty year ago. I was only a small chap, but I remember the storm, and how father and the

nen all went down to the beach to help the few that were saved. "Then some were saved? Tell me about it. Such things are so strange to me. never saw the sea till last winter. It fascinates me. It is so beautiful—and

"'Tain't much to tell. The steame struck 'bout a hundred yards from the beach. Some of her people tried to get ashore in their boats, but they were soon swamped and lost. Then the men on the beach put out a whale boat and saved four beach put out a whale boat and saved four passengers, and the stewardess and two colored girls, mites of things not more than four years old. I remember seeing the girls, for they lost all their friends, and some of our folks took 'em in and brought 'em up, and they grew up here."

"Colored chi dren! what are they?"

"People of color-negroes. I guess they are slaves in Savannah, where they came from. You'd never know it, though, for they were 'most white, and quite pretty girls. They went to school with the other children, and I remember we boys were quite well 'quainted with them."

"Then not all that you call people of color are black?" "No, marm. There's some is no darker than any dark-complected white felks; no darker than you be."

Mademoiselle showed a brilliant set of

"No offence, marm. They grew up to quite likely girls, and were treated just like other folks. There's some as thinks they are different, but I kinder guess humans is

In a sense her mission to the light had failed. Yet she had obtained some in formation that might prove of value in the future. The snowy cumulus in the west had begun to change color and assume a threatening aspect. She had best return to the hotel. With a few pleasant words of thanks, she walked away along the path over the sand hills, leaving the blond giant

gazing after her.
"Well, that ain't Mai's style; and I'm glad of it. I'retty as a picture, but I don't believe that kind will wash."

Mademoiselle had barely time to reach the hotel before the sudden darkness of the storm spread over the sea. People were hurrying towards the house from every direction, and the broad pinzza was crowded with pleasure seekers driving in like a fleet of little boats making port in stress of weather. Just at the top of the broad stairs leading to the piazza Mademoiselle met two ladies con ing slowly down, as if hesitating

about facing the storm. Mai, dear, you must stay. Wait till the storm is over. See, it will rain presently." Mademoiselle's dress unaccountably met with some mishap just there, and she paused to adjust the difficulty.

"No, deary; father will miss me. Be-

sides, you know I'm afraid of storms since I was a child, and sometow the light seems afer than the hotel."

"That's because you're such a child of the "I know it. I came from the sea, and storms always frighten me. I have my water-proof. I'll not need your umbrella. Good-by."

At that instant a vivid flash of lightning seemed to make an illuminated photograph of sea and sky, and a deafening crash shock the whole building. There was a moment's confusion among the people, and then some

one cried out—
"The music-stand has been struck."
"Beg pardon, Mademoiselle, your friend has fainted."
Mademoiselle Rochet seemed the only one who retained presence of mind. The young girl by her side had fainted at the terrible crash, and would have fallen had not she caught her. A moment later she was laid on a sofa in the hotel parlor. Mademoiselle, among others, offered such help as she could.
"Thank you, Mademoiselle Rochet. My

"Thank you, Mademoiselle Rochet. My friend will soon recover. It is a constitutional dread of lightning. She had some strange experience in a storm when an intant. You are very kind. I know what to do for her. Thank you kindly. Half an hour later Mai Johnson slowly pened her eyes in a quiet room in the

hotel.

'Do you feel better, dear?"

'Has the storm passed?"

'Yes. It was very short. It's clearing away, and the sun is going down behind deep-red clouds."

'Who was she, dear?"

"That person. I felt her come near me, and my heart grew so cold. And then I seemed to hear the sea roar just as I sometimes do in my dreams—an awful sound, as if everything I loved and cared for was

You'll be all right after a little supper, and then you can go home and dress for the hop to-night. You remember you promised to go with us?"

"Yes, I remember. I cannot go."
"Why not?"
"I hardly knew. She might be there."
"Hew strange you are, Mai! Whe might be there?"
"I de not know. That woman. The lightning lit up her face, and I saw it as plain as day. Forgive me, deary; I couldn't go; I couldn't meet her again."
"Why, you never saw her before?"
"Ne, never. I den't even know her name."

asme."
"Why, it's only a fachionable dreer maker who arrived here last night. Everybody in the house is talking about her wonderful dresses. She was pointed out to me. Her name is Louise Rochet." "It's very silly in me, I know, but somehow I cannot help it, Let me get up now. I must go home. You'll forgive me, deary; I could not come to the hop tonight. She—that Frenchwoman would be there."

Mademoiselle Rochet, being a guest of the house, was invited to the hop. There was much interest excited over the affair, for there were many who looked for some new dress that would charm, astonish and

The hop was not a success. The advancing season brought more people to Wilson's Holl, and the hotel was full. A few days after the hop the afternoon boat brought a gentleman and lady to the Holl, and from the landing they drove rapidly in a light wagon to the hotel. He was a man about sixty years of age, of massive frame and fine large head with abundant hair already white. She was much younger—a woman of soft feminine beauty, though well past middle life. In dress the man was severely plain, the woman rich, almost ostentatious. Dress to her was a matter of profound importance, to him only a convenience.

to him only a convenience.

"Very sorry, Judge; every room is taken. Can give you half of one of the cottages."
"We shall want four rooms—one for my

wife, one for myself, one for my son and a parlor. By the way, I suppose my son is here?" "No, sir; not just now. Mr. Royal Yard. stickie still keeps a room here, but he's away on Mr. Manning's yacht." The Judge seemed to be somewhat dis-turbed at the information given to him by

the hotel clerk, though he calmly signed the register in silence, thus:
"J. H. Gearing and wife, New York." "Will you go to the cottage at once

Judge?"

The Judge merely nodded in silence. He seemed to be disturbed about something, and the clerk wisely held his peace and turned to welcome other guests.

The Judge and his wife walked along the planked path to the last cottage at the west of the hotel, and took possession of their new quarters. Hardly had the servant opened the rooms and left them in peace when Mrs. Judge Gearing, after carefully

laying aside her extra garments, said, with just a shade of impatience. "I'm surprised that Royal did not com down to the landing to meet us."
"He is not here, Maria. He is away on vacht with some friend

"Poor boy! I'm glad of it. He's so delicate. The sea-air and the rest and quiet on the yacht will do him good.' "That's all right, Maria, and I haven't the least objection to his going; but it would have been wiser if he had given up his room at the hotel. I do wish he could be a little more thoughtful about such

matters."
"Judge, Royal is an invalid. You must excuse him in some things. What could he do if he returned and found every room taken in the hotel? He might die of exposure while trying to find some place to lay his head. Poor Royal is such a sufferer after his terrible studies at

"Nonsense! When I was at Wilbraham I was assistant janitor and made nine fire before breakfast, and was at prayers every morning, and taught an evening school two
miles from college five nights in the week,
and was organ-blower at three services and
choir-rehearsal at the First Church in the next town-walked a mile and back at

"Don't, Judge! It makes my poor heart bleed to think of all you suffered in your

"Yes, perhaps it did; but it's a most un-pleasant thing to remember."
"Not at all. I had a jelly time in the First Church organ-loft, and was as hearty a young fellow as you could find in any class."
"Well, at least, dear, do not talk of it now. It's not good style in your present position. It humiliates me every time you

"I'll not mention it down here. Court has adjourned, and we are at the beach in search of—pleasure. Ready for dinner?" "Why, no. I can't go till the trunks come. I've nothing to wear. You go, and I'll join you as soon as possible. I wish you'd see why the trunks do not

"All right. I will take a little walk on the beach and meet you at the hotel." Judge Gearing left the fantastic cottage and crossed the level white sand towards the beach. There was need to concern himse f about the trunks, for a wagon was himself about the trunks, for a wagon was already unloading baggage at the hotel door. Like many men who have risen through a youth of labor to a position of dignity and comparative ease, he seldem complained of those who in any way labored for his profit or convenience. The porters would do their duty. He did it when he labored with his hands; why not they? Besides, every work had its hinderances The trunks would arrive just as quickly by waiting for them as by needlessly hurrying those who were already, no boubt, doing their duty. The world was very pleasant to Judge Gearing. His life had been fortunate in that, as far as he could

decide, at this its late afternoon it had left all its probable sorrows behind. There was no longer that frightful struggle for an education that had marked his youth. He had won a considerable amount of wealth. He had married a handsome and fashionable woman who did the honers of his house with grace and dignity. His work was comparatively easy, and it was interesting. If there was any thorn in his side, it had only just begun to smart in a petty, irritating way that might be only temporary. His wife's son had come to his (To be Continued.)

ONTARIO

RELLEVILLE, ONT.

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR. This institution is the most widely attended business

> -Catalogua. ROBINSON & JOHNSON,

What is

## CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrheea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend,

Castoria. "Casteria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Casteria in-stead of the various quack mostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending

them to premature graves.

DR. J. F. KINCHILOE. Conway, Ar

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children fans I recommend it assuper or to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

TH

WIS

The Br Tabe mag "The audi his e ject Eccl mak ness it m face The transing charthree by the then we are charthree and inch and the and t

mora inder face gene and the s lation estin were to tr

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experi ence in their outside practice with Castoria and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with

favor upon it.' UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

COMFORT IN CORSETS

Can only be obtained by wearing No. 391 "Improved All-Featherbone Corsets." No side steels to

break, hurt or rust. TRY A PAIR. All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

AND SACHETS

## ADVERTISE in the WARDER

The largest Circulation of any Paper in the Midland District.

Perfumes Fragrant TOILET WATERS

Gregory

Corner Kent and William Streets.

E. WOODS' Stove Emporium

-BEST-

\$2.90 per barrel. E. WOODS.

Sept. 28th, 1892.—1889-ly.

FOR FURNITURE

GO TO

BUSINESS COLLEGE ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

SEND for the new 144 page Undertakers and Cabinet Makers

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

thou nance From the recog and for soul Bible "face face face staff hypo my twist send about that the Parli ordered the telling and Hipp and have libra garm let i we a staff they ist de book which which which which which when yet to form Ever made agree much tant heart lem to back which when yet the form Ever made agree much tant heart lem to back to primm beast lem is does people in the send to primm able in the send to primm ab