St. Mary of the Angels;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

CHAPTER IV.

Hardy's nature never had been a gentle one, and there certainly had been nothing softening in the experiences which had come to him during his three years of life on the frontier; being now stirred to its very depths, a burning passion had been aroused in him, in which every turbulent element in his being was involved. As he strode backward and forward through the length of the two small rooms, he closed and opened his hands, his breath came hot and short, his eyes shone dangerously, on his face was a dark flush. He remembered the touch of Mary's hand on his shoulder that morning. Had Barwood happened to come into the station just then, pose changed to a look of fear and weakness, he certainly would have shot him on sight.

At last the hour of waiting was ended. Hardy shivered a little as he returned his watch to his pocket-during the final minutes he had held it in his handand went out into the quivering heat. In all! the time that he had known her, in the old days, he had not even kissed her, he thought,

as he walked along.

A little below the point at which the railroad crossed it, the river bent sharply, and beyond this turn was the bluff on which stood the town. Hardy walked toward the railroad bridge, but on the side of the embankment farthest from the engine-house and tank. In case any wakeful person chanced to see him, the natural inference would be that he was on his way to join Barwood at the pump -the steady beating of which sounded regularly through the hot air. A footpath, the shortest way between Barwood's house and the pump, ran along the valley, parallel with the stream, through thickets of nopales and mesquite, and following this, Hardy came in a few minutes to the spot where he had bidden Mary meet him. She was waiting for him in the path. As he caught sight of her-a look of eagerness on her face as she heard the sound of his footsteps, the sunlight sparkling in her hair, her round white arm showing, as she shaded her eyes from the sun-his heart gave a bound. He did not trust himself to speak. For a moment a dizziness came over him, and he put his hand to his forehead

as though in pain. Nourished by the near-by water, the mesquite bushes hereabouts were grown to be little trees, which formed a grove, screening the face of the bluff. A faintly marked path, worn by the goats, led crookedly through this grove to a narrow open space, above which rose the bluff, trending outward. He drew her along this path, and seated her on a fallen stone in the shadowy nook formed by the rocky overhang. Here they were hidden completely; but above the bushes they could see down the valley, and out across the great sun-beaten plain, that far away rose in long slopes to the flanks of the gray-blue mountains which girded it in. A slow current of air-dry, hot, stimulatingset "up the valley. The only sound that broke the almost palpable stillness was the low throbbing of the pump. To them both this sound brought back vividly the memory of that Sunday afternoon in the Wyoming Valley, three years before.

Hardy seated himself beside her and drew her toward him. "Oh, John-you mustn't," she said, speaking in a low, frightened voice. But made no effort to loose herself from his grasp. He did not answer, but he settled her

more closely to him. The flush on his face you !" had deepened. Suddenly she gave a short, quick sob, and

head against his shoulder and drew her still

her head drooped forward until it rested on his breast. Then she began to cry, softly, as a child cries while being comforted. "It all has been so dreadful," she moaned.

"Your-your curse came true, John." He did not answer for a moment, but his cards," he said coolly. arm clasped her less closely and more tenderly, while the flush on his face slowly faded | have made an effort to draw his pistol-and and left him very pale.

know; and I mean to do it."

and, without the mitigating facts of her own shot. To her surprise, this sound did not moodiness and coldness, the case that she come. Slowly she raised her head. made out against Barwood was a black one "Now, Mr. Hardy," Barwood said, "if a fool?" asked Idioticus.

than it has been at all, John," she went on. "Will was wild and cruel, and got drunk in those other places; but here he is mixed up | with these dreadful Mexicans in all sorts of wicked things which make me shiver to honor?" Barwood said, letting his revolver think about. There is smuggling going on fall slowly. all the time, and they all are robbers, and I know that he was with them when that it is horrible, horrible!"

"And this Mexican woman?" Mary's face grew crimson, and then pale. She tried to draw away from him, trembling. Then in a voice scarcely above a whisper, but Mary-used to orders thus tersely wordshe said, "That-that is the very worst of ed-rose quietly to obey it. She stood for a

For a little time they both were silent. The flush had come back to Hardy's face and his hold upon her had tightened. She could feel the strong beating of his heart. His voice was unsteady, and had a strange sound in it when he spoke.

troubled, frightened tone.

go away from me, Mary-what have I man in th' thick of a huggin' match ! There's done to make you angry? Don't you under- no consistency anywheres about you. There's thin.

stand that I love you-that I must have you

She broke away from him and sprang to her feet. She was far from being a majestic women under ordinary circumstances, but there certainly was an air of majesty about her now. Hardy stood up, facing her.

"How dare you?" she panted. "Because my husband is-because my husband has hurt me so, is that any reason why you should hurt me still more? You are as bad as he is. You are worse than he is. Isn't to her support, she went slowly along the there such a thing as one single honorable | path. man in the world?" Then the heroic tones died out of her voice, and her comanding "Oh, John, John!" she said, "I thought that you really would help me. I never thought of anything like this." She sank down on the stone again, and buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

Hardy felt, and looked a little, like a dog that had received a deserved beating. Mary's piteous appeal, even more than her indignant protest, had made him realize how bitterly cruel he had been; how, if he had deliberately set himself to make the horror of her life greater he could not have done it more effectually. Of course she would not trust him any more; he could not blame her; and so his purpose—an honest and manly purpose now-to help her could do no good. For a long while he stood in silence, looking away from her out over the plain, chewing the cud of most bitter thoughts.

At last Mary spoke: "John, tell me that you didn't mean it. I'm sure you didn't. I'm so very, very unhappy, John. And unless you help me I don't see any hope at all. Tell me that you didn't mean it, John."

There was an infinite pathos in her words; a despairing pathos-for that she still should appeal to him for help showed how desperate her plight must be. But for him there was comfort in this appeal, since it made clear the way for his atonement. "I can tell you from the very core of my heart that I don't mean it now, Mary," he said. "Please God, I really will be an honest friend to you now, and I will get you out of this honestly, and home safely to the States. I guess I must have been crazy, Mary; but I'm not crazy any longer, and you can trust me right straight | for publication:

Mary looked up at him gladly. "Those are the best words I've heard in three years," she said. "Oh, John, you nearly killed me a little while ago; but you must have been by paying for this notice." crazy, just as you said; and now you are giving me hope that is worth living for. Somehow, alone as I've been, I haven't had I ious to keep the contents, and he was of the the strength to try to break away and get opinion that no woman for as small a sum as with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered tohome. I've been afraid. I guess I haven't | \$14.55 would ever answer to the advertisemuch of what they call backbone. But I | ment as he had written it have your strength now, John, and things will all come right, I'm sure. You'll get me home safe, won't you, John?"

She came close to him, eagerly, and took his hand. As a father might have done, he put his arm around her and drew her head upon his breast.

"But you must be very careful, John," she went on. "Will is such a masterful sort of a man! If he finds out anything I know that he'll kill us."

Hardy smiled confidently. "I guess if there's any killing going around I won't get left," he said. "I don't want to kill your husband, of course, but if it's got to be done I'll do it all the same." "But maybe not while he's got the drop on

Hardy turned quickly. Barwood was standing in the path not ten feet away, holding aside the mesquite branches with his left hand, while in his right hand, leveled at Hardy's head was a cocked revol

"It may be your ante; but I've got the

Had Hardy been a tenderfoot he would would have been shot instantly. Having "My poor little girl," he said. "Tell me had the benefit of three years' experience of all that has happened. I can help you, you Southwestern manners and customs, he stood perfectly still and awaited developments.

And then slowly, bit by bit, she told him the same story that Barwood had told him— husband's voice and saw him standing before but from the point of view not of the her, grimly threatening; and then she had wrong- doer, but of the wronged. It did sunk cowering down, with her face bent close not seem to occur to her that she had to her knees, and her hands pressed tightly in anywise contributed to her own sorrow; to her ears to deaden the sound of the pistol-

you'll give me your word of honor that "And it is worse here in Santa Maria you'll be on the square, as I promise you I'll be with you, we won't have any shootin' just at present. Is it a go?" "Yes," Hardy answered.

"No monkey tricks, on your word of

"On my word of honor." "All right, then. Maybe one of us'll have ranch was raided and those poor men were 't' be used as th' beginnin' of an American killed." Mary shuddered violently. "Oh, graveyard in these parts before we get through with each other, but th' percession needn't start just yet. Here, you fool Mary,

go back t' th' house.' Hardy quivered as this order was given, moment looking at the two men as they confronted each other.

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done," she moaned, "that I should be the cause of such dreadful things?"

"What have you done?" Barwood answered. "Well, I'll tell you what you've done. "Mary, will you let me talk you out of all From first t' last in all you've had t' say or do with me an' Hardy here, you've made "What do you mean?" she asked, in a an' everlastin' infernal fool of yourself an' of us too. Fust of all, you said you'd "I mean, will you come away with me marry me; an' I went off in good faith from this brute and let me take care of you? t' make a comfortable home for you. An' Don't push me away. Don't answer yet"- then what did you do? Why, you coaxhe held her closely, and spoke rapidly in or- ed Hardy along into fallin' in love with der to check her rising words. "You know you! An' then, instead of shakin' me how I loved you in the old times, Mary, and marryin' him-which would 'a' been You were everything in life to me. And tough on me, but at least would 'a' had now I love you more, greatly more, than sense in it-for th' fool that you are you even I did then. . This man has no right shook him an' married me! An' then, to you; he has thrown away his right to when you'd made my life so d--n mean t' you-he has thrown it away, I tell you ! | me that I took t' knockin' around with th' Think of what his life has been-of what boys, just t' try t' forget how mis'rable I pie. it is now-of the insult he has put upon | was, up you goes on your ear an' says that you here in your own home. He has no I 'm a drunken brute, an' that you was a right to you, Mary. And I have a right martyr! An' now, after you've been rowin' to you because I love you so. I will take me off an' on for six months an' more because such good care of you, Mary; I will spend I've got a Mexican lady friend who's not all all my life in making you happy once moods an' stuck-upness, an' who's got a heart more—in trying to make you forget how in her body, I can't go t' my work an' come unhappy you have been. Don't -- don't back agen without findin' you an' another

nothin' about you, good or bad, for a man t' take hold of an' tie to. You're just a foola ferlorn, useless fool !"

Barwood delivered this extended opinion in a tone of sincere conviction and utter contempt. He was so deeply moved that he How even forgot to interpolate into his discourse his customary larding of heavy, mouth-filling oaths. Hardy listened with a white face; and he was the more stirred, perhaps, by an uneasy consciousness that Barwood was cutting terribly close to the truth. Mary scarcely grasped the sense of a single word. She was too stunned and shaken to understand anything just then. She waited, with the stolid bearing beneath abuse that had become habitual with her, until her husband had finished; and then, walking in a dazed, uncertain way that made Hardy long to go

As the mesquite bushes closed behind her, Barwood said briskly:

" Now, Hardy, you an' me'll talk this matter right out now, an'get that graveyard business settled onct for all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pedestrianism.

Mrs. C .- Just think of it. Poor Mrs. Blank has died, and her youngest child is some hard-wooded locality well stocked not able to walk.

that the disconsolate widower will make it an excuse for marrying again that the child was so located that it furnished shelter in needs a step-mether right off.

A Broad Hint.

cigarettes and blowing rings-Miss Oldgirl-How I wish I had been there. Mr. Dolly-Why?

finger of my left hand through one of the rings one of these troughs. Then a cord or

A Mind-Reader.

Dudely-"You look at me as if you thought I was a fool, eh?" a fool, after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance.

How He Compromised With Conscience.

A man, who it were base flattery to call John Smith, came into this office this morn- In those days these articles constituted the ing and offered the following advertisement staff of life and an age ago there was no

forty years of age who lost a pocketbook containing \$14.55, on Spadina avenue this morning, will apply to - she can have the

He explained that he had seen the woman drop the pocketbook, but that he was anx

The Objection Removed.

that spider-legged dude of a Hankinson and two blankets, started out for nearly two are in for a good time. First there may be a hanging about the house. Does he come to months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the see one of our girls? Is it possible any of them rock the first thing in order was a fire, but girls take an active part, and an Ontario, would encourage the idiot ?"

John, to be a very worthy young man. He | held the " punk" near the flint-hammer and | young man for whom she has no admiration comes to see Bessie, and since his aunt left caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off him that handsome legacy he is-"

want him to come here trifling-that's all."

Didn't Like The Teacher.

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?" "No; I left off yesterday. has such a disagreeable way of talking. He in the sap, ofttimes walking one-half a mile down to the sugarhouse they go secure a pint don't like my teacher." "Why not?" "He told me that if I kept on for some time longer I might be able to whitewash a fence.'

"Litera Scripta."

Wooer-"O Miss-O Lavinia! may I not "Yes, Mr. Brown, I seriously desire you will regard it so." Wooer-"Then, dearest, may I ask you "-(producing the materials from adjacent writing table)-"to-ahput it on paper! I shall feel safer!'

A Leading Question.

has been your experience !"

A Survival of Paganism. The Judge-What is your Christian name Mr. Johnsing-Hain't got none, sah. My

fust name am Jupiter. The Epicure.

"Croquet is the deadest game I know," said Snubley.

Always So! Perplexing!

He (and he really meant' all he said)-"I assure you I'll do my best to make you a good husband." She (in the agitation of the moment, perhaps, forgetting that "the woman who hesitates is lost")-" Oh !-I've no doubt your intention is excellent; but good husbands are not easily made. If you could assure me-you had-ever before made one-" [Note.-As he could not conscientiously give her the suggested assurance, shefinally consented to marry him on the customary terms, that is to say, on speculation.]

And Didn't Pa Catch It ?

Tommy - "Gran'ma, aren't you going day that you wanted to have a finger in every

would be very dangerous while traveling. Mabel-"They are, if you are not engaged.

Faults are always thick where love is

Syrup in the Past and How it is Made at Present.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times-The Sugaring Season.

It Is the Farmers' Carnival Month-Sugar Partles in the Woods-The Old and Young Make Merry.

About this season of the year the young and old of many portions of Canada realize that sugar season is at hand and the long looked for picnic is within their grasp. The butternuts have nearly all been cracked, a good portion of the cider has filled its mission, although there is always a reservation made for haying. But to "sugar." In this, like all others, things are not as they used to be. An age ago the farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when the harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to with maples and lay out for a spring cam-Mrs. D-Not able to walk! I dare say paign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; ofttimes this time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two Mr. Dolly-Jack and I sat there smoking | feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had been manufactured large maples were Miss Oldgirl-So I could have run the third | selected and by the side of each was placed two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logscalled back-logs-were placed in position to support the kettle, and some large tree near by was cut down and that dug out into one Stranger-" Why, no; you can't be such immense trough for storage. This work | would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and bring back in the morn-

BROWN BREAD, PORK, AND BEANS.

dyspepsia, chronic complaints, or loss of ap-"Notice.—If the homely woman about petite among the average Canadian farmers. To be sure they sometimes died, but died

About the middle of March the old " fivepail kittle" was unearthed; the hand-sled | This is carefully set aside until "sugaringwhich had been doing service all winter was ordered up; pork, beans, a few potatoes, and several loaves of home-made bread, gether, placed on the sled, and the kettle turned over them; and two young men, with ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashsnow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the ioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to family flint-look, some powder and shot, and realize that they are growing old. Later on a good supply of "punk"-an article found the coming generation are on hand and in decayed wood, which is about as com- buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, Mr. Billus-" Maria, I don't like to have bustible as tissue-paper or young oratory- and boys gather at the sugar-house. They there were no matches then, so the old mus- | girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting ef-Mrs. Billus-"Mr. Hankinson seems to me, ket was brought into service. One man fect. She uses more precision firing at a had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and the garden patch. When the war is over Mr. Billus (greatly mollified)-"Oh, if he later a big fire, which was never allowed to the manufacture of paddles is in order. To means business I've no objection. I didn't go out until of no further use. At once the eat sugar with a spoon in the woods old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was would be regarded as a violation of all the made in a fine maple, then "gouged," rules of etiquet. So the young man takes and a spout was driven in to carry his "best girl" one side, and selecting a the sap to the trough, and when sofa-usually a large log, or if lighter the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth furniture is required two buckets are inits sweetness. Then the manufacturers of verted-they sit down and commence work sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered on their paddles. The paddles being made, to secure two pailfuls, which made about or more of the syrup, and start for a snowone-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. | bank upon which they pour it. This at once An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian | hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that as the eye and stomach could judge, and can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile "tea" when work was done comforted the about the sugar-house you will see these inner man. For Java or Mocha syrup was a | pairs cooling and eating maple sugar in its substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of | primitive state. suit final and irrevoc--- 'Spinster (firmly)- pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, The pure Ontario maple syrup is an en would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. There is

NO PLACE IN THE WORLD

where you can cook beans which equals the "Which would you rather be, a knave or | woods and this is how they used to be cooked in the sugar-bush: An old earthen pot "I don't know," replied Cynicus, "What | well filled with beans, a good "hunk of pork" and some native molasses furnished the foundation. Almost beneath the kettle of beiling sap a pit was dug and the pot and contents were buried in it and in the morning out came a dish that no hotel or restuarant in all Canada can duplicate. At the end of six weeks, when the party took stock, they usually had all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who was pure maple sugar something like 60 years

Grandmother-"I, my dear ? Bless my soul, or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, catch up with the flow of sap, and during a to do so will be made. "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little Agnes—"I should think these long tunnels sleep while the wife or some of the ported to New Zealand from England in children keep the kettle full and the fire large numbers to kill off the rabbits, and the "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what rats, which have been food for the stoats the sugar-maker always enjoys. Ofttimes | and weasels in England, are increasing enorthese sugar orchards are near each other, mously in some districts. There is talk of a and family visits are in order and some love- movement to prevent the exportation of any making is indulged in. Lads and lasses more rat destroyers.

play "high-low-jack," and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for home use, although the Canucks Made Maple 100 pounds or so was sometimes exchanged for store-pay. The farmer who then con-

A SUGAR ORCHARD

of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scrub oak, beech, or birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and under brush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmers sugar-place. Here are the finest songsters in the world and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and ofttimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the compuny of the lively creatures, which often a e quite domestic.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly home-like. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land -mostly maple, a few beech and birch-you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this wellfloored room are stored the buckets during the summer and in the springtime it is used for kitchen, receptionroom, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. The sap is

DRAWN TO THE SUGAR-HOUSE,

and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure syrup is produced. off day" comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on

and an ample supply of brown bread and tirely different article from that vended roasted potatoes made up a repast that about the streets of large cities, which is mostly made of glucose and foreign sugars. Pure maple syrup to-day-readily brings \$1 a gallon in the woods, and when it reaches Toronto it is sold for 75 cents and often less. The first make of maple sugar sells for 15 cents. a pound, and here you get it for 7 to 8-a reconstructed article but not improved.

Wreckers of Belle Isle.

The report of the minister of marine and fisheries, which was laid before Parliament at Ottawa on the 22nd inst., contains an extraordinary story, which indicates that the wrecker still exists and plies his calling along the shores of the gulf of St. Lawrence. In the fall of last year the steamship Montreal went ashore on the desolate rocks of snow, rain, everything that could come off | Belle Isle. H. M. S. Emerald came along, the trees, with now and then the body of | and the reply of the master in the Montreal led the captain of the Emerald to believe "Well, many people like their game pretty had ventured too near the trough. This that his services were not required, and he steamed away. This is what happened after he went away, and led to the master of the Another generation realized that the Montreal complaining of the desertion. world moved, and we find a shanty in some | The following day some wreckers bearded fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 | the vessel and plundered her. Later on they buckets and sometimes more. Outside is came into the cove with their schooners and an arch for the kettle, not built of cut | anchored, then made their boat fast alongstone, but the material easiest at command. I side of the steamer and swarmed on board in This is not an isolated spot; people here large numbers. They intimidated the crew, come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by | stole the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and, home; the wife or daughter at noontime | with hatchets and crowbars destroyed a large brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it | portion of the decks in their endeavor to get is; there is a small kettle at command and a lat the cattle and sheep. Ropes were put down "sugar off" is then in order and an hour's the opening and various articles of the cargo sport that king, prince, or potentate might | were secured and immediately removed from envy, but not covet. To the assuming the steamer. The cattle and sheep which daughter of papa, to say nothing of the had previously been landed were hunted complacent manipulator of the type-writer, about the island, caught and killed, the carthe idea of a girl tramping a mile or two in casses dragged down the cliffs, where boats the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed were in readiness to receive them. Similar into the kitchen? They're making such a in coarse woolens, may not be pleasant, but scenes have occurred whenever vessels have jolly lot of mince pies." Tommy's Maternal | could they see that girl with her dinner-pail | been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either upon the Labrador or Newfoundland coasts. no! Your mamma and cook will see to they would realize that there is such a thing The commissioner who investigated the matthem." Tommy-" Oh, but pa told ma to- in life as enjoyment. Ofttimes it is found ter states that it is very difficult to discover necessary to boil sap all night in order to and punish these pirates, but some attempts

English stoats and weasels are being ex-