

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DEBARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISIT TO DEEP DEANE.

The rambling old farm-house in the moorland valley of Deep Deane, to which Mildred and her governess had been invited that afternoon, was a perfect paradise to children. There was so much to be seen; the horses in their stables; the stall-fed cattle in their long feeding-sheds, looking sleek and sleepy as they waited for their next meal or medicated over the last; the piggeries, with little pigs and big pigs, ugly, but delightfully amusing the fields that were being mowed and the fields that were being cut; and the large water-meadows in the heart of the valley, where the little herd of Alderneys, General Mackenzie's pride and pleasure, looked up at you gravely out of their deer-like eyes.

All this was familiar to Milly. On the delightful afternoon when her dear Colonel Lyndon had begged a holiday for her, she tasted a new pleasure in seeing her paradise through the eyes of Letty, who, on her side, was as pleased as a child with her new experiences.

All the kind people at the farm made much of her. Janet led the way, showing her everything, and the general pulled them up now and then to listen to his explanations; and Colonel Lyndon, as genuinely happy as any of them, brought up the rear with Milly and Veronica, making various ignorant suggestions about new methods of farming—suggestions that provoked the general's deep-chested laughter, and soon Letty's blue eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks had grown rosy again.

Rapidly did the hours of the afternoon and the long tranquil evening slip away. Tea was sent at half-past four into the meadow, and supper was spread out in the verandah at eight, when kind Mrs. Mackenzie, who took a motherly interest in Letty, made her sit by her side, and asked her one or two questions about herself; asked them so kindly and tenderly, that the young girl had no difficulty in answering.

It was certainly perverse of the colonel, Veronica Brown on one side of him, and General Mackenzie on the other, were doing their best to be entertaining, and as a general rule, the task of amusing him was easy enough. It was not so now. He neglected twice to answer questions addressed to him by Miss Browne, and when he was told by the general of his breach of good manners, he was deeply apologetic; but in a few moments his thoughts would be wandering off again—"to the clouds," his friends said, which made the honest old soldier blush, for he knew it was not so far as the clouds that his thoughts had gone. He was listening, in spite of himself, to the low-toned talk across the table, and his great kind heart was so full of compassion and sympathy as to be completely unable, for the moment to take in anything else.

Supper was nearly over. The general, indeed, who ate largely and slowly, when he thought it worth his while to eat at all had not finished his second plate of strawberries and cream; but Milly had begged permission to get up from the table, and Janet had followed her out, and Mrs. Mackenzie and Letty were still deep in talk.

Suddenly Veronica, who had finished eating, got up, and asked Colonel Lyndon to go with her as far as a little group of trees above the lawn. There was a good view of the house to be had from there.

"It will take us five minutes to go, and five minutes to come back," she said, when he demurred on the plea of time, "and your trap cannot be put up in less time than that." She spoke with a slightly imperious manner, for she had not been accustomed to contradiction. It was only in this occasional imperiousness that Veronica showed herself the rich and much-indulged woman whom all the world was envying.

Her object in drawing Colonel Lyndon aside was to speak to him about Letty, in whom, as she had not failed to see, he took a warm interest; but when, in obedience to her request, he set off to walk with her to her favorite point of view, she felt a difficulty in entering upon the subject, which was altogether new to her.

He opened the conversation by making a simple remark about the beauty of the valley. Veronica answered him absently, for a little conflict was going on in her mind. She might befriend Letty without asking Colonel Lyndon's advice. Did she really wish for his advice, or was it only that she desired to recommend herself in his eyes? It was the first time the proud Veronica had ever wished to recommend herself particularly to any one, and she could not altogether understand her feelings. "Colonel Lyndon," she said abruptly, "I want to speak to you—to ask your advice. The fact is—so far as she could judge of his expression, he looked surprised—"I can't get that poor little thing, Letty Morrison, out of my head. I want to help her. How is it to be done?"

A curious feeling of annoyance swept over the colonel's mind as Veronica asked him this question. Not being able to answer it after the off-hand manner in which it was put—a fashion which was the result of embarrassment, and not, as he might have thought, of want of feeling—he was silent, and she went on hurriedly, "I am rich, and I should like to use my riches in making other people happy. She is a dear, modest little creature, and she has interested me—"

"But I don't know," interrupted the colonel, "that Miss Morrison wants anything done for her at present."

The colour flamed to Veronica's face; and she wished she had left Letty and her affairs alone; but, being so far engaged, she was bound to go on.

"Oh! I know she is comfortable with the Winstanleys," she said hotly, "but there may be changes even amongst them, and they will not want a governess for ever. What I should like would be to make the poor child's future secure. I could do so easily—settle some money upon her, or something of the sort. A few thousands are nothing to me."

It was far from Veronica's intention to boast of her wealth; she only wished the colonel to understand that she was sincere in her offer of assistance, and that what

might seem fantastic in another was perfectly simple in her. The colonel read her differently, and he answered with an irresponsiveness that cut her to the quick. He did not see, he said, how any such proposal could be made to Miss Morrison. She was proud, and justly proud, of her position, and he felt convinced that she would not wish to give it up. If there should later be any change in her life, and if then Miss Browne cared to help her, he felt no doubt that she would have little difficulty in finding some suitable way of doing so. He hoped, however—here his voice changed curiously—that if there was any change it would be for the better.

After that Veronica refrained from any further questions.

She was unusually silent that evening, and they asked her if she felt tired, and then she became feverishly gay, and talked so fast and so wildly that mild-natured Janet was amazed.

"What is it, Veronica?" she asked. "One would think the air of the moors had got into your head."

They were alone together in Veronica's pretty sleeping-room, to which her friend had accompanied her to bid her good night.

To Janet's amazement her light question was answered seriously. "Perhaps it is the moors," said Veronica, "or perhaps it is a new experience. I have found out that it is possible for a rich woman, and—her full voice broke—"one who wishes to use her riches well, to be disliked—despised."

"A rich woman! You! So generous and good as you are—despised! My dear Vera," said Janet, looking anxiously into her friend's face, "are you sure you feel quite well to-night?"

"My wits are not wandering, if that is what you think, Janet—I believe not, at least. My dear, I have been spoiled; you all spoil me, every one of you. Tell me a few wholesome truths. Let me know that money and cleverness can't do everything in this world; allow me to sit in sackcloth and ashes for a little time, and repent, and perhaps then I may be worthy of sympathy."

"My dear Veronica, you are raving."

"No, Janet, I am only defeated, and, as it is my first defeat, I don't seem to enjoy it. Good night, dear."

"But Veronica—"

"But, Janet, I will tell you nothing; there is nothing to tell; leave me alone, and I shall soon get accustomed to my new character. Who knows that I may not like myself better in it than I have ever liked myself before?"

Feeling helpless and perplexed, Janet bade her friend good night, and Veronica, left alone, paced her room to and fro, and set her proud lips together, and a few tears, the bitterest she had ever shed in her life, forced their way from under her eyelids.

It was a new pain from which she was suffering, and she could not submit to it. Her spirit was up in arms; her whole nature rebelled.

Suffer! Why should she suffer—she who, only a few days before, had been as free as the wind? If there was any reason—if she had been bereaved, insulted, calumniated, wronged, if she had even been bodily ill—she might have set herself to endure as others endure; she might have counted herself a coward if she had complained.

But there was no reason, none. Her pain had come she knew not whence; it was a new pain, a humiliating pain, and she would not tolerate it.

Putting force upon herself, she tried to analyse her feelings. Never in all her life before had she cared in any earnest way for the opinion of any one. Those she loved had loved her; a perfectly natural course of things, in Veronica's estimation. Of the others she had said, in her light-heartedness, "What does it matter? they may be pleased with me or not, as it suits themselves. To me it makes no difference whatever."

She had often, in the days that had gone by, made a boast of her independence. She had counselled her more sensitive friends to follow her example.

"So long as you care for the opinion of any one, you will always be in hot water," she had said.

And now—strange and sorrowful Nemesis! she had begun to care herself. She, the proud Veronica, who had been ready to challenge the whole world, sought humbly for the favourable judgment of one whom she had only known a few days; nay, not only so, but trembled and wept when she read disapproval in his eyes. Could anything be more foolish, more humiliating? It would not bear to be thought of, she said to herself, impatiently. Yes, she thought and thought, and could not sleep, and tossed to and fro upon her bed, and went over in imagination the scenes of the day, and, though she was alone in the darkness, felt her cheeks flame with burning red as she remembered her awkwardness and the mistakes she had made. Oh! she cried out in her heart, if the old Veronica, who was free of spirit and independent in bearing, would only return!

Vain wish, and fruitless as vain! The old, old woe of humanity had touched her, and not all her high spirits, nor her friends, nor the flatteries that were poured out before her continually, nor her wealth, had she heaped it up round her like a fortress, could have power to draw the sting from her heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Anti-Dancing League.

The startling information, that an anti-dancing league was forming among the fashionable young women of the city was spoken of in the drawing rooms last week. A young lady who has up to the present moment been one of the most ornamental votaries of metropolitan Terpsichore said on the subject:

"Yes, it is indeed true that a number of us have banded together in the resolve to abjure dancing. Our order now has 17 members, and each member is pledged to exert herself to get recruits whenever it is possible. Our reasons for swearing off are of a much nobler character than our enemies will allow. The truth is we are convinced that modern dancing is vulgar and that a girl is descending very low from her pedestal of dignity and pride when she allows a man to embrace her, as is necessary in the waltz and all the ramifications of that favorite movement.

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

A Holiday in Nova Scotia.

At last, though time is never lagged in a ship-yard, launching day is at hand. Not that the ship is completed; "most generally a fortnight's work oughter be done first"; but the owner is tired of waiting for her, and the builder is willing to see her go. And so the most of the carpenters and laborers are set to work getting the ways in place and building a cradle under her, laying a railway of heavy timbers, down which the ship may slide, and building a frame-work to hold her as she goes. Where the water shoals gradually the ways may be laid on the ground for the entire distance, but in most places about the Bay of Fundy the shores are steep, and the water end of this railway must be a substantial trestle, well braced and spiked together, and held down at high tide by barrels of gravel from the beach—something that always looks very funny to the novice.

Meantime the builder has gone or sent away to the nearest printing-office to have some posters printed announcing the coming event, for launching day is the chiefest of Nova Scotia's holidays. Colored paper—green, red, or yellow—and bold type are in high favor for such occasions. Here is the wording of such a bill:

MARRIAGE

ANOTHER BIG SHIP TO OLD OCEAN AT SPENCER'S ISLAND.

ON SATURDAY, AUG. 26, AT ABOUT 1.30 O'CLOCK.

Cumberland County's Largest Ship will be LAUNCHED.

FULL RIGGED AND EQUIPPED FOR SEA.

Such an invitation will draw hundreds of spectators. At the launching of the bark "Argenta" at Eatonville in August, when I was present, I saw people who had driven more than thirty miles in order to see the launching. They all came in holiday attire, old and young, parents and children, lovers and sweethearts—all very gay, and all very much interested in any peculiarities or unique features about the ship, and all watching for signs that will indicate what her luck is to be.

With hundreds of critical and no end of mischievous eyes upon them, the men do the last strokes of work about the ways and the ship with a will and a care that, exercised all along, would have made a better ship in half the time. The spectators swarm everywhere. They stand and sit on the debris alongshore; they gather in the shade of tool-house and shed; they clamber up the staging, and get in the way of the men at work; a few of the young people in couples commonly stray off to out-of-the-way places in the yard in a manner that indicates a greater interest in something other than ship-building. The foreman frets and fumes about on all sides; the builder, silent but anxious, watches the doings with his hands in his pockets; the owner, bland and smiling, receives the ladies on the quarter-deck, and compliments them on their charms, while they praise the new ship, and admire the bunting with which she is always decorated.

Finally the time comes when the tiny waves of the flood-tide break over the tops of the barrels of gravel that hold down the outer ways. The water will rise no higher, and a gang of sturdy young fellows with mauls and wedges crawl under the stern end of the ship's cradle, and begin to split out the blocks on which the weight of the ship rests. There has been no end of chopping and pecking and clatter all along, but the click of maul and wedge is different; and the sound hushes the busy tongues, even stills the wail of the tired baby, for it is a signal that announces the quick departure of the new ship, never to return. Silent, but nervously shifting about in their places, the spectators gaze at the motionless hull, while the "click click" from under the cradle grows muffled as the men go further in, and louder again as they near the end, until at last the tops of the tall spars are seen to tremble faintly, and then, with slow but quickening speed, she glides away. Sweeping over the bend of the beach, she cuts a shining curl of foam from the crest of the wave that rises to meet her, tips lightly from the end of the cradle, and floats away, bowing in gentle courtesy to the throngs upon the shore.—[Harper's Weekly.

Heavy Locomotives for the St. Clair Tunnel.

The approaches of the St. Clair Tunnel, connecting the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada with its line in Michigan, will have a grade of 105 feet to the mile, and a very heavy locomotive will, consequently, be required to haul heavy trains up the grade. For this purpose four extra large locomotives are being built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the heaviest ever built there, and, it is believed, the largest ever built in America. One of them, "No. 598," is already completed, is now at Port Huron, and in working order weighs 195,000 pounds. These locomotives are of the class known as tank locomotives, and have no tender. The tanks are on both sides of the boiler, and their capacity is 2,000 gallons. The space for the fuel, which is anthracite coal, is on the foot-board. There are five pairs of driving wheels, which are the only wheels, and they are 50 inches in diameter. The wheel base is 18 feet 3 inches. The cylinders are 22 inches in diameter and have a stroke of 28 inches. The boiler is of steel, 3 of an inch thick, and is 6 feet 2 inches in diameter. There are 280 flues, 2 1/2 inches in diameter and 13 feet 6 inches long. The firebox is 11 feet long and 31 feet wide. The cab is placed on top of the boiler and midway between the ends. There are two sand boxes, one on the front of the boiler and one on the back, so that sand can be placed on the rails whether the locomotive is running forward or backward. There is a powerful air brake which operates on each driving wheel. There are headlights and steps at both ends, like those of a shifting engine. The locomotive will run on 100 pound rails. In its completed state the locomotive is too heavy for some of the bridges it will have to cross en route from the Philadelphia shops to the tunnel, so the cab, the tanks, side rods, and other parts will have to be taken off to lighten her weight and be shipped separately.

All night and all over the world, bitter tears are dropping as regular as the dew, and cruel memories are haunting the pillow.

FIRST CHINESE LOCOMOTIVE.

Made Out of Scrap-Iron by Native Workmen in 1881.

In 1878 coal-mining was begun at Tongshan, about eighty miles northeast of Tien-tsin, says "Railways in North China." It was arranged to build a railroad twenty-nine miles long, from the mines to the nearest navigable water; that is, to Lital on the Peh Tang Ho. It was then, in 1878, that Mr. Kinder went out as a resident engineer. Before the railroad work could be begun the authorities had decided to operate a canal twenty-one miles long to a point within seven miles of the colliery, and to connect the canal and colliery by a tramway, to be worked by mules; this was done.

Fortunately the gauge of 4 feet 8 1/2 inches was, after much difficulty, sanctioned, but it was stipulated that no locomotives should be used, but before the track was completed this had virtually become a dead letter. The country was easy, but several sharp curves were introduced to avoid graves. Subsequently, the owners of these graves objecting to the noise so near the bones of their ancestors, allowed the remains to be removed and the line was rectified. This track was laid with thirty-pound steel rails, flange section, and ballasted with broken limestone.

During the winter of 1880-81 Mr. Kinder built a locomotive in the shops of the company. It was built entirely of odds and ends which could be procured without attracting attention. The boiler belonged to a portable winding machine. The wheels were 30-inch Whitney chilled wheels, which had been bought as scrap castings, and the frames were made of channel iron. Before this was finished its preparation became known and orders were issued that it should be stopped.

Eventually, however, through the offices of Li Hung Chang, Mr. Kinder was allowed to finish the locomotive, which was christened the "Rocket of China," just 100 years after the birth of George Stephenson. Nov. 8, 1881, this engine took a party of officials over the line at a speed of twenty miles an hour, and after that the objections to locomotives were virtually abandoned. Mr. Kinder says there is little doubt that if this engine had not been built as it was, in China, and by native workmen, it would never have been allowed to run, and the use of locomotives would have been postponed for many years.

Opening of Rev. Dr. Witt Talmage's Tabernacle.

New York, May 4.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's new tabernacle at the corner of Greene and Clinton avenues, Brooklyn, was opened to his congregation and the public for the first time this morning. There were three imposing dedicatory services held during the day, and thousands of people crowded the big edifice at each one. The tabernacle's dimensions are 200 feet long by 118 feet wide. The church will seat 5,500 persons. Up to date the total cost of the church is \$410,000, and it will require \$40,000 more to complete it. At the morning service Dr. Talmage welcomed the congregation and spoke of their new home, which he said was substantially built. Rev. Dr. Hammill, of Washington, delivered the dedicatory sermon, after which Dr. Talmage made another short address, speaking of the disasters through which they had passed in the last twenty years. He said that during that time over \$700,000 had been expended and \$305,000 subscribed for charitable purposes. The congregation had been called upon to build three churches. Rev. Dr. Ives, the well-known debt-raiser, was then introduced, and made an urgent appeal to the audience for money, as it was necessary for them to raise \$50,000 at once to remove the mechanics' line on the building. The total collection during the morning was about \$32,000; at the afternoon and evening services almost enough more was raised to make up the required \$50,000. There still remains a debt of \$200,000 on the church.

Benefits of the Bath.

In directing the attention of the citizens of New York to the question of providing better bathing facilities for the poor, the *Sun* makes the startling statement that of the 500,000 persons treated annually free of charge in the hospitals and dispensaries of that city the great majority are persons whose diseases had never been contracted but for the want of public baths. "If," says the *Sun*, "sixty of the sixty-two dispensaries of this city were wiped out of existence, and bathing houses erected in their stead, it would mark an era in our mortality statistics, and in the advance of philanthropy." This journal would have every station house in New York provided with a bath-room on the Vienna shower-bath system, with the requirement that every night lodger should partake of its benefits; also every public school, so that practical exemplification might be had of the close relations existing between a clean skin and an active brain; also each dispensary in order to accomplish therewith much more than is accomplished by the distribution of powders, pills and potions from their drug store windows. Now while these suggestions apply especially to New York City with its seething mass of abject poverty, they have a meaning for cities everywhere.

Esop Adapted to the Time.

A Wolf and a Lamb were drinking out of the same Purling Stream, when the Wolf angrily blurted out:

"I say, you! You are Rolling the Mud all up."

"Let her roll," returned the Lamb nonchalantly. Whereupon the Wolf Leaped across the Stream and fell upon the Lamb. The Pierce Creature had hardly attempted to Tear the Lamb's Shoulder off, however, before his Teeth broke off Short and fell to the Ground.

"Bah!" said the Lamb; "what a Fool you are to try your Fangs on a Hardened old Tough like myself. Can't you See that I am a Spring Lamb?"

Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., Jan. 11, 1889. "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." Mrs. J. RINGLAND

Purify

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood.

It is a powerful medicine, tried, does trace of salt rheum, the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is **Peculiar to Itself**. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

Your Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

A Good Joke on a Lion. He must have been a bright boy, a very bright little boy, who said to his mother, "I wish a lion would eat me up." "Why?" the mother asked. "Because it would be such a good joke on the lion; he would think I was inside of him, and I should be up in heaven."—[Congregationalist.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

A Child's Peculiar Fanny. Flossie's grandmother was a nice old lady, but she was very difficult to get along with, and this was particularly true during her last illness, and the child came in for her share of it. One day, shortly after the old lady's death, Flossie's mother observed that she was very thoughtful. "What are you thinking about, Flossie?" "I was just wondering," she replied with great seriousness, "how grandma and God are getting along together."

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

SPRAINS, STRAINS, INJURIES.

It is an erroneous idea to suppose that great force is required to produce a strain or sprain. There are so many delicate muscles and tendons which hold together the ankle and foot, and direct the vehicle of locomotion, that a very slight thing often causes not only a very painful, but a very serious sprain, which St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

SURELY AND PERFECTLY. Weak Spots.—A large number of cases is reported of accidents to the ankle or foot, more than to all the rest of the body. The knee is also a very delicate center of action, and injuries thereto very frequently result in acute pains, enlargements, stiffness, and sometimes permanent stiffness, unless St. Jacobs Oil prevents, and it does.

BEST CURES ARE CHRONIC CASES. Definition.—Sprain or strain is to weaken, as a joint or muscle, by sudden and excessive exertion; to stretch muscles or ligaments without dislocation, and St. Jacobs Oil cures.

RAPID AND WITHOUT RECURRENCE. Treatment.—Rub with St. Jacobs Oil freely and thoroughly the part affected. Protect the body from cold and draft.

THE CHARLES A. VOELGER CO., Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.