

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

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

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

All that night the snow continued to fall, and the darkness through the country was appalling. The train travelled slowly, the line being more and more heavily blocked with snow as it went northwards; and the colonel, who was extraordinarily anxious to reach his journey's end, began to fear that he would be detained for an indefinite time on the road. At last—they were close to a station, for he could see its lights in the near distance—the train pulled up altogether.

Few passengers were in the colonel's carriage this terrible night, only one other man besides himself. This person, who had been fretting and fuming, and bawling his hard fate the whole way, thrust his head out of the window and screamed out to the guard to know where they were and what had happened. "Are we to be frozen and starved to death out here?" he cried.

"All right, sir! line blocked," answered the guard, who was hurrying from carriage to carriage to reassure the passengers.

"Right! I call it all wrong," growled the injured traveller; "they work the line with too small a staff. Never any one at hand in an emergency. There ought to be an army of men on ahead clearing the line. If I catch my death of cold—he looked fiercely at Colonel Lyndon—"I shall demand compensation of the company. Guard! where are we?"

"Berwick on ahead, sir. We'll get on there in a few minutes."

"Have to remain there all night, I suppose?"

"Well, sir, it's the morning now. There'll be an hour's delay, most likely. Word come that the down train's in the station, full of passengers too!"

"They'll have eaten and drunk everything in the place. I know these Scotchmen

had been his only fear—that Percy's love was a Jewish whim; that it would pass; that he had been fatally staggered by the first breath of opposition.

Veiling his true sentiment, he spoke seriously.

"Are you quite prudent, Percy? Have you considered her position and your own?"

"Look here, colonel!" said the young man, "if you mean to take up this line, we'd better say good night here. You're a good fellow, and I don't want to quarrel with you. But I should like you to understand that this question is not to be discussed between us. I love her; not for her face, Heaven knows! though she is one of the loveliest human beings I ever beheld. But—oh!" he cried, "if you had watched her as I have done! I tell you, she is an angel, a saint; that sounds commonplace," said poor Percy ruefully—"and I know I'm not a good hand at saying what I mean. But this I will say: the man who is loved by that sweet girl may think himself the most fortunate fellow under the sun. Mind you, I have no reason to suppose that I am so happy," he said, with a break in his voice; "but I mean to try."

For two or three seconds after this impassioned speech of Percy's, there was silence between the two men. They were making their way across the bridge that leads from one platform to the other. The colonel had forgotten that he was cold—forgotten that he was hungry.

Suddenly he remembered where he was—stopped, and laid his hand on Percy's arm.

"Does Miss Morrison expect you?" he said, "have you written?"

"Certainly not; I am no fool. She left Castle Ettrick to prevent me from speaking. I am convinced of it. She would go away again. She would do anything rather than vex my people. But I hope to make her see that she is wrong."

"You will fail, Percy. I know her. She

He took a place in the compartment which the colonel and his irascible travelling companion had occupied from London, and that person, who had not been treated well at Berwick—the fire had been blocked by shivering nonentities, and the best of the provisions had been devoured without any foresight as to his preferences—was so angry with the intrusion that he took himself off to another carriage. This delighted Percy who was able to pour out his hopes and fears, and his rapture of love and admiration, into the ears of the colonel. They had plenty of time for conversation, as the snow-fall and heavy atmosphere continued, and their progress was lamentably slow. Percy began to fear that his short leave would be over before he reached Castle Ettrick.

At Edinburgh, however, matters improved a little. The snow ceased to fall, and the sun shone, and the heavy bank of fog lifted itself off the earth, and there was an exhilarating freshness in the air. They arrived too late for any train on that day, and were obliged, curbing their impatience as best they could, to sleep at an hotel in Edinburgh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Timely Wit.

"You are all the world to me!"

"Quoth Rinaldo to Rebecca

When, like pilgrim unto Mecca

He had warmly, fervidly,

Offered at the sought-for shrine

Worship verging on divine.

"Little compliment in that!"

She made answer in decision—

"For you've oft, with marked precision,

Told me when at eve we've sat

With your arm about me furied,

You cared nothing for the world."

Bound by a Hair.

Amy—"I don't see what attraction Sue finds in Mr. Dolley."

Mabel—"Capillary attraction."

Amy—"How's that?"

Mabel—"She's fascinated by his mustache."

RUSSIAN JUSTICE

The Noblest Heir He Was a Cook and That Was Enough.

One of the foreign ambassadors saw a man entering the house with gleaming eyes, flushed face, and disheveled clothing.

"Justice, your honor, justice!" exclaimed his unucky countryman.

"Against whom?"

"Against a Russian nobleman, my lord, the governor of the city, who has just now had me flogged with 100 lashes."

"A hundred lashes!" exclaimed the astonished minister. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing."

"But that is impossible."

"I swear it on my honor, your grace."

"You are crazy, my friend."

"My lord, I beg of you to believe, on the contrary, that I am in a possession of all my senses."

"But how can you expect me to believe that a man who is reported on every hand to be exceptionally just and merciful has been guilty of such violence?"

"Excuse me, your grace," cried the complainant, "but you must permit me to prove what I have said."

And at these words the unlucky Frenchman threw off his coat and vest and showed the ambassador his shirt, red and stiff with blood.

"But how did it happen?" asked the ambassador.

"In the simplest way imaginable. I learned that the governor wanted a cook. Being out of a situation I applied for it. The servant who undertook to introduce me threw open the door of the room, saying: 'My lord, it is the cook.'"

"All right," said the governor with an abstracted air; "have him taken into the courtyard and flogged." They seized me, carried me into the yard, and in spite of my resistance, my threats, and my cries, they gave me exactly 100 lashes, no more, no less.

"If that you say is true it is infamous."

"If I have not told you the exact truth I will agree to take as much more."

"Listen!" said the ambassador, detecting in the poor devil's complaint a tone of truthfulness. "I will investigate the affair, and if, as I begin to think, you have not deceived me, you will get, I promise you, a slashing reward for this violence. If, on the other hand, you have lied to me in the slightest particular, I will have you conducted to the frontier and sent back to France."

"I will agree to the whole of it, my lord."

"Very well," said the ambassador, sitting down to his desk; "take a letter to the governor."

"No, no; I am obliged to you. I will not voluntarily set foot again in the house of a man who has so strange a fashion of dealing with those who have business with him."

"One of my secretaries will go with you."

"That is another thing. In company with any one from you, I will go to the infernal regions."

The ambassador gave the necessary orders and the trio left the house.

In less than an hour the victim of the beating returned looking radiant.

"Well!" asked the ambassador.

"It is all right," said the other, "everything is explained."

"To your satisfaction, apparently."

"Yes, my lord."

"I confess I would like to hear all about it."

"Nothing easier. His excellency had a cook in whom he had entire confidence. Four days ago he stole 500 rubles and ran away. It was his place I applied for, and went there for that purpose. Unluckily for me he had just heard of the arrest of his former cook, so that when his servant said to him: 'My Lord, here is the cook!' he thought it was the fugitive who had been brought back, and being very much engaged on a report to the emperor, he said without even turning around: 'Good; take him out and give him 100 lashes!' and in that way I got the hundred meant for the other fellow."

"Did the governor make an apology?"

"Better than that," said the cook chinking his pockets, "he gave me a gold piece for every stroke, has taken me into his service, and assured me that every lick I received in advance will be credited against every fault I may commit. So if I keep an eye on myself it will be several years before I get a thrashing."

At that moment a messenger from the governor arrived to invite the ambassador to taste the new cook's dinner next day. He staid ten years with this master and returned to France with a little fortune of 6,000 rubles, blessing the happy blunder to which he owed it.

Extinct or Scarce Birds.

New York Tribune: "There are only four eggs of the great auk now in this country," says an oologist, "and they are valued at \$500 each. It seems odd to think of a bird becoming extinct, but no one has seen a Labrador duck, either, since 1856. There are but five mounted specimens in existence, and none of the eggs are in existence. Kirtland's warbler is another bird that is rare. Until recently but seven had ever been captured, and these all were found in a region near Cleveland, O., less than a mile square. Specimens were worth \$100 apiece. But a little while ago a naturalist who chanced to visit the Bahama islands came upon a colony of the birds, and knowing what a mine he had struck shot about twenty and took them to this country. When he began to unload, the story came out and the market sagged, so that now you can get a Kirt and for \$5 or \$6. The Connecticut warbler is another bird of interest to oologists because no one has yet seen its eggs. It breeds upon the Mississippi river in the early spring and probably mates far in the interior of British North America, and goes south in the fall by way of the Atlantic seaboard. If any one can find the nest of the little fellow with four eggs in it it will be \$200 in his pocket."

Fresh and Vigorous.

On a fine morning and a fine road, what is more invigorating than a spin on a cycle. When it comes to a race, the suggestion of Mr. George Phillips, Sec'y. Leinster Cycling Club, Dublin, Ireland, has force: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil an invaluable remedy for strains and bruises, and so have several members of our club." This ought to be borne in mind.

Those who are near the Emperor of Germany say his animosity towards Prince Bismarck has grown rapidly of late, and may take a form very unpleasant for the Prince.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

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to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

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100 Doses One Dollar

A Curious Cause of War.

The most trifling cause of a war would appear to have been in 1006 when some Modenese soldiers ran away with a bucket belonging to the state of Bologna. This implement might only have been worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which terminated in a long and disastrous war. Henry, King of Sardinia, son of the Emperor Henry II, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was taken prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain; and after twenty-two years' imprisonment, his father being dead, the prince pined away and died. The fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage.

Serpent rings are in high favor. Lilac branches are much worn, in fact there is a rage for unique jewelry.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90. A Safe Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Unkind, at Least.

A young woman said to one of her friends: "I know I don't please people at once, but after a while I am regularly adored." "That's like oysters, isn't it?" was the response.

A Helpful Girl.

"Soggins is engaged to Maud Pottleton. I am glad of it, too, because I think she is the kind of girl to help a man along." "She is indeed. They say he never would have proposed if she hadn't helped him over the hard part of it."

The revival of sheer wry linen batistes, in ecru and tan shades, has already been noted. This transparent fabric is made over lavender or mauve silk, trimming it with insertion made of baby ribbon.



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"I AM ON MY WAY TO SEE HER—TO ASK HER TO BE MY WIFE."

—a tribe of locusts!" said the irate passenger as the guard hurried on. "You mark my words! We'll not get one bite or sup to-night."

"It will be good, in any case, to get a sight of a fire," said the colonel cheerfully. "Ah! we are moving. How wonderfully they work! There are piles of snow in front of us."

"Why wasn't it done before we came up? that's what I want to know. But it's of a piece with everything else in this wretched country nowadays, from politics downwards. I am sick of it all. Upon my word, I sometimes wish I had been born a Turk; then I wouldn't have bothered myself: taken things as they came."

"An excellent idea," said the colonel, laughing; "but here, thank goodness! are the station lights."

"What's the use of lights when there's no food?"

"Well! I shall try for some, at any rate," said the colonel.

He jumped out of the carriage and made a dash for the refreshment room, which was full of passengers from the down train.

"Halloa, colonel! You here! Now where did you spring from?"

The speaker, who had just left the refreshment room, and was making his way across the platform, was behind the colonel. He turned round in haste.

"Why, Percy," he said, "is it you?"

"I think so, colonel."

"In my train. Strange that I didn't see you at Euston! And how did you come to be in London?"

"I am on my way to London."

"Then you were not at home when my telegram arrived?"

"I left home three or four days ago. I had regimental duties which I was bound to attend to. I have only from to-day until Monday now—a day to go, a day in London, and a day to come back."

"You were coming to me?"

"I hoped to see you."

"But that was not the object of your journey?"

"No, colonel, it was not. I will tell you the truth, for I believe you are my friend: besides, my mother has written you her version of the affair. I have just found out where Miss Morrison is, and I am on my way to see her—to ask her to be my wife."

A glow of the sincerest satisfaction he had ever known in his life danced itself through the colonel's heart as he listened to these words, which were spoken with a quiet, manly determination that immediately won his respect. For this

will never run counter to your mother's wishes."

"If I find out that she loves me, I will gain my mother's consent."

"Girls have wonderful courage. She may hide her feelings from you."

"I think I should know if I saw her. However, there is no saying. Colonel," said the poor young fellow pitifully, "give me your advice."

"My advice—my strong advice—is that you come back to Ettrick. Wait a moment, Percy. Keep your impatience till you hear what I have to say. I have seen Letty; I have seen some of her friends. I may tell you in confidence that her position is better than any of us thought—different altogether, in fact. One moment! Here me out, if you can. I have been actually sent as a messenger by her friends to lay certain proposals before your parents. I tell you plainly that they are generous, and I hope your father and Lady Flora will accept them. Now, judge for yourself. If you went to be armed with your mother's consent and approval, would she not be more likely to listen to you?"

"I am sure she would."

"Then why spoil your own chance of success by being in such a hurry? Come back with me, Percy. Miss Morrison has promised to remain where she is until I see her again. Mrs. Morton, who seems a good, kind woman, is delighted to have her. In any case, it is only the difference of a few days."

"You would have to feel as I feel, to know what that difference means," said Percy, with a deep sigh. "But no doubt you are right. I give in. When you are in love, if you ever are—"

"Ah!" said the colonel, with a smile, "my day for that kind of thing has gone by. I am content to play the part of the elderly uncle now. And," he added, perhaps to prevent Percy from feeling too great surprise over the deep interest he took in his affairs, "I was in love with your mother once. That is why I am so much interested in you."

As a fact, Percy was not extraordinarily surprised by the interest which the colonel took in his love affairs. It occupied a large space in his own mind, and it seemed to him, therefore, only natural that it should occupy a large space in the mind of another.

But he took, as his manner was, gracefully his scrape of ancient history, and relied more than ever on the colonel's advice and assistance.

When the down and up trains parted company, Percy went north instead of south.

His Garrulous Wife.

"Samantha," grumbled Mr. Chugwater, fumbling in one of the bureau drawers, "I'd like to know where, in the name of common sense, you keep my socks."

"What pair do you want, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.

"Any pair, if they are only mates. Here's an odd gray sock and an odd black one, and down here in the corner is an old pair of last summer's socks, with holes in the toes. I don't see why my things can't be kept in order, the same as other men's."

"If you had only told me—"

"Told you! Have I got to run to you, Mrs. Chugwater, for every little thing I want? Is that your idea about the way to carry on the household business? If you'd just take trouble enough to pile things in here so I can find 'em when I want 'em it would save me lots of bother."

"Josiah, if you will let me—"

"Now, there's no use in getting excited about this thing. If you know where I can get a pair of halfway decent socks just say so, and I'll hunt 'em up, and if you don't know and will have the kindness to put the fact in plain English I'll go out and buy a pair. That's all."

"If you hadn't tumbled these things all out of shape, Josiah—"

"Tumbled them out of shape, have I? What's a bureau drawer for, anyway? Is it to hide things in, madam? If I don't find what I want on top haven't I got to look down under, I'd like to know? Any woman that will pack and jam a bureau drawer full of things, and arrange them so you've got to dig and claw all through the whole business to get what you're after and then don't get it, hasn't got the right idea about arranging a man's haberdashery. If you know where my socks are, Mrs. Chugwater, why don't you say so, instead of slandering around like a stoughton bottle and doing nothing?"

"I could have found them for you in a minute and saved you all this trouble if you had given me a chance," said Mrs. Chugwater, as she straightened out the tangle in the drawer and brought to view from one of the bottom corners five pairs of clean socks.

"When you want anything of this kind hereafter, Josiah, if you'll just let me know—"

"The trouble with you, Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, as he jerked a pair from the top of the pile and went off to one corner to put them on. "Is that you talk too much."