

Bury Me in the Morning.

Bury me in the morning, mother; Oh! let me have the light...

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

By Mrs. Alexander. CHAPTER XXIV.

It was several days before Marie could recover the strange species of terror and excitement which Mr. Watson's recognition had caused her.

Your natural position is evidently superior to your present state; but, humble as the calling of teacher in the class I suggest is, it is more worthy of you than your present occupation.

And he looked into Marie's eyes with a keen, steadfast gaze, as though he defied their dark, lustrous depths to hide any secret from him.

She stopped abruptly. Mr. Watson frowned ominously; his sallow cheek grew a shade paler, and the hand that rested on the table twitched; but he spoke calmly, when after a few moments' thought he said—

"I may be unwise, Miss Thibaut," (he had never called her by her name before), but I will trust and try you; hereafter, perhaps—but the future [will shape itself].

CHAPTER XXV. Marie thought long and deeply. She did not question her own discretion in accepting Mr. Watson's offer.

In less than a week all things were arranged, and Marie moved her few belongings to the neat little chamber assigned to her in the new wing of Pelham Park Institution, where Mr. Watson had organized his school.

Neither Marie nor her benefactor had observed the confidential tone which had gradually colored their communications; and she felt no surprise when he said: "Had I a relative—a daughter like yourself—the intercourse with a fresh, young mind would have done much to keep me freer from coldness and self."

Marie was a good deal puzzled at these disjointed sentences. "There is scarcely any suggestion of yours I would not accept," she said softly. "You are my best and only friend—I have the greatest faith in your wisdom."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Nearly two months had passed since Neville's fruitless visit to the benevolent Mrs. Jupp. The revulsion of feeling it had caused him, coming after so much and so long-continued excitement, had laid him prostrate with a severe and lowering fever, which his medical attendant assured him imperatively demanded repose.

However, the opening of the present chapter finds him in Paris, whither he had gone in the vague hope of discovering some trace of Marie's aunt, who had never taken any notice of his long and explanatory letter, or otherwise communicated with him.

Paris was hot and full of visitors when the young men reached it—and poor Neville terribly exhausted by his journey, albeit taken in easy stages. He strove in vain to shake of the languor which hung around him like some charmed garment, rendering every effort a labor; and despite his eagerness he found it impossible to leave his room, or face the roar and hush of the streets till a couple of days' complete rest had somewhat restored him.

It was a mean entrance, and the concierge had a small den on the top of the first flight, where a half-glass door enabled inquirers to see him constantly bending over some dilapidated boot or shoe, for his meter was the useful though humble calling of a cobbler.

Monsieur le concierge evidently knew nothing either, nevertheless he had a great deal to say about it: Madame Rouvieu—mais non—yet hold—there was an old lady, au quatrieme, nearly blind who took much snuff—might she not be the lady they sought? Her name was Grenier—it's true, still an old lady—but hold, how long was it since the old lady sought by Monsieur resided in Numero vingt-sept?

CHAPTER XXVII. Marie thought long and deeply. She did not question her own discretion in accepting Mr. Watson's offer. She felt she was powerless in the matter; and though he had generously consented to respect her secret, she knew instinctively it was but a postponement of the evil day.

There was such deep despondency in his tones that his companion's kind heart felt a pang of the warmest sympathy, and he silently resolved to postpone his autumn rambles until he could leave his friend in a better state of mind. He assisted him into the fiacre, and they drove back to the hotel.

With these words of wisdom he sallied forth, and after a few directions from the host, strolled down the beautiful Rue Rivoli, feeling, in spite of friendship and sympathy, something of the infectious brightness and gaiety of the place.

A large lady who accompanied this pleasant vision arrested the coachman, and the vehicle was drawn up by the pavement, and the next moment Sir Frederic had the little hand in his.

"What an unexpected pleasure!" he exclaimed, after he had exchanged greetings with Miss Delvigne and her companion, Mrs. Coleman. "When did you arrive? I had no idea I should see you in Paris."

you. Do, dear Mrs. Coleman, drive back to Meurice's and let me get the letter." "Well, my dear, half an hour will not make much difference; and I promised to call for Evelina at the colporteur's."

"The young heiress' countenance fell. "Just let me out then; and Sir Frederic will take care of me back—it is such a short way."

"I shall return in less than half an hour, and take you to the Bois de Boulogne." She bowed, smiled, and drove away.

"How?" asked Miss Delvigne, a little indignantly—"when there is so important a matter on hand?"

"Well, you see," said Sir Frederic hesitatingly—"I wish, if possible, to prolong the pleasure of a walk with you—a pleasure I have so little chance of tasting again; for I know too well what an idiot I have been—what a bad impression I must have made on your mind. I am the most unlucky dog in the universe!"

(To be continued.)

SMOKING AND DRINKING.

The Habits of Prominent Public Englishmen.

The illness of Mr. Gladstone has elicited the usual number of complimentary references to his physical and mental powers, and the advocates of temperance are presenting him to universal notice as an example of the benefits of their creed.

A Distressing Case of Lost Diamonds.

They had been married only six weeks, when he came home from the store one evening and found her in tears. She had lost one of her diamond earrings.

Lady lodger: "Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male lodger: "Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that, he might play the piano all day."

HOW TO CATCH COLD.

And What is More Important, How to Avoid Catching it.

The Monthly Magazine (London) reports Dr. Graham as saying that it is not a correct practice, after a cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed clothes, wrap up in flannel, and drink a large quantity of hot tea, gruel, or other slops, because it will invariably increase the feverishness, and, in the majority of instances, prolong rather than lessen the duration of the cold.

To avoid this, when you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not at first go into a room that has a fire in it, or if you cannot avoid that, you should keep for a considerable time at as great a distance as possible, and, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold.

SNOW SLIDES.

A Colorado Town Shaken as by an Earthquake—The Mad Race of a Vest Bed of Ice.

A Gunnison (Col.) despatch says: Last night a snow slide started from the summit of Ruby Peak, near Durbin, and travelled at a fearful velocity a distance of a mile, to the bottom of the gulch, destroying all the shaft houses and machinery of the Ruby, Chief, Howard, Extension, Durang and Oaks mines.

Floating Population of a Chinese City.

As we approach Canton, one of the strangest sights of this strange land is the vast wilderness of boats which serve as the only homes of a floating population of more than 100,000 human beings.

The flower show—a fashionable ladies' bonnet.

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