A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FARM AND FARMER BEWITCHED. The day grew warm, and having finished her tasks indoors and cared for the poultry, Alida brought a chair out in the porch. Her eyes were dreamy with a vague, undefined happiness. The landscape in itself was cause for exquisite pleasure, for it was an ideal day of the apple blossoming period. The old orchard back of the barn looked as if pink and white clouds had settled upon it, and scattered trees near and far were exhaling their fragrance. The light breeze which fanned her cheek and bent the growing rye in an adjacent field was perfumed beyond the skill of art. Not only were her favorite meadow larks calling to each other, but the thrushes had come and she felt that she nad never heard such hymns as they were singing. A burst of song from the lilac bush under the parlor window drew her eyes thither, and there was the paternal redbreast pouring out the very soul of ecstasy. From the nest beneath him rose the black head and yellow beak of his brooding mate, "How contented and happy she looks!"

Alida murmured, "how happy they both are ! and the secret of it is, home. And to think that I, who was a friendless waif, am at home, also! At home with Eden-like beauty and peace before my eyes. But if it pare for blossom and fruit. brave, kind and true to all he says"—and The farmer began planting his corn and kindness in teaching her how to supplement she shuddered at a contrast that rose before Alida her flower seeds. Almost every day his work until her own experience and judg-

with a strange, happy tumult. She had number of overflowing pails of milk, and if place, and on a former rainy morning he never been conscious of such exaltation be- the labors of the dairy grew more exacting, had brought a chair down that he might fore. It is true, she had learned to cherish they also grew more profitable. The tide keep her company. She had not carried it a strong affection for the man whom she had had turned; income was larger than outgo, back, nor was she very greatly surprised to believed to be her husband, but chiefly be- and it truly seemed to the long-harassed see him saunter in and occupy it on the prescause he had seemed kind and she had an [man that an era of peace and set in. affectionate disposition. Until within the To a superficial observer things might figure outlined clearly in the light from the last few hours, her nature had never been have appeared to be going on much as be- open door, as she poured in cold water from touched and awakened in its profoundest fore, but there were influences at work time to time to hasten and harden the gathdepths. She had never known before nor which Holoroft did not clearly comprehend. ering butter. Her right sleeve was rolled had she idealized the manhood capable of As Alida had promised herself, she spent well back, revealing a white arm that was evoking the feelings which now lightened all the money which the eggs brought becoming beautifully plump and round. An her eyes and gave to her face the supreme in, but Holcroft found pretty muslin cur- artist would have said that her attitude and charm and beauty of womanhood. In truth, tains at the parlor windows, and shades action were unconsciously natural and graceit was a fitting day and time for the birth which excluded the glare from the kitchen. ful. Holcroft had scarcely the remotest of a love like hers, simple, all absorbing and Better china took the place of that which idea of artistic effect, but he had a sensible grateful. It contained no element not in was cracked and unsightly. In brief, a man's perception of a charming woman

Holcroft came and sat on the steps below her. She kept her eyes on the landscape, for she was consciously enough on her guard now. "I rather guess you think, Alida, that you are looking at a better picture than any artist tellow could paint?" he remarked. "Yes," she replied, hesitatingly, "and the picture seems all the more levely and full of light because the background is so very dark. I've been thinking of what happened here last night and what might have hap- pace." pened, and how I felt then.

"You feel better-different now, don't you? You certainly look so." "Yes, you made me very happy by yield-

ing to Mrs. Weeks." "Oh, I didn't yield to her at all."

" Very well, have it your own way then." "I think you had it your way."

"Are you sorry?" "Do I look so? How did you know I'd

be happier if I gave in?

being happier for a generous act." "I wouldn't have done it, though, if it

hadn't been for you." "I'm not so sure about that," "I am. You're coming to make me feel

confoundedly uncomfortable in my heathenish life." "I wish I could."

"I never had such a sermon in my life as through the catechism?" you gave me this morning. A Christian act, like yours, is worth a year of religious talk."

She looked at him wistfully for a moment and the asked, a little abruptly, "Mr. Holcroft, have you truly forgiven that Weeks family?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. I've forgiven the old lady, anyhow. I've shaken hands with her." "If her husband and son should come and

apologize and say they were sorry, would you truly and honestly forgive them?

he turned and looked inquiringly into her the"-

It was flush and tearful in its eager, earnest interest. " Don't you see !" she faltered.

He shook his head, but was suddenly and strangely moved by her expression.

"Why, Mr. Holcroft, if you can honestly forgive those who have wronged you, you ought to see how ready God is to forgive."

He fairly started to his feet, so vividly the truth came home to him, illumined, as it was, by a recent and personal experience. After a moment, he slowly sat down again and said, with a long breath, "That was a close shot Alida."

"I only wish you to have the trust and comfort which this truth should bring you,' she said. "I seems a pity you should do yourself needless injustice when you are willing to do what is right and kind by

others. "It's all a terrible muddle, Alida. If God is so ready to forgive, how do you account for all the evil and suffering in the world ?"

"I don't account for it and can't. I'm only one of his little children, often an erring one, too. You've been able to forgive grown people, your equals, and strangers in a sense. Suppose you had a little boy that had done wrong, but said he was sorry, would you hold a grudge against him?"

"The idea! I'd be a brute." She laughed softly as she asked again,

"Don't you see?"

being forgiven like a child and then trying to do right ?" "Yes. Why not?"

"Well, he remarked, with a grim laugh, "I didn't expect to be cornered in this to have some help"-

way." "You who are truthful should face the truth. It would make you happier. A good deal that was unexpected has happened. When I look out on a scene like this and think that I am safe and at home, I feel more than content. She had begun to dethat God has been very good to me and that tect symptoms in her husband which her stop work till you go. you have, too. I can't bear to think that own heart enabled her to interpret. In you have that old trouble on your mind, - brief, it looked as if he were drifting on a

the feeling that you had been a Christian once, but was not one now. Being sure that there is no need of your continuing to feel so, what sort of return would I be making place had become inviting by reason of its for all your kindness if I did not try to show coolness, and she had rendered it more so

to me, and I never believed mo. tal lips could apartment was large and stone flagged. speak so to the purpose. I shall think of what Along one side were shelves filled with rows you have said, for you have put things in a of shining milk pans. In one corner stood knew it was Jane. new light. But, say, Alida, what on earth the simple machinery which the old dog put possesses you to call me "Mr." ! You said in motion when tied upon his movable walk, over and when old lady Weeks was begging buried deep in the ground, brought cool Tim off. You don't need to be scared half spring water from the brook above. This

name, do you ?" "Scared? Oh, no." She was a trifle confused, he thought, but then her tone was completely re-assuring.

The day was one long remembered by both. As in nature about them, the conditions of development and rapid change now existed. She did not read aloud very much and long silences fell between them. They were reaching a higher plane of companionship, in which words are not always essential. Both had much to think about, and their thoughts were like roots which pre-

With Monday, busy life was resumed. he shuddered at a contrast that rose before now added to the brood of little chicks unnow added to the brood it was only gratitude which filled her heart ture, Holcroft brought in an increasing passed between them in this cool, shadowy

harmony with that May Sunday morning. subtile and refining touch was apparent all when she is charming. over the house. "How fine we are getting!" he remarked

one evening at supper. "I've only made a beginning," she replied, nodding defiantly at him. "The chickens will paint the house before the year is over." "Phew! when do the silk dresses come in?" "When your broadcloth does."

"Well, if this goes on, I shall certainly have to wear purple and fine linen to keep hot.

the next lot of eggs to town I shall tell you just the number of yards I need to make half a dozen extra fine shirts. Those you have are getting past mending."

"Do you think I'll let you spend your money in that way ?"

"You'll let me spend my money just as I please-in the way that will do me the most good !'

"What a saucy little woman you are be-"Because, as you say, I'm getting better coming!" he said, looking at her so fondly pretty golden hue?" she asked, holding up acquainted with you. You couldn't help that she quickly averted her eyes. "It's a way people fall into when humored," she answered.

"See here, Alida, you're up to some magic. It seems but the other day I brought you here, a pale ghost of a woman. As old Jonathan Johnson said, you were 'enj'yin' poor health.' De you know what he said when I took him off so he wouldn't put you

"No," she e plied, with a deprecating smile and rising color.

"He said he was 'afeared I'd been taken in, you were such a sickly lookin' critter. Ha! ha! Wish he might see you now, with that flushed face of yours. I never believed in magic, but I'll have to come to it. You are bewitched, and are being transformed into a pretty young girl right under my eyes; the house is bewitched, and is growing pretty, too, and pleasanter all the time. The cherry and apple trees are bewitched, for they never bloosomed so before; the hens ter that. What are you aiming at?" and are bewitched, they lay as if possessed;

"Oh, stop, or I shall think that you're bewitched yourself.'

"I truly begin to think I am." "Oh, well, since we all and everything are affected in the same way, it don't mat-

"But it does. It's unaccountable. I'm beginning to rub my eyes and pinch myself to wake up. "If you like it, I wouldn't wake up." "Suppose I did, and saw Mrs. Mumpson

first words would be, 'Please pass the cold hand.

her. He regarded her with the open admiration of a boy, and she sought to divert his attention by asking, "What do you get Jane to help you." think has become of Jane?'

"I don't know-stealing around like a strange cat in some relation's house, I sup-

"You once said you would like to do something for her. "Well, I would. If I could afford it I'd

like to send her to school." study lessons part of the time ?"

He shivered visibly. "No, Alida, 'and you wouldn't either. She'd make you more nervous than she would me, and that's saying a good deal. I do feel very sorry forher, find out if something can't be done, but her presence would spoil all our cosey comfort.

"Listen to the sound of the rain and the reasoning and perception as it was an inverse water as it runs into the milk-cooler. It's reasoning and perception as it was an inverse water as it runs into the milk-cooler. It's reasoning and perception as it was an inverse water as it runs into the milk-cooler. the fields for a long time, and finally asked, and if Mrs Weeks comes to see you, we'll "Is your idea of becoming a Christian just find out if something can't be done, but her The fact is, I wouldn't enjoy having any one like low music, isn't it?" here. You and I are just about company enough. Still, if you feel that you'd like swer than a sneeze.

"Oh, no, I haven't enough to do."

your content, I haven't Christian fortitude ute. I'm nearly through."

enough to make any changes." She smiled and thought that she was

which she was anchored.

One unusually warm morning for the season, rain set in after breakfast. Holcroft did not fret in the least that he could not go to the fields, nor did he, as had been his custom at first, find rainy-day work at the barn. The cows, in cropping the lush grass, had so increased their yield of milk that it was necessary to churn every other day, and Alida was busy in the dairy. This you what is as clear to me as this sunshine?" by making it perfectly clean and sweet. "You are a good woman, Alida. Believ. Strange to say, it contained another chair ing as you do, you have done right to speak beside the one she usually occupied. The James easy enough after the skimelton was and the churn was near. An iron pipe, to death every time to call me by my first pipe emptied its centents with a low gurgle into a shallow, oblong receptacle sunk in the floor, and was wide and deep enough for two stone crocks of ample size to stand abreast up to their brims in the water. The cream was skimmed into these stone jars until they were full, then Holcroft emptied them into the churn. He had charged Alida never to attempt this part of the work, and indeed it was beyond her strength. After breakfast on churning days, he prepared everything and set the dog at work. Then he emptied the churn of the butter milk when he came in to dinner.

All the associations of the place were pleasant to Alida. It was here that her husband had shown patience as well as

"Mr. Holcroft," she asked very gravely, stay and work for him. will you do something for me ?" "Yes, half a dozen things."

"You promise?" "Certainly. What's the trouble ?" "I don't mean there shall be any if I can help it," she answered with a light ripple of laughter, "Please go and put on your coat," "How you humbugged me! It's too

"Oh, you've got to do it; you promised. "Fine linen certainly. When you take You can't stay here unless you do." "So you are going to take care of me as if I were a small boy?'

"You need care-sometimes." He soon came back and asked, "Now may I stay?" "Yes. Please untie the dog. Butter's

"I should think it would, or any thing else at your coaxing." "Oh-h, what a speech! Hasn't that a

the churn into a wooden tray. "Yes, you are making the gilt-edge arti-

cle now. I don't have to sell it to Tom Watterly any more." "I'd like to give him some, though."

He was silent, and something like sudden rage burned in his heart that Mrs. Watterly w u'd not permit the gift. That any (n) should frown on his having such a helper as Alida was proving herself to be, made him vindictive. Fortunately her face was turned away and she did not see his heavy frown. Then, to shield her from a disagreeable f ct, he said quickly, "Do you know that for over a year I steadily went behind my expenses, and that your butter-making has turned the tide already? I'm beginning to get ahead again."

"I'm so glad," and her face was radiant. "Yes, I should know that from your looks. It's clearer every day that I got the best of our bargain. I never dreamed, though, that I should enjoy your society as I do-that we should be such very good friends. That wasn't in the bargain, was

"Bargain!" The spirited way with which she echoed the word, as if thereby repudiating any thing like a sordid side to their mutual relations, was not lost on her wondering and admiring partner. She checked herself suddenly. "Now let me teach you how to make butter," and with the tray in her lap, she began washing the golden product and pressing out the milk.

He laughed in a confused, delighted way

"The farmers' wives in Oakville would "What nonsense you are talking to- say your hands were too little to do much." night!" she tried to say severely, but the "They would!" and she raised her blue course. are the one to say about that."

"I say they do too much. I shall have to child." "By all means. Then you'll have more

I dote on everybody's absence, even Jane's." "You dote on butter. See how firm and yellow it's getting. You wouldn't think it to day, and she, more truly than he, had was milk white cream a little while ago, shrunk from the presence of another as an All Druggists, 50 cents. would you? Now I'll put in the salt and "Would you like her to come here and you must taste it, for you're a connoisseur." "A what !"

"I'm learning all the time."

Poor Holcroft could make no better an-

"Oh-h," she exclaimed, "you're catching cold! Come, you must go right up-"But you're always a doing. Well, if stairs. You can't stay here another min-"I was never more contented in my life."

"You've no right to worry me. What quest. would I do if you got sick? Come, I'll "Well then, little boss, good by." With a half suppressed smile at his obe-

smooth, swift tide to the same haven in dience Alida watched his reluctant depar- only worked round smart as you, p'raps ture. She kept on diligently at work, but she'd hooked him 'stid er you." one might have fancied that her thoughts Alida's only reply was a slight frown, for rather than her exertions were flushing her the remark suggested disagreeable images

It seemed to her that but a few mo- she sighed. She determined to let Jane ments elapsed before she followed him, plead her own cause at first, thinking that but he had gone. Then she saw that the perhaps this would be the safest way. If rain had ceased and that the clouds were necessary, she would use her influence breaking. His cheerful whistle sounded re- against a hostile decision, let it cost in disassuringly from the barn, and a little later comfort what it might. he drove up the lane with a cart.

about. Before long she heard a light step. Glancing up, she saw the most peculiar and uncanny looking child that had ever crossed her vision and with dismal presentiment

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANOTHER WAIF. It was indeed poor, forlorn little Jane that had appeared like a spectre in the kitchen door. She was as wet and bedraggled as a chicken caught in a shower. A little felt hat hung limp over her ears; her pigtail braid had lost its string and was unravelling at the end, and her torn, sodden shoes were ready to drop from her feet. She looked both curiously and apprehensively at Alida with her little blinking eyes, and then asked in a sort of breathless voice, "Where's him?"

"Mr. Holcroft ?" Jane nodded. "He's gone out to the fields. You are Jane, aren't you?" Another nod.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Alida mentally; " wish she hadn't come." Then with a flush shame the thought crossed her mind, "She perhaps is as friendless and homeless me every thing."

Be you his new girl ?" "I'm his wife," said Alida, smiling. married after all ?" she gasped.

" 1 es, why not ?" "Mother said he'd never get any one to take him." "Well, you see she was mistaken."

"She's wrong about every thing. Well, it's no use then," and the child turned and sat down on the doorstep. Alida was perplexed. From the way Jane wiped her eyes with her wet sleeve,

she was evidently crying. Coming to her, Alida said, "What is no use, Jane? Why are you crying?" "I thought-he-might-praps-let me

Alida was still more perplexed. What could be said by way of comfort, feeling sure as sue did that Holoroft would be bitterly hostile to the idea of keeping the child? The best she could do was to draw the little waif out and obtain some explanation of her unexpected appearance. Bu first she asked, "Have you had any break.

fast ?" Jane shook her head. "Oh, then you must have some right

"Don't want any. I want to die. oughtn'ter been born.".
"Tell me your troubles, Jane. Perhaps

I can help you."
"No, you'd be like the rest. They all hate me and make me feel I'm in the way. married," and the child sobbed aloud.

Her grief was pitiful to see, for it was overwhelming. Alida stooped down, and gently lifting the child up, brought her in Then she took off the wet hat and wiped the tear stained face with her handkerchief. "Wait a minute, Jane, till I bring you something," and she ran to the dairy for a glass of milk. "You must drink it," she said, kindly, but firmly.

The child gulped it down, and with it much of her grief, for this was unprecedented treatment and was winning her attention. "Say," she faltered, "will you ask him to let me stay ?"

"Yes, I'll ask him, but I can't promise the season advances. that he will." "You won't ask him 'fore my face and

then tell him not to behind my back?" and there was a sly, keen look in her eyes which tears could not conceal. "No," said Alida gravely, "that's not

my way. How did you get here Jane?" "Run away."

"From where?"

" Poor-house." Alida drew a quick breath and was silent a few moments. "Is-is your mother there?" she asked at length.

any longer." Didn't your mother or any one know

you were coming ?" Jane shook her head.

Alida felt that it would be useless to burden the unhappy child with misgivings as to the result, and her heart softened towards one to three simple applications made at home. A her as one who in her limited way had pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free known the bitterness and dread which in on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 808 King known the bitterness and dread which in Street West Toronto, Canada.

Wiggins smoking her pipe in the corner. at her piquant, half saucy manner as he that same almshouse had overwhelmed her The very thought makes me shiver. My watched her deft round arm and shapely own spirit. She could only say gently, "Well, wait till Mr. Holcroft comes, and then we'll see what he says." She herself was bota curious and anxious as to his pleased, happy look in her eyes betrayed eyes indignantly to his. "No matter, you thought, "but I should little deserve God's

> expected burden of duty. Apart from all consideration of Jane's peculiarities, the iso-"That was a home shot. You know how lation with Holcroft had been a delight in itself. Their mutual enjoyment of each other's society had been growing from day unwelcome intrusion. Conscious of her secret, Jane's prying eyes were already beginning to irritate her nerves. Never had she seen a human face that so "You know a sight more than I do, completely embodied her idea of inquisicompletely embodied her idea of inquisi-tiveness as the uncanny visage of this or Female, whole or spare time, on salary or commischild. She saw that she would be watched sion. Industrial Union of B.N.A., 45 Arcade, Toronto. with tireless vigilance. Her recoil, how- TOORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL.-Gentlemen unfortunate child. It was the same old story. Jane always put the women of a household on pins and needles just as her mother exasperated the men. Alida had to G. C. Robb, Chief Engineer. A. Fraser, Sec'y-Treas. struggle hard during a comparatively silent hour to fight down the hope that Holcroft would not listen to Jane's and her own re-

As she stepped quickly and lightly about As she stepped quickly and lightly about particulars and to secure Berths, apply to H. E. in her preparations for dinner, the girl watched her intently. At last she gave Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the difvoice to her thoughts and said, "If mother'd ferent Towns and Cities.

and fancies.

At a few moments before twelve the farm-She sat down in the kitchen and began er came briskly towards the house, and was sewing on the fine linen they had jested evidently in the best of spirits. When he entered and saw Jane, his countenance indicated so much dismay that Alida could scarcely repress a smile. The child rose and stood before him like a culprit awaiting sentence. She winked hard to keep the tears back, for there was no welcome in his manner. She could not know how intensely distasteful was her presence at this time, nor had Holcroft himself imagined how unwelcome a third person in his house could be until he saw the intruder before him. He had only felt that he was wonderfully contented and happy in his home and that Jane would be a constant source of annoyance and restraint. Moreover, it might lead to a visitation from Mrs Mumpson, and that was the summing up of earthly ills. But the child's appearance and manner were so forlorn and deprecating that words of irritation died upon his lips. He gravely shook hands with her and then drew out the story which Alida had learned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meetion the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way ?" inquired a muas I was, and 'him' is also her only hope. - | tual friend of the two men who happened Come in, Jane," she said, kindly, "and tell along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker : " you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complain, Jane stopped; her mouth opened and her ed of a loss of appetite, of night sweats, of eyes twinkled with dismay. "Then he is low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery has snatched thousands from consumptives graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

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She Broke the Engagement because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every

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