led with scrofula. My head was always my face was dry and scaly, and burned like
fire most of the time. My
body had big red spots on it,
and I did not know what to do. I went to four different doctors and they helped me at first. In the fall I got worse again; then I trie other remedies, but they did me no good. I was ashamed to go into public. I was a sight to look at. Every one would say, "What is the mat-

ter, why don't you take some-Even at my daily ear a sort of cap to keep the dirt I did try them, and am glad I have done lad to say I am a well man, and in the best th since. I cannot praise the CUTICURA

throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, our, Se.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50 POTTER DRUG HEM. COMP., Sole Proprietors, Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free, LES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and dly skin cured by Cuticuna Soap.

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Canadian Lost.

SAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1894. MEXICAN BELLE.

was also partly to satisfy her own c riosity, which had been

er again, and this time he looked r seat, and with undefined feeling

began pulling about some of the

still looking at her, and then he d. I was something so extraof a phrase that looked round at

ctly" repeated Reata, and there directly!" Her face had grown back again with double force.

what is the reason of this sudden

ned to the lilacs again. There ute's silence. "You had better a disagreeable surprise for him, ld rather avoid any theatrical nd she moved her shoulders

well," and Arnold turned to go without looking at her, slowly, lly, through the door and down

ery warm outside; the sun was apon the gravel, striking upon ble, and making it shine white; ke dark threads coming from checkering and crossing and yet; it was not the sultry summer, but a genial, wellarmth, clear and bright-real her, of which one hears so much so seldom comes true. All wenue, where Arnold was now horse-chestnut flowers stood gigantic Christmas trees.

brown cloud, and pecking at the insects | tance, but Otto did not heed her. Then on the gravel-wall below; then at some he dropped his hand, and Reata could see secret signal the cloud flies up, and the his face distinctly. fluttering and chirping begin again.

It was three-quarters of an hour before the dog cart came down the avenue again, and during all this time the sparrows kept up their manoeuvres, and A nold walked up and the avenue in wait for his brother, and within Reata passed the time in a faver of restless impatience. She dreaded the moment that was coming; she feared it, and yet she longed for it. She could have gone and hidden herself in the garden, or locked herself into her room up-stairs; but she would do nothing to postpone the meeting. Why should she fly from him? Let him speak to her it he wished, if he dared; it was not unlikely that his courage would fail him, and he would shun her voluntarily, would avoid meeting her alone. She knew enough of him to be sure that his own inclination would urge

him to turn aside from whatever threatened to bring him trouble.

It was slow torture; she would much | beauty, but only-she did not love him. rather have been taken by surprise, she | The magic of his eyes, of his voice, was thought, than go through this preparation | gone for her; she could look upon him of trepidation and suspense—even a calmly, and understand that for others theatrical start would have better. Why the magic could still be, but for her it ad she either not known of it at all, or was not. She did not hate him, her love his words only, for his whole thought she known of it two or three weeks ago, had not turned to loathing; she would do could not guess. She had paled by when she would have had time to harden for him what she would do for any other shade, and the darkness of her eyes grew herself to meet him coldly, indifferently, fellow-creature. If he were drowning, darker yet. You would have liked to as he should be met? Two or three weeks | could be saved by her, she would save | held us both, but you could not. You might have done that, but three-quarters him; if he wanted help, she would give have made your choice why should you of an hour could not, she thought - it; but love him, as she once thought | complain? certainly they did not. Minute by min- that she loved him, she did not. "Why "My choice! Do you think my choice ute she telt her calmness melting away; was it? why was it? she questioned her- has made me happy? Everything before she had never felt like a coward before, self wildly. "Was she not a woman to me is a blank, a dismal dreary blank, but she felt like one now. Absurd! She love, like other women, throughout life? with nothing to lighten it." would not give away to this weakness; Had she never loved him? Was it all "So you said in your letter-" her voice she sat down again to her letter, and confusion? Had she no heart? or was her shool: with scorn; "but you found conhe ittle incident she had wrote a few lines. No use!! She raised heart dead?" The thoughts flew through solation quickly. her head after each word and listened, her brain, but she could grasp at no con- "Lon't mock me. I was not free-you

it is not that," he said, stopping though there was no noise except the clusion, she could not stop to think now; garden-wall. Why, she could not even love him. trangely, with a look that might finish the phrase she had begun and been | "Why have you come?" he cried out "Don't tell me of that. Don't talk to en anger or reproach; his eyes interrupted in! What was it all about? again, his voice ringing through the room me of sacrifices; I know what they are iness beginning to creep over Coming along the highroad, round that were working with the storm of an inward | "I was not free," he muttered. res, you told me that the doctor in sight of the house already! And he with wide eyes, drinking and swallowing coming to-morrow; I forgot," did not know she was there; if he thought in every line of the figure before him given it you back. I have no want of the nearest vase. me in here to tell you -- " said heart was beating so wildly and her pulses ing her face in the sketch-book, only that the feelings you talked so much about. away her paper and got up impatiently; now. she went and plunged her hot face into | She did not make him any answer yet; | worth."

bunch and held it up to her cheeks, to | pity. her lips, for coolness. If only she could in here at once! She went towards the stand so still?" balcony door, and saw only Arnold pacing about in the horse-chesnut avenue. she could feel the color ebbing shutter; still less to be seen here—nothing she had come only for his sake. but the garden-wall, and the sparrows going on with their foolish antics.

"Ridiculous little things!" said Reata when she had watched them for some ago on my way home that I got | minutes. "I wish they didn't all look so cheerful, it does not agree with me just flight and concealment now. Ah! there they are going offand for a moment something has frightened them," as brown cloud rose suddenly into the air, her presence of mind returned. | and dispersed on to the fruit-trees around. great surprise and a great shock, "Ah!" she said again, and turned from ad hoped never to see him again; | the window sharply. It was a sound outbe kept up, must be side, the sound which she had waited for if you had not come thus unannounced; It would never do to so long, which had made her startto fear in this way, especially wheels grinding on the gravel. She was rnold, with his supercilious looks, as scared as the sparrows, although, ed her eyes upon him and looked | unlike them, she did not try to run away. | frightened voice. uite steadily. He was not look- And now came one-two moments of intense suspense: he was close to her n't know why your brother's now, no farther off than those steps; she not your father. Your brother, I think, me in the least." | could have seen him by only looking out haughtily; "and I don't see of the window, but her courage failed her. had felt once before, one day far away on ute ago she had complained of the Mexican plains : the heat in the room ng been told sooner, but they grew oppressive, the scent of the lilacs before she had recovered her seemed to weigh on her sences and stifle of mind and her dignity, and her, and yet they were as fresh and as ot remember her words; neither | sweet as they had been half an hour ago; ld remind her of them, although | the change was not in them but in her. There were two voices—she could hear them distinctly as they talked outside-

speaking low and hurriedly; his voiceyes, he was talking-and Arnold's low, deep tones answering him. Her mind flew back to the last time she had heard that other voice, to the day they had parted, to their last words; and now was this way they were to meet again? Oh the difference there was between the dream and the reality! all those foolish fancies of gardens and flowers and singing-birds, amongst which they were to

had withered away so fast! There were the birds singing outside, and here were the lilacs, and the hero o the dream was close by, but the dream

meet; and oh the great bitter difference

between the trust and the love she had

built upon, and the fickle affliction which

"Perhaps he will not come up," she outside grew still, and all was quiet for a sbouts. Do you think I do not know all moment; and she pressed her hands that? You do not know what you are together till the flower she held was crushed, and stained her fingers purple further away from him. "And when you system up with this medicine, which ades on the lawn, now in their and the dead flower breathed a sweeter are calmer you will be ashamed of your prevents as well as cures. For all of green luxuriance, had long perfume than the living one. Then she words; you have no right to reproach diseases caused by a disordered liver heard a step, one man's step, coming up me." th each other. The heat lay waiting, breathless, flushing from white to red, her eyes fixed, dark and strained, on the balcony-door; she listened-it was not Arnold's step-and she knew that Octo was coming.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- LOVED AND LOST. The soft green light that veiled the "And why," it echoed in his mind, "did branches, prim and waxen room in a half-transparent haze seemed I satisfy my hatred at the expense of my te, with their little spots of for a mom: n: like utter darkness, coming love?' It was satisfied, but there was no lor like a hectic flush on a from the light outside, and O:to stopped contentment in the thought,—his hatred ek; and if you look at them | wi hin the doorway, shading his eyes with seemed just now cold by the side of his | Dr. Sage's Remedy. you would fancy that a whole no har, and staring into the glo m love.

array of white candles perched on where that white figure was standing. He had come up the steps very hurriedly; There was a great noise oing on all his face was pale, and his eyes were wild along the garden-wall-sparrows, a whole and startled. It was only a couple of troop of sparrows, holding their evening minutes ago that he had learnt that she revels; all chirping together in a chatter- whom he had fancied to be at the other ing fashion, flapping their brown wings side of the world, whose face he had insanely, and cocking their heads in light- hoped never to see again, was here. They hearted impertinence; "but there is confronted eath other for a moment, and method in their madness"-they are going | she trembled and struggled with her fastthrough movements quite as well regulat- coming breath. Ficha came forward from ed as most military manoeuvres, and quite the sunny spot she had been lying on, as pretty a sight to look at. Now they and sniffed cautiously at the intruder, all spread their wings and-whitr, they and then she sprang up at him, wagging are all down from the wall in a compact her tail in joyful recognition of acquain-

"Why have you come here?" he cried

out, in a tone of anguish. And all at oace a great change came over her; all her agitation, all her tremor of a momentago, vanished as if by magic. She was calm, cool, almost self-possessed; she did not tremble, she could look at him steadily. Was it a change, or only a revelation? Mists seem to be rolling away in every direction; slowly, slowly they seemed to fade, before she could see clearly, but it was really only the work of

She knew that she did not love him, and she knew it as surely as if she had

seen it written in the Book of Life. It was not that he was less handsome than she remembered him, not that he had one whit of his manly grace and beauty. Since she had seen him last he shaven off the last trace of boyhood, which had clung to him longer than to most men; he had entered into the first stage of perfect manhood. His features Those three-quarters of an hour were bear the stamp of it; his eyes have a the longest three-quarters of an hour graver light; he is handsomer than he was which Reata had ever known; such loug, ten months ago. Even his uniform, the weary, trailing minutes, following so trying hussar uniform, which seems inslowly on one another, -and yet, when | vented to bring out the defects of a man's every now and then she looked at the build, served only to set him off to pecuclock on the writing-table, she was fright- | liar advantage, and Reata had never seen ened to see how few still remained to him in uniform before. She saw it all, count before the dog-cart would come. she recognized it, she acknowledged his flutter and chirp of the sparrows on the one thing only she knew-she did not | the wishes of my family, to what I owed

what was the use of finishing it? Was with a tone of mortal pain, and he half worth. Does your family require of you the dog-cart not coming nearer at this stepped back, and leant his hand on the to plight your troth to two women within moment? Where would it be now? table for support. The lines on his face six months?" corner with the hazel-nut-bushes, perhaps | struggle. He stared at her, glared at her,

the cocl freshness of the lilacs. Her lips she could only have spoken to wound

know for certain whether he would come me mad? Why are you here? Why do more than all the world-more than my

"You would not have your family refuse me hospitality?" she said: "you know and you must be mine again." She walked to the other window and I have no other home to go to." She looked out through the green bars of the | would not let him know the truth, that

from me? I should have known it. I have not been fairly dealt with; you again ; it will drive me mad!" He started beauty enchaining him again. thought to strike out her image from his mind, and now he saw he had been a fool

it was to spare you that I asked them to keep my coming a secret."

"Do they know?" he asked, in almost

"Make your mind easy," and her lip curved scornfully ; "they do not-at least, has guessed something.'

"Make my mind easy!" he repeated, and he groaned aloud. "Don't talk of peace or of happiness for me now. thought I could live without you. might have lived without you if I had not seen your face again. Is it to torture me that you look twenty thousand times more lovely than I remembered you, that you look at me that way with your eyes so great and so dark? Is it to drive me mad with recollections that you stand there in your white dress, looking as it you had never left Mexico? Have you done it all to drive me wild, to make me feel what have lost? It was not to spare me, it was to torture me, that you kept yourself hid. You have deceived me, you are deceiving

me. Oh, heartless! heartless!" His voice was rising with his passion, higher and higher, more and more bitter. The pallid colour had left his face, and a dark flush spread across his forehead in

"It was to spare you," she replied. "I have spared you more than you deserve. It is I who have been unfairly dealt with. Why were you ashamed to preclaim our engagement? You had just as your liver chooses. The never even mentioned me to your family; blood controls the health, the liver they hardly knew of my existence. You | controls the blood, the "Discovery" had left them under the impression that I was an old woman of fifty or theresaying," and she moved a step back,

"Forgive me, Reata. No, I do not ness, the most stubborn skin, scalp know what I am saying. I am mad-" he put up his hand to cover his face, for, in truth, he was ashamed of himself. have gone through enough to make any man lose his senses. Why was I obliged to choose between you and a fortune?"

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"Ay, why, indeed!" she said, answering

know it. I had to sacrifice everything to

"You had a right to use your liberty as of her at all, he would fancy her far | with a greedy, thirsty look. To see her faith to reproach you with, -you have away, over the seas, in another land. before him living and breathing was like not jilted me," and she laughed a bitter No, it was no use her writing, when her | the shock that had once come to him see- | laugh; "only don't ask me to believe in flying in this hot flutter. She pushed the shock and the misery were tenfold was a child when I believed them, but I am a woman now, and I know their

"You don't, you don't," he cried, and were dry and burning; she broke off a him, and she was calm enough to feel stepped forward. "You must believe me, you must listen to me. Reats; do not "Reato, have you come here to drive kill rae with your coldness. I love you life-more than I ever loved you before. I will get back my liberty at any price,

"Never!" she said, vehemently. "Yes, you love me still, although you look at me so coldly. You loved me, Reata, only a few short months ago—you must love me still!" He clasped his hands together and beseeched her with

looking back at him straight; but then her head sank, and her lashes drooped. did not love him, but she must not proclaim it so proudly. Was it not her shame, to have been so fickle, rather than her pride?-her shame to bury deep down "You need never have seen me again in her heart, not her pride to call out

Otto seeing her stand thus abashed felt a new hope springing up. She would not stand thus reddening before him if she did not love him.

(To be continued)

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Canadian Lost.

SAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1894 WS OF THE WEEK

OME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chicago the other day a young man ned \$15 for kissing a willing beauty slie park, and a young lady was for appearing on the street in

ould be put in a room 24 feet each

sladder away, and the carpenter

HIGHEST mund Yates, author and journalist,

as a cuireng track. The gar- and Col. Garand, made the ttee consists two inches thick. A tunnel on a raft, the water ttee consisting of well-known offi-n army rifles of with Lee-Metford through an underground tuny on cartridge, charged with cordite from a point a mile above on cartridges. The committee first point below is one that thick and pierced it through and to make. The party had seven the shot with the seven the source of the source Shot with the same rifles and escapes on the journey as the artridges are still the same rifles and escapes on the journey as the same rifles and the same rifles and the same rifles and the same rifles are the same cartridges were then fired at the shot along at lightning speed.

Three Bottles of Change-Ner Banished-Sle Vastly Impro



arms and several hun- the countese, with her bro pronounced the test a complete bability that some one of the pa

but beyond a slight impression of been built with great stability.

The Dake of Cambridge and and precipitated Lady Glasgov an