one has helped. And she helped him

of what she had seen, she took his mind

away from the Sussex country-side and

time when peace was made and my father came home from the sea.

CHAPTER IV.

Many a woman's knee was on the

ground, and many a woman's soul spent

itself in joy and thankfulness when the

news came with the fall of the leaf in

1801 that the preliminaries of peace had

been settled. All England waved her

gladness by day and twinkled it by

had our flags flying bravely, and a can-

dle in every window, with a big G.R.

guttering in the wind over the door of

for we had been at it for eight years,

taking Holland, and Spain, and France

each in turn and altogether. All that we had learned during that time was

that our little army was no match for

the French on land, and that our large

navy was more than a match for them

upon the water. We had gained more

credit, which we were sorely in need of

after the American business; and a few

colonies, which were welcome also for

the same reason, but our debt had gone

on rising and our consols sinking, until

every Pitt stood aghast. Still, if we had

between Napoleon and ourselves, and

that this was only the end of a round,

without a break. As it was, the French

shot with lines, which deepened if he

were, perhaps, his strangest feature, for

they were of a very clear and beautiful

was as white as mine, and his close-

say, in the last of our ships which had

been chased out of the Mediterranean in

97, and in the first which had re-enter-

ed it in '98. He was under Miller, as

third lieutenant of the Theseus, when

come down, they hove up the sheet an-

chor and fell dead asleep upon the top

of each other under the capstan bars.

ried the news into the Bay of Naples.

From thence, as a reward for his ser-

vices, he was transferred as first lieu-

tenant to the Aurora frigate, engaged

in cutting off supplies from Genoa, and

How well ' can remember his home-

coming! T ugh it is now eight-and-

forty years a , it is clearer to me than

the doings of ast week, for the memory

which shows out what is at a distance

amble of wheels, too, her eyes would

steal up to smooth her pretty black hair.

She had embroidered a white "Wel-

come" upon a blue ground, with an an-

chor in red upon each side, and a border

f laurel leaves; and this was to hang

this finished, and every morning she

looked to see if it were in its place and

next year before our great day came

evening and I had come down with

what should I see but a post-chaise with

there in the open door of it were my

mother's black skirt and her little feet

jutting out, with two blue arms for a

I saw the red face and the kindly,

"Why, Roddy, lad, you were but a

child and we kissed good-bye when last

on a different rating now. I'm right

"Here are the folk coming, Anson,"

get out and come in with us?"

"Oh, Anson, Anson!" she cried.

"Tut, 'tis but the bone of my leg,"

sent of the chaise.

ight-blue eyes looking out at me.

round to us. It had been raining all

ready to be hanged.

ciance towards the door, and her hands

and blurs al. that is near.

He had served, as he was proud

cropped hair was tawny.

wind and bitter weather. These eyes | ther.

were able to catch them again.

dotillas and fleets of invasion before we were in those days, it is at that very

history?"

beaten me.

learned geography?

fidence.

our fleet, like a pack of eager fox found that I could not answer.

at the time of which I speak) it was | smiles as I watched him.

eyes especially were meshed around with a dirk to your thigh.

Even in little Friar's Oak we

Folk were weary of the war,

she, laughing. "Well, now, walk up to wards her that one has for those whom from

it, and let us hear what is writ be-

I did as she asked, and read out

"Miss Polly Hinton, as 'Peggy,' in The

Country Wife, played for her benefit at

the Haymarket Theatre, September-

"Oh, you rude little boy, to say it in such a tone," said she; "as if a play-

actress wasn't as good as any one else.

Why, 'twas but the other day that the

Duke of Clarence, who may come to

call himself King of England, married

Mrs. Jordan, who is herself only a play-

actress. And whom think you that this

She stood under the picture with her

arms folded across her great body, and

her big black eyes looking from one

"Why, where are your eyes?" she cried at last. "I was Miss Polly Hin-

ton of the Haymarket Theatre. And

perhaps you never heard the name be

play-actress had filled us both with

kind of vague horror, like the country-

bred folk that we were. To us they

were a class apart, to be ninted at rath-

er than named, with the wrath of the

Almighty hanging over them like a

thundercloud. Indeed, His judgments

seemed to be in visible operation be-

fore us when we looked upon what this

"Well," said she, laughing like one

who is hurt, "you have no cause to say

anything, for I read on your face what

you have been taught to think of me. So this is the upbringing that you have

had, Jim-to think evil of that which

you do not understand! I wish you had

been in the theatre that very night with

Prince Florizel and four Dukes in the

boxes, and all the wits and macaconis

of London rising at me in the pit. If

Lord Avon had not given me a cast in

his carriage, I had never got my flowers

back to my lodgings in York Street,

Westminster. And now two little coun-

"Well," said she, "I am not in voice,

And straightaway that coarse, swollen

held us spellbound in our chairs. Her

Jim's pride brought a flush on to

"I have never been inside

woman was, and what she had been.

to the other of us.

"It's a play-actress," said I.

Pills. causes, they v.e was cer heart w pervou years. lay re

dashing his own hand across his eyes. "By George, lass, when this leg of mine I tried to explain that addition was

tory and geography were not. "Well," he concluded, "you So it was that my father came home to us, and a better or kinder no fad could wish for. Though my parents had been married so long, they had really seen very little of each other, and their affection was as warm and as fresh as if they were two newly-wedded lovers. I have learned since that sailors can be coarse and foul, but never did I know it from my father; for, although he had seen as much rough work as the wildest smile and a jolly word for all the viltake his wine with the vicar or with Sir James Ovington, the squire of the parish ; while on the other he would sit by the hour amongst my humble friends down in the smithy, with Champion

Jim's eyes have smouldered like the forge embers as he listened. My father had been placed on halfpay, like so many others of the old war officers, and so, for nearly two years he was able to remain with us. During all this time, I can only once remember that there was the slightest disagree- My mother, however, had such con ment between him and my mother. It chanced that I was the cause of it, and her own powers of persuasion, that she as great events sprang out of it, I must already began to make furtive prepara tell you how it came about. It was in- tions for my departure, deed, the first of a series of events But if the narrowness of the village which affected not only my fortunes, but life chafed my easy spirit, it was a torthose of very much more important peo-

bis men that I have seen the Champion

knot his great hand together, while

The spring of 1803 was an early one, the coming of my uncle's letter that we the postman with a letter in his hand. "I think it is for me," said my mother, and sure enough it was addressed in the

Stone, of Friar's Oak, and there was a forge, and rasp a hoof or two, and there He shock his head gravely when he Sicily to Syria and back again to Na- | never had any schooling at all who son?" she asked.

ples, trying to pick up the lost scent. | could tell you that we had seven 74's, With the same good fighting man he seven 64's and two 50-gun ships in the served at the Nile, where the men of his action. There's a picture on the wall command sponged and rammed and of the chase of the Ca Ira. Which were trained until, when the last tricolor had | the ships that laid her aboard?" any one of much importance. Again I had to confess that he had "Well, your dad can teach you somein triumph at my mother. "Have you a person than Sir Charles Tregellis, my

> "Yes, father," said I, though with less confidence than before. WWell. how for to it from Port M : hon

at the battle of Camperdown?"

moment that I can picture them most

I could only shake my head. "If Ushant lay three leagues upon your starleard quarter, what would be your nearest port?" Again I had to give it up.

"Well, I don't see that your geograsaid he. "You'd never get your certificate at this rate. Can you do addition? of an old man is like one of those glasses | Well, then, let us see if you can tot up my prize money." He shot a mischievous glance at my My mother had been in a tremble ever | mother as he spoke, and she laid down

since the first gumor of the prelimin- her knitting on her lap and looked very "You never asked me about that, sage. She said little, but she saddened | Mary," said he.

for it, Anson. I have heard you say that it is the Atlantic for prize-mency, and the Mediterranean for honor." "I had a share of both last cruise, which comes from changing a line-ofbattleship for a frigate. Now, Rodney. there are two pounds in every hundred due to me when the prize-courts have upon the two lilac bushes which flank- done with them. When we were watched the cottage door. He could not have | ing Massena, off Genoa, we got a matleft the Mediterranean before we had ter of seventy schooners, brigs, and tartans, with wine, food, and powder. Lord Keith will want his finger in the pie, but that's for the courts to settle. Put them But it was a weary time before the at four pounds aplece to me, and what peace was ratified, and it was April of | will the seventy bring?" "Two hundred and eighty pounds," I

answered. "Why, Anson, it is a fortune," eried my mother, clapping her hands. "Try you again, Roddy!" said he, shakupon the budding chestnuts behind our ing his pipe at me. "There was the which make four thousand of our pounds. Her hull should be worth another thousand. What's my share of

that?" "A hundred pounds." "Why, the purser couldn't work it out quicker," he cried in his delight. "Here's for you again! We passed the Straits and worked up to the Azores, where we fell in with the La Sabina from the Mauritius with sugar and spices- Twelve hundred pounds she's worth to me, Mary, my darling, and | which she read to him: never again shall you soil your fingers or pinch upon my beggarly pay." My dear mother had borne her long struggle without a sign all these years, but now that she was so suddenly eased

of it all she fell sobbing upon his neck.

When a woman fall overboard she some times drowns wher there is a life buoy jus within a few strokes of her - all because she doesn't happen to see it. Sick people ofter perish in the same way but they don't know just when it is. They be come discourage and disgusted with taking med icines and give up in despair.

Mrs. Mary J. Stewart, of Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal., in a letter to Dr. R. V Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buf years with female weakness, nervousness could find to help me-all to no avail. Altry once more to find relief. I took the Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' and too great praise cannot be Thousands who had reached this forlors

and hopeless condition of body and mind have found new hope and rescue in the use Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page book, 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" is sent free in paper covers for 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing only; or, cloth-bound for 50 stamps. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Rev. J. K. Thompson, of East Calais, Washing

ton Co., Vt., writes concerning this great work the same time fearless way in which you handle those delicate subjects pertaining to biology, thus making the work admirably fitted for the young."

father's profession that my thoughts and my hopes turned, for from my child-

It was a long time before my father | hood I have never seen the heave of the had a thought to spare upon my exback again, as if he could never see amination in arithmetic. enough of us. Young as I was, I could "It's all in your lap, Mary," said still understand that this was the moment which he had thought of during many a lonely watch, and that the expectation of it had cheered his heart in

Brighton, and if there is a smarter frock than yours upon the Steyne, may I never tread a poop again. But how is it that you are so quick at figures, Rodney, when you know nothing of history or geograthe same upon sea or land, but that hisfigures to take a reckoning, and you need nothing else save what your mother wit will teach you. There never was one of our breed who did not take to salt water like a young gull. I, " Nelson has promised me a vacation for you, and he'll be as good as his word."

SHE HAD EMBROIDERED A WHITE many a dark hour. Sometimes he would touch one of us with his hand, and his soul too satisfed for words, whilst known that there never could be peace | the shadows gathered in the little room and the lights of the inn windows glimmered through the gloom. And then, afand not of the battle, we should have ter my mother had lit our own lamp, she been better advised has we fought it out | slipped suddenly down upon her knees, and he got one knee to the ground also, got back the twenty thousand good sea- so that, hand-in-hand, they joined their Harrison, Boy Jim and the rest of them, men whom we had captured, and a fine | thanks to Heaven for manifold mercies. telling them such stories of Nelson and dance they led us with their Boulogne | When I look back at my parents as they

My father, as I remember him best, clearly: her sweet face with the wet was a tough, strong little man, of no shining upon her cheeks, and his blue great breadth, but solid and well put to- eyes upturned to the smoke-blackened gether. His face was burned of a red- ceiling. I remember that he swayed dish color, as bright as a flower-pot, and his reeking pipe in the earnestness of his in spite of his age (for he was only forty prayer, so that I was half tears and half "Roddy, lad," said he, after supper were in any way perturbed, so that I was over, "you're getting a man now, have seen him turn on the instant from | and I suppose you will go affoat like the a youngish man to an elderly. His rest of us. You're old enough to strap wrinkles, as is natural for one who had "And leave me without a child as well puckered them all his life in facing foul as without a husband?" cried my "Well, there's time enough yet," said

blue, which shone the brighter out of berths than fill them, now that peace and the middle of April saw the leaves that ruddy setting. By nature he must has come. But I've never tried what thick upon the chestnut trees. One evening we were all seated together over | beart. have been a fair-skinned man, for his all this schooling has done for you, Rodupper brow, where his cap came over it, ney. You have had a great deal more a dish of ten when we heard the scrunch of steps outside our door, and there was he cried. "I forge a shoe, and I fuller had than I ever had, but I dare say I can make shift to test it. Have you learned "Yes, father," said I, with some con-

> red seal the size of a half-crown upon the outside of it with a flying dragon in | same as the other. Was it for this only, "Whom think you that it is from, An-"I had hoped that it was from Lord Nelson," answered my father. "It is

time the boy had his commission. But if it be for you, then it cannot be from "Can it not!" she cried, pretending to be offended. "You will ask my pardon for that speech, sir, for it is from no less own brother. My mother seemed to speak with a

hushed voice when she mentioned this wonderful brother of bers, and giways had done as long as I can remember, so that I had learned also to have a subdued and reverent feeling when I heard his name. And, indeed, it was no wonder, for that name was never mentioned I asked. 'The captain,' said he. 'And unless it were in connection with some- what would you have had if you had thing brilliant and extraordinary. Once struck him dead? said I. 'The yard we heard that he was at Windsor with arm,' he answered. Then if I had been the King. Often he was at Brighton you that's where I should have been with the Prince. Sometimes it was as | said I, and I spoke the truth. I can't a sportsman that his reputation reached | help it, Rod! There's something here in us, as when his Meteor beat the Duke | my heart, something that is as much a of Queensberry's Egham, at Newmarket, or when he brought Jim Belcher up from don fancy. But usually it was as the Lucifer," said I. friend of the great, the arbiter of fashions, the king of bucks, and the bestreached us. My father, however, did

not appear to be elated at my mother's triumphant rejoinder. "Ay, and what does he want?" asked he, in no very amiable voice. "I wrote to him, Anson, and told him that Rodney was growing a man now, thinking since he had no wife or child of his own, he might be disposed to ad-

we have no need of him now that the known in London. sun is shining."

"Nay, you misjudge him, Anson," said my mother, warmly. "There is no one it, and I will do it, too. Wait," says with a better heart than Charles; but | my uncle-'wait, and it will his own life moves so smoothly that he | right for you.' That is what

cannot understand that others may have | says, and my aunt the same. Why trouble. During all these years I have I wait? What am I to wait known that I had but to say the word | Roddy, I'll stay no longer eating to receive as much as I wished from | heart out in this little village "Thank God that you never had to my fortune in London, and when I can

stoop to it, Mary. I want none of his "Rodney has enough for his sea-chest and kit. He needs no more."

"But Charles has great power and fluence in London. He could make Rodney known to all the great people. Surely you would not stand in the way of his advancement. "Let us hear what he says, then, said my father; and this was the letter "14 Jermyn street, St. James,

'April 15th, 1803. "My Dear Sister Mary, "In answer to your letter, I can assure you that you must not conceive me to be wanting in those finer feelings which are the chief adornment of humanity. It is true that for some years, absorbed as have been in affairs of the highest mportance, I have seldom taken a pen in my hand, for which I can assure you that I have been reproached by many des plus charmantes of your charming sex. At the present moment I lie abed (having stayed late in order to pay a compliment to the Marchioness of Dover at her ball last night), and this is writ to my dictation by Ambrose, my clever rascal of a valet. I am interested to hear of my nephew Rodney (Mon dieu, quel nom!), and as I shall be on my way to visit the Prince at Brighton next week, I shall break my journey at Friar's Oak for the sake of seeing both you and him. Make my compliments to your husband.

"I am ever, my dear sister Mary, your brother. "CHARLES TREGELLIS." "What do you think of that?" cried my mother in triumph when she had "I think it is the letter of a fop," said

my father, bluntly. "You are too hard on him, Anson. You will think better of him when you my compliments to a lady. Meantime know him. But he says that he will be here next week, and this is Thursday, and the best curtains unhung, and no six drops of pure brandy in it. A better lavender in the sheets!" Away she bustled, half distracted, while my father sat moody, with his chin upon his hands, and I remained lost

CHAPTER V.

year, and had already some need for a mask of respectful observance. razor, I had begun to weary of the narsee something of the great world beyond. The craving was all the stronger because I durst not speak openly about it, for the least hint of it brought the tears into my mother's eyes. But now there was the less reason that I should stay at home, since my father was at her side, and so my mind was all filled "I am charmed with the style and general subject matter of the entire work. I consider it s valuable addition to my carefully selected library. The purpose to set men right physically is a noble one. I am also pleased with the refined and at the chance that he might set my feet moving at last upon the road of life.

As you may think, it was towards my

warmed our hearts to our sailors, made us talk, round the winter fires, of of them, not as being great High fleets which had swept the channel as one's fancy seawards. It was London now of which I thought by day and brooded by night; the huge city But, then, Champion Harrison told me how the fighting-men lived there, and my father how the heads of the navy brother and his grand friends were there

ture to the keen and ardent mind Boy Jim. It was but a few days after walked over the Downs together, and I had a peep of the bitterness of bis

hope that he would take me with him

into those high circles in which he lived

fidence either in his good nature or

finished. Then I do it again and again most beautiful writing to Mrs. Mary and blow up the bellows and feed the do you think, that I was born into the world? I looked at him, his proud, eagle face, and his tall, sinewy figure, and I won-

dered whether in the whole land there was a finer, handsomer man. "The Army or the Navy is the place for you, Jim," said I. "That is very well," he cried. "If you go into the navy, as you are likely to do, you go as an officer, and it is you who do the ordering. If I go in, it is as one who was born to receive orders."

"An officer gets his orders from those above him. "But an officer does not have the lash hung over his bead. I saw a poor felpart of myself as this hand is, which

holds me to it." "I know that you are as proud as "It was born with me, Roddy, and l can't help it. Life would be easier dressed man in town that his reputation I could. I was made to be my own

I can hope to be so. "Where is that, Jim?" "In London. Miss Hinton has told me of it, until I feel as if I could find my way through it from end to end. She

mind, and I can see where the playhouses are, and how the river runs, and "We can do very well without him." where the King's house is, and the growled my father. "He sheered off Prince's, and the place where the fightfrom us when the weather was foul, and | ing-men live. I could make my name "How?"

"Never mind how, Rod. I could do

leave my apron behind me and style as that gentleman your He pointed as he spoke, and there was a high crimson curricle coming down the London road, with two bay mares harnessed tandem fashion before it. The reins and fittings were of a light favil color, and the gentleman his coat to match, with a servant in dark livery behind. They flashed past us in rolling cloud of dust, and I had just glimpse of the pale, the master, and of the dark, shriveles features of the man. I should nevel have given them another thought had

came into view there was the curric again, standing at the door of the init. and the grooms busy taking out the "Jim," I cried, "I believe it is in uncle!" and taking to my heels I ran ! home at the top of my speed. At door was standing the dark-faced bevant. He carried a cushion, upon when lay a small and fluffy lapdog. "You will excuse me, young sir, sai Stone? In that case you will, perhaps do me the favor to hand to Mrs. Stone

it not chanced that when the villa-

Tregellis, has just committed to my I was quite abashed by the man's flowery way of talking-so unlike any thing which I had ever heard. He had a wizened face, and sharp little dark eyes, which took in me and the house and my mother's startled face at the window all in the instant. My parents were together, the two of them, in the sitting-room, and my mother read the

this note which her brother, Sir Charles

note to us. "My dear Mary," it ran, "I have stop ped at the inn, because I am somewhat ravage by the dust of your Sussex roads. A lavender-water bath may restore me to a condition in which I may fully send you Fidelio as a hostage. Pray him a half pint of warmish milk with or more faithful creature never lived

Toujours a toi.-Charles. "Have him in ! Have him in !" cried my father, heartily, running to the door. in wonder at the thought of this grand "Come in, Mr. Fidelio. Every man to new relative from London, and of all his own taste, and six drops to the his pint seems a sinful watering of grog-bu if you like it so, you shall have it. A smile flickered over the dark face of the servant, but his features reso Now that I was in my seventeenth themselves instantly into their usual "You are laboring under a slight error. row life of the village, and to long to sir, if you will permit me to say so. Mr name is Ambrose, and I have the

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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY OCT. 1, 1897.

RODNEY STUNE,

By A. Copan Doyle. Reprinted by permission from the illustrated edition published in Bell's Indian and Colonial Library,

by the Copp Clark Co., Ltd. "Good gracious!" she cried. "What a vulgar-looking woman!" It was so rare to hear my mother say a hard word against anybody (unless was General Buonaparte) that I was across the room and at the window in a jump. A pony-chaise was coming slowly down the village street, and in it was the queerest-looking person that I had ever seen. She was very stout, with a face that was of so dark a red that it shaded away into purple over the nose and cheeks. She wore a great hat with a white curling ostrich feather, and from under its brim her two bold, black eyes stared out with a look of anger and defiance as if to tell the folk that she thought less of them than they could do of her. She had some sort of searlet pelisse with white swansdown about her neck, and she held the reins slack in her hands, while the pony wandered from side to side of the road as the fancy took him. Each time the chaise swayed, her head with the great hat

"What a dreadful sight!" cried my "What is amiss with her, mother?" "Heaven forgive me if I misjudge her. Rodney, but I think that the unfortunate woman has been drinking." "Why, I cried, "she has pulled the chaise up at the smithy. I'll find out

all the news for you;" and, catching up my cap, away I scampered. Champion Harrison had been shoeing a horse at the forge door, and when l got into the street I could see him with the creature's hoof still under his arm, and the rasp in his hand, kneeling down amid the white parings. The woman was beckoning him from the chaise, and he staring up at her with the queerest expression upon his face. Presently he threw down his rasp and went across to her, standing by the wheel and shaking his head as he talked to her. For my part, I slipped into the smithy, where Boy Jim was finishing the shoe, and I watched the neatness of his work and deft way in which he turned up the caulkens. When he had done with it he carried it out and there was the strange woman still talking with his

"Is that he?" I heard her ask. Champion Harrison nodded.

She looked at Jim, and I never saw such eyes in a human head, so large and black, and wonderful. Boy as I was, I knew that, in spite of that bloated facc, this woman had once been very beautiful. She put out a hand, with all the | "She would speak with me, and I fingers going as if she were playing on | would be easier if you came with me, the narpsichord, and she touched Jim on the shoulder.

"I hope—I hope you're well," she stam-"Very well, ma'am," said John, staring from her to his uncle. "And happy, too?"

"Yes, ma'am, I thank you." "Nothing that you crave for?"

"That will do, Jim," said his uncle, in a stern voice. "Blow up the forge again, for that shoe wants reheating." But it seemed as if the woman had semething else that she would say, for she was angry that he should be sent away. Her eyes gleamed, and her head tossed, while the smith with his two big hands outspread seemed to be soothing her as best he could. For a long time they whispered until at last she appeared to be satisfied. "To-morrow, then?" she cried loud out.

"To-morrow." he answered. "You keep your word and I'll keep mine," said she, and dropped the lash on the pony's back. The smith stood with the rasp in his hand, looking after her until she was just a little red spot on the white road. Then he turned, and I never saw his face so grave. "Jim." said he. "that's Miss Hinton, who has come to live at The Maples, out Anstey Cross way. She's taken a kind of a fancy to you, Jim, and maybe she can help you a bit. I promised her that you would go over and see her to-mor-

"I don't want her help, uncle, and I don't want to see her. "But I've promised. Jim, and you wouldn't make me out a liar. She does but want to talk with you, for it is a lonely life she leads.' "What would she want to talk with such as me about?" "Why, I cannot say that, but she seemed very set upon it, and women have their fancies. There's young Master Stone here who wouldn't refuse

to go and see a good lady, I'll warrant, if he thought he might better his fortune by doing so." "Well, uncle, I'll go if Roddy Stone will go with me," said Jim. "Of course he'll go. Won't you, Master Rodney?" So it ended in my saying "yes," and

mother, who dearly loved a little bit of gossip. She shook her head when It was a good four miles of a walk,

but when we reached it you would not wish to see a more cosy little house; all honeysuckle and creepers, with a woodthings upon the walls." en porch and lattice windows. A common-looking woman opened the door for



cheeks, for he did not like to be called "But she asked us to come," said Jin a country lad, or to have it supposed "I can't help that," cried the woman, that he was so far behind the grand in a rude voice. "I tell you that she folk in London. can't see you. We stood irresolute for a minute.

"Maybe you would just tell her I am them. here," said Jim, at last. "Tell her! How am I to tell her when she couldn't so much as hear a pistol in her ears? Try and tell her yourself, if you have a mind to." and there, in a reclining chair at the glimpse of a figure lumped together, huge and shapeless, with tails of black hair hanging down. The sound of dreadful, swine-like breathing fell upon



SHE HELD THE REINS SLACK IN HEL HANDS.

when I looked at Jim to see how he took it, he was looking quite white and "You'll not tell any one, Roddy," said

"Not unless it's my mother." "I wont even tell my uncle. I'll say she was ill, 'the poor lady! It's enough that we should have seen her in her shame, without its being the gossip of the village. It makes me feel sick and

heavy at heart." "She was so yesterday, Jim." "Was she? I never marked it. But know that she has kind eyes and a kind heart, for I saw the one in the other when she looked at me. Maybe it's the want of a friend that has driven

her to this.' It blighted his spirits for days, and when it had all gone from my mind was brought back to me by his manner. But it was not to be our last memory of the lady with the scarlet pelisse, for before the week was out Jim came round to ask me if I would again go up

"My uncle has had a letter," said he.

For me it was only a pleasure outing. but I could see, as we drew near the house, that Jim was troubling in his mind lest we should find that things were amiss. His fears were soon set at rest, however, for we had scarce clicked the garden gate before the woman was - "Why, no, ma'am, I have all that I out of the door of the cottage and running down the path to meet us. She was so strange a figure, with some sort of purple wrapper on, and her big, flushed face smiling out of it, that might, if I had been alone, have taken to my heels at the sight of her. Even Jim stopped for a moment as if he were not very sure of himself, but her hearty ways soon set us at our ease. "It is indeed good of you to come and see an old, lonely woman," said she

"and I owe you an apology that I should give you a fruitless journey on Tuesday, but in a sense you were yourselves the cause of it, since the thought of your coming had excited me, and any excitement throws me into a nervous fever. My poor nerves! You can see for yourselves how they serve me.' She held out her twitching hands as she spoke. Then she passed one of them

through Jim's arm, and walked with him up the path. You must let me know you, and know you well," she said. "Your uncle and aunt are quite old acquaintances of mine, and though you cannot remember me, I have held you in my arms when you were an infant. Tell me, little

man," she added, turning to me, "what do you call your friend?" "Boy Jim, ma'am," said I. "Then if you will not think me for ward, I will call you Boy Jim also. We elderly people have our privileges, you know. And now you shall come with me, and we will take a dish of tea to

She led the way into a cosy room-the same which we had caught a glimpse of has trampled off to Anstey Cross. At motto, and so over his own threshold for when last we came-and there, in the middle, was a table with white napery, first I think that she found her share post-boy and I had carried up the seaand red-cheeked apples piled upon a centre dish, and a great plateful of smok-Miss Hinton would ever keep pressing her chair and withdrew into a cupboard a gentle clink of glass against glass. "Come now, little man," said she to

"And which do you think the prettiest of them?" "Why, that!" said I, pointing to picture which hung opposite to me. It was of a tall and slender girl, with the rosiest cheeks and the tenderest eyesso daintily dressed, too, that I had never seen anything more perfect. She had a posy of flowers in her hand and another one was lying upon the planks of wood upon which she was standing.

try lads are sitting in judgment upon "Miss Hinton cannot see you," sal

and it is ill to play in a little room with but two to listen, but you must conceive She threw open a door as she spoke, me to be the Queen of the Peruvians, who is exhorting her countrymen to rise further end of the room we caught a | up against the Spaniards, who are opposing them." woman became a queen-the grandest, hautiest queen that you could dream of -and she turned upon us with such our ars. It was but a glance, and then words of fire, such lightning eyes and we were off hot-foot for home. As for sweeping of her white hand, that she

> voice was soft and sweet, and persuahounds in a covert, was dashing from sive at the first, but louder it rang, and louder as it spoke of wrongs and freedom and the joys of death in a good cause, until it thrilled into my every nerve, and I asked nothing more than to run out of the cottage and to die then and there in the cause of my coun-And then in an instant she chang-She was a poor woman now, who had lost her only child, and who was Then, as a second lieutenant, he was in bewailing it. Her voice was full of one of those grim three-deckers with tears, and what she said was so simple, powder-blackened hulls and crimson so true, that we both seemed to see scupper-holes, their spare cables tied the dead babe stretched there on the carround their keels and over their bulpet before us, and we could have joinwarks to hold them together, which eared in with words of pity and of grief. And then, before our cheeks were dry, she was back into her old self again. "How like you that, then ?" she cried. "That was my way in the days when Sally Siddons would turn green at the in her he still remained until long after name of Polly Hinton. It's a fine play, peace was declared. in Pizarro."

"And who wrote it, ma'am?"
"Who wrote it? I never heard. What matter who did the writing of it ! But there are some great lines for one who knows how they should be spoken." "And you play no longer, ma'am ?" "No, Jim, I left the boards whenwhen I was weary of them. But my heart goes back to them sometimes. It aries came to our oars, for she knew seems to me there is no smell like that that he might come as soon as his mes-

of the hot oil in the footlights, and of the oranges in the pit. But you are my life by insisting that I should be sad. Jim. "It was but the thought of that poor woman and her child," "Tut, never think abot her! I will soon wipe her from your mind. This is 'Miss Priscilla Tomboy,' from The Romp.

You must conceive that the mother is speaking, and that the forward young minx is answering. And she began a scene between the two of them, so exact in voice and manner that it seemed to us as if there were really two folk before us: the stern old mother, with her hand up like an eartrumpet, and her flouncing, bouncing daughter. Her great figure danced about with a wonderful lightness, and she tossed her head and pouted with her lips as she answered back to the old, bent figure that addressed her. Jim and I morning, I remember-a soft, spring rain, which sent up a rich smell from had forgotten our tears, and were holding our ribs before she came to the end | the brown earth and pattered pleasantly

"That is better," said she, smiling at cottage. The sun had shone out in the Xebec frigate out of Barcelona with our laughter. "I would not have you fishing-rod (for I had promised Boy Jim go back to Friar's Oak with long faces, to go with him to the mill-stream), when or maybe they would not let you come to me again. two smoking horses at the gate, and She vanished into her cupboard, and came out with a bottle and glass, which she placed upon the table. "You are too young for strong waters," she said, "but this talking gives one

waist belt, and all the rest of her buried in the chaise. Away I ran for the motto, dryness, andand I pinned it up on the bushes as we Then it was that Boy Jim did a wonhad agreed, but when I had finished derful thing. He rose from his chair, there were the skirts and the feet and and he laid his hand upon the bottle. the blue arms just the same as before. "Don't!" said he. "Here's Rod," said my mother at last, She looked him in the face, and I can struggling down on to the ground again. still see those black eyes of hers soften-"Roddy, darling, here's your father!"

ing before the gaze. 'Am I to have none?" "Please, don't." With a quick movement she wrested the bottle out of his hand and raised it we met; but I suppose we must put you up so that for a moment it entered my head that she was about to drink it off. Then she flung it through the open lat- glad from my heart to see you, dear lad; tice, and we heard the crash of it on

the path outside. "There, Jim!" said she; "does that satisfy you? It's long since any one cared whether I drank or no." "You are too good and kind for that," "Good !" she cried. "Well, I love that

you should think me so. And it would make you happier if I kept from the brandy, Jim? Well, then, I'll make you that his leg was resting on the opposite a promise, if you'll make me one in return. "What's that, miss?" "No drop shall pass my lips, Jim, if you will swear, wet or shine, blow or hands and lifting it round. "I got it snow, to come up here twice in every broke in the bay, but the surgeon has week, that I may see you, and speak | fished it and spliced it, though it's a bit with you, for, indeed, there are times | crank yet. Why, bless her kindly heart, if I haven't turned her from pink to

when I am very lonesome." So the promise was made, and very white. You can see for yourself that faithfully did Jim keep it, for many a it's nothing."

He sprang out as he spoke, and with ing or rabbit-snaring, he has remembered one leg and a staff he hopped quickly up that it was his day for Miss Hinton, and | the path, and under the laurel-bordered

and shining glass, and gleaming china, of the bargain hard to keep, and I have chest and the two canvas bags, there seen Jim come back with a black face he was sitting in his armchair by the on him as if things were going amiss. window in his old weather-stained blue ing mustins which the cross-faced maid But after a time the fight was won- coat. My mother was weeping over his had just carried in. You can think that we did justice to all the good things, and fight long enough—and in the year be one brown hand. His other he threw fore my father came back Miss Hinton | round my waist, and drew me to the had become another woman. And it was side of his chair. not her ways only, but herself as well, "Now that we have peace, I can lie for from being the person that I have up and refit until King George needs me at the end of the room, and each time described, she became in one twelve again," said he. "Twas a carronade she did not say nay, and so it was set- I saw Jim's face cloud, for we heard | month as fine a looking lady as there | that came adrift in the bay when it was in the whole country-side. Jim was blowing a top-gallant breeze with was prouder of it by far than of any- a beam sea. Ere we could make it fast, thing he had had a hand in in his life, "Why are you looking round so much?" but it was only to me that he ever spoke Well, well," he added, looking round at

CEYLON TEA "Oh, that's the prettiest, is it?" said Lead Packages only-25c 40c., 50c.,60. falo, N. Y., says: "I suffered for fourteer

the first time for five years. When the

it had me jammed against the mast. of these marvelous remedies. Because there are so many pretty, about it for he had that tenderness to the walls of the room, "here are all my whal's horn from the Arctic, and the blowfish from the Moluccas, and the paddles from Fiji, and the picture of the Ca Ira with Lord Hotham in chase. And here you are Mary, and you also, Roddy, and good luck to the carronade which has sent me into so snug a harbor without fear of sailing orders." My mother had his long pipe and his tobacco all ready for him, so that he was able now to light it and to sit looking

and as to you, sweetheart-" The blue arms fiew out, and there were the skirt and the two feet fixed in the door said my mother, blushing. "Won't you And then suddenly it came home to us both that for all his cheery face he had said he, taking his knee between his

and general debility, trying everything though I was thoroughly discouraged and disgusted with taking medicine when I heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines, I thought I would given for the rapid relief they gave me am now free from the former troubles, and may God bless Dr. Pierce in all his undertakings to cure suffering humanity."

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