THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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THE IDEAL WOMAN

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Subject of Feminine Attributes.

The Hand on the Shurtle-- The Nobility of Womanhood -- The Greatness of Christian Characteristics--The

Duties of Women.

Washington, Jan. 15 .- A Scripture | being planned. Then the man of the character whose name is not given be- house came forward and said to the strancomes the subject of Dr. Talmage's ser- ger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude mon, in which he sets forth the qualities | people out here, and we work hard for a | We may, like the ships, by tempest be of good and noble womanhood; text, II. living. We make our living by hunting, Kings iv, 8, "Elisha passed to Shunem, and when we come to the nightfall we where was a great woman."

part in any entertainment of olden time. in the habit of reading a chapter from The vast majority of travellers must then | the word of God and making a prayer. If be entertained at private abode. Here you don't like such things, if you will comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on just step outside the door until we get a civine mission, and he must find through, I'll be greatly obliged to you." shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley | Of course the stranger tarried in the of Esdraelon is offered him in a private room, and the old hunter took hold of duties. Every picture is a home picture, house, and it is especially furnished for | the horns of the altar and brought down his occupancy-a chair to sit on, a table the blessing of God upon his household from which to eat, a candlestick by which and upon the srtanger within their gates. to read and a bed on which to slumber, Rude but glorious Christian hospitality! the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies, just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellec; and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking house, or the worldly You see hundreds of men who are suc-

cessful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest sout he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on Exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a molicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place, without moving hand or foot; if you say "Yes," responding "Yes;" if you say "No," responding "No" -- inane, eyes half shut, month wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text. says, was a great woman. Her flame has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen-what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles and, holding, the book the other side of the light, rend to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and conteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great

The Hospitable Woman.

In the first place, she was great in her said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subnot until the ninth day of tarrying that . the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" It this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime perhaps under the auspices of some behevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpetbag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage -that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank norse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome though you have nothing butthe brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of bospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome, But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flush ed and excited and embarrassed, he .started back again, and coming to some haif filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the occupant plared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, it must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God! Letevery church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture

of Christian hospitality. A good man travelling in the far west in the wilderness was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin, and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a dan of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was

are tired and we are apt to go to bed The Lotel of our time had no counter- early, and before retiring we are always

The Joys of the Minister.

Again, this woman, of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many a mother who by indefatigable toil many books in our day about the hard. ships of ministers and the trials of Chriswrite a book about the joys of the Chaistian minister, about the sympathies all around about him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching and hundreds of prayers going up' that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table? Are there not many to help him drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry - about his surroundings of Christian sympathy!

type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from t cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. friends around me. I dwell among my I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A yourg man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village nurch He had not the means to furnish nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the the reach of the means of the young against them in the Bible or out of the ject, and among some of their tribes it is there were the spices and the coffees and of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. and there was the coal for all the com- dews of the night, and hath exquisitely the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one vid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove. he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match. You tell me that is aprocryphal. Oh, no! that was my own experience. Ob, the kindnesses, oh, the enlarged sympathies sometimes clustering around those who enter the gospel ministry. I

> after the Lord's messenger. Great Even in Trouble.

suppose the man of Shunem had to pay

the bills, but it was the large-hearted

Christian woman of Shunem that looked

Again, this woman of the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says, "He sat on her knee until noon and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed, "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glasay sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its flery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe Navigators tell ts about the rivers and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or the length of the grow river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood, rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires, foaming. writhing, boiling with the agonies of 6,000 years? Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesn-Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace vius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of . inffering retching up from its depths the lava and scoria and pouring them down the sides to whelm the nations? Ob, if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp, I would blay on it a dirge such as was never sounded! Mythologists tell us of gorgon and centaur

and Titan and geologists tell us of extinct

species of monsters, but greater than

gorgon or megathrium and not belonging

to the reallifief fable and not of an ex-

tinct species, a monster with an iron jaw

and a hundred iron hoofs has walked

and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But, thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered and way, "It is well, though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes | keepers and shopkeepers. I lived among out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say: "Come up this way; up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this

On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost. Though Satan enrage the wind and the

The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

The Home Woman.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. | you" Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of the Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home-the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public benefaction can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by prequets of flowers on public occasions. But what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and sivilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it She said, This woman of the text was only a "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say: "I am satisfied with my lot. All I want is my family and my own people."

The Beautiful Home.

Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages! How many there the parsonage. After three or four weeks | are who want to get great architecture of preaching a committee of the officers and homes furnished with all art, all of the church waited on him and told painting, all statuary, who have not dark eyes looking earnestly in her own. him he looked tired and thought he had grough taste to distinguish between better take a vacation of a few days. The Gothic and Byzantine, and who could young pastor took it as an intimation not tell a figure in plaster of paris from that his work was done or not acceptable. Palmer's "White Captive," and would He took the vacation, and at the end of not know a boy's penciling from Biera few days came back, when an old elder stadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. libraries by the square foot, buying these We have been cleaning it up. You had libraries when they have scarcely enough better go up and look at it." So the education to pick out the day of the young pastor took the key, went up to month in the almanae! Oh, how many the parsonage, opened the door, and lot there are striving to have things as well it was carpeted, and there was a hatrack as their neighbors or better than their all ready for the canes and the umbrelias neighbors, and in the struggle vast for and the overcoats, and on the left hand tunes are exhausted and business firms of the hall was the parlor, sofaed, chair- thrown into bankruptcy and men of reed, pictured. He passed on to the other | puted honesty rush into astounding forgside of the hall, and there was the study eries! Of course I say nothing against retable in the center of the floor with finement or culture. Splendor of abode, stationery upon it, bookshelves built, sumptuousnes of diet, lavishness in art, young pastor went upstairs and found all | mud hovel to English cottage, or unthe sleeping apartments furnished, came tanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, downstairs and entered the pantry and or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness the sugars, and the groceries for six God, who strung the beach with tinted months. He went down into the cellar, shell, and the grass of the field with the ing winter. He went into the dining hall, tinged morning cloud and robin redand there was the table aiready set -the breast, wants us to keep our ear open to glass and the silverware. He went into all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all-elevating sentiments.

But what I want to impress upen you. my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own people." Yea, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Möhammedanism. Her very birth considered a mis-

Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire worshippers in India, and above the rumbling of the juggernauts. I hear the million voiced groan of wronged, insulted, brokenhearted, downtrodden woman, Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea, but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife. the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

A Finished Rebuke.

Hon. George Russell, in his "Recollections and (cliections," tells the following story of Jewett, the famous master of Balliol College:

"The scene was the master's own dining room, and the moment that the ladies had left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Every one sat flabbergasted. The master, winced with annovance, and then, bending down the table toward the offen ler, said in his shrillest tone. 'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing room?' and rose from his chair. It was really a stroke of genius thus both to terminate and to rebuke the impropriety without violating but the pain is numb at present. Do the decorum due from host to guest."

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued.) "He cannot hear me," she was saying; "I wish he could. Oh, mother, how

different he is to every one else-to all the men we see here!" "My dear Daisy, we only see gamethe true gentry once, and this poor, wounded stranger is a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" repeated the young girl called Daisy; I have often thought I should like to see a real gentleman." "You see one now." said her mother. Then there was silence for some min utes. He felt his hand taken between

two soft little ones, and gently stroked. "What a white hand, mother!" said the same soft voice again. "Why, see! mine is quite brown near it. This hand has never worked, has never been stained with labor. See, how beautiful! I thought such hands as these only belonged to ladies."

Then there was another little pause, as though the mother had to think be-"You must be careful not to say such things, Daisy, when any one can hear

"Of course I shall not, mother." Then she raised the dark, clustering curls from his brow.

"What beautiful bair, mother; it is soft and fine like a woman's; see, what a wave runs through it. Ah, I wonder whose darling he is? Some mother or sister is wondering where he is now." "Perhaps he has a wife, Daisy." Daisy looked at him with musing

"I do not think so, mother. He does not look as though he were married." "How can you tell, child?"

"I do not know how I can tell, but I am quite sure of it. I never understood why-I know some things by instinct. Will he get better, mother? senting him very gracefully with bou- Poor boy! poor boy! How hard it would be for him to die, he is so handsome and bonnie!" "The doctor will be here soon-Robin

has gone to fetch him; then we shall know whether he is likely to live or die. You must pray for him. Daisy; I believe more in prayers than in doctors. places," continued the doctor, "and you I am going to make the tea." The elderly woman left the room.

and sweet, simple Daisy, kneeling by his side, began her prayers. He did not remember that, in all his ife, he had ever heard any one pray simple words with worder that Do

dered on fear. Praying for him! Had any one pared for him, he wondered. since his mother died? Then it was Daisy's turn to look startled, for suddenly, she saw two

"Who are you?" he whispered. "I?" she replied. "I am Daisy Erne. He said the name over and over again to hemself-"Daisy Erne." He was not quite capable of collected thought ye.

He said, suddenly: "Who is Daisy Erne?" "I am Daisy," she replied, "and this is my home. You wonder how you same

"Yes. How did I come here? I do not know you, Daisy Erne. You have an angel's face, but it is quite strange to me. Have you come down from the stars?-have you white, swift wings?"

"No: I am only Daisy Erne." Suddenly she seemed to remember that she was holding his hand with hospitalities. Uncivilized and tarbarous long ranges of new volumes, far beyond neatness in apparel, there is nothing both her own. She dropped it as though pastor many of these volumes. The Bible God does not want us to prefer think that unkind, she touched it

> "You are very ill," she said. "Do you know how ill you are?" "No," he replied; "it seems to m that I am in a heaven of warmth and comfort. Where am I, and how I came here, is all a blank." For the time, it was all a blank, to

him. He did not remember his pain, or the cause of it. He could only realize that, after an intensity of agony, in, what shape that life would take. "I found you," said Daisy, in a low

voice-"myself I found you." "You found me! Was I lost? When did you find me?"

"I was going through the woods, and you were lying across the path; your foot had caught in the tangled branches of an old tree. I was afraid at first that you were dead, and then--" "And then?" he repeated, for she had pensed.

"Then I tried to raise you, and could not; so I went to the other end of the wood, where the men were at work, and they carried you here." "What was I doing in the wood

She looked at him half frightened. "Do you not know?" she asked. "No: it all seems blank. What brought me there? Let me think." He buried his face in his hands, then

suddenly cried out: "I remember-or, great Heaven! I remember. 'I had been driven mad!"

CHAPTER XIII

Daisy looked at him with frightened

"Mad!" she repeated. "Ah. me. how terrible! Have you been mad?" "Not as you know the word." he re olied. "I was sane enough yesterday. Do not be alarmed at me. Daisy, I hav never been in an asylum-I am not mad after that fashion; but a great sorrow came to me, and it darkened my reason for a few hours."

"Was the sorrow death?" asked Daisy, "No: a thousand times worse than death-but I cannot talk about it. Where am I, Daisy?-where is this home of yours?" "It is but a little cottage, and we call it Woodside," said Daisy. "I live

here, alone with my mother and Robin.' "Who is Robin?" he asked! "My brother," said Daisy, "and he's gene to find a doctor for you." "I shall not need a doctor." said Sir

Clinton. He tried to move, and cried aloud with the pain that movement cost him "You must not stir," said Daisy; "you do not know how badly you are hurt. Your ankle is broken-Robin says so:

not try to stir."

He lay quite still, wondering if what she said were true. Then, as thought and reason became clearer, he began to perceive it. Hot thrills of pain seemed to clasp him with an iron hand-pain that deepened and grew greater every moment. It was so bad, at last, that it forced a moan from his lips. Daisy

belt her innocent head over him. "I am so sorry," she said: "I wish I could bear half or all of it for you." Simple, almost child-like words; but they soothed him. It was very sweet, after all, to be cared for-to be spoken

so gently to. "If I am very ill, you will stay with said, faintly.

me?" he said. "Yes-my mother and I. We will take care of you until you are well." Then Mrs. Erne came in with the loctor-a shrewd, kind, clever man. He examined his patient carefully. "This is a bad accident," he said; "your ankle is broken in two places. How did you fall?"

"I do not remember," said Sir Clinton. "No," chimed in Daisy, "he does not remember anything about it. He says

He saw that his patient was a man of The very extremes of womanhoodvation that he wore an evening dress, May. and had some valuable diamond studs. "You have had a great shock," he

a terrible trouble, a great shock. It him.' drove me mad for a few hours, and, in trying to walk it off, I fell-that is all. "A very comprehensive all," said the dector. Then he said to himself that the trouble had been caused by a woman-he could not guess how or what. "There never was trouble yet, thought the cynical doctor to himself

"but that woman caused it. I am afraid," he said, "that you have met with a very painful and disagreeable accident. I have a theory of my own Mr. Clifton. about pain." "What is it?" asked Sir Clinton.

"I think that if any one has severe mental pain, that physical pain relieve it, distracts the mind, takes off the attention, does good in a thousand ways. You have had a trouble that for a few l hours had driven you mad, you say, You will forget it in the pain of your broken ankle. It is broken in two will have a great deal to endure. You were walking when you fell; then you are near home. I suppose?"

Sir Clinton looked at him half dazed. Near home! What a dream it seemel! London-Eastwold! What a whirl of before, and he listened to those sweet, | thought! Then the picture of that Londen drawing-room, crowded with people. wife; and then the picture of that other room, where she stood under the lightfair, proud, radiant. "Home," repeated the doctor, not lik-

ing that vague expression-"you are near home, I should imagine?" "No," said Sir Clinton, "I am far enough away."

"Would you like me to send for any friends?" he asked again. "No," was the reply; "there is no one for whom I should care to send." "Poor fellow!" thought Daisy. "What

is the use of his being a gentleman if he has no one to care for him? How seme! I should have thought that many people loved him." "How long shall I be ill?" asked Sir

"I am afraid," said the doctor, grave-

v. "that it will be many months before you will be able to walk again." "It does not matter." said Sir Clinton. with a deep sigh. "If it had not been for Daisy here, I should have lain on my face and died in the woods."

"It was an especial mercy from Heaven," said the doctor, reverently; "and we must imagine that as your life has been so strangely preserved, it has been preserved that you may live to work that purpose out."

They little dreamed, on that fair summer's day, while the sun shone, the birds sang, and the lovely roses peeped Then came an interval of intense agony for him, while the shattered bones !were reset-pain so great that while it lasted he forgot the pride and scorn, the love of Lady May. When it was over, great drops of agony fell from his brow. The doctor, looking on, thought to him-

broken ankle. I wonder?" He gave him a sleeping draught; then, when his patient had fallen into a deep slumber, he turned to Daisy and her

self, "Which pain does he find it most

difficult to bear-a broken heart or a

"I must not disguise from you," he said, "that you will have a long, terrible task. This gentleman will be ill and helpless for months; you had bet-

ter have a nurse for him." "No." said Mrs. Erne: "it seems as though Providence had sent him especially to us. We will nurse him-

Daisy and I." "He could not be in better hands." said the doctor. "Do you know anything about him-who he is, his name. or where he comes from?"

"No," replied Daisy; "we know noth ing, except that I found him lying the e in the woods, and when I asked him what took him there, he said trouble had driven him mad." "Perhaps he has lost his fortune." said Mrs. Erne.

The doctor smiled quietly, with surer divination of what his trouble had been than those simple women possessed: then he said: "Even if he has lost a fortune, he

has still a small one left, in the shape of diamond stude and a diamond ring. You will not let him want for any thing, Mrs. Erne? He seems to have money, but we will not touch that until he gets better." "We are very poor ourselves."

Mrs. Erne; "but we will do our best for Promising to be there to-morrow, the

loctor left them to their task. Midnight had long passed, and dawn of another day brightened the skies, when Sir Clinton awoke-awoke to find the fair, pure face of Daisy Erne bending over him. He felt ill indeed, then; the pain of his broken limb was great, the fever high, his lips parched with thirst.

asked. . She gave him something in a glass that refreshed him wonderfully.

"Give me something to drink."

"That is my mother's favorite lemon tea," she said; "the recipe for making it has been in our family for many

She half raised him in her strong white arms as she spoke. He felt that he could have rested his head on that kindly shoulder, and have wept like a Then, an hour later, she brought him

tea. She bathed hts hands and face in the most clear, delicious spring water, and she placed a great vase of roses where he could enjoy their fragrance. "You are a capital sick nurse" he

"Am I?" asked Daisy, with a pleased ifttle smile. "I think all women are by

"Nay." he replied, "all women are not. I know some too proud and too lofty ever to think of such things." "Then they are not true women," said | ago. Daisy, naively.

As she stood there, blushing and smiling, her pure, fair face brightened with his few words of praise, he contrasted her with that other woman who some great trouble had driven him had broken his heart-the one all tenderness, simplicity and sweetness; the The doctor looked attentively at him. other all pride, hauteur, and beauty. condition. He noted with keen obser- sweet, simple Daisy, and proud Lady

"I wish, Daisy," said Mrs. Erne, one morning, "that you would ask the gentleman his name; it is so awkward al-"Yes," replied Sir Clinton; "it was ways saying 'he' and 'his.' Do ask

> Sir Clinton was very ill that morning; be excess of pain had made him feversh. When Daisy bent over him and, in her soft, cooing voice, asked him would he tell her his name, he said, "Sir Clinton."

Daisy knew nothing of titles; even the word Clinton was new to her. She thought he said Mr. Clifton, and she told her mother that their patient's name was a very pretty one-it was

"I should not have been surprised, said Mrs. Erne, "if he had been a nobleman-he looks like one."

"I am glad," said Daisy, musingly "that he is not a nobleman, he would have seemed so very far above us. "So he is now, child," said Mrs. Erne "as far as heaven from earth."

Sir Clinton was slightly amused when he heard that new name given to him -Mr. Clifton. Svidently these kind people, who were doing so much for It was not from deference, either to rank or title, that they were so kind. Then, in his own mand, he formed a tell them was ne really was, but he would confer almost endless benefits on all watching, all admiring his promised them; they should always think of him as Mr. Clifton, the gentleman they had nursed and cared for. He grew to like the name, it fell so sweetly from Daisy's lips; it was pretty and musical. He liked it, too, because it never reminded him of his past life. To have heard himself called Sir Clinton by the sweet lips of a pretty girl would have been a shock to him.

So he decided in his own mind to redoctor asked, curiously, whether he friends. The answer was always-no: he preferred being alone and in peace. strange, too-so bonnie and so hand- He saw that Mrs. Erne and her daughter were poor. He called the mother to his side one day when they were alone and made arangements with her. Hel able he should be there for some months yet, and he should like to set ence in prices, Lambs, choice to exira, her mind at ease. Then he and a let were quotable \$5 to \$5.15; good to choice, such a liberal offer that the - . was man's eyes shone with wonder

"That is a great leal " eve me every week," she said. Then a shadow of anxiety come over her face, "Pray excuse me, sir, but are you outle sure you can really afford it?"

He smiled at her simple notions, remembering that the housekeeper at Eastwold had just such a sum for her wages. So it was settled; Mr. Clitton was to have the sole use of the parlor and bedroom, and the mistress the house was to give him all the care and attention possible

"I should be quite willing," thought Sir Clinton, "to live and die here;" but fate had something else in store for

CHAPTER XIV.

DANGEROUS INTIMACY.

a resting-point in Sir Clinton's life; he

The months that followed were like

suffered terribly, and was quite unable to walk. How many long weeks he spent in that little white room he ceased to count. He watched the flowers fade, the red roses droop one by one and die; he watched the woodbines fall he sow that the tints of the sh more dull; he watched the bright su mer fade into autumn-the song of little birds ceased. He knew that corn was growing ripe in the

heard Daisy speak of the fruit that was ripening in the trees, and still he was unable to move. The autumn faded, and the winter set in. Lying there, he watched the snow fall, he heard wailing of the wind among the great forest trees; he knew that outside all was bleak and cold. It was not until the spring began to come that he could walk out, and much had happened fere then. Lying there, often thinking of his own thoughts, indulg ug his own dreams, he was better able to through a dune shows a beautiful stratiestimate his love for Lady May. that of his love slain, so cruelly sla n. 1 ... the nature of the sand, the velocity nothing remained to him; he saw that he had loved her with a devotion pa sing the love of men. He had staked his whole life on this one issue, and had failed. He felt little interest in getting well. What was he to do? He did not care to go out into the world and take his place in it again; the lit tle room was a raven of rest. He wondered himself that he could not, in some measure, forget her; every ute, sleeping or waking, her face was before him; every minute her voice sounded in his ears. Once he startled Daisy; it was in the summer time, when firmer. And so mountains of sand are he lay so very ill. She stood near the formed, which are often held temporarily window, where the sunbeams fell her, and seemed to crown her with precarious footing, but which sooner or

[TO BE ONTINUED.]

STEADIER.

Chicago Wheat Closed Higher for the Day, But Liverpool Beginning Strong

Eased to Saturday's Prices. Monday Evening, Jan. 16. Liverpool wheat futures were strong early to-day; but eased off again later, closing unchanged from Saturday's final figures. Paris wheat advanced 5 to 15 centimes to-Chicago wheat futures opened fairly strong to-day, but closed only 3/c to 3/c per bushel above Saturday's final quota-

Visible and Afloat. As compared with a week ago, the visible supply of wheat in Canada and the United States has increased 577,000 bushels; that of corn has increased 2,427,000 bushels, and that of oats has increased 388,000 bushels To recapitulate, the visible supply gether with that affoat to Europe, is 54,-735,000 bushels, against 55,198,000 bushels a week ago, and 70.808,000 bushels a year

Leading Wheat Markets. Following are the closing prices to-day at

New York 0 75% Milwaukee .. 0 70 St. Louis ... 0 73¼ 0 73¾ 0 75¼ 0 68¾ Northern .. 0 6716 0 68% 0 70% 0 7016 Minneapolis 0 70% 0 68% 0 68% 0 69% Toronto, No. 1 hard (new)... 0 80

Toronto, red., 0 70 Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Receipts of grain and other farm produce were light to-day-470 bushels of grain and 20 loads of hav. Wheat easier; white, 100 bushels sold at 73c; goose, 100 bushels at 711/4c. Barley easy; one load sold at 47c per Oats steady; 200 bushels sold at 34c to

Hay easier: timothy \$9 to \$10 per ton; and clover \$6 to \$7. Straw; none offered.

Montreal Live Stock. Montreal, Jan. 16 .- The receipts of cattle at the East End Abattoir this morning, were 350 head of cattle, 20 calves, 50 sheep and 100 lambs. The demand was very good and old prices were firmly maintained. Good cattle sold at from 41/2 to 41/2 per lb.: ower grade from 21/2c to 31/2c per lb. Calves were sold from \$3 to \$7, according to size. Sheep brought from 3c to 31/2c per lb. for hoice, and culls from 2c to 21/2c per ib. Lambs sold at from 4c to 414c per lb, Hogs were sold at from \$4.30 to \$4.50.

East Buffalo Cattle Market. East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 16. Cattle-The offerings were about 160 loads and with a fairly active demand for the desigable grades the market was in good posihim, had no idea of his rank; therefore the demand good and prices quotably highfat well-finished butcher grades were in active supply, but moderate demand. The romantic little plan-he would never lower. There were only 11 loads of Canada \$5.50; export bulls, \$4 to \$4.50; good to choice butcher steers, \$4.65 to \$5.10; common to good fat bulls, \$3.75 to \$4; fat bulls, \$4 to \$4.25; fair to good helfers, \$3.75 to \$4; mixed fat cows and heifers, good to cho'ce stockers, choice to extra quality, \$3.85 to \$4.10; common to good do. \$3.60 to \$3.85; Jersey stockers, \$2.75 to \$3; stock heifers, \$3 to \$3.10; feeders, good to extra, \$4 to \$4.30; common to good, \$3.75 to \$4; fresh cows, choice to extra good bag, \$50 to \$55; main unknown. More than once the good to choice, \$42 to \$46; shipping cows, \$24 to \$30; springers, good to extra, \$35 would not like to communicate with his \$7.75; good to choice, \$7 to \$7.50; heavy \$45; calves, choice to extra, \$7.50 to fed steer calves, good color, \$4 to \$4.50;

Sheep and Lambs-The offerings were "I-\$4.75 to \$5; fair to good \$4.50 to \$4.75. sheep, choice to extra, \$4.40; good to choice \$4 to \$4.15; common to good, \$2.50

were quite a number of decks left unsold. British Markets. Liverpool, Jan. 16.-(12.30.)-No. 1 Cal., no tock; red winter, 6s 3d; No. 1 Northern. spring 6s 1d; corn, 3s 101/d, new; peas, 5s 101/2d; pork, 50s; lard, 29s; tallow, 22s 6d: bacon, beavy, Lc., 27s 6d; light, 27s; short ut, 28s; cheese, white, 49s 6d; colored, 49s

to \$3.50. The close was steady, but there

Liverpool-Close-Epot wheat steady at 6s 3d for red winter. Red whater futures, 5s 04d for March and 5s 84d for May. Spot maize, 3s 104d for new. Futures 3s 104d for old Jan., 3s Slid for new March, and as Slid for May. Flour, 19s 3d.

Grasped the Opportunity. Miss Primley-Ah, yes; I come of a very old family. Miss Perkleigh-Oh, I know it-also that you are one of the first members of

it!-Chicago News. SAND DUNES.

A Description of the Progress of Their Formation.

Along the shores of oceans and other large bodies of water, especially in the region of the estuaries of large rivers, there are usually immense masses of shifting sand. It is not within the scope of this article to describe the formation of these sand banks. It is sufficient to say, therefore, that they usually begin as long sand bars behind which there are sheets of still water. These shallow bays. in the course of time, fill up with mud, becoming salt marshes intersected by thoroughfares, salt ponds and winding creeks. In the meantime, the long, flat sand bars have developed into sea islands. or beaches. When the tide falls, the sand of the shore, ground into powder by the waves and dried by the sun and wind, is blown in the direction of the prevailing winds, usually inland. The sand moves be- like snow, until it meets an obstruction, when a dune, or sandhill, forms, equal in height to the obstacle. A section fication, the sand having been deposited saw that it had indeed been his life ... In thin layers, always varying, however, of the wind, and the obstructions, large or small, which it encounters. These dunes are not hurled bodily by the breezes, but little by little, forming and reforming, forward and backward, changing, in fact, with every caprice of the wind, gentle and almost imperceptible during a light sea breeze, but a stinging, blinding sand blast in times of gale. In spite, however, of all these minor changes, the sand mass is generally movmon- ing, perhaps only a few inches a year, in the direction of the prevailing winds A great dea! depends upon the day winds. in that at night the sand is damp and on by hardy plants, which have gained a gold; they brightened her fair hair and later, unless watched and fixed, begin to face until they made her look like the shift, engulfing meadows, farmlands, proud lady he had seen under the light, lakes, bays, inlets, in fact, anything unwith her golden hair and shining gents, able to check its course. - John Gifford in Engineering Magazine for January.