BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.) "Good-by," I say, in faintest, dreadest whisper; but he does not move or answer, and noiselessly I step past him; but when I have gone a score or so of steps, I pause is withheld from him. Shame and dis-

CHAPTER V. stolen upon us early this year, sweeping this time how infinitely easier a thing it is to behave." away the clinging mists and frosts of the than to live for love! The man who takes dying winter with her warm, fragrant up his burden and bears it bravely has my ing hurriedly; and we go down-stairs with skirts; touching the sober brown hedges honor, but he who lies down, and lets the much haste and more fear. with her fairy wand, until, lo! they nave waters of adversity swirl over his head, has bloomed forth into rarest tapestry of pow- my hearty contempt. I ask no pity, and, not altered him in any way, neither have vellow, starring the banks with faint pale primroses and purple-breasted violets, carpeting the woodlands with grayish wind my life; I still love that unlawful ten perate pauses and pregnant hiatuses in the flowers and slender blue-bells, that sway minutes in bed after being called, that has conversation. How easy it is to amuse a and fairly, face to face at last. The dawn-cally. wind that steals about them. She has set sion: still, with a dexterity acquired by you! all the young leaves waving, the birds long practice, work at the rusty pump of singing, and her south wind blowing, and daily conversation at the family table. over the pulsing, throbbing, blossoming feel snubbed and miserable when the govearth her light feet have skimmed, leaving ernor calls me by the time-honored title of beauty, life, and gladness everywhere. The a dummy, and distinctly indignant when poor, the sick, the lonely, the rich, the he apostrophizes me as a peacock, when happy, the sad, love her equally, and wel- my tail does not even touch the ground,

Ay! Spring brings a holy, softening influence with her, and jogs the memory of men and women alike to better things and better hopes. And she brings to me no more and no less than green leaves, blue skies and gay flowers. No delight croeps | distaste for my bright-colored dresses and | to meat than to milk. through me as I see the first early blossom parting the brown earth; no thrill stirs me as the trees, one by one, each after other don their varied livery. I think I shall in a dolorous howl with the best. These evil spoken of Silvia Vasher. soon be like the man of whom it was writ- luxuries being denied me, I am garbed "A pack of lies, no doubt; they always life!" I hear the governor's voice saying

" A primrose by the river's brim A yellow primrose was to him. And it was nothing more."

Often I shut my eyes, that I may not will be here next; they are but poor perwith such bitter, passionate tears and cries. | long-suffering husband. Madame Reca-What man or woman mourns his dead | mier was reckoned the most beautiful woin the bitter, ice-bound winter as they do in the tender, warm, passionate spring, eight to fifty-three; Aspasia ruled royally when every flower, and bud, and leaf, and bird is quick and living, rioting in life, and praising God each after his kind! All things seem to remember.

The birds cry, "We are calling him, we and grandmothers don't cast about their are calling him!" The leaves rustle and eyes among the neighboring squires for a whisper, "Where is he, where?" The flowers murmur, as they shake their bells. | a presentable name. "He used to pass this way." Every tiny blade of grass, every trill of the blackbird brings the past quivering before us-the time for me to go home. I pick up my days when we had our beloved, and could hat, almost as shabby and quite as unbelook in his face, and put out our hands to touch him, that we seek to bridge and cannot, with a bitter, yearning pain that is the I have never passed, never looked at since intenser by reason of its impotence. that Christmas morning. In our rambles

I wonder why 1 am thinking so regretfuly to-day of those poor, voiceless, eyeless, dead people? I have my dead, it is true, but they are not lying under the grass, but | the house lies very near it; from a hedge "George is coming back! Are you not deep down in my heart. God has not yet come to the names of any of my people or | but I never have any wish to see it. the few strangers that I love.

should even like an earthquake to come There is some one of whom I always and swallow up the spot that has such bitthink as dead, though I know that he is ter-sweet memories. I leave the woodland, not she and George make a match? She numbered among the living. Only by thinking how pretty it is, and that I will always liked him, and he would suit her thinking of him thus can I keep the high wall standing between us from falling and crushing beneath it my hard-won, icy composure. If I ever thought of him as living, breathing, sleeping, laughing, sorrowing, I could not bear my lot; every common sight, and sound, and act would send my thoughts leaping toward him; and, since I cannot forget, I will not think. I will not stand in a fair garden and, lifting my eyes, behold him -far away, indeed, but sitll like unto me; subject as I am to God's sun, and rain and snow and she lays her two hands on my shoulders, and looks into my face.

thoughts. green and the leaves rough hand heir surface. ys hide-and-

s dance on the

airies; the bees

of birds, who

w symphony,

ripping a mea-

THRO' THE RYE. power of active suffering, and that for the rest of my life I can only endure passive-

I do not believe in any healthy man or woman dying for love, unless they set need only leave cards." themselves deliberately to do so. They must be either vicious or weak to do so, for it is a little-minded nature that, possessing many good gifts, counts life as stale and worthless because the one thing he desires grace may well kill, and do, but mere sufsweeps the wild and bitter cry of a strong fering never; the human heart must have something more than simple pain before it

sackcloth and ashes, while as to lamenta-

from the age of thirty-six to that of sixty;

at 'e'r so many more of them; and to my

Paris, an Anthony, or anything else with

CHAPTER VI.

"When the bell rang out," says Dolly,

with a certain anxious hesitation, "every-

church to ask the reason. 'Mr. and Mrs.

Vasher return this afternoon,' the ringers

said; and ten minutes after they drove by.

I looked for you everywhere, dear. Nell!

"Mind!" I say, looking at the dimpled,

fresh face of my eighteen-year-old sister;

"I don't think I mind. I have seen him,

"Don't fret, darling," she says, putting

her arm round my neck; "perhaps he

won't stay long, and you need not meet

No, I need not; but will he not breathe

ast have given me time to get myself

and now there is a patch of grass, a

trees and flowers, and that is all. And

and her son is here her's and Paul's.

he has triumphed over me in very

ad she is not only Paul Vasher's

the mother of his child. They

e a handsome family, the dark,

father, the exquisite mother,

I dare say I shall see it.

anbt he has grown to love

und to him by a closer.

ed of, when he

UR's that gaped'so

to come back to a

nd him, at every

And yet the man I

e field of rye, two

anything rather

t rest. If he

bil and leave me in

fuge of apathy that I

other comes in, and

come back, dear?'

and away," she says,

AN. "e: "he ought

half light.

Nell! do you mind so very much?"

"What! And spoken to him?"

"No. He did not see me."

"How long ago?"

"Perhaps an hour."

and white chamber.

very hard to you, dear? It should not be by now." Mother does not understand quite. My story seems a very long while ago to her. It is considred a poetical thing enough Spring! The dainty, lovely guest has to die for love; surely men must know by face to face, I dare say I shall know how

"She won't come here, mother, dear,"]

"It is such a pity," goes on mother,

"that your father liked the Vashers al-

ways; if he were quarrelling with them,

what is better still, no one ever offers me the added years made any perceptible any. I make just as much hurry to be change in his appearance. To-night he is down in time for prayers as ever I did in | in an amiable mood, and there are no des-

"So Vasher has come back?" he says to mother, when he has got his pipe, and is wife, and I stand here lonely, forsakenblowing out long, comfortable clouds that make us all cough and wink again.

"High time he did. too; the estate's gocome her with eager, smiling faces and and; though I am growing as old as the brought his wife and son. There are queer hills, I have never yet relieved my feelings stories abroad, I am told, about his relaby making a good face at him to his face. | tions wi' his wife." I can still see the absurd side of things as quickly as the sad, though for the mat-

Here ..e governor pauses, and gives an uneasy glance at Dolly and me, as fathers ter of that the one frequently suggests the and mothers have a knack of doing when other. Now and then I feel a desperate they find the conversation turning more her, superbly appointed, as are all her surinsouciant ways, and lean severely toward "What are they?" asks mother, with a

certain curiosity in her voice; gentle as she all the frippery and bravery of it if I had tion I doubt not I could lift up my voice is, I am sure it would grieve her to hear to get into it and drive away alone.

like any other Christian, and my voice is are where a handsome woman's concerned. as we cross the church-yard behind him; seldom raised in anything more distracted I am told she is magnificent. They say than a bellow across-country after one of he left her two days after he married her, her. and never returned to her for a year. I I smile to myself as I listen. Will not I wonder if I shall live to be an old wo- don't believe a word of it myself, for the every man who looks in Silvia's face conman? Perhaps and take to flirting in my Vashers were never hasty men, they aldemn Paul as a selfish, cold hearted wretch old age like opera, de a of Troy, and ways looked before they leaped, and I never for his indifference? Talk about beauty stalks. They were here last surm ... ney | the rest. | here day I never knew | heard of one of them marrying beneath | that Anthony's goddess was thirt; years them-which is more than can be said of ishable little things, and yet they come old when she fell in love with him; that most good families nowadays, where at worthless, lying sayings that man never Helen of Troy was forty when she eloped least one cook, or housekeeper, or worse, blossoms that we lay away from our sight | with Paris, sixty when she returned to her | moves in the family circle. Mrs. Vasher is one of the Flemings of-shire." man in Europe from the age of thirty-

Never before did I hear so long and peaceable an oration from the governor. Plainly the subject has a soothing effect upon his mind.

thinking it is a miracle, with all these frisky matrons on record, that our mothers | her? There are the girls, you know." But this little diplomatic move avails her nothing.

governor; "so you will call upon her and What silly thoughts I have fallen upon! I take the girls." look at my watch; six o'clock; more than Dolly turns red as a turkey-cock, and screws up her mouth in a form that says plainly enough, "Never!" I go on with coming as the one I used to wear at the my fox's nose without a word.

old trysting-place—that trysting place that "The Tempests return next week," says papa, with a grateful change of subject. What the old man can be thinking about at Papa's heels, if he has gone that way I to race about the world as he does-" have dropped behind and struck across the Here he pauses expressively. fields for another path. My way back to "Do you hear, Dolly?" I say to her.

that I shall pass I can see it quite plainly, | glad?" "Very," says Dolly. As I look at her pretty, blooming face a

happy thought strikes me. Why should bring Dolly with me to-morrow, and go far better than he ever would have suited along the lane that leads homeward, and, me. I wonder what he has been doing coming to the place whence the field of rye | with himself these last two years? disis visible with the old stile, some overmas- tinguishing himself, I hope. tering impulse impels me to climb the Bedtime comes. "Good-night! goodbank and look over. I part the boughs, | night!" At last I am in my chamber; the

the top of the stone, Paul Vasher, looking | window wire, and the soft, moist air creeps | the ex. point inside the glasses, where out at the tender green and fresh end reach the faint earthy smell that ever the stick will serve the purpose desired, abroad in early spring, whisperchat Nature's forces the stirring at their sources, and preparing new and beau-"You know?" asks Dolly, swiftly, as

tiful treasures for our eyes' delight. There is no moon, and the darkness infolds me in its softness, and seems to hide "Yes, I know;" and in the soft spring me away-body and soul, unborn thought twilight I go upstairs into my dusky pink and conscious feeling, anxious fear and trembling joy. Joy! What have I to do with it this night? As though it were a demon, I must send from me the heavenly body wondered, and Larry went into the visitor that has stayed so long away from equal size out of six matches, you may be me, lest my soul perish.

Is it a sin that, my eyes beholding him to- of the accompanying diagram. day, have been blest indeed? Is it a crime that my body is one ache to feel the merest friendliest touch of his hand, my ears one eager hearkening for the sound of his voice? And this is my strength, this my composure that I have built up so slowly and painfully, to melt away like snow before the sun at a mere glimpse of his unconscious face! Is it as another woman's husband that I think of him; or as my lost lover, who cleaves to me through time and space, and who is mine as I am his? Less of fear than delight moves me, I wis, at knowing he is come to me, that I have seen him, a living, breathing man, instead of a gray shadow in spirit-land, divided the same ir that I breathe see the same from me by a river my feet shall never

pople that I see? Is he not alive and ick, here, instead of a shadow moving My mind contemplates the misery and mewhere out of my sight? Sooner or bitter circumstances of the situation-the er, I have always known, Paul must sight of my enemy filling my place, usurphe to the house of his fathers; but not | ing my rights. My heart sweeps away all the truth fairly in the face, sees and recogway, and now he is here. The whole nizes, trembling, the danger of the hour. orld was not wide enough to lie between It bids me put all my armor on, since love that is lawful strengthens, and love that is unlawful makes men and women alike woman is with him who took my life | weak as water-ay! better and stronger

r hand, and trampled it under her ones than are Paul and I. than he who vaingloriously goes forth to battle trusting in his own strength, with-

out sending up one prayer for safety. This night, then, is my breathing-space, and in it I will struggle to convince myself that to disobey any natural beautiful to make my heart cold and hard as steel, my eyes blind and dull as those of a mole; to transform myself from a creature of flesh and blood, subject to human passions, an eternity to a tosa chill, black automaton. Then, may asy, eventful life e, I shall be able to meet him, not as my

lost, lost lover, but as the husband of another woman. This is my task. Oh, Night, your hours are long and silent, and the faint day-break of the morning comes not yet.

CHAPTER VII.

It is Sunday morning, and all Silverbridge that is not bedridden, infidel, and naked, is sitting in church listening to Mr. Skipworth's dr ning voice that makes up in sound what it lacks in sense. The feit to clinch a meeting chancel-door is open, and through it my eyes, weary of gazing at the vacuous rotundity of my pastor and master's countenance, wander, refreshed by the pale green of the young leaves on which the lights and shadows quiver and leap. A bird, alighted on the threshold, is sending his shrill, clear song straight into the church. and Mr. Skipworth shakes his head impatiently as though he said, "how dare that proced | impudent bird lift up his voice while I am speaking?" But oh! how much more

The bucolic part of the congregation sit we rousing sermon, it would probably dist, Montreat, Chiada. Morribly, and give them I. Hood & Co., Lo aking them uncomentlemen: -

are, and see

rous stir-

the right

preaching, reasoning man!

parilla for

There are certain well-known landmarks in sin that they steer clear of, for the rest it say, kneeling down by her side; "and you is out of all conscience to suppose that honest, industrious bodies, who say their responses and amens every Sunday of their lives, can be anything but safe for a comfortable place in the next world. Among as he does with everybody else, there would these simple folk are some wolves in be no trouble. I am afraid you will have sheep's clothing; men who beat their to meet him." she says, stroking my hair wives, neglect their children and spend gently; then she adds, wistfully: "Is it so their earnings in an ale-house, who are, in fact, veritable mauvai ssujets. But mark the difference! These men come up to time every Sunday morning; in their places they sit with their pommeled wives and hungry children, with a decent coat, and a clean face, and steady legs-respectable. Let them commit one tithe of these

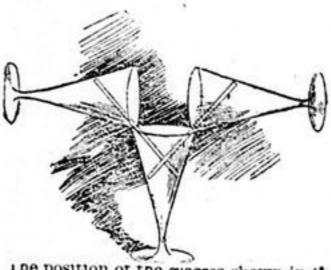
misdemeanors and stop away from worship, and they are outcasts. Under the pulpit, in the square red-curtained pew of the Vashers, sits Silvia, Paul | liked very much. Vasher's wife, I know she is there; but J have not glanced once in her direction. But now, as Mr. Skipworth closes his and sit by with my shot gun an' watch book and we all rise, I look across the him myself, till the buzzards picked my church, and we meet each other's eyes fully eyes out," Mr. Skippe declared emphaticost me so dear on many a terrible occa- man when he pulls with you, not against ing look of triumph wavers and dies before the cold, steady scorn of mine. Ay, Ma- body else, no, not if she has to be an old dame Siliva! though you stand there his though your words have come true, and after you, anyway. She might be willin' you have go your heart's desire—you are to stay with us a while longer bein' only a cheat, an interlope ; it is I who am conqueror, not you. You stole Paul's body and name from me; but his heart, his love, his life are mine, and you know it. He will not even be seen by your side on this first appearance among his own people. All this my eyes say to her as we look upon each other, and then we kneel down. At the gate Mrs. Vasher's carriage awaits roundings at all times, and I think to myself how small I should feel in spite of

"and Vasher ought to have been with

being only skin deep, "Handsome is as spoke, which are rather the embodied spite of generations of plain women, who, finding the grapes denied them, declared them to be sour-it is no such thing. Beauty is power, love, influence, rank, and riches; beauty covers a multitudes of sins, for which the possessor will never be punish-"If these reports are afloat," says ed so long as she can ravish the eyes of men mother, "will you wish me to call upon with her sweet looks and smiles. Ugly folks may starve and nobody cares, but Providence sends good things to fill the mouths of the beautiful. Who does not "Vasher must not be slighted," says the feel his heart turn warmly toward the joy-(TO BE CONTINUED.)

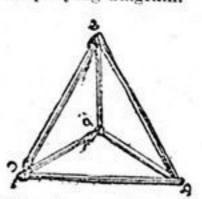
Triplet Glasses.

To perform this pretty experiment you need three old-fashioned champagne glasses and two wooden sticks, say the ordinary pen-holders.



the position of the giasses shown in the illustration almost explains itself. You and see, standing, with arms folded, on door is locked, and I am a one. I open my will be to try it tentatively, so as to get but it may be done by careful handling. Having succeeded in doing this, see whether you cannot place three glasses upon a fourth in the same way.

> A Match Puzzle. If the man who is a'ways going around asking people to solve puzzles ever tells you that you can't make four triangles of prepared for him by making a little study



Three of the six matches, you see, are laid on the table in the form of a triangle, and the other three are placed on end, meeting at a common point above. Thus you have the four triangles required.

Dime Can't Even Run,

Jimmy Dime, the pugilist, who has many admirers in this city, Troy and Amsterdam, recently entered the 135-yard foot s-not without warning. He should at paltry, trivial considerations and, looking handicap at the grounds of the Punch Bowl Athletic club, Newark. He entered the race as J. Woods, Boonton, and came out second best. There were three heats. In the final heat there were three starters, J. Woods, N. Noonan and W. Raymond. Eich was bent on getting the money and And since I know my danger, and meet the struggle was very exciting. Noonan about all the evening, singing to herself. it, not hiding my countenance from it as a was the fleetest and won the money and As soon as she went into the kitchen she phantom that a lying spirit would tell me race by six inches. J. Woods was second does not exist, I show a fairer courage and W. Raymond third. The time was 13 seconds. It was discovered before the races were over that J. Woods, of Boonton, was no less a person than Jimmy Dime the boxer, who fought young Griffo. Dime has the reputation of being one of the best instinct of my heart is virtue-to indulge runners in the business. He expected to every irresistible impulse and longing, sin; win the race and was very much disheartened over his defeat. Dime said that he Marietta?" "Fixin' pa some supper has been making a living for a long time running in professional races. Dime is now in New York in search of something to do at his adopted profession. Dime has not been in the ring slace his excellent contest with your g Gffo. Dime has kept himself in good shape, however, and is prepared to tackle any 128-pounder in the ring. Dime's backer, J. Lamarr, of Pittsburg, who has been sick, is well again, and has informed Jimmy that he will back him for any amount. Dime has a desire to fight the winner of the Handler-Lavigne battle. He intends to post a for-

Undoubtedly. Knox-"How do you know it is you and not your money George wants to marry?" Ethel-"He told me so, papa, dear. He said he was willing to 'live on his love.' "

Hears With His Mouth. A boy whose mouth is wonderful, in that it does the double service of tasting and hearing, was in San Antonia recently. the sweetly does the voice of the ignorant bird is in Sabinal. He was born ten years ago. Both ears were closed at birth and they have never been of service to him. But by stolid and sleepy. They have listened to has done what his ears ought to have him Sunday after Sunday for the last done, and he is not incommoded in the twenty years, most of them will listen slightest. Several local doctors examined and tested the powers of the mouth and pronounced the case a phenomenon with-

out a parallel.

n't Ask Pointed Questions. a point of bridge which is woethe is the one has of anoth-

BY MATT CRIM. Author of "Adventures of a Fair Rebel, etc.

Copyright 1895. Mr. and Mrs. Skippe were sitting before the fire in the kitchen holding a low toned and serious consultation. Marietta had been foolish enough to fall in love with John Hurd, a young man they dis-

"Before I'd see her married to him, I'd tie him to a saplin up here in the woods,

"But she 'lows she'll never marry anymaid all her days. I'm afraid Marietta's got a will like your'n pa. She takes sixteen an' our only child, too," withle twinge of motherly jealousy. "She will stay, don't you fret, ma, an'

"How would it do to send her out into Fannis county to sister Lusindy's?" "I'd just been thinkin' o' that myself, an the sooner we get her off the better.

Like as not she'd be runnin' away with John Hurd if she stayed here." 'Thats just what she 'lows they'll do." "Then we must keep her in sight ail the time till she gets off, an' don' nothin' to her 'bout goin' till I fi ish gatherin' the corn. It'll be done in a day or two, an' then I'll just pick her up an' start. Where's she now?" "Oh, in bed, an' asleep I s'pose."

'Better go see. Young fo'ks in love are powerful sly and tricky." "Say, pa, you don't think she'd run away to-night, do you?" "There ain't no tellin'."

Mrs. Skippe rose in haste to go into the next room, and Marietta, who had been listening at the closed door, sprang nimbly back into her bed. Her young heart beat fast with indignation, but she lay with closed eyes and composed face when her mother bent over her.

"So they're goin' to make a prisoner o' me an' take me off to Aunt Lusindy's, are they? I'll see about that. I'll burn the house down before I'll go, and I'll tell pa so, there! She muttered to herself when alone again. But second thoughts were wiser. She decided not to Skippe found himself a prisoner. He matic Cure there is no doubt. say anything until absolutely necessary, but began devising some scheme for communicating with her lover. A neighbor came out to "spend the

day," the next day. She heard all about



LISTENING OR WHISPERING. the love story from Mrs. Skippe while

Marietta cooked the dinner. "But what have you got agin' him?" "Mr. Skippe 'lows he's lazy, an' then Marietta's too young to get married." "She is young, but la, my first baby had come 'fore I saw my seventeenth hirthday. You'd better just let 'em

with her for John Hurd.

Mr. Skippe and another mountain farmer were converting some of their corn into a more marketable article, and as they had not paid the United States Government for the privilege, they worked in darkness and secrecy. They were moonshiners.

"Is pa down at the stillin?" Marietta inquired rather anxiously that evening. "Sh! yes, an' he 'lowed he wouldn't come home to supper; he took a cold coffee pot warm 'gainst his comin' back." "I'd better go lay another stick o' wood on the kitchen fire, then.' Maybe you had.'

daughter to go into the next room alone. | marriage. The daughter had been flitting restlessly burst into another song. It was a negro

"Come my love an' go with me. Oh, my love, I'll meet you." She repeated the same words over two

or three times, as though she had forgot on the remainder of the song. "She's behavin' real peaceable," mused her mother, well pleased. "She's a good

child, if I do say it. What you doin' where it'll keep warm. I 'lowed he'd be real hungry when he came in." "No, there ain't another girl in this settlement that 'ud be so well behaved. an' she's an only child, too. Her pa must buy her a new dress next time he goes to market."

Marietta felt guilty and conscious-smitten when she returned to the room where her mother sat busily sewing on a new patch work quilt, but her heart hardened when she reflected that she was being deceived as well as deceiving, or rather that they thought they were deceiving

"What you doin', ma?" she inquired, merely for the sake of saying something. "Makin' you a quilt, honey." "I don't know as I'll ever need it, if I ain't goin' to marry John an' go to housekeeping.

"Never mind, honey, somebody else 'll come along one o' these days." "Could you a married somebody else than pa?" "Now, Marietty." "An' didn't you an' him run away?

'Taint no use, ma, if I don't marry

John I don't marry nobody." "Well, well, honey, we'll see." said Marietta, firmly. The corn was in the crib, and his mind being freed from that, Mr. Skippe turned his attention to his daughter. Three of a gentleman who for many years had irksome days had passed, and both Mari- been blind. He had played and loved the

etta and her mother felt secretly glad to game in his boyhood, and when his son the other from watching. Marietta had would be led to the field every time he good and a poor crop will more than pay There are boys who will not follow a been so quiet and well-behaved over the played, and anxiously follow every for the outfit, and it often comes handy There are boys who will not follow a situation that her parents regarded her as stroke through the eyes of his correspondent. a very superior being indeed. It is true Upon returning home the gad and she had teased her mother somewhat by proposing to go alone, and then and there ly discussed, and the son ad and expressing innocent surprise when she detail. Last summer the fit along found that she couldn't go alone. "I do believe you think me an' John the school, Tom, who mo would run away if we had a chance," his father, asked to take, Special she laughingly declared one time.

denly. The next week, upong the team. He played with the Lots for "Well, it ain't best for a young creetur brilliancy, and when the like you to be trapesin' round the coun- went to the umpire.

"Yes, you have, ma, an' I don't blame ! you at all." Nor did she display any contrariness when it was suddenly proposed to her to make the visit to her aunt's. Why, yes, I'd just as lieve go as not." "Then get your things on an' we'll



SHE TAKES AFTER YOU, ANYWAY.

don't pester yourself, neither 'bout her Lacy's anyway. Your ma can make up

So in a short time they were on the way, Mr. Skippe riding a big, rawboned mule, and Marietta on her own pretty

know the road. mountains. I hope you'll have a real nice time.

Dusk had fallen over the mountains before Mr. Skippe realized that they were still some distance from his old friends'

"We won't get there in time for supper if you don't hurry a little more, Marietta. What's the matter with that animal to-day? I never saw her act so lazy. We ain't got all night to go pokin' round the country."

settlement road crossed and where the spair. The blessing comes to those who shadows lurked deeply. Marietta lifted have learned of South American Rheumaher head, her alert young eyes searching tic Cure, which is simply marvellous in its the darkness eagerly. And suddenly out of effects, curing desperate cases in from one the darkness sounded a clear keen whistle. The next moment they were in the is no certainty, but of the certain cure midst of a party of horsemen, and Mr. that comes from South American Rheuruffered a moment of agony as the jail and all its horrors rose before him, and he thought of his wife and daughter bereft of his care. How had the revenue



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT ANIMAL

TO-DAY. officers discovered his secret? Then his courage returned, and he determined to moet his fate like a man. "You needs t hold me tight, gentlemen, I know when I of her give up.

Then he looked around for na daughter; Marietta had no opportunity to tell her silent, but it was too dark under the be bringed back to study by the sting." side of the story, but nevertheless that overhanging trees for him to discern To another pupil was assigned the botan fternoon when the neighbor went away more than the outline of form and face. she carried a brief and badly spelt note At last they turned him around homeward again, released him, and galloped

> For a moment he was too bewildered by his freedom to realize what it meant, only outwardly beautiful in human sothen the truth dawned upon him, and the ciety should not attract us. To be attractwoods resounded with exclamations so | ted by beauty only may lead us into fearstrong they were enough to frighten man | ful and fatal misfortune. as well as birds and animals.

"Blamed if it's the revenue after all. Them was some boys outer our own settlement, an' Marietta an' John have run away as I live. What a blamed fool I was to be took in so easy. I swear to goodness snack with him an' we might keep the I feel like runnin' away myself, and never lettin' anybody see me again."

It was not until he looked into the dimpled baby face of his first grandchild Mrs. Skippe felt safe in allowing her that Mr. Skippe fully forgave the rash

> The Magic Wine-Glass. nearly full and place the palm of your hand squarely over the mouth of the glass, taking care to bend your fingers at a right angle, as shown in the lower illustration. Still holding your hand firmly upon the

glass, stretch out your fingers suddenly in



a partial vacuum under the palm, which will permit you to lift the glass from the

Doing His Best. A Scotch school journal recently published the following pathetic anecdote, and delicious. says The Wellspring: The crack batsman of a school cricket team was the only son

PROPPED UP BY PILLOWS FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

A Terrible Experience With Heart Disease, Yet Cured by Dr, Agnew's

Cure For the Heart. Do not our largest sympathies well out to those who suffer from heart disease? are usually so distressing that the direst case of Mr. L. W Law, of Toronto, June- rac among whom beauty is common If bed for eighteen months owing to smother- then there was once a beautiful race, but ing spells and palpitation, is by no means it is not so certain that they did not ide: 1exceptional. Who would have thought ize themselves a good deal. There is the the case could be cured, and yet one bottle | more reason to guess this, as, when the of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart removed trouble in this case. It gives such speedy or a German, or a professional prize figure relief, that even where the symptoms are less dangerous, it ought at once to be taken as a means of driving this terrible disease from the system.

NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD.

lev, W. H. Withrow, D.D., Now Toing Europe with a Canadian Part is One of Many to Talk Favorabe; of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. other publications of the great Methodist | boasts of the local fair. bein' an old maid. It don't need to be a bundle of things for you to take long travel gives of judging broadly of the round the world; one who should give a

arrhai Powder is a most excellent remedy in his judicial fairness, and no really little filly. They had to pass by the house troubles. One short puff of the breath home we may all look about us, and ask for cold in the head and various catarrhal scientific result could be obtained. At "So you're off to Fannin, are you?" she bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder may be a heresy, but we think that the through the Blower, supplied with each where beauty flourishes most Now it cried from the front gate, and looking at diffuses the powder over the surface of the scientific observer will find beauty most nasal passages. Painless and delightful among the young workwomen and shop "Yes, an' we go by Mr. Lacy's. You to use, it relieves instantly, and perman- girls on one hand, and among "the high-"Oh, yes, its right pretty through the Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and ently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, est circles," "the oldest families," on the Deafness, 60 cents. Sample bottle and Blower sent on receipt of two three-cent "Much obliged to you, an' I reckon I stamps. S.G. Detchon, 44 Church Street,

TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Lose Their Sway After Using South

American Rheumatic Cure. The pain and suffering caused by rheumatism is indescribable in language. The bent back, the crippled limbs, the intense neuralgia pains that are caused by this They were nearing the spot where the trouble almost drive the victims to deto three days. About some things there

> To even bunch the many words of praise written of South American Kidney Cure would consume large newspaper space. Burke's Falls, Ont.: "One bottle of South American Kidney Cure convinced me of

We have a feeling of warm regard for

----An English teacher in a Japanese school discovered, by giving out subjects for composition, that the pupils had been trained to find a moral in everything, animate and inanimate. Mr. Hearn, in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," gives a few specimens of the moral ideas evoked from the native students by subjects for English

composition. One boy thus wrote on "Mosquitoes." "On summer nights we hear the sound alone. There ain't nothin' like affection a pang shot to his heart, even while he sting our bodies violently. We call them to fan love into a towerin' fire. Young felt relieved that she had disappeared. ka-in English "mosquitoes." I think fo'ks take natually to courtin, you know, She had deserted him, but it was naturally the sting is useful for us, because if we but it ain't always serious if they're let for a woman to run away from danger. begin to sleep the ka shall come and sting He wondered that his captors were so us, uttering a small voice. Then we shall

> "The botan is large and beauitful to see, but it has a disagreeable smell. This should make us remember that what is

> > Seize the Opportunity.

thousand people will visit Toronto's Great Annual Fair. A very large proportion of this number will arrive from outside points and not a few will have acquaintance with Toronto until Fair It use always brings devastation and sorrow. To hundreds of homes during you leave the city what the Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, can do for him. Your inquiry at the Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, may be the first step leading to his restoration and may earn for you a debt of grati-

Paying for His Education. Wool- 'So you have been sued for breach of promise, ch?" Van Pelt-"Well, I expected my course

n Belle's letters to cost me something." Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off \_\_ | Agent. pain night and day; but relief is sure to

Raising Head Lettuce.

Prepare for Spraying. apple or pear trees should have a spray- dress and prepay EN

STANDARDS OF BEAUTY.

How Various Nations Have Idealized Themselves. Is there any handsome people on the face of the globe? Now, we my set aside

the black and yellow and polychrome races in general, many of whom are well-shaped, and like bronze statues to look upon, but who do not come up to the Ar an It comes so suddenly, and its symptoms standard in features and color. Leaving these children of nature out of the quesagony is experienced by the patient, The tion, it may be confessed that there is no tion, Out., who was unable to lie down in the ancient Green were like their statues. have to represent a barbarian, say a Gant er, they make these people as handsome as themselves, though in a rougher way. There is a famous bronze statue of a box. er, who might be taken for an oraior, or a poet, were it not for his heavy retalstudded gloves. Thus it may be de med that there is a great proportion of the id. in these statues, vases, coins and figure

where everyone is so graceful and goodly The Americans write as if their women were a galaxy of loveliness; and then comes a military critic (English), who only saw There are few more travellers than the three pretty women in the States, and one Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., editor of the of them was a foreigner. There is no Canadian Methodist Magazine, and of knowing what to believe when patriotism

church of this county. He is a wide trav- Perhaps it might pay an American jourmerits of any article. He has expressed comprehensive and unbiased opinion, But the written opinion that Dr. Agnew's Cat- it would be difficult for the world to believe

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"Salada."

for catalogue Shaw & Elliott, Principals.

ing apparatus and familierize himself with other goods will by be released, one from being watched and was old enough to take a part in it he cides. The difference in value between a your supplies at whole with the use of fungicides and insecti- you wish. Write for pe for spraying other crcps, such as potatoes, 57 Front St. 1

Dread Kidney Disease Quickly Re-

But take at random a few: Adam Soper, its great worth." Michael McMullen, Chesley, Ont., : "I procured one bottle of South American Kidney Cure, and taking it according to directions got immediate reief." D.J. Locke, Sherbrooke, Que. : "I spent over \$100 for treatment, but never received marked relief until I began the use of South American Kidney Cure." "I have received one hundred dollars to ch of good from one bottle of South American Kidney Cure "

the bloomer girl, because she does not care whether her cap is on straight or

(Japanese peony) for a composition, and he wrote:

Next week two hundred and fifty

but this opportunity of renewing their time next year. Every one, however, of this vast number, will have a rela- Oak Tanned tive or a friend who has fallen a victim to the demoralizing influence of intoxi-Pour water into a wine glass until it is land which has not felt, directly or incants, for there is no family in this fair directly, the blighting, poverty producing effects of whiskey. Nowhere is there a family circle which has been made brighter or gladder by whiskey. the past four years the Lakehurst Gold Cure for alcoholism has brought untold happiness. If you have a relative, or a friend who is causing you worry or trouble in this way, find out, before

> tude, for everyone who takes our treatment proves grateful.

those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

If you have not heretofore grown the finer head varieties of lettuce in your kitchen garden, do so this season. Trans- tages best in the Dominion; students assisted to plant in rows about eight or ten inches ! apart and if you want it in the greatest perfection for your home table, when fair- T. N. U. ly well grown tie up the heads and blanch them until they are crisp, white, tender

tomatoes, etc.

ok Out fe

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