Narrate's Vision.

Time, what art Thou, with all they fleeting years?
The heart of an eternity unknown?
Thy kingdom in the future re-appears—
The spoils of nations Thou hast overthrown
Drop in the past; the wake of Thy career.
The mouldering monuments of crumbling stone
Are but Thy foot-prints, and the flying years
Are but the beating of Thy pulse alone.

The boundless universe is Thy Domains;
Thy constant hand engaged has ever been
Rolling the future in the past, where still remains
An ocean mirror in which may be seen
The wreck of ages, all Thy victory claims.
Since Eden's youthful lovers were fresh and green,
The past and future two eternities hath been;
Man's life is but a bubble in between.

We all are travellers, and the paths we tread
Join all in one; the main road to the tomb,
To swell the ranks of earth's unnumbered dead;
Onward we go amid the darksome gloom,
Like some vast river, by its countless tributaries fed,
The fate of mortals by analogy assume
The roar of unknown rapids on ahead,
Predicts the future and foretells our doom.

These are the "secret longings" and the "pleasing fears,"
The tinkling of the fetters which have bound
The soul; and through these dungeon bars no light appears,
Save now and then a transient gleam profound
From the Celestial undiscovered spheres,
Where joy unknown to mortals may abound,
Too great to measure in a world of tears;
A joy for every sorrow earth hath found.

E. DERBY, Orkney.

The Triumph of Truth.

The man is thought a knave, or fool,
Or biggot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run;
And ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is Justice done.

—*Charles Mackay.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:
A NOVEL.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU, ONCE MORE!"

Anthony was not the kind of man to take the world into his confidence.

Time, as he plodded on his endless way, placed a few social gravestones and opened out some new paths at Thorbergh. Among these last was the advent of the Smythe Smiths. The old family of the Massingberds, which had held the estate of Upperfold for as many generations as lie between to-day and the Third Edward, pinched between increased debts and decreased rents, found itself at last obliged to sell; and Mr. Smythe Smith was the purchaser. Of course the Blue Blood of the neighborhood resented the change, and felt disposed to make the new-comer understand its resentment. But more modern and perhaps more wise councils prevailed, and the rich merchant was adopted in the room of the ruined gentleman whom he had dispossessed, and forgiven the fact that he had never a grandfather, nor an inherited coat of arms, nor knew Greek from Hebrew nor Spanish from French, and that he could no more have constructed "Lucri bonus est odor, ex re qualibet," than could the Unfortunate Nobleman himself. He was rich, and therefore he would be an acquisition. Then Anthony Harford—undoubtedly the most considerable man of the district—knowing nothing of those hidden threads which bound their two fates together, threw the shield of his protection round the new-comer from the beginning, and the neighborhood naturally followed suit.

Naturally enough the Smythe Smiths were pained by the ingratitude, as it seemed to them, of Charlie Osborne's silence. They had been his true and valuable backers when he most needed help, and had, moreover, given him affection in excess of patronage. Mr. Smythe Smith had really liked him. And Mrs. Smythe Smith had been yet more warmly attached to him. So that when Charlie disappeared out of sight, as if he had never been born, or had gone over the rapids of Niagara—after that one visit in London on his return from Japan, fever, and his reported death, and that one brief letter from Kingshouse—the Smythe Smiths were naturally indignant, and thought no word too hard for the young man who erst had been their minor kind of Apollo or their Raffaele in patent-leather.

Lady Elizabeth, with whom the Smythe Smiths had always kept up a friendly correspondence, and who not infrequently had her to stay with them in London, knew no more than themselves what had befallen the former Eudemon of Kingshouse.

There had been more changes than one of late. That we know. Among them was a certain change in Lady Elizaberh. Something had gone from her, and something had been added to her. Her saintly quietude had gone, and in its place had come a certain practical and active vitality, as of one whose softness has been tempered by fire and whose sympathy has become consciousness.

She was standing on one low broad step which was the entrance to Upperfold, waiting for her host. The groom was holding two riding-horses for herself and Mr. Smythe Smith.

She made a pretty picture as she stood there on the step, framed by the bold columns of the portico. As she stood there, more like the Delight of Anthony's first days at Kingshouse than she had been since the hour when he had all but seen her weakness and divined her secret, Anthony himself came riding through the lodge gates and up to the house, like the embodied spirit of the past—the human form of her sensations.

Before she had realized things as they were, and while she was still in that current of the past where she had been swept backward by the day, Anthony had flung himself from his horse and had her hands in his—both her hands in both of his—as in the old days when he half thought he loved her and had proposed to himself to ask her to be his wife.

For the moment Lady Elizabeth forgot all that lay between now and then—between the day when Anthony Harford was free to love where he would, and when to love him was neither shame nor sin, and this present moment when the pale spectre of Estelle stood as the sacred barrier between him and all other women on earth, when love for him was crime and his love in return dishonor. She forgot all she had suffered, all that she had subdued. This sudden reappearance of the only man she had ever loved brought back to her both the strength and the weakness of her love. It was not Estelle's husband who held her hands in his and into whose eyes she looked. It was the Love she had loved—the dream which she had once taken for truth.

"Ah!" she said, somewhat below her breath, and not knowing too well what it was she said at all, "you once more!"

"Yes, I once more," he returned, a little grimly.

He was glad to see her, this Dear Delight, who had been his as all others; but her personality was so inextricably interwoven with the memory of the greatest glory and the deepest shame, the purest joy and the blackest sorrow of his life, that he remembered what she forgot. Where with her Estelle was, as it were, swept into oblivion, with him she stood as his right hand, and through the gray eyes of this fair Delight seemed to look the dark orbs of his lost love. Then suddenly he let go her hands, and almost mechanically felt for that revolver in his pocket, which he touched as a Catholic might touch his sacred relic.

At this moment Mr. Smythe Smith came through the hall, and all significance in the meeting was at once destroyed.

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE OLD TIMES.

After that first flush and ailing weakness, when the suddenness of surprise tore aside the veil, Lady Elizabeth "held on to herself," according to the quaint Puritanical phrase. Anthony Harford was married. Failing proof positive of poor Estelle's death, he was no honest woman's love, and friendship was all that could be between one who respected herself and him. But there might be friendship. No law of God nor man forbade that! And, indeed, there was friendship—pure, sincere, unabashed, undismayed.

They saw a great deal of Anthony at Upperfold.

As yet he had said never a word of direct allusion to Estelle. That revolver in his pocket was more in his line. Once and once only he brushed by the skirts of that lost Eurydice of his—she whom the dread gods had taken, or who had sunk herself to lowest depths of Hades.

"You must come to Thirft," he said to Lady Elizabeth. "I want you to see my boy. I am sure you will see the likeness. It is so strong—there are days when I cannot look at him."

"I should like to see him very much indeed," said Lady Elizabeth, quite simply. "You know how much I loved her."

"Yes, I know," said Anthony; the talk fell there.

He could not speak of Estelle even to her—at least not yet. It would come, but not just yet; and she knew that it would come. She knew enough of human nature to be able to foresee so much. Friendship and reticence conquer the deepest reserve in the long-run; and there are times with us all when sorrow rises so high it overflows the heart and mounts perforce to the lips. Then the safe friend is trusted; and the grief that is shared by sympathy is lightened by just so much.

Things of public interest had not been wanting of late as topics for convessation. For instance, there was that marriage of Anthony's former plaything to the military-looking parson, who had formerly been curate at Kingshouse; and the escape they had had in the late earthquake on the Riviera—so soon after their marriage, too; such an uncomfortable experience! But how well they behaved! Then Lady Elizabeth received a letter from her mother which froze the blood about her heart, and flung her into the very depths of moral perplexity.

Anne had, naturally enough, written to her mother the full account of what had happened—not only the story as the press gave it, but that other even graver fact of how she met that infamous couple—those sad and fleeting forms of the modern Francesca and Paolo, for whom she had not had the great Florentine's sweet pity. She told, instead, how she had confronted these sinful outcasts, denounced them as impure, and branded them with their shame in the face of the world; how she had refused to remain under the same roof with one whose unhallowed wedding-ring, that desecrated symbol—twice desecrated—soiled the purity of her own wedding-wreath; how she had seen them cast forth like sin-laden goats, bearing the burden of their guilt with them.

It was not long after this letter that Anthony and Lady Elizabeth found themselves alone in the gardens at Upperfold. Mr. Smythe Smith had gone for the day to the nearest town; Mrs. Smythe Smith had a headache and was invisible. Lady Elizabeth had refused the offer of a solitary drive with the coachman in the dog-cart, or of a solitary ride with the groom through the lanes. She would content herself with the garden, she said, being of that sweet, unselfish kind who are so soon content. While walking there in the higher shrubbery, Anthony rode through the gate, and caught sight of her in her leafless bower, where, however, snow-drops and early celandine were springing at her feet, and the hawthorn twigs were showing red and green. He gave his horse to the groom when he learned that Mrs. Smythe Smith was not visible, and strode off to join his friend, who came down the path to meet him. She was more sorrowful and perplexed than he knew of. With that letter in her pocket, and his uncertainty of knowledge, though so sure conviction, it was difficult to know what to do—what was the right thing to do—to tell the truth and betray Estelle's sad secret, or keep silent and see Anthony's terrible wound still bleed unstanched. He was too miserable himself to-day to catch the trouble on her face. Old love had burned anew, old sorrow had wept afresh. The coming spring had touched him as it touched all other living things, and, with the nesting birds and budding foliage, came thoughts of Estelle.

They sat down on a sheltered seat under the hill and open to the south. For a moment there was deep silence between them; then suddenly Anthony spoke—looking not at Lady Elizabeth, but far out into the distance.

"If I only knew the truth!" he said. "If I did but know! Living or dead—false or only unhappy—which is it?"

"What would you do if you did know?" asked Lady Elizabeth, she, too, looking into the dim distance.

He brought his eyes back from space and fixed them on hers. He bent forward as one crouching for a spring, and laid his hand on her arm, gripping till he bruised the tender flesh as if his fingers had been made of iron.

"What would I do?" he repeated, in a low voice. He took out his revolver. "This," he said. "If false, I would kill her; if only estranged, I would woo her back to me again. But it would be this!"

Lady Elizabeth confronted him, her eyes looking as steadily into his as his into hers.

"I cannot believe you," she said, with grave rebuke. "You were not a willing murderer when I first knew you!"

"Other times other manners," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "When I first knew you I was not a disgraced husband set up for the world to ridicule. I had not loved and been betrayed. I had not a wife who had left me and her child, and hidden herself so closely away that I have never been able to find the faintest trace of her footsteps. Men are not puppets, Lady Elizabeth; least of all, such a man as I."

"But to commit murder for revenge is being worse than a puppet," she returned, steadily. "It is being the mere creature of your own passions, guided and governed by them and not by yourself."

"Not in the least," he said, in the same bitter manner. "I assure you I should take her life, if I found she had been false to me, as deliberately as I would kill a snake or any other living thing whose nature is to work woe to men. She should not have the chance to break another honest man's heart, nor wreck another honorable home!"

"You seem to forget that there is such a virtue as forgiveness," she said.

"Forgiveness is for fools," he returned. "Strong men never forgive."

"On the contrary," she answered, quickly, "it is the strong only who can forgive—who dare to be magnanimous. It is the weak who must have revenge when they are injured, because they are too weak and too vain to forgive."

"You are explicit, at all events," said Anthony, his lip lifted and his dark eye blazing.

"Because I respect you more than you respect yourself," was her reply. "Because what seems to you quite a natural and lawful thing to do, now in the moment of your anger, seems to me a dishonor against your nobler self—high treason against the real man you are."

"Sugar to coat the pill!" he said.

She laid her hand on his and looked at him with more love than she knew of shining in her clear eyes.

"No; friendship and respect shown in the very fact of daring to say unpleasant truths; belief in the real man in spite of the false appearance born of anger and distress."

She spoke from her heart, and her voice was as soft and musical as her feeling was pure and tender. But Anthony was in no mood to be witched or softened.

"And I suppose you would have me to be one of your curd-blooded crew?" he said, with a sneer. "You would have me take her back from her paramour, when he had tired of her, and reinstate her here at Thrift as its mistress and my wife? Then I would be 'magnanimous,' 'noble,' 'manly,' and all the rest of the litany which women intone for the benefit of an erring sister whom they choose to take under their protection. Thank you. That is not quite my style, Lady Elizabeth; I should not have thought it yours."

"I do not wish you to take her back to Thrift if she has left you for any one else," answered Lady Elizabeth; "but I should like you to forgive her all the same, whatever she has done, and not to harbor such dark and deadly thoughts as you do."

For all answer he took out his revolver again, and looked at it, touching it caressingly,

"This *ultima ratio regum*," he said, half below his breath; "and of outraged husbands too!"

"I am sorry," said Lady Elizabeth, rising. "I feel as if I had lost a friend by something worse than death."

"You have lost one by her own dishonor," was his hasty reply.

"And the other by his inhuman passion," she answered.

"So be it," he said, also rising in hot anger. "If I have to keep Lady Elizabeth Inchbold's friendship only by making a cur of myself, I must forfeit it. I am used to suffering, and prefer this with self-respect to ease and cowardice."

He met her lofty rebuke as loftily. From his own stand-point he was right and she was wrong. For a woman, perhaps, she might have something to say for herself; but for him, a man, she was decidedly wrong.

Lady Elizabeth was a saint, but she was also a woman. She held fast by her sense of good, and she was faithful in her abhorrence of evil; but the person counted for something, and she was not one to quarrel with a friend so dear as Anthony Harford. Besides, if a coolness sprang up between them, who would Estelle then have as her advocate when the time came, as it must and would, sooner or later, for Anthony to know the truth? It was her duty to keep on good terms with him for the sake of that poor ill-fated girl.

"Do not let us quarrel," she said, offering her hand, her grave eyes suspiciously full and bright. "We have been friends from the first—let us keep so to the end."

For a moment the proud man in Anthony, dressed in the brief authority of the offended, supplicated, looked coldly at this dear Delight. It was such a sweet moment—this of her offered hand and prayer for forgiveness—he could not deny its enjoyment. It was only for a moment—the very briefest; then the better self prevailed, and he took the fair woman's hand in both of his and carried it to his lips.

"Yes, we must always be friends," he said, in a moved voice. "My life would indeed be dreary without your friendship. Love and happiness left me with her—my good angel would go with you!"

"Let me be your good angel," said Lady Elizabeth, fervently. "Let me have some real influence over you!"

"Where you may," he answered, gravely. "But there are parts of a man's nature—tracts of thought and feeling—where no one ought to have influence; least of all a woman."

"I shall know when I come upon them," was her enigmatical reply; and then they talked of something else, or rather they did not for a few minutes talk of anything at all.

"She will never touch that subject again," thought Anthony, as he walked by his dear Delight's side and breathed a little deeper because he had reduced her to his will.

(To be Continued).

The Great Lesson of Life.

One day, at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22nd of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishing that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe which we inhabit and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he held up had no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it. He was a brave man or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would think it was the only thumb in the whole United States Army, and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of the men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt; but he died like a king. Oh, my boy! don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when, only three files down the lines, a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care, and there are thick-skinned people who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick-hided race; in fact the air is full of darts and arrows and singing bullets all the time, and its dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holler" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them?—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Tall Girl in a Short Frock.

The tall girl with the short frock is out on the street again in a last year's dress, and there is no law to prevent her from appearing on the public promenade in the abbreviated skirts of the ballet dancer. The casual observer merely wonders if she has her younger sister's dress on; the careful observer notes her awkwardness, her ungainly length of limb, and hopes she is not a sufferer from a sensitive nature. She is taller than her mother, her feet are obtrusive, and every sympathizing person longs to sew a flounce of red flannel around the edge of her dress and break up that frightful monotony of length. The excuse generally offered is that the girl is very young, only 11 or 13, as the case may be, but that is no reason at all for dressing her in an outlandish fashion. If she has reached a woman's stature, keeping her in short dresses does not diminish the fact. Let her wear the pretty half-long frocks, which can be made to look as youthful or childish as her age requires. She is a melancholy object as she is now in her stilted short frocks, as if she were rehearsing for a spectacular show.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Oklahoma Notes.

Dead Horse Opera House.—Third tent from the *Squatter* office on the west. Artistic variety performance every evening! Popular prices! All firearms must be checked with the doorkeeper. Come one, come all!

Society notes.—The accomplished Miss Lulu Grady, late of Wichita, is making a short stay with friends from St. Louis, in the red waggon in the hollow over north of the creek.

A bear strayed into Dead Horse Saturday night, and in trying to get at a barrel of pork in the tail of Judge Clocum's waggon on Arbutus street, turned over the whole outfit. The Judge got tangled up in the waggon cover and came near being smothered. Mrs. Judge Slocum had an ankle sprained. The dogs finally ran the bear out of town.

Boards have arrived for the new Swedenborgian Church on Mary Ann street. It is expected the structure will be finished Tuesday. Dead Horse is booming.—*New York Tribune.*

The "Reference Handibook of the Medical Science," speaking of kidney disease, says: "Often symptoms on the part of other organs, palpitation, dyspepsia, difficult breathing, headaches or weak vision first impel the patient to seek advice." The symptoms mislead both the physician and patient. The only safe method of treatment is a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure. It not only secures healthy action of the kidneys, but cures the symptoms of disease.

At the Sunday School.

"And now, children," said the Superintendent, benignantly, "are there any questions you would like to ask before we leave this lesson?"

"How long did it take you to get all the pigs in the pen the first time you tried?" inquired the sweet little girl on the front seat.

The Highland Association of Illinois unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the New York State Senate for discourtesy shown to Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The word "safe" is from the Latin "salvare," to save, preserve. Safe indicates freedom from harm or danger; sound, unscathed, undamaged, secure, whole, as, safe from disease.

It is likewise regarded as conferring safety, to be relied upon. Its synonyms are secure, unendangered, sure. The term is defined by lexicographers as wholesome, healthful, promoting health.

How fitting the word, as applied to Warner's Safe Remedies, which meet every requirement of both materia medica and etymology.

Their use protects from disease, and is a safeguard to the entire race.

Warner's Safe Cure has been extensively used in this and every other civilized country, and is recognized as the most beneficial remedy known to man. It has long been recognized (though not publicly) by the medical profession as the most valuable compound for the general restoration of the human system, by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, as when these great organs are restored to a healthy action then the poisonous waste matter is expelled by the only blood-purifying organs of the system.

Few are aware that the kidneys are the only organs that purify the blood.

Fancy the danger of poisoned blood continually coursing through the body—65 gallons of blood per hour, or 48 barrels per day, passes through the kidneys, yet the unsuspecting regard them as of little importance until they are stricken down. Poisoned blood engenders general debility, pneumonia, lung and bronchial troubles, paralysis, apoplexy, heart complications, rapidly falling eye-sight, scrofulous and cancerous sores, and other serious maladies, which might be averted if the kidneys properly performed their work and expelled the poisonous, waste matter.

When the medical profession will strike at the root instead of hewing the branches, then we can hope for a happy relief from many of the ills of the present day. When diseases are called by their right names, and the real causes of death are made known, instead of death from symptoms of kidney disease, it is then that the people will become more fully aware of the terrible fatality of diseases caused by imperfect action of the kidneys.

From the Northwest.

The body of an unknown man was found in Fort Rouge this afternoon with a bullet-hole through his head and a revolver by his side. It was apparently a case of suicide.

Johnnie McLeod, the third victim of the High Bluff tragedy, died at midnight at the hospital. The remains have gone West for burial.

A man named Playfair, wanted on a charge of forgery at Lindsay, Ont., was arrested at Minnedosa to-day on the strength of a telegram from the Lindsay Chief of Police.

Gabriel Dumont was presented with an address by the Half-breeds of St. Vital on Saturday.

W. Gordon, on trial for forgery at the city Police Court to-day, obtained the criminating cheque, and, before he could be seized, chewed it up and swallowed it. He thought he was destroying the only evidence that would convict him, but as the evidence had been heard it will only make matters worse.

A troop of mounted infantry while exercising their horses yesterday afternoon about a mile from the city, discovered the body of a man in a sitting position against a tree. There was a revolver in his right hand and a bullet hole in his temple. It looked like a case of suicide, the only circumstances denoting foul play being the fact of his pockets being turned inside out. The police have been unable to discover, thus far, who the man is, but have some reason to think his name is W. Thompson.

Belle Starr's Fascination.

Despite her lack of beauty, Belle Starr, the female bandit recently killed in Indian Territory, had a wonderful power of fascination over men she cared to influence. On one occasion a wealthy cattleman whom she met at Dallas entrusted her with $2,500, and she clung to it so tenaciously that its owner never got it back again. She was arrested and convicted for breach of trust, but before sentence could be pronounced the cattleman rose in court and said: "Judge, it's all a darned lie. She ain't got a nickel of my money, and if she has she kin keep it. I wouldn't see her sent up for twice the sum." Bella was then released and rejected a proposal of marriage from the complaining witness. At the time of her death Bella was engaged in writing her autobiography for publication, in which she was to present many thrilling incidents in her wild life. She is said to have been a clever writer, employing good clear English, with a rare strength of character-drawing and accuracy.—*From a Eufaula (I.T.) Letter.*

The Bitter End of It.

Brother Tom—Why do you let that little cad pay you so much attention? I told you he was nothing but a frippish dude.

Miss Curlingham—Heavens, Tom, I thought you said British duke! and I've about half promised to marry him.

Get Out Your Dictionaries.

The Chicago *News* says: Our list of English words ending in "cion" is, up to this date, as follows:

Scion.
Nescion.
Phocion.
Suspicion.
Coercion.

We should like to know the rest, if any more are to be had.

Mamma Ruled Out.

She—If you attempt to kiss me I'll call mamma.

He—All right, call her! I'd rather kiss two than one.

She—Then I guess I won't call her.

Judged by the enormous rush of fools, it is doubtful if many angels are treading the precincts of Oklahoma.—*Troy Times.*

The 4-year-old son of Mr. J. G. Jackson, Port Hope, fell on Wednesday, striking his chin on a table. The child's teeth nearly severed his tongue. The doctor had to place him under chloroform and put in a stitch.