THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"What do you mean, Sir Karl! We shall be neighbors. Why do you say that we shall never meet here again?"

"Perhaps it will be better for me to tell you," he replied. "Will you let me explain?"

She bowed her head in silent assent.

"The reason why I say that we shall probably not meet again is that I am going away from Scarsdale, and the time of my return is uncertain; it may be never."

The sweet face of the girl by his side grew paler, and her lips trembled; but she spoke no word.

"I could not remain here," he went on, with a tremor in his voice, "and hear all that I should have to hear. Let me tell you why I am going; will you? I will not say a word to displease you; but the confession will ease my heart. I await your consent."

She gave it in the same fashion as before, with a bend of her graceful head.

"You will always remember, Dolores—you will let me call you Dolores this once?—that in telling you, I asked for no response, for no opinion, that I sought to win from you not even one thought that belongs to another. You will acquit me of any intention of the kind, I am sure. I am going away because I—I find that I love you! I do not tell you this with the faintest hope of any return, with the least wish to win from you a word or a thought you should not give me. You believe that, do you not?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Then let me tell you once more that I love you. I did not know that I was learning to love you with the best and dearest love of my heart until I heard that you were going to marry Lord Rhysworth. The sudden shock startled me into discovering the truth. I found that I loved you so well that to lose you would darken all my life, and make it almost worthless to me. You were going to speak," he added, for she had looked up to him with parted lips and eyes which asked a question.

"Yes. I am wondering, if this be true, why you chose the red rose in preference to the white one on that night at Beaulieu? It seemed to me as though you made a deliberate choice between Lola and myself."

The circumstance, all important to her, had been of so little moment to him that he had almost forgotten it; but now, as she referred to it, he looked at her horror-stricken.

"Do you mean to tell me, Dolores," he said, "that anything in my manner gave you the impression that I liked Lola better than you?"

"I assure you that it was so," she answered. "Lola thought the same thing, I know. I have never doubted it until now."

"And now you know that it is quite untrue. So far as I remember the circumstance, you had done something that piqued me, and I merely took what I thought a little playful revenge. I never dreamed that you would magnify it into anything half so serious. But it is too late to undo the evil now."

"Yes," she replied, "far too late."

"I am not the first man," he continued sadly, "who has lost all chance of happiness from a little caprice, or from not knowing his own mind. If I had not been so heedless, all would have been different. I must be grateful, however, that I alone suffer, and that you are spared."

He looked keenly into her face as he spoke; but no sign of emotion was there; it was grave and still.

"I have found out my mistake now," he resumed; "but it is too late to remedy it, and I must pay the penalty. I am glad that I have had the chance of telling you this. Do you think that I am doing right in going away?"

"Quite right," she replied firmly. "I think it is the only thing to do."

"The only gleam of brightness about it will be your approval," he said, "Thank you for listening to me, and thank you for coming here to-day; it will be a sweet memory to me always, that of seeing you in my home."

She looked up at him with a curious expression on her face.

"Promise me one thing," she said—"that you will keep away from the Black Pool."

"I will," he answered. "You do not like the place, and we will forget it altogether. And you, Dolores, you who, without loving me, are my only love, you are not displeased that I have told you my story? I hope you will be happy in your future life; there is no one who could desire your happiness more than I do."

"I am sure of that, and I am grateful to you," she said gently.

"You have no word of comfort to say to me, Dolores?" he asked.

"Yes, I have. I think you a noble man; I appreciate from my very heart the compliment you have paid me, and I wish you well."

Her voice faltered, and she turned her pale sweet face from him, something in her manner struck him.

"Great Heaven, Dolores," he cried in a voice hoarse with emotion, "I believe you care for me!"

When she looked at him, the pallor of death was on her face.

"Hush, Sir Karl; you must remember honor always! Never mind what I think or feel. I am Lord Rhysworth's promised wife; you are bidding me farewell; let no word pass between us that either will regret."

But he could not regain his composure.

"I believe you care for me," he persisted, "If I were sure that such was the case, I would——"

He stopped abruptly, for her hand was laid upon his arm.

"You will not forget," she said, "that in a few weeks I shall be Lord Rhysworth's wife? I—I am willing to say farewell to you kindly; but you must not speak to me in this way."

He was silent. She went on:

"If I have a secret, Sir Karl, you must not try to force it from me, you must respect it."

"I will," he said bravely. He knew now that she loved him; but it mattered little, since the knowledge came too late. His eyes lingered on her face. It had never appeared so beautiful to him; the secret she had locked in her heart was all told there; the look was on her face that only one man ever brings to the face of a woman, and that is the man she loves. She might try to hide it, but he could read her secret.

"I think," she said gently, "that I must go back. My father will wonder at my long absence."

"Dolores," he said—"forgive me if I still use the name—you will never again be Dolores to me—this is our farewell. True I shall drive you home and perhaps spend an hour with you there; but, standing face to face, soul open to soul, as will never happen again, this is our farewell. Will you kiss me once before we part?"

She drew back from him with shy, sweet grace, remembering her words when Lord Rhysworth had kissed her, "I will never give even one thought to any other man."

"Do not be angry with me," she said. "I cannot. My word is plighted; my kisses are no longer mine to give."

He bowed, respecting the decision of her pure heart.

"Any man may safely place his honor in her hands," he thought.

Then she held out her hand to him.

"Good-bye, Sir Karl." There were tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"Must it be good-bye?" he asked, a feeling of despair stealing over him. "Must it be farewell?"

"Yes, while we are both strong and have nothing to regret," she answered. He took her hand in his and held it.

"I pray," he said solemnly, "that I may meet you in a happy hereafter."

Then he kissed her hand, and they went back to the house together without speaking another word.

In silence he drove her home, and in silence he left her again. Both their hearts were too full for words. The present was full of misery, and the future all dark.

CHAPTER X

It was the evening before his journey, and Sir Karl sat alone in his library. He would not go to Beaulieu. He could not forget his irritation and annoyance at what Dolores had told him of the manner in which his choice of the red rose had been taken; it was an incident so trivial that he had not thought it worth remembering. That the happiness or misery of two lives, his own and Dolores's should have depended upon such a trifle was almost incredible, to him. While occupied with his sad thoughts, he heard the sound of wheels. It was quite late in the afternoon, and he marveled much who could be calling at that hour. He was still more surprised when the servant came to say that Miss de Ferras would be glad to see him for a few minutes; she had been shown into the morning-room.

"You have forgotten these books, Sir Karl," said Lola, as the Baronet entered the room. "Mamma thought, as I was driving past, that I might leave them here—she meant at the lodge; but I thought that I might take the opportunity of saying good-by."

She spoke in a careless tone; but as he took the books from her hand, he saw that the usual brilliant bloom had left her face, and that she was very pale; there was even a quiver of pain on it.

"I have something to say to you," she went on presently, then paused, and added impetuously. "You are not angry? If I had thought you would be angry, I would not have come."

"Why should I be?" He was touched by her emotion. "You would not seek me, I am sure, unless you had something very particular to say."

But she seemed to be in no hurry to speak. Her lips parted once or twice, but the words died on them. He looked at her in wonder. Why should she ask to speak to him, and then stand silent, as though she had nothing to say. At last, in a low voice, she resumed.

"You said when you were at Beaulieu, that you would come over to say good-by to us, that you would see me again before you started on your journey. Yesterday you wrote to mamma, saying that you would not have time to call. Why did you change your mind? What was the reason? Why are you leaving without coming near us?"

"I had a reason," he answered, his face flushing; "besides which I wrote the simple truth. I had no time. I am leaving England sooner than I intended."

"What was the reason?" she asked.

"I cannot explain" he said, proudly.

"Do you think any reason would justify your going away without saying farewell to old and true friends like mamma and myself?"

"My farewell was none the less genuine for being written instead of spoken, Miss de Ferras."

She came nearer to him, and with a passionate cry of pain held out her hands.

"Do you judge me by yourself?" she exclaimed, "Do you think that a few coldly written words of farewell would suffice for me, even if they did for you? They did not; therefore I am here."

He had not one word to say. The beautiful passionate face and ringing voice bewildered him. He was not prepared for a scene of this kind.

She laid her hand upon his arm, as though she would compel his attention.

"Do you think so little and so lightly of your friendship, that you could go without having seen me again? I could not let you go so; I could not even bear the thought that you should leave England without my having seen you again. How could you do it? Oh, Sir Karl, how could you do it?"

The dark eyes were drowned with tears. Although he did not love her, and never would, he could not help being touched by her sorrow. What man could resist a beautiful face shadowed with grief and lovely eyes dimmed with tears for his sake? Sir Karl was but human, he took the white hand from his arm and held it in his.

"I am afraid," she said, smiling through her tears, "that even, if I had not had the books for a pretext, I should have come just the same. Do you think it is very wrong of me to have come?"

Sir Karl looked uncomfortable.

"What am I to answer?" he said, with a forced smile. "I cannot say that it is right, and it seems unkind to say that it is wrong."

"Promise me this at least, that you will forget what you may think of the imprudence, and remember only the—the interest in yourself which prompted me to come. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes," he replied, "I may safely promise that. I am sure you meant it kindly."

He seemed to treat the whole matter as a friendly interview and this did not please Lola.

"Kindly!" she repeated bitterly. "What a word to use to me! I am not kind to you. In coming to say good-by to you I have been kind to myself."

She drew a little nearer to him, her warm white hand lying still in his.

"How could you, Sir Karl, be so cruel as to write that note? Tell me honestly, had you no idea of the trouble and sorrow it would give me?"

"I know you are always very good to me," he replied; "but I could not possibly think that the going or coming of a mere acquaintance like myself would be of any moment to you."

He said this purposely, to show her this was no love-scene in which she forced him, as it were, to take a part. She withdrew her hand suddenly from his clasp and stood before him erect and haughty.

"Do you mean that you look upon yourself as nothing but a mere acquaintance—nothing nearer or dearer? Is that the end of all our happy hours together—a mere acquaintanceship? I have been so proud and happy in thinking you my friend?"

He was again somewhat embarrassed. The passion in her face and voice startled him. What was he to do with this impetuous girl? He looked gravely at her.

"The word 'friend' is a sacred one," he said; "it implies a great deal—affection, fidelity, forbearance and loyalty."

"And will you not give those to me?" she asked.

There was silence for some moments. He found that so far from having extricated himself from a false position, he had increased his difficulties.

"That is much to ask," he said, gravely. "I must consider the question in all its bearings."

"What!" she cried. "Do you hesitate when I ask you?"

"I do not hesitate. I say it is a very serious question. A pledge of friendship given and taken in that fashion is as grave a matter as——"

He paused; for the words that rose to his lips, said, he knew, lead him into greater complications.

"I know what you mean," she said, with a sigh and a smile that were irresistible—"you mean that it is as grave a matter as a promise of marriage."

The splendid dark eyes raised suddenly to his face seemed to suggest the idea, Why did he not make that? He read the question in one glance, and he felt afraid of himself.

"Of course, it is a solemn pledge," she continued, "but it is one that I think you need not be afraid of. What can one wish for more than to have a true friend? A man who rejected an offer of friendship would not be wise."

"I do not reject it, Miss de Ferras."

The smile that flashed back to him from the girl's beautiful eyes rendered him almost speechless.

"So you say, Sir Karl; but you do not seem to be in any hurry to accept it."

There is something in a lovely face, in tender pleading eyes, in lips that look made to be kissed—something that a man cannot resist. If at this juncture Lola had shed tears, if she had sighed, wept, looked unhappy, or reproached him, he would have turned from her, disgusted. But she smiled just at the right time, and a weight of care and anxiety seemed to be lifted from his heart. Anything but misery and tears! He began to ask himself if, after all, his treatment of this girl had not been just a little childish. She was fond of him, and wished to be his friend. Why should he assume that she meant more? It was possible that he had misjudged her. What she said was quite true; they had spent many happy hours together. If she wished it, why not be friends?

To Be Continued.

YOUNG GIRL'S BRAVE DEED.

How Margarita Saved Her Brothers and Sisters.

The night of the Galveston flood was a night to try all hearts. How one fifteen-year-old girl met the emergency is thus told:

She was the head and breadwinner of the household for her father had died three years before and her mother twelve months ago, had given up the struggle of life. On this night Margarita looked out of her window and saw that the great Gulf of Mexico was rolling in waves like mountains. Even as she looked the water rolled into her own street. Then it dashed against the frail wooden house making it tremble.

For a moment Margarita was paralyzed. The waves burst into the room through the doorway and windows, setting the furniture afloat. Unless something was done, and done speedily, they would all be drowned.

The girl collected her senses. Her brothers and sisters were all in the water. The four-year-old twins were clinging to a floating chair; the other three children were holding to the bedstead.

She quickly lifted the twins and deposited them on the bed, telling the others to climb up there also. The water rose higher, and darkness was coming on. The little one-story house could ill stand against the flood. From other houses Margarita could hear the voices of men calling to their families. There was no man here, nobody but herself to save the other five.

Margarita had to think quickly, for the water rose fast. She soon decided what to do. She tore a sheet in strips and fastened all the children together with it. Then she pulled the bed to the doorway, took the door from its hinges, and transferred the children to this improvised raft. Wading through the doorway, she pushed the precious load before.

Steps, logs, barrels, debris of all descriptions floated in wild confusion, and she had to steer her way through. The water was up to her elbows, and still rising. She was afraid, but sweetly into her heart stole the memory of some words heard the Sunday before: "The Lord is my helper." She struggled onward, aiming for the great, firmly founded government building.

Once she thought all was lost, for a big piece of driftwood crashed against her door with tremendous force. Margarita warded off the next blow by receiving it upon her left arm. The arm saved the raft, but afterward it hung limp at her side, broken by the violence of the blow.

For a few minutes more the strong young right arm guided the raft, till Margarita felt the steps of the government building against her feet. It was none too soon, for the water was up to her chin, and she was weak with pain and exhaustion. With the words that had cheered her yet upon her lips, the brave girl tried to climb those steps.

It was well that strong arms were there ready to catch her, for that effort was beyond her strength. They lifted her up and bore her inside, and then carried the raft and its living burden bodily into the building. The children were uninjured, but it was long before Margarita recovered her senses and realized that her brave fight with the flood had been crowned with success.

A FATHER'S STORY.

He Tells How His Son Regained Health and Strength.

Had His Spine Injured and for Two Years Was Unable to do Any Work and for Most of the Time Was Confined to the House.

Mr. M. D'Entremont, a well known farmer living at West Pubnico, N.S., writes:—"I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—have been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he was almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and for a part of the time to his bed. He suffered considerably from pains in the back; his legs were weak; and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it was simply money wasted as it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he then decided to give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned; the pain has left his back; he has gained flesh; is able to ride a bicycle, enjoys life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LAUREATE NONSENSE.

Tennyson is said to have been fond of foolish fun, that ever delightful sort of fun which is not wit but nonsense.

One day, at Burlington House, he asked the guests a conundrum which he had just made:

Who are the greatest women in the world?

The answer was:

Miss Ouri, the Misses Ippi and Sara Gossa.

THIS IS A MIGHTY GOD.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of the World's Great Sin.

A despatch from Washington, says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "And he took the calf which they had made, and he burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."—Exodus xxxii. 20.

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times they were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mould, not of an eagle or a war-charger, but of a silly calf; the gold cools off; the mould is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs; an altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek, and dance mightily, and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden-calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre, or by the old-fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook, or go dry and drink at it.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, the temple,

HIS ALTAR OF SACRIFICE,

the music that is made in the temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text had a temple. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul of the English, and St. Peter of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold; and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further: every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks, and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on, yet lets them suffer. Oh, heavens and earth, what an altar! What a sacrifice of body, mind, and soul! the physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they

SACRIFICE THEIR FAMILIES.

If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage; "Get out!" They get out. They get down. The husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of the split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock, in India, walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling of the banks and brokers' shops, and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands with mouldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—

"MORE ! MORE! MORE!"

But my text suggests that this worship has got to be broken up, as the behaviour of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old-fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment, the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn, and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed earrings of the Egyptians, and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers not paying for the articles they get borrow of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow, until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow, and those who are borrowed of; and after awhile the capitalist wants his money, and he rushes from the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money, and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness-maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been

THREE TIMES RENEWED.

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah! no. The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may, perhaps, take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers. Ah, my friends! if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regret for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh! this is a fleeting world, it is a dying world. A man who had worshiped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself, when he said "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice that does for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die. When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled, and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good-by forever. He only wants to hold them for a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome! Oh! what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

On the Government.

They were two big, burly Indians. The long eagle feather in the hat of one who is known as "chief" and the bright red ostrich tip in the sombrero of the other would have told that if the unmistakable features had not evidenced it. A government employee, it matters not who, but one who may possibly in certain events be appointing made a "stake" out of the tribe to which these Indians belong, was doing the honors of the capitol and showing the braves about the corridors. They left the Indian committee room and came to the door of the house restaurant.

"Let's have a bite to eat," suggested the man with the graft.

"All right," was the quick reply of the aborigines.

At the luncheon counter the one who could master the most English asked, "Guv'munt pay?"

"Oh, yes," responded the host, thinking that the quickest way to inform them that they would not have to stand good for the bill.

"Ugh!" grunted the brave, "we eat lot, guv'munt pay." And they did—four cups of coffee each, half a dozen hard boiled eggs, three ham sandwiches, one dozen doughnuts, a whole baked chicken, ice cream, a whole pie each and besides that a third for fire water that was absolutely appalling. The luncheon counter looked as though a cyclone might have paid it a visit by the time the Indians got through, and the bill that the "guv'munt" clerk had to foot made his week's salary look like 7 cents.

"Guv'munt heap good," grunted the brave as he picked his teeth in true "white brother" fashion in the corridor. "We eat here again." But it will not be in company with that particular clerk.—Washington Star.

"How Soon We Are Forgot."

A writer in a Washington newspaper, in a column devoted to instructive and entertaining chat about the capitol, expresses surprise because in the basement of the building are portraits of "worthy old gentlemen" forgotten by "nine-tenths" of the visitors to the building and wonders somewhat why Richard Montgomery, Thomas Mifflin, Charles Thomson and Francis Hopkinson should find a place in the memory of the painter and on the wall of the senate basement.

The writer had looked in Fiske's "History of the United States" and could not find either Thomson or Hopkinson. When he goes to Quebec, he may find the mark to indicate where Montgomery fell while trying to capture the citadel and the house in which he died. At St. Paul's church, New York, he can find his tomb. Mifflin he can find as the president of the congress that received Washington's resignation, and Thomson he will discover to have been regarded as one of the brightest men of the Revolutionary time, while he has but to look at the original Declaration of Independence to see "Fras." Hopkinson's name, one of the best known of all signers because of the brilliancy and variety of his accomplishments.

A Decisive Step.

His chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope, not furtively or surreptitiously, but just placing it under cover in a calm, businesslike way.

"Hello!" says the visitor. "What's up?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's hair, that's all."

"Engagement off again?"

"Yes."

"How many times does this make?"

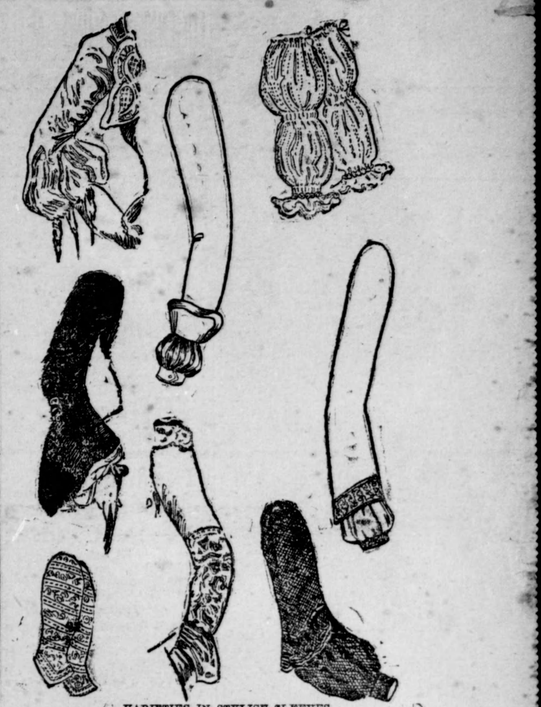
"Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other."

"Does she say so?"

"Oh, she always says it's final. I'm deciding things just now. It's off forever or cards out soon!"

"How do you do it?"

"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you? Warm brown, with a little raw umber in it. Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—good, regular, standard red. I tell you we're going to get down to genuine emotion this time. She'll know whether she loves me or not, and if she does she'll walk me in by the ear."—London Mail.



VARIETIES IN STYLISH SLEEVES.

The Eugenie sleeve which reigned supreme forty years ago, when it was known in fashion circles as the Bishop has been revived, and is paramount for this spring. The long, tight fitting sleeve, technically known as the Desdemona, has by no means been abandoned as has by some been predicted, but it will play a secondary part. One of the features of the spring styles and a by no means unimportant one, is the variety of coverings for the arm which promise to be prevalent. It is no exaggeration to say that hardly two pair of sleeves will be alike. Just now a good big pouch below the elbow, and all the imaginable puffs, lace applications and tuckings, unexpected bunches of chiffon, buckles and baby ribbon are what the ultra fashionable demand.

A glance at the accompanying sketch shows a group of styles which will be all worn by well dressed women. The most novel of the lot is the pouched sleeve, ending with ribbon ends and gilt ferrets just below the curve of the elbow. This certainly is extreme and for it is predicted a short reign. A long close sleeve caught just below the turn of the elbow with a fancy buckle, which marks the point whereat the lower half of the arm covering flares is another fad. The enormously broad cuff extends well over the wrist, but beneath it peeps the cloudy fulness of a silk, muslin or lawn under sleeve.

Buckled sleeves promise to be one of the chief features of the fancy cloth coats worn through March and April, while numbers of the silk trimmed cashmeres will have odd puffs of taffeta ballooning below the elbow from the outside of the sleeve proper.

A full-mouthed cylinder of dotted chenille to the elbow, from which a full bag extends to an embroidered cuff clasping the wrist is one of the most popular expressions of the Eugenie.

CAN'T LAST FOREVER.

Hopley—What seems to trouble your baby?

Popley, wearily—I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night.

HIS ONLY WAY OUT.

What did you propose to her for, anyhow?

Well, I couldn't think of anything else to say, and the silence was becoming appalling.

TRIUMPHANT FLATTERY.

So Dick and Daisy have made up. By George! After the way she laid him out I never expected it. How did he pacify her?

He told her that he'd rather quarrel with her than kiss any other girl.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

Miss Budd—Is an amethyst supposed to be unlucky?

Mrs. Malaprop—Well, if he ain't he oughter be. Anybody that don't believe in God don't deserve to have any luck.

PECULIAR REASONING.

I see that we are shipping considerable horse meat to the Scandinavian countries.

Perhaps that accounts for the fact that the Scandinavian servant girls have such excellent horse sense.

Unfeminine.

Fogg—It isn't such a difficult thing to read character by the handwriting. I believe I can do it myself.

Bass—Well, try your skill on that letter I received a short time ago. What do you say to that?

Fogg—In the first place, the writer is a very unwomanly woman.

Bass—How do you come to that conclusion?

Fogg—None of the words are underscored.

A Coffee Barometer.

A cup of hot coffee is an unfailing barometer if you allow a lump of sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the air bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will either rain or snow, and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position changeable weather may be expected.

Those Boston Girls.

Carrie—That awful Tom Browne offered to kiss me.

Bertha—You don't mean it!

Carrie—I do, and I told him if he did I'd slap his face.

Bertha—And what did he say to that?

Carrie—He didn't say a word. He just kissed me.

Bertha—And you slapped his face?

Carrie—No; to tell the truth, I was so flustered I forgot all about it.

At Variance.

"There's a whole lot of difference," remarked the freckled fanatic, "in wishing you were dead and wishing you were in heaven."—Indianapolis Sun.

Yard was once any stick, rod or pole. The expression is still used with this meaning when applied to various parts of a ship's equipment, as yardarm, sailyard and the like.

A wise man thinks before he speaks, but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.

TO BE EXPECTED.

I believe she is thinking of marriage, she said.

Of course, he continued.

Why do you say, of course?

Because of her sex.

SPRING LASSITUDE

And all the Debility and Depression of This Trying Season can be Avoided by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Of all preparations for purifying and enriching the blood and toning up the system in spring, or after a long illness, none can approach in specific medical action the wonderful properties of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative.

Unlike any remedy you ever used, it exerts a natural and gentle influence over the kidneys, liver and bowels, restoring them to a condition of perfect health and regularity, and through the medium of the circulation of the blood gives new life and vivifying energy to each and every part of the human frame.

You may have made the mistake of using salts or other strong and weakening purgatives in the spring. Such treatment can never build up and strengthen a weakened and run-down system. The habitual use of salts does more to shorten life and hasten the ruin of the filtering and excretory organs than any custom you can name.

The blood is thin and watery in the spring and demands of nature just such restorative ingredients as are contained in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and hence the popularity of this famous food cure. Instead of tearing down the tissues of the body, it builds them up, renews the nerve cells, forms firm muscles, increases weight, and gives color to the cheeks and elasticity to the movements.

You can keep well this spring and avoid the feelings of lassitude and depression by beginning at once to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is the most common sense treatment that science ever devised, and on account of its gentle and constant upbuilding influence can be used with pleasure and comfort by men, women and children.

There will be no pimples, humors or skin eruptions if you keep the blood pure. No craving of the blood and nerves for nourishment if you use this favorite prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase. The pains, aches, weaknesses and irregularities of other springs will be unknown to you if you reconstruct and reinvigorate the system by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.