THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on a Christian Life.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"Behold the half was not told me."—1. Kings x. 7.

Solomon had resolved that Jerusalem should be the centre of all sacred, regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the Syrian desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the East, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the East were obliged to stop there, pay toll, and leave a part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He named the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine wine, pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over, oil, which in that hot butter and lard, and was pressed from country, was the entire substitute for the olive branches until every rock in the country became an oil well, and honey, which was the entire substitute for sugar.—these three great products of the country Solomon exported and received in return fruits, precious woods, and the metals and the animals of every clime. He went down to Ezion-geber, ordered a fleet of ships constructed, oversaw the workmen, watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage to bring the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large, and swift, and long-maned and round-limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars a piece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stalls, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at a great profit. He heard that there was the best of lumber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out a hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest, drag the lumber through the mountain gorges, construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence drawn by ox-teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day, there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there, and he

PUT THEM INTO HIS CAGES.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox trains from Joppa, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and bird of every wing and fish of every scale. See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel. Hark to the orchestra. Gaze upon the dance. Not stepping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway and pass up to Solomon's palace. Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors, and the suspended gallery, and the porch and the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window; bronzed adornments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate; chapiters surrounded by net-work of leaves in which imitation fruits seemed suspended as in hanging baskets; tree branches—so Josephus tells us—tree branches sculptured on the marble so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver; a laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water resting on six hundred brazen oxheads which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical plash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the sitting place of the throne, imitation of hands came out to receive the king. There were six steps that mounted to the throne, on each end of each of the steps a brazen lion. Why, my friends, in that palace, they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruit with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold reflected in the water; gold flashing from the apparel; gold blazing in the crown; gold gold, gold! Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere, by every caravan and by the wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be

ROYALTY IN THE TRAIN.

I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of drivers, and I see the dust covered caravan, showing that they have come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon himself come down the stairs of the palace before the Queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon and the saffron, and the calamus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the room of the palace. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun. The Queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup-bearers bow. The meats smoke. The music trembles along the hall and through the corridors until it mingles in the dash of the water from the molten seas. Then she rises from the banquet and she walks through the conservatories, and she gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God. She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the talmug trees which were intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty-thousand dollars in money,—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this place and about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it is far beyond my highest anticipations. It exceeds everything that I could have expected, the half, the half was not told me."

Learn first from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first who receive it are

THE WOMEN.

Austere men may it is because they are weak minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection, and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the gospel then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes—those who have no friends—accept Jesus. Last of all come the people of affluence and high social position. Alas! that it is so! If there are those here to-night who have been favoured of fortune, or as I might better put it, favoured of God, surrender all you have, and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had his imperial friends in all ages.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case, it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem you had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the Queen of Sheba stay at home, and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and the wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself and hear for herself. She could not do this work by committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe finer than any woven by Oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now, no time to be lost. Good on the camels. When I see that caravan dusting over, weary, and exhausted, trudging on, up across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say: "There, there is an earnest seeker after the truth."

Again: my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to anybody that gets it. The story of the new religion in Jerusalem and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ — that story rolls on and rolls on, and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story got down into the southern part of Arabia Felix and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be

A TREMENDOUS STORY.

And yet, this Queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half, the half was not told her. So religion is always a surprise to anyone that gets it.

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbour from the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words—we weave them into letters and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the Queen of Sheba report has come to us from the far country and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way, we are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions as frankincense and myrrh and cassia to the great king. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims. Send the word up to the palace that we are coming and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The king will come out and say, "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these fountains; recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar. And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us, it will be a greaterg surprise than that. Oh, what a thrilling rapture. Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory; all sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever. The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry world without end, "The half, the half was not told me."

EXPENSIVE LAUGHTER.

It Cost the Promoter of Trusts a Good Sized Fortune.

"Oh, yes, I used to appreciate the humor of the situation when a pedestrian fell down on an icy corner," said the promoter of trusts, with a weary smile, "but that was years ago, before I had come to realize that humor and business didn't mix very well. I was making my way along an icy street in Boston one day when a very stiff and dignified man just ahead of me suddenly came down with a crash. His heels flew up, his hat flew off, and he had such a look of surprise in his eyes that I leaned up against a lamppost and laughed till I cried. When the victim finally picked himself up and found that all his teeth were yet in their sockets, he stood before me and said:

"'Sir, you seem to be amused about something.'

"'Yes, I am,' I said.

"'Is it about my fall?'

"'Yes. You were going along, you know, and all at once—ha, ha, ha!'

"'And all at once what happened?'

"'Why, you slipped and clawed and yelled out, and then your toes shot up, and you played circus, and—ha, ha, ha!'

"'Sir,' said he as he turned away, 'it may have been very funny, but we shall meet again and see about it.'

"Three years later, when I had the biggest kind of a deal on hand and needed only one more factory to complete it, I called at the proprietor's office to put on the finishing touches. He was a stranger to me, but I had only begun my story when he held up his hand and said:

"'That will do. You were going along, you know, and all at once—ha, ha, ha!'

"'I don't understand, sir.'

"'Why, you slipped and clawed and yelled out, and then your toes shot up, and you played circus, and—ha, ha, ha!'

"'That was enough,' continued the promoter. "I remembered him, and I also realized that he would never forgive me. I took up my hat and walked out, and when I had figured up I found that my laughter had cost me about $40,000." M. QUAD.

A Basis of Settlement.

"Did Morgan give you the lie?"

"Yes, and his second has just been trying to adjust matters peaceably."

"Showing the white feather, eh? What did he propose?"

"That Morgan should withdraw the epithet if I would admit the fact."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Worm Turned.

"I notice," complained Mrs. Henpeck, "that you never call me 'dear' any more."

"No," confessed Mr. Henpeck; "I couldn't consistently."

"Indeed! And why not?"

"Well, talk is cheap, you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Unpardonable.

Mrs. Ondego (making a call)—I am sorry to hear you are having trouble with your cook.

Mrs. Upjohn—Yes, I shall have to let Serena go. I didn't mind her practicing on the piano now and then, but she wants to join our golf club!—Chicago Tribune.

Gave Him Away.

They had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once.

"Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was here?" murmured he.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I recognized you by the size of your feet."—Town Topics.

It is not an indication that man has music in his soul because he blows his own horn.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, APRIL 14.

"Jesus Appears to Mary." John 20. 11-18. Golden Text, Rev. 1. 18.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 11. Mary stood without at the sepulcher. The tense of the original is imperfect—'Mary was standing." She remained after the two disciples had gone. She stood weeping, for added to the loss of her best beloved and most trusted Friend was her supposition that indignity had been done to his body. The only alleviation to her sorrow was to be where she had last seen him. She stooped down, and looked. Everything that had to do with her Lord was dear to her. Perhaps she too could see the linen clothes and the napkin that was about his head. But a womanly timidity kept her from entering alone. The sepulcher was probably a room hewn out of the side of a solid rock. Its entrance may have been of masonry and architecturally beautiful.

12. Seeth two angels. In our last lesson we note that, although Mary's name is given as one of the group who earliest visited the sepulcher, and who afterward delivered to the apostles the angels' message, a comparison of the four accounts makes it probable that before the angels appeared she had hastily concluded that the Lord's body had been stolen, and she had hastened for Peter and John; so that she had not even heard of the angels' appearance. White. The livery of God's servants. The one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. On the table or slab where those who anointed him had left the remains.

13. Woman, why weepest thou? If, as we suppose, she had not as yet heard any angelic message, she had good cause to weep. Her agony of grief precluded fear. In normal conditions such an apparition as this would have overwhelmed her with terror. They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. That his body should be stolen was a new grief. Her one great desire is to recover that body. She has no expectation of a physical resurrection.

14. She turned herself back. She again stood erect, turning away from the dark hole which the angels had illuminated. Perhaps her terror was now beginning. Saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Saw that a man was about to address her, but was so grief-stricken she cared not and observed not who.

15. Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? Jesus repeats the question of the angels. "These are the first of the recorded words which Jesus spoke after his resurrection, and we may well interpret them to mean something more than the sense which they immediately convey to Mary. Henceforth let no believing soul sorrow for the dead, as others which have no hope; for, as their Saviour who died is risen again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—Churton. Supposing him to be the gardener. For who else would be at that hour in that suburban garden? Sir. Mary addresses him as lord. These are words of timid hope rather than of despair. If it is the gardener who has moved the remains, then it was at least a friendly removal. Tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Her sympathy outruns her sense. No woman could carry a dead man away, but she has a half fear that his poor body is in somebody's way, and there is not the slightest reminder of his life that would not be a treasure to her. Love counts no costs.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. And immediately she recognizes him. Often ears are more alert than eyes; the presence of a loved one is made manifest by a slight rustle or footfall, or even breathing, where the approach was unrecognized by sight. Saith unto him, Rabboni. The Revised Version says, "Saith unto him in Hebrew, Rabboni," that is, in the Aramaic dialect of Hebrew which was spoken in Galilee. Which is to say, Master. And therefore presumes a return to the condition of the old life—a mistaken presumption, as our Lord presently shows her.

17. Touch me not. Cling not to me. This command by itself is not hard to explain, but our Lord's explanation of it is not without difficulty. I am not yet ascended to my Father. Revised Version, "the Father," a change which emphasizes the beauty of the sentence. Our Lord's meaning in brief is: "Old conditions have passed away. You are not to look backward over my life nor forward to its continuance on earth, but rather upward to my life in heaven." Before our Lord's death the center of the disciples' hope and expectation was an earthly coronation at Jerusalem, the reign of Jesus as king of Israel; after the resurrection the center of their hope and pride would naturally be this miracle itself a triumph more wonderful than any earthly honour. But Jesus intimates that the true center of their hope is to be loftier even than the resurrection. This to be the throne of God, to which he is to ascend. Moved by amazement and delight and full of adoration, Mary recently attempts to embrace our Lord, perhaps flings herself at his feet and clasps his knees; but instead of clinging to him now as if all were secure, she is told to hasten to the disciples and announce that he is about to ascend."—Dwight. I ascend unto my Father, and your Father. His fatherhood relates to all humanity. The intimation is that the resurrection is really the beginning of the ascension.

THE GIRL FRIEND.

Oh, I suppose George sowed his wild oats before I married him, and made a fool of himself, generally, like other men, but I always trust him!

What a delightfully new sensation it must be to him!

HE KNEW.

Teacher—Bobby, can you tell me the meaning of the word respect?

Bobby—Yes'm. It's the feelin' one kid has for another what kin lick him.

HINGED ON THE COWS.

The London Outlook speaks of a lover with an agricultural cast in his eye which boded ill for his lass.

He was a dairyman who owned 39 or 40 cows. He was arranging with the minister about his wedding, and was bidden to name the hour.

Well, sir, he replied, I canna say just to an hour or so. There's the cows, you see, but I'll be there as soon as ever I can.

SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY.

Askit—I wonder why Grumpeigh's wife deserted him?

Tellit—She had a new going-away gown and wanted an excuse to wear it.

EXPLAINED.

Barber—Why is it that you and your brothers are so bald?

Victim—I'll tell you if you promise to say nothing about it.

Barber—Sure.

Victim, whispering—It's because our hair has fallen out.

SHE HAS.

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the baustrade and called out:

Well, Bessie, have you landed him?

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by a hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:

She has!

SYMPATHY.

Hicks—I dreamed of my mother-in-law last night.

Wicks—Is that so? I haven't had the nightmare now for a long time.

THE AWFUL SIGNIFICANCE.

Weary Willie—I dreamt last night dat I died and went ter heaven! Wot do yer s'pose dat means?

Frayed Fagin—Dat you're going ter live and get married! Dreams alleys goes be contraries!

FORCE OF HABIT.

Customer—What's this? Seventy-five cents for a two-cent stamp? Why, that is outrageous!

Druggist—Beg pardon, sir. I thought you had a prescription for it.

PERHAPS SARCASTIC

And what do you think of the Caucasian race now? we asked.

It seems to be a race for loot, sadly answered the intelligent, though heathen, Chinese.

MIGHT BE INCLUDED.

Her Husband—Don't you think Mrs. Brown is in the neighborhood of thirty?

She—Oh, perhaps! It is a thickly-inhabited neighborhood.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

Doctor—Why have you deducted a quarter from my bill?

Patient—That is for the six cigars you broke when you thumped my chest.

How It Was Done.

Freshleigh—Pray, how did you become ossified?

Ossified Man—In my youth I was nice and soft like you. When I grew up and realized what a cruel world this is, I became hardened.

Amply Fortified.

Blobbs—If you would keep well, eat plenty of onions.

Slobbs—I guess that's right. No self respecting microbe would care to stack up against an onion eater.

Well Meaning, But—

Landlady—Beg pardon, sir, but did I understand as you were a doctor of music?

Musician—I am, ma'am. Why?

Landlady—Well, sir, my Billy 'ave just been and broke 'is concertina, and I thought as 'ow I shud be glad to put a hodd job in yer way.

His Only Objection.

Mrs. Bricabrac—And what is your objection, Edward, to buying a piano for Muriel?

Bricabrac—I'm afraid she might want to play it.

News That Travels Slowly.

"I see that the egg famine is at an end."

"It will take 'em a month to find that out at our boarding house."—

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XII.

Two years had gone and few changes had come with them. The old Squire a rich man now, through the generosity of Lord Rhysworth, declared that he was growing younger; he was so thoroughly happy that Dolores felt every time she saw him, she could have made a sacrifice twice as great for him. He thoroughly enjoyed his life, and began to take his favorite rides and walks. His was indeed a new existence.

Sir Karl had not returned to England. Searsdale was still in the hands of the servants, Lola, whose letters interested him because they were always full of news about Deeping Hurst, heard from him often; but in none of his letters was there ever the faintest allusion to his coming home. At Deeping Hurst itself there had been one event. Dolores had presented her husband with a little daughter, a tiny beautiful child whom she idolized; and Lord Rhysworth had been nearly beside himself with joy. After his long loveless life to have a sweet wife and infant daughter—it seemed a marvel to him that Heaven had blessed him so. His loving fondness for his daughter was beyond conception; that there had been, was, or could be, such a baby, he refused to believe. Little Kathleen was not like Dolores; she had the Rhysworth face, dark eyes and hair, and a mouth like a rosebud. It was touching to see the old Squire with his little granddaughter to him she was Dolores in her sweet helpless infancy over again.

The child thrived, and everything at Deeping Hurst seemed to promise uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. Lord Rhysworth, in his devoted love and affection for his little daughter, settled Deerhurst Manor, with a handsome yearly income, upon her. Deeping Hurst was entailed, and would go to his son, or, if he had no son, to the next of kin; but Deerhurst Manor and Burbage Grange were his own, and he could leave them to whom he pleased. Many a description of this wonderful baby had Lola sent over the sea to Sir Karl; but when the little one was just a year old, able to call Lord Rhysworth by name, and to gladden the heart of Dolores by saying "Mamma," a terrible and unforeseen event occurred. One November evening, Lord Rhysworth was caught in a thick mist, and, being at some distance from home he was compelled to remain in his wet clothes; the consequence was, he caught a bad feverish cold. Like most healthy men, he laughed when Dolores begged him to give up outdoor sports for a time and take care of himself. It was all right, he affirmed; a cold was nothing. It would not hurt him.

The result was that one day he was unable to rise from his bed; inflammation of the lungs set in, and he was soon brought to the very verge of death. Then the noble character of Dolores shone forth. From the first hour of her husband's illness until the last she never left him. What rest she was compelled to take she took in his room. She was the most assiduous and careful, the most gentle and loving of nurses.

"You make even death seem sweet, Dolores," he whispered to her, while the death-damp gathered on his brow. "We have not been long together, but you have made me very happy."

His little daughter was brought to him, and he passed away with his head on the breast of the wife whom he had loved so dearly and so well.

His death, so sudden and unexpected, coming in the midst of his great happiness, and so soon after his marriage, created a profound sensation in the county. People could hardly believe it at first. Its effect on Dolores was terrible. It seemed to her that she could never bear the common routine of life again. It was a mystery to her, far above her comprehension, this sudden coming of death into the midst of life, this awful wrenching of a great human tie. She stood with weeping eyes by her husband's body. Was this indeed the man who had loved her with such lavish love? Where was the light that had shone in his eyes for her? Where the kindly tender smile? The grim terrible mystery filled her with awe and wonder. She had never seen death before; it had been but an empty word to her. She bent down to kiss the silent lips.

"I have been true to you, my dear, in thought, word and deed," she said. "May we meet again in heaven!"

The funeral of Lord Rhysworth was an event long remembered in the county. There was not one present whose heart did not go out in warmest sympathy to the beautiful young widow.

The Squire was deeply affected by his old friend's death.

"Who would have believed that I should outlive him!" he said; and in his heart he knew that, if he could, dead man's generosity and kindness, he would not have been alive.

They buried him in the old family vault, where all the Rhysworths for many generations had slept. When his will was read, it was found that he left all that he could to his wife,—Burbage Grange, with an income of five thousand per annum, which at her death, was to revert to his daughter, Kathleen, together with a large sum of ready money and several valuable investments, which made her wealthy for life. To his beloved daughter he had already given Deerhurst Manor, with two thousand per annum, the money to accumulate until she attained the age of twenty-one.

Deeping Hurst with its revenues, went to the next of kin Walter Irving now, Walter Lord Rhysworth, who was in India where he had held an office under Government. A year at least must elapse before he could come home; so he wrote to Lady Rhysworth, asking her as a great favor to remain at Deeping Hurst until he returned to England.

It was a respite to her. She had felt no great or passionate love for her husband, nothing but reverence and kindly affection; but she had been firmly attached to him for his goodness and kindness and she felt his death keenly. She knew that she had lost the truest and best friend that it was possible for a woman to have. It was some little comfort and relief to her that she had not to leave Deeping Hurst just then. It was a beautiful home, and she had been very happy there. She was pleased to think that she need not go away with the pain of her loss strong upon her, pleased that baby Kathleen should take with her, when she went, some memory of her father's home. The first three months of her widowhood she passed in total seclusion with her child; and the respect she showed for her husband's memory won for her general approval.

Sickness and death had somewhat scared Lola. She did not care to go near Deeping Hurst, for the very thought of death was horrible to her. While the three months of rigorous mourning lasted, she wrote frequently to Lady Rhysworth, being always very careful to mention the fact that she had just heard from Sir Karl; but she made no attempt to visit her. Only when the Deeping Hurst carriage had been seen in the town did she venture near the place.

Dolores was pleased to see her. She was young, and the long isolation had begun to fell upon her. It was cheering to see a bright face and to hear the sound of a laughing voice. Almost her first words to Lola were an invitation to the nursery to see baby Kathleen; and Miss de Ferras's first remark was—

"What a great pity, Lady Rhysworth, it was not a boy!"

"What a great pity?" asked the young mother reproachfully. "Could anything be fairer or sweeter than my little Kathleen?"

"No; but a boy would have succeeded to his father's estates; and you need never have left Deeping Hurst."

"I would rather have my daughter," said Dolores, clasping the child to her breast; and Lola laughed.

"Sentiment is delightful, but a large income is better, Dolores, do you ever think about the future? It seems a strange fate to have married so well, and to have lost your husband so soon. Do you ever think of the future? You have the best part of your life before you."

"I have not thought of it," answered Dolores in a clear low voice; but her lovely face flushed and her lips trembled. "My only thoughts have been of my loss and sorrow and my beautiful baby. I have had neither time nor inclination for anything else."

But Lola, looking steadfastly at her, repeated—

"The best part of your life lies before you. You are still very young; you are beautiful and wealthy, you have all the prestige without the burden of your husband's rank; and you have only one child. I say that your future will be more brilliant, if you choose to make it so, than even your past has been."

CHAPTER XIII.

Fourteen months had elapsed since the master of Deeping Hurst was laid in his grave; and one bright sunshiny morning Lady Rhysworth took her book and called to the nurse to bring little Kathleen to her favorite nook under a noble cedar. The Squire very often came over to see his daughter and to smoke his cigar under the cedar-boughs, while Dolores read the newspaper to him and his little granddaughter played at his knees; but on that morning it was Lola de Ferras who had ridden over. She had not slept well, she said, and fancied that the air of Deeping Hurst would do her good.

Lady Rhysworth was pleased to see her. During the last few months they had become better friends. Dolores was so gentle and lovable that Lola could not dislike her; and her ladyship seemed to look down upon her from quite a height of calm superiority that there was no longer any rivalry possible between them. Lola felt it so; besides, the friendship of Lady Rhysworth was of great importance to her. She met at Deeping Hurst the very best society, society that Madame de Ferras, with her limited means, could not entertain. She enjoyed keenly all the comforts of a luxurious home; the thousand and one things that add to one's enjoyment of life. Nothing pleased Lola more than a visit to Deeping Hurst; so the friendship of Miss de Ferras and Lady Rhysworth had ripened all the more since the old feeling of rivalry had been removed.

On this fair morning Lola had looked more thoughtful and watched Dolores with more keenness than usual.

"How beautiful the shade of this old cedar is!" she said. "Your ornamental trees are twice as large as ours, just as everything here is twice as beautiful as in any other place. You will be sorry to leave it?"

"Yes," answered Dolores. "And from all that I can hear I have not much longer to remain. Lord Rhysworth is expected home at the end of this year."

"I wonder" said Lola, "how you can mention the man's name! Were I in your place I could not."

"Why not?" asked Dolores smiling. She was growing more accustomed to Lola's flights of fancy.

"Think of all he will take from you, Dolores."

"It never was mine, and it is by right his own. Why should that annoy me?"

"I know it would anger me," rejoined Lola. "I should do one of two things—either hate him or marry him."

"It is not so easy to marry a man," said Dolores.

The words were simple enough, and had no particular meaning; but Lola's face flushed crimson as she heard them. She knew it was not easy to marry whom she would. She changed the subject.

"You are still very young Dolores."

"I am but too cognizant of the fact; why do you remind me of it?"

"Because if the new Lord Rhysworth should marry, you will be the Dowager Lady Rhysworth. I call that nothing short of a calamity."

"It would not disturb me, besides he may not marry," returned Dolores.

"Rely upon it that he will. I am quite sure that Lady Fielden intends him for her eldest daughter—oh speaks of him in such tones of approbation."

"It would be an excellent match," said Lady Rhysworth. "I should like him to marry some nice girl from the neighborhood. It would be the best thing he could do."

"Would you not feel jealous of another Lady Rhysworth? I should!"

"No. I should feel terribly jealous if any one could take even one though of mine from my baby; but of Deeping Hurst I could never be envious." Lola looked thoughtfully at her.

"Dolores," she said, "why not marry him yourself? You would lose nothing then."

Lady Rhysworth raised her beautiful eyes in wonder.

"I?" she said "My dear Lola, nothing in the world would ever make me marry him."

"But he was hardly related to your husband—nothing more than second or third cousin."

"He was hardly a third cousin; but he was the next of kin," replied Lady Rhysworth. "To me it seems as though he had been my husband's brother. Such a marriage would be an utter impossibility to me."

Lola sighed. She saw that that idea was out of the question, and at once decided upon changing her tactics.

"I was merely jesting, of course you would not marry him. It would not be at all fair of you to monopolize two Lords of Deeping Hurst. Lady Fielden would never allow that."

"No, it would not be fair. I can safely say that I shall never be guilty of that injustice laughed Dolores.

Lola was busily engaged in pulling the petals from a rose. A faint flush came to her face. She did not look at Dolores as she was speaking, but went on hastily—

"For my own part, I do not believe in second marriages. I think that a man or a woman who marries again shows but little affection or respect for the memory of the one he or she has lost."

"I do not agree with you, Lola," said Lady Rhysworth. "Of course, if one loses the first love of youth, and all that is brightest and best in life dies at the same time, a second marriage is merely contracted for convenience. Take a man who marries some girl whom he loves with the only love worth having. Suppose she dies, leaving him many little children; he must marry again, so that they may have some one to look after them; but, naturally, he would not love the second wife as he did the first. So it seems to me there are many cases in which people are compelled to marry again."

"It may be so. But I would not be a second wife—I would not marry a widower," said Lola. She spoke with some little vehemence and the rose-petals fell in a shower over the grass. "You yourself, Dolores," she continued "with that little child to love you and to love—would you ever marry again?"

"How can I say? I have never even thought of it. You forget, Lola, when you speak to me in that fashion, how recently my husband died. Such an idea has never occurred to me."

"If I were in your place, I should never marry. You have all for which people marry—rank and money."

"Is that all? Is there no love in the case?" asked Dolores.

"You married for love," replied Lola; "and according to your own theory, you cannot do that twice."

Lady Rhysworth made no reply.

To Be Continued.

WORTH KNOWING.

When possible every garden should have a hotbed. This is easier than most people think. The requisites are: A few feet of lumber, a sash or two, some horse manure, a dry goods box sunk in the ground and filled with manure, some muslin for a cover, and you have a hotbed. In a hotbed you can start enough cabbage and tomato plants for your garden, and have radishes in 30 days. Cucumber seed put into cubes of turf four inches square can be placed in a hotbed. They will start to grow as soon as the weather is warm; they can be removed to the open ground; they will grow right along, never will know they have been moved and have cucumbers a month earlier than seed planted in open ground.

As soon as the frost is out of the ground onion sets can be put out. Scatter some strawy manure over them and you will soon have bunch onions.

Put barrels with both heads out around hills of pie plant and you will have pie plant to use two weeks earlier than in any other way.

An asparagus bed should be on the south side of a building, or tight board fence. It should be covered with coarse manure in the winter, which should be removed as soon as the frost is out in the spring.

Peas can be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground. A freeze will not hurt them after they are up.

Black seed onions should be sown early also turnips and mustard. All beet has been written applies to small early gardens.

For the general garden crops on the farm and for the market gardens we recommend a different system of planting. Planting in rows instead of beds, the use of plow in place of spade of seed drills and rollers in place of hand sowing.

NO SUGGESTIONS.

I must say remarked the physician your husband is in a bad way. Any arrangements you may want to make—

Oh doctor, she cried. I could never think of marrying again.

A PROFESSION FOR HIM.

Fond Mother, of delicate dude.—I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise?

Old Gent, reflectively.—He might do nicely as a typewriter girl.

A Common Form of Indigestion

Which cannot be cured by ordinary stomach medicines—The kidneys, liver and bowels become deranged—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

By far the most important part of digestion takes place in the intestines, as has been repeatedly shown in cases where the stomach has been removed and the patient has lived and digested food without the aid of the stomach.

It frequently happens that people who continually dose the stomach for indigestion and use pepsin and various kinds of digestive tablets and powders can obtain no relief from such treatment, because the real trouble is in the intestines, the liver and the kidneys.

There is fullness and pains after meals, coated tongue, headache, loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and in the back and shoulders, flatulency and constipation, frequently alternating with diarrhoea.

In cases of intestinal indigestion the liver and kidneys usually become clogged and sluggish in action, and poisonous impurities are left in the blood, which should be removed by these filtering organs.

Mr. Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says: "I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired of doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured."

There has yet to be a remedy discovered that is so prompt and thorough in curing intestinal indigestion as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. And as this is the most common and severe form of indigestion, it can well be claimed that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most successful treatment extant for indigestion and dyspepsia.

It is not unusual for persons who have long been suffering from chronic indigestion, biliousness and constipation to be thoroughly cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills which have by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. You may be skeptical, as others have been before you, but a single trial of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will convince you of their unusual medicinal value. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SPRING WEATHER.

IS YOUR SYSTEM IN SHAPE TO CARRY YOU SAFELY THROUGH?

The Practice of Taking a Tonic in Spring is Descended from Our Wise Forefathers, and Has Good Medical Endorsement—A Few Suggestions Regarding Health.

The practice of taking a tonic during the inclement weather of early spring is one that has been bequeathed us by our forefathers, who lived in days when a sturdy constitution and vigorous health meant even more than they do to-day. The custom has the highest medical endorsement, and the healthiest people are those who follow it. Thousands, not really ill, need a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses, offices, shops and school rooms during the winter months, makes people feel depressed and "out-of-sorts." Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system, else people fall an easy prey to disease and are subject to many discomforts from boils, eruptions and similar troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best tonic medicine known to medical science. These pills make rich blood and strong nerves. Through their use in springtime, jaded, listless, easily tired men, women and children, are made bright, active and strong. Evidence of the wonderful restoring virtue of these pills is given by Mrs. J. Langlois, 659 Lafontain street, Montreal, who says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was under the care of two doctors, who told me my trouble was developing into consumption. I was very pale and feeble; had no appetite and could hardly stand on my feet. I was very much discouraged and thought death was staring me in the face. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to try them. After I had used three boxes my appetite was much better, and I felt a little stronger. I continued the use of the pills for three months when I felt fully cured. When I began using the pills I only weighed 92 pounds, and when I discontinued them my weight had increased to 119 pounds. I also gave the pills to my little boy, who was pale and sickly, and they made him a bright, rosy, fleshy child. I think there is no weak or sickly person who will not find benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

It is a waste of money to experiment with other so-called tonics which are all cheap imitations of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Insist upon getting the genuine, and if they are not sold by your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Unconscious Humor.

"You mustn't fail to come to church next Sunday," said the Rev. Dr. Thirdly. "I have arranged to have the Rev. Dr. Markthirst deliver an address on his observations in the slums."

"Aren't you going to preach at all?"

"Oh, yes. I'll preach my regular sermon, after which Dr. Markthirst will tell you some things that will open your eyes."

As a Remedy.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the visitor to the newspaper office.

"Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.—Philadelphia Record.

The Minister Won.

A minister was one day walking along a road, and, to his astonishment, he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them, he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?"

One little boy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was silence for awhile until one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"—London Leader.

Over in Sweden.

"Over in Sweden the suburban railway lines have to provide a freight car for intoxicated persons."

"I don't suppose they label it that way, do they?"

"I don't know. Probably they brand it either 'Spirits in packages' or else 'Hardware.'"

"Hardware?"

"Yes. Skates."

Dickens' Supremacy.

"So this, then, is your husband's new library, Mrs. Muchrox? Ah, I see he has Dickens and Thackeray side by side. Which do you consider the greater of the two?"

"Oh, my, Dickens! Joshua paid $2.40 more for them Dickenses than he had to give for Thackeray's books right at the same shop."

The pain produced by a hornet's sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound, and so instantaneous is its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow in the face.