MIRIAM.

CHAPTER V.

The plan that Miriam formed during that long wakeful night of avoiding -further intercourse with Mr. Keene on that, his last day, at Eastwick by feigning illness and keeping to her own room, was frustrated by an urgent request, received by the morning's post from Mrs. Archer, for her to go at once to the Rectory, and execte certain commissions there which were said to be important, and which must be performed without delay. The departure to Lady Hick's brother was making, all undesired by him, a good deal of disturbance in that affectionate household, therefore it was that Miriam's heavy eyes and unusually pallid face excited little comment when she, having received her letter in her room, put in a tardy appearance at the breakfasttable.

"A drive will do you good, dear," was all her hostess said. "Since you must go to the Rectory, I will take you in Ella's pony-carriage. Sir Robert wishes himself to drive Kungston to the station."

But Ella had noted the tearfulness of her mother's eyes as she spoke of her must pass that way he knew. brother's departure, and she thought that more than Mrs. King.

ness, he is the veriest dear when he runs with the other, Rob. Mother could manage them easily if she were twice as one respectable middle-aged man was nervous."

"And I am thinking," Lady Hicks went on, "that, while Mrs King is

Kingston." Kingston assented perforce to this plan, having a man's horror of tearful alieux on a public platform. He looked at his sister very kindly; the tears were run-

ning down her face. gently; "'tian't for the first time that we are to be parted. It will be no worse for you than it has been

before." 'It is your going just now-just at Christmas-that mother feels," Ella remarked. "Next week we shall be having the house full of other people who belong

to us." "All Hickses," Agatha said, with a sob. "You are the only one of my people left to me, Kingston, and

"Good . Heavens! Not all Hickses sir." cried Rob, who had no sympathy with his mother's melting side, the man glanced often into the ashen mood, and he proceeded to rattle on face of his c mpanion, and with the inabout the coming of some friends stinct of a gentleman remained silent. ugly cut. of his own, who at any rate were But he told afterwards to his wife, and to not Hickees.

all glad to remember in the after-timeready seated, the rugs wrapped by Rob | blindness. carefully about her, when Mr. Keene, helped her to her seat, pulled the furs | people. around her, gave her the reins with hands that Miriam bated to see were trembling. She gave but one glance at his pale pityingly. set face, and determined to look no

"That is the last I shall see of my husband for ever, 'she told herself, and pressed moving, living-his wife! her lips tightly together as she averted her eyes.

"You will not see Mrs. King at the station," Ludy Hicks said, with a sudden thought. "You must say good bye to her now, Kingston."

But the ponies were chafing to he off, and Miriam's hands were enveloped in her furs, and Mr Keene only slightly raised his hat in tarewell, and they were off; and the last look his sister sought from him was given to her companion's averted face, and it was at her lessening form he looked so yearningly, standing bareheaded on the gravel sweep, when they thought he was straining his eyes to catch the last glimpse of his sister; for at the instance of Rob the unsenti- | thank Heaven!" mental.

care to have his woman weeping and wail- there is none!" ing around him in public. That was why been gone half an hour."

the young man addressed him.

giving."

In a few minutes, urged on by a restlessness he could not control, whispered, leaning over the unconscious see." Mr. Keene had set out alone to walk to form. the station.

to Elle, as he bade her good-bye; "if per; she will not hear," he added not I will look in upon him at the gravely.

effusion. "Dear little Ella-good little girl [Al- | tion ?" and stooped and kissed her with so much "Both her arms are broken."

brain, walked quickly over the grisp h roads, past the frost beepangled hedges sparkling in the sun, past the ugly, halfsperkling in the sun, past the uply, half- "You mean that she is in dan- being slight and somewhat insignificantcompleted buildings—at a stand still this ger?" Mr. Keene demanded, almost looking men. His tenderness to the morning-where the suburb approached fiercely. the town, past the public house at the who had frightened Miriam on that dark | from that aleen." evening not so long ago, passed the entrance to that gloomy aloppy lane where grief, flung herself into the armichair by half eaten by the hungry birds, still hung to where he stood. Mechanically he her with peculiar force. on the straggling hedge. He broke off a dropped into it, looking and listening couple with their stems and fastened still them in the button-hole of his coat. A forther walk of ten minutes brought him into the town.

He remembered what Ella had said about the chance of seeing his sister and "Imagine the mother turning whip," | Miriam again. Already he was feverishly young Rob observed, with a laugh. anxious to do this-just to see them go me, Mrs. King — safer, I assure more at rest. Making his way to the "Better walk down with Ella and by. He thought that then he would be ately. the principal hotel. Sooner or later they

As he waited there, there came along the proposed drive might be beneficial to | the broad pavement, past the hotel, a posse of men and boys. They were talk-"Why, mother can manage the ponies | ing loudly together, and some portion of beautifully!" she said. "Although one | what they said suddenly struck upon of them used to be restive in single har- his careless ear, and wakened him to terrified attention.

"Women ain't no bisness to drive," saying.

"Tnegroom, ye see," another explained, "e were out-a gone in somewheres engaged at the Rectory, I can come on with a message, when they started off. to the station to see the last of you, Twere that orgin a strikin' up as did it,

The speaker stopped suddenly and turned round, feeling a hand upon his shoulder. "Of what accident are you speaking?"

Kingston asked, addressing the group. "Why, Agatha, cheer up," he said "Be quick some of you and tell "Ladies thrown out of a pheay

ton," the first speaker replied. "Some o' the Hicks's fumily, we don't know which." "Anybody hurt!" Kingston questioned

anxiously, his face, which had been bronze not often seen in Newton, turned to a ghastly pallor.

"One on 'em," was the reply. "Where are they?"

"I'll show ye, sir," said the middle sged man. 'Come along o' me

During their five minutes' walk side by the knot of idlers who gathered about his And so, when the pony carriage drew | door as he ate his dinner, how, when the up at the door, it happened—as they were gentleman passed through the crowd around the door of the house that the whole family came into the hall | which he was led, he moved his hands to see the ladies start. Miriam was al- in front of him, as if grouping in grateful for "

It was into a chemist's shop that having said his few last words to his sis- Mr. Keene passed in that blind uncon- Keene. ter, brought her down the steps. He scious way, which shop was full of

"She is carried through there, sir, into the room," a woman said

At the same moment the glass door at the end of the shop opened, and there stood, pale and ghastly, but breathing,

"It is not you, then," he said hoarsely; "I thank Heaven!"

Miriam came a s'ep forward. She saw is Sir Robert!" nothing of that crowd of reople around only poor Agatha's brother, only the man | unfamiliar couch. There was hardly a whom that poor woman lying in the adjoining room had devotedly loved. She | ing in the room. Now and then a halfput her hand on his arm.

though she had been confidently expect- or Kingston Keene would leave his place ing him. "It may not be the very worst by his sister's side and silently pace the -we don't know-the doctor does not room, or Sir Robert, almost stupefied know. She is unconzcious-come!" She | with grief, holding his wife's hand in one half drew him to him to the glass door and of his, would with the other take out his closed it behind her.

"You are safe?" he questioned, taking pious fraud had been practised her hands in his. "Not hurt at all?

"All that about saying 'good-bye' at | "What do I matter? Oh, that it had | the shop. the stat on is a nuisance, you know, sir," been me! He, the doctor, will not say he said to its uncle. "A man doesn't if there is hope; but I know-I know that change. Mr. Keene bent over to

A minute more and they were in the lire. I gave the wrong tip about the train. little sitting room. Lady Hicks lay on When she gets to the station it will have the sota. She was in her out-door dress, except that her connet was removed; she Mr. Keene pulled himself together as was very pale, her eyes half-closed, and she was breathing with a noise that seemed "You be good to your mother al- to fill the room. The doctor knelt by the arms. ways, my boy," he said. "There are side of her couch, looking, it appeared, very few such women in the world, intently into her eyes; the master loving and tender hearted and - for- of the shop stood by looking at the doc-

"It is her head," the doctor answered "I shall meet your father," he said aloud. "There is no need to whis-

club. You will see that my things are | "Is there nothing to be done ?" Mr. and presently putting her arm about

wrong with it that it lies in that posi-

fervour that the tears came into the girl's Then why in Heaven's name don't you | —the wife mother, nister,

her head will cure the hurt in her him had improved itself wividly on her

"I mean that she is dying," returned her in spite of herself; nor could she forcorner—he stood and looked at it for a the other calmly. "I mean that she may get that word of thanksgiving which had moment—from which the men had reeled last for hours, but that she will never wake | burst from his white lips when he had

Miriam, with a low cry of terror and wife.

"Sir Robert!" he said presently. "Some one shou'd go to him."

young lady thought of everything before the sick-room. Instead of the heavy she broke down.

thing-struck up suddenly and frightened form, now for ever silent, lay, and it was the ponies. The groom was in a shop; from him that the sobs and the broken

Lady Hicks appears to have lost her wailing words came. nerve, and, although the young lady im- Miriam leant against the door-post, plored her to keep quiet, she threw her- trembling and heart-sick with grief and self out. The young lady caught at the pity. She did not see her husband reins, but she had no control over the at first, but presently he came forponies, and the carriage turned over at ward and put a hand on Sir Robert's the first corner. 'Tis wonderful how she | shoulder. herself escaped with so little hurt."

quickly. "Are you sure that she is not | "You-you have your children, remear-

holding a glass with some sal-volatile. She | I am quite alone." sat up after a minute and took it from him into her shaking hand. One of them

"Does that hurt you?" he asked quietly. "Let me look, please."

"It is nothing," Miriam answered; "it is my wrist — oh, what does it matter?

"Are you sure that is all?" her husband asked, getting up from his chair and crossing over to her, while the doctor, having a silent one, was of great benefit to Sir N.Y. removed her jacket and cut open her dress sleeve, quickly bound herarm. "You feel no other pain, Miriam?"

"No-oh, no!" "Then what is this?" Mr. Keene asked. touching with his fingers a drop of blood oczing from under the dark hair on her temples. He gently lifted the loose hair at her forehead and exposed a sufficiently

"A nasty flesh cut, no more," the doctor said, having examined it; then, while he pulled a bit of lint to pieces to staunch the blood, he continued, "You have been saved from serious injury almost by miracle. You have very much to be

Miriam took no heed of his words, but looked appealingly at Mr.

"I tried to save her," she said. "Even in that awful moment 1 thought of her husband and children-and you, who all loved her. I begged. I implored her to ait still; I c uld not hold her, because it took both my hands for the reins. 'Oh. do you think if I had let them go and held her-held her with all my force-oh, do you think she might have been saved? Hark !"-shrinking back in her chair, and hiding her face on its cushions. "There

sound to be heard but that painful breath- him. stifled sob would come from Ella as she "You have come at last," she said, as lay with her face buried in Miriam's lap, watch, the seals jingling noisily as he did so. Poor Rob, all unused to grief, and ashamed of the emotion he could not control, would not stay in the room, but "Do not think of me." she groaned. | miserably paced the pavement in front of

At midnight one of them noticed a the girls huddled together by the

"You and Ella go to bed," he said to Miriam, "you can do no good, you are both worn out. Go at once"

"I cannot, I cannot," Ella moaned. Her uncle stooped and lifted her in his

pronouncing his wife's name unnoticed in the general excitement. "Remember that she has had much to bear and is "Where is she hurt!" Mr. Keene tired. Look at her, dear, and you will

Ella looked into her friend's face bidden. "I am selfish to keep you. You go

Miriam," she said. But Miriam would not leave her,

perienced with all their original pain and intensity the sensations of the day; her man" is rendered "kew-kew jaw-jaw." on the woman dying in the room below later.

The morning was bright and frosty, brother died.

The morning was bright and frosty, brother died.

The morning was bright and frosty, brother died.

The doctor, radly of his strength of form with the helplant tumult of thoughts whirling through his backing his head. "The hurs in light of the figure on the couch beside memory-Bir Robert and Rob, his son and thoughtfulness for herself troubled first become certain of the safety of his

'I thank Heaven that it is not you, he and she had held their first converse the fire there she lay and sobbed con- he had said, and yet the alternative he after so many years. The lane was not vullively. Mr. Keene uttered no farther had known must be so terrible—his sissloppy to-day, but was beautified out of sound, but stood and looked with ap- ter, his only sister, the only person on his recollection by the rime frost and the parent calm at the still form on the earth perhaps who really loved him. sunshine. He turned and walked down | couch, listening to the painful breathing. | Miriam's heart almost stood still at the it for a few paces. Some red berries, The chemist wheeled forward a chair shock of a sudden recollection which struck

"He will be alone," she thought-"as much alone as I !"

In an hour's time, unable to find sleep, she gently disergaged herself from Ella's "A messenger has been sent, sir. The arms and stole down-stairs to the door of breathing, a sound of painful sobbing Mr. Keene turned and looked at "the broke upon her ear. With trembling young lady," who was sobbing passion- hand she pushed the door farther open. Rob had come in; he was standing in the "How did it happen; do you farthest corner of the room, his poor know?" he queried, turning back to the young grief-stricken face hidden against the will; his father was on his knees by "Some music-a brass band or some- the side of the couch on which that solemn

"Be a man, Robert," he said, in a voice "Is she hurt at all?" Mr. Keene asked | broken and husky and all unlike his own. ber, and others left to comfort and care The doctor was standing over Miriam, for you, while I—she was the only one -

Then Miriam could bear no more; but, stifling the sob that rose in her throat, noticed that it was her left hand, and the | she turned and fled up-stairs and took other hung helpless at her side. The poor unconscious Ella in her pitying arms doctor lifted it, and she gave a little cry again-poor motherless Ella, who would learn when she awoke what an empty, sorrowful place was the world which for her had been so complete and joyful.

> Mr. Keene again deferred his departure from Eastwick, spending the best part of a week there, awaiting his sister's funeral. His companionship, although often Robert-a common loss, a common grief for one both had loved bringing them into greater sympathy than one of them at least had deemed possible. Rob too, tired, boy-like, of grief, was glad to try to forget it in the presence of the only person about him who seemed anxious to dispel instead of to encourage the general mournfulness. Miriam, worn out with grief and excitement of various kinds, was too languid to persist in her antagonism, and seemed to take Mr. Keene's const int kindness and attention as Ella too ac cepted it, as something of her due, and as a matter of course. To the latter, indeed, during the eternity of that dark week of gloom and silence, he was an angel of light. Miriam was a consolation, she was something to cling to, to cry against, to trust in; but her uncle was the person who really helped her to live through and to rise above her childish unreasoning grief. She would lie for hours, her head | bitls. in Miriam's lap, and their hands locked

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Cure for Drunkeness.

There is a prescription in use in Eogland for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousards are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The receipe came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim him-elf proved unavailing; at last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for one that contains your unpaid account.' as over several months, and at the end of that Jingle is sorry now that he tried to be st from time he had lost all desire for liquor- funny. although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The receipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, twenty grains magnesia, forty grains; peppermint, "You must think of Miriam," he said, forty-four drachms; spirits of nutmeg, four drachms. Dose, one tablespoonful twice a day.

The Sugar Beet in Egypt.

There is much discussion at present in relieved. It is said the country is preeminently suitable for the cultivation of the sugar beet. These learned men are now attempting to teach the British

In one of our Indian languages "weways be true to your friends," he said, "It is broken, sir," said the chemist. thoughts dwelt with sleepless persistency Rither the Indian stattered—or the trans-

Willdas' Star Proverbs *Writing a wrong does not right it. He that borrows trouble hath sigh ent grief. The man "happy as a king" is me

*An umbrells in hand is worth two h schulch potch.

*The plant of happiness cannot thrin without the air of cheerfulness. *It destroys the thread of life if will

oats are sowed with it. *It is a long road paved with hope between what-you-expect and what-you

*"The silence of the wise is golden." but the utterances of a fool is brass.

*One little trouble, like an only see will soon rule the man who nurses it. *There should be harmony in trades - even the barber desires had

money. *The cup of life is filled with punch Youth turnishes the spirits, middle age the sugar, and old age the acid Ice is furnished by the men who endors

*Pleasure is a silken cord, composed of exquisite cobwebs, and floods of rio sunlight give it a beautiful hue. Day is a golden rope, which once throw over our necks, leads us, unwillingh where pleasure is obliged to follow.

A Printer's Error.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, the printer's copy said, but he set it un sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy, which upon trial has brought them from death's door, "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierces 'Golden Medical Disc overy'" is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is heir.

A hatter sees one of his debtors pass him by in the street without any recogni tion of his existence and straightway be strang comes as mad as -as a hatter. "Curse the fellow !" he says, "he might, when I bowed to him, have at least had the decency to lift my hat."

· Loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Address, with three letter stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo,

It is said that bleeding a partially-blind horse at the nose will restore him to hov sight. So much for the horse. To open a man's eyes you must bleed him in the pocket.

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"Nip't in the Bud?"

Sad to say, many a good thing attains him in to nothing more than afair beginning. On ais box the other hand it is a matter for congratu- always lation that the growth of some evil things lood ti may be also promptly frustrated. A is own large proportion of the cases of the most The wide-pread and fatal of diseases-on-nd we sumption have their inception in nasel lood of catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is poke ! pleasant, suothing and effectual. Try it. sen lo It has cured thousands. All druggists. he rive

It is true that bonnets do nos cost very wept a much at wholesale, but milliners are "Wa obliged to buy boxes to put them in he ch and paper on which to make out the me.

The Testimony

a old together, listening to his pleasant voice Of hundreds of druggists bear here witness im." as he talked or read. It s emed a relief to the efficacy of Polson's NERVILINE as to her to talk of her mother, and she | the most potent pain remedy in the world questioned Mr. Keene minutely about for all kinds of pains. Nerviline is comtheir early life together. Perhaps not posed of newly discovered ingredients, and without pain to himself he would talk to | is equally good for internal or external use. her of that distant time when life had Purchase a ten cent sample bottle, and I good been all before him, when he had been full test it once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, All this was at noon-tide. At evenfall of hope and faith in himself, and his sis- writes: My customers who have used Nerher, nothing even of her husband, but Lady Hicks still lay unconscious on that ter bad been more than happy in her viline speak highly of it, and I am satisfied m, I perfect confidence in and dependence on it will take a leading place in the marker before long." Try Polson's Nerviline for ith au pains. Sold by druggists and country "He dealers everywhere.

"There are good and bad points about If dog. this coffee," said the boarder in a judi- Gen. cal tone. "The good point is that there is no chiccory in it; the bad that there is no coffee in it."

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops should be used in almost every family in Canada; it is one of the best and safest cough remedies known. In large bottles of yful cr

"Are you turning over a new leaf?" shand asked Jingle of Billabee last Thursday. en san "Oh, no!" was the reply, "its the old his m

The room in which a number of friends you ha pass the evening smoking either cigars or ck to inferior tobacco will have an unpleasant s hand odor next morning. Let the same friends d bless smoke only the "Myrtle Navy" and they Just a will find quite a difference in the room next id little morning. If it is reasonably well ventilated, as with a fire-place, for instance, no un conful pleasantness whatever will be found. The purity and fine quality of the leaf used is the reason of this.

French maidens: the subject had fallen on wedding tours, "I'd go to Switzer-England as to the use to which the land." "I'd go to Italy." "For my Soudan can be put after Khartoum is part," said Mile. Tata, "I shouldn't mind where we went so long as there were plenty of tunnels."

club. You will see that my things are sent."

"Is there nothing to be done?" Mr. Keene asked, impatiently regarding him.

"You will be sure to fall in with mother and Mrs. King again," Ella replied. "They call at several places in the town before Miriam goes to the Rectory."

"All the doctors in the world could be the confidently do no more," the other confidently call the first same and presently putting her arm about the girl's waist she led her from the farmer how to profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they are sent of one millio dollar, and unwants profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is easier to grow, they say than wheat, and more profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is and presently putting her arm about the girls waist she led her from the farmer how to profitably cultivate the argar beet. It is and presently putting her arm about the girls waist she led her from the farmer how to complete the argar beet. It is and presently putting her arm about the girls waist she led her from the farmer how to complete the argar beet. It is and presently putting her arm about the girls waist she girls waist she girl When you visit or leave New York City, save Bagrage sworn off using tobacco; I shall smoke nothing but five cent cigars in the

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of impo-fedt circulation of the Blood. Dr Carson's Stomach Be-ters promotes the circulation heeps the bowels regain and induces and bealth. Lame bottles at 500.