MIRIAM.

CHAPTER V. - CONTINUED.

For the first time Miriam fully realised how strong had been the bond between these two-formed by the joys and the griefs, the failures and successes of those early days. She recognized, too, how deep must be the man's own grief, of which he seldom spoke; and a sudden break in his voice, or a heavy though quickly checked sigh came to hurt or distress her almost as though his pain had been her own. Of his latter life too he would often talk, and of his home in that distant land; of the large low rambting house built in the midst of a paradise of bloom; of the hurricanes which sometimes passed over it; of the plantations which were his; of the negroes who were his servants. How strange and unreal it all seemed to the two girls, yet what a charm there was in its very unfamiliarity Or was the charm simply in Kingston Keene's voice—the result of his unconscious elequence? He did not forget, when he talked to Ella and strove to win her from her grief, that he had another listener. Once or twice when he had perhaps managed to intere t himself as well longer. as his hearers he would look up by chance to dad that besides Ella's tearful orbs another pair of eyes were fixed unconsciously on his face—eyes no longer proud and defiant and scornful, but soft and clear and womanly—eyes of the sweetest hue, and capable of the tenderest light-"les yeux gris qui vont au paradis!" His voice would falter somewhat then, and a sigh break from him, accounted as one sigh more for the sad cause of all the sighs in that sad house.

Once, quite at the beginning of the week, he had come upon the two girls in the drawing-room, and had found Ella fallen asleep on her friend's shoulder. On Miriam's face there was a drawn and weary look which struck him.

"Are you in pain?" he asked softly, for fear of awakening the sleeplug girl. Miriam's lips were white and dry.

"It is my arm," she whispered. dare not move Ella, she had no sleep last night; but my arm is in horrid pain. Oh, please let her be ; do not wake her!" Very tenderly Mr. Keene lifted his

niece's sleeping head and laid it back on the cushions. "Now show me your arm," he said,

with gentle firmness, and turned up the sleeve as it lay helpless on her lap. "Were you not told to keep this wet with lotion ?" "Yes."

"Aud why don't you do it then? Why do you neglect you self? Will it add to the general happiness, do you think, to have you ill tou?".

Then, having sought and found the bottle of lotion, he proceeded very carefully himself to wet the bandage, and, unfastening the blak silk handkerchief at his throat, he knotted it about her neck, making a sling for the sprained arm. "Thank you," was all the said, simply

and wearily, when this was done. In her pain and exhaustion it seemed natural to her to accept this slight service, and i; had been performed with such de- proud defiance in the face.

liberation and lack of expressiveness that she had not been slatmed. After this it became a usual thing for him to inquire after her arm, and more than once in similar circumstances he discharged a similar service.

Many of the guests whom Lady Hicks had looked forward to having about her for the Christmas festivities filled her house for a very different purpose, and on the eve of that day which had always been so joyous in that prosperous household they followed to her last home in the grand new vauls in Eastwick church the wife, mother, friend and mistress. Mr. Archer, still very far from robust in health, and shocked inexpressibly at the sudden calamity which had befal en Lady Hicks, read the beautiful words of the burial service with a trembling voice, while half the inhabitants of Eastwick stood weeping around her tomb. And so, when the costly wreaths of delicate while flowers laid upon her coffin were hidden by the rude trophies of holly and evergreen gathered from many a rustic garden and strung together by childish fingers or stiff horny hands, all unused to such delicate work, when these in their turn were sprinkled by the mould which ratiled among their shiping leaves, when t e last sole ma words had died away upon the rosty air, they turned away and left her there-left her with those humble tributes, thrown by many a hand she had helped and encouraged, lying on her breast.

Said Rob to Misism that night, Ella

to-morrow being Christmas day. Tel them to do what they like in the servants' quarters but don't let us see anything of i. I saw the gardener bringing in a cartload of holly this afternoon. Idiot! crie: the boy, the tears springing to his ejes, "as if any of us could ever be sheered by the sight of holly again !"

arm. He had become like a young brother to her during those long days of grief. and of clinging together.

on-"for you and for Ella. She talks of going to church, but for Heaven's sake, don't let her! Archer will be speaking ren. of-of her, and we can't any of us bear it yet. I shall get the poor governor out for a drive, it will cheer him up perhaps, and my uncle, you know, will be gone.] would have had him stay over to morrow: but he seems in a tremendous hurry to be off at last."

Miriam turned away.

Mr. Keene came into the room.

"Mrs. King wants you to stay over tomorrow, sir; we all want you. Are you sure you can't manage it?" Rob asked. Kings on Keene turned and looked

quickly at Miriam, then at Rob. "Go to your father, my boy," he said. I have been saying good-bye to him, and—and he wants you."

As Rob left the room, Mr. Keene crossed it and joined his wife, standing with her back to him by the big fire.

"One word," he said. "I have not troubled you; have I? But now just one word. Is it true that you wish me to stay? Say only 'Yes,' and I will stay; only Heaven knows how gladly!"

For the space of a momeut Miriam was silent, then she answered calmly-

"They will miss you. I thought you would have remained with them a little

"And you? If I stay, I stay at your

wish-for you !" There was another momentary pause. "It was for them," she said then, in "You have been almost a whisper. comfort to them all. I think it would be

"If I stay over to morrow, it with be forever," he said, still in low tones. will not be well for Ella, poor child; it to you of her troubles; it will do her rests with you. Say but one word—go good."

better for Ella if you could stay a little

or stay; I swear to obey you." She looked at the fire in silence. He could not see the expression of her eyes, try as he would, nor would she raise her down-droppde head; but her hands were locked in a clasp telling of agitation, and he noticed that her breathing was quick and troubled,

"Go or stay?" he repeated, his voice faltering over the words. Miriam, which is it to ba?"

"The conditions of your staying? Let me quite understand them," she asked, in trembling tones.

"That I stay with you" She shook her head sadly but firmly.

stay ! He came a step nearer, he bent his head | lessly stared into the fire. to try to see her face, he held out both

han's to her. "My dearest, let me stay!" | again. There was again an instant's pause. ears the opening of the library-door- looking ill and unhappy." the door opposite that of the room in which they stood. A moment more answered, "I shall do very well-soon." and Rob would be with them. They handle of the door turn in his grasp.

stay with you, my wife!"

awaking as if from a spell, lifted her eyes | tressing you now that old trouble at which and looked her husband, with the old you have hinted to me, or is it semething

"Not with me," she said with quiet d cision. "If that must be the condition of your stopping, I bid you go !"

Then, giving her hand to Rob in silent | fire, she repliedfarewell as she passed him, she went from

the room. "Sweet is revenge," especially to wom in," says the poet; and Miciam had at last fully tasted hers. It was to be hoped that through the long watches of the coming night the flavor of it might be found as little bitter to the palate as she, Miriam. We thought-James thought through many waiing years, looking forward to some such opportunity as this, had confidently expected.

CHAPTER VI., AND LAST.

A fortnight later, and Miriam was again | dully. with the Arche . The family from the of their loss. They had begged Mrs. to him before he left." King to accompany them; but she too troubled her so deeply, if she could. She friend. thought that, could she be in the less dispiriting atmosphere of the Archer asked. household, she might shake off at and oppression which at Eastwick Park so | that flash of startled interest which transgrevously oppressed her. For in that formed it. place did not every person, every word,

do something for her, Georgie?"

Mrs. Archer was silent for a while after | Miriam shook her head sadly. this, looking across at her husband, her eyes fixed dreamily upon his face. That jectedly. "With all my heart I thank other day, against Mr. W. Graham of ough to go outside there and stand so him, I thank you; but there is nothing. London, and Mr. G. H. Fowler, both near that tramp that you could kick him Attracted by the sound of Miriam's sad. whom he is gone, if she has but the recol- the nineteenth bird, having killed thir- you want me to-sh-to-kick him

At that moment the door opened and chair, the little Archer boy clasped in her

"Alone, alone in a pitiless world Forever and evermore!" sang the sorrowful voice, breaking off with a sob, and then the beautiful had been bent down, and the face hidden among Tommie's curis.

"Mim shan't sing the bad ole song that makes Mim cry no more," said the boy, struggling to look into her face. "Tommie don t cry at the ole song, what you cry for? Mim not naughty."

"Yes, but Mim is-Mim is naughty, and miserable and so-so lonely Tommie.' "You has good little Tommie and baby and mummie. You not lonely, Mim, said the child.

But Miriam had kissed him and smiled at him through falling tears.

"What does the song say, Tommie "Alone for evermore"-ainging the words softly. "That's what your poor Mim is, 'Forever and evermore." Mrs. Archer thought of this little scene

now and sighed gently over it. "Hers is a sad life and a sad history," she said. "All this has brought the old

trouble home to her, I tear.' "I think I would speak to her were I you," her husband answered; "it is beat not to brood over them. Get her to talk | him."

Miriam took no notice of the shudder nor the look at first, but, when both were repeated, she glanced in surprise at her

"You surely are not cold?" she asked. "Why do you shiver?"

Archer replied. "It is terrible for him to be out on such a day as this. He has gone | away." to comfort that poor woman whose husband was killed yesterday; but if my husband is killed—as he will be if I can't get him to spare himself-hen who is to comfort me ?

"Poor Georgie!" Miriamsaid soothingly. "He is a good man-your husband "Then go," she decided promptly. He won't die, dear; but, if he did, that "You surely need not have asked me | would comfort you—the knowledge that that question again? If it were to save he was good, and that you loved him, my very life, I would not ask you to and that he knew it."

There was a silence, while Mrs. Archer "But will you let me stay?" he asked, | wiped a tear from her eye, and Miriam moving closer. "Miriam, may I stay?" still lay back in her chair and still list-

Presently the Rector's wife spoke

"Where are the Hickses, I wonder The thrill of passion in the deep voice now, and how does poor Ella get on? sould not fail to touch Miriam; her heart | Dear me, there seems to be nothing but beat loudly, her breath came quick and | mournfolness on one side and the other troubled. And then, he still holding out | left to us! This unfortunate winter will his hands to her, there sounded on their | sicken you of Eastwick, Miriam; you are

"Do not trouble about me," Miriam "I do not wish toforce your confidence

listened breathlessly till they heard the | dear," Mrs. Archer went on; "but there is just one thing which you must "Let me stay," the man said then, in let me ask you—as a reward for my nonhurried tones of passion. "Tell me to interference and my most unfeminine lack of curiosity you must just tell me But Roo was in the room, and Miriam, this. Is whatever this is which is disnew of .which I know nothing?"

> Miriam paused for a moment before she answered this, then, without changing her position or moving her eyes from the

now."

"You do not straightforwardly answer my questson; you think me impertinent," Mrs. Archer said quickly. "Pray, do me the justice to believe I do not want to pry into your affairs, to torment you, -that you might find some relief from the sorrow which so evidently oppresses you, if you could speak of it to some one. it was only for that that I broached the

"You are very kind," Miriam returned "You cannot wonder that we are in-

Park had started on a foreign tour, the | terested in you," Mrs. Archer resumed doctor having declared change of air and presently; we are not the only people. scene necessary both to Sir Robert and | There are the Hickses-Sir Robert would Elia, terribly unnerved and shattered as do anything to serve you, and James was both had been by the sad circumstances | saying that Mr. Keene even spoke of you

The bitterness and the apathy vanishwas anxious for change-change of anot- ed from Miriam's manner in an instant; her sort. She wanted to be free of the she withdrew her eyes from the fire, sat Hickses, and of the sad memories which | upright, and looked eagerly across at her

"Mr. Keene, what did he say?" she

Mrs. Archer noticed with some surprise least something of the horrible weight that sudden rush of color to the pale face,

"James did not say much about it," everything recall to her saddened memory she answered slowly; "it was something two people—one of whom she would to the effect that you had been a comfort have given half her life to forget to them-to the Hickses-at that awful having gone to bed, and they two being her lost friend and cast-off husband? time, and that none of them could ever "What an altered woman your friend forget you and your unselfishness and de-We had best try to forget all about Mrs. King has become through this sad votion, and that it was a great satisfaction time!" said Mr. Archer to his wife one to him, Mr. Keene, to know that you, day. "She does not appear to recover | who were so young and beautiful, and so her spirits at all. There is a dullness, an alone, would always have the friendship apathy about her quite foreign to her of my husband and myself. James said nature; she wants rousing. "Can't you he understood him as desiring the assurance from himself that we would always "She is altered," Mrs. Archer admitted, be your friends; and he gave it. There looking up from her book. "But can is no fathoming what a promise such as Miriam silently laid her hand upon his you wonder? Think of the terrible that from a man like my husband may shock! You see, she was with her—it signify. Mr. Kingston Keene, all unconmight have been herself who was killed; sciously perhaps, with those few words, "It will be miserable for you," he went What do you think I can do for her, is that he is anxious about you now. James! I let her have her own way | Miriam, are you sure he cannot help about everything, and she has the child- you—is there nothing that either of us can do?"

be, as Heaven forbit; then—then do you may have forbit; then—then do you may have your hunband if he could wonderfully effective in cases of sick and corry any comfort and consolation to her.

Well, it is so with me; I have worked my tion, rush of blood to the head, cold exown undoing -nothing can put me right any more.

"Miriam," Mrs. Archer said, "it is something fresh; it is more than the old trouble after all."

"It is nothing that can be altered,"

Miriam rejoined sadly. During the ailence that followed, Mrs. Archer reflected curiously over the change which had come over Miriam but now at the mention of a certain name. She asked herself could she have been mistaken, and resolved to try the effect once more.

"He was looking fearfully ill and worn and aged, James told me," she remarked quietly. Miriam looked up with eager inquiry.

" He ?" "Mr. Kingston Keene. James says he never saw a man so altered in such a little time. Something-his sister's for women to tell their sorrows out and | death, perhaps—seemed to have crushed

Miriam rose hastily from her chair as if

stung with sudden pain.

"Don't," she implored, putting up her hand with a gesture of agonized entreaty. "Don't, I cannot—cannot bear it! Then she crossed the hearth rug, and fell. upon her knees at her friend's feet. "Georgie," she said, with an uncontroll-"It is of James I am thinking," Mrs. | able sob of anguish, "he-he is my | dy is at Land. Try PUTNAM'S CORN Exhusband, and he loved me, and I sent him

> Two hours afterwards, when Mr. Archer returned, all splashed and wet and cold, he found the little breakfast room a paradise of comfort. The warmth and brightness of the room were in cheering contrast to the scene he had left. Luncheon was set, silver and glass were shining on the white cloth, and Miriam, with a shy look on a tremulous happy face, was sticking some blossoms of scarlet geranium—sent up that morning from the Eastwick Park conservatory-into the moss around some ferns in the centre of the table. Mrs. Archer was following the movements of the girl with sym-James; how proud he would be of her, his wife. For she had followed his admitted to herself-a promise to write to | Sold by all druggists and country dealers. her husband by the next mail.

She looked at her husband eagerly as he came in, and glanced significantly at | tip. Mirram, who looked up with that wonderful shy nappiness, so foreign to her face, as she said a word of greeting; but for once Mr. Archer took no heed of either. He came over to the fire and warmed his hands, looking down into its cheery depths in silence.

Life in Japan.

In Tokio there is a large government paper-making and money-printing establishment, where hundreds of laborers and operatives are engaged. In connection "Such a trouble as mine is always with the works there is an eating-house, where food is supplied to all who desire to obtain their meals on the premises. The scale of prices for a meal is from one and one-half cents to six cents. The lowest wages paid is ten cents a day. I will be seen that the laborer working for the smallest stipend can get all the food required for a small propertion of his earnings. All the operatives in this establishment are good specimens of what Japanese food will do in the way of sustaining strength and robust health. No more healthy set of men and women or youths can be seen in any part of the world; none more capable of enduring the strain and drain upon the system that continuous labor entails. Your correspondent has taken the trouble to ascertain the measurement of the lower limb of a number of the draught coolies in Yoko hama, and he is able to assure you that by actual measurement, very many of these chaps have a calf to their leg measuring seventeen inches and even larger, the height of the men being not over nive feet and four or five inches. It takes good strong food to put such muscle into of the Japanese does it.

Doubtless had not the long centuries of seclusion from the outside world compelled the Japanese to marry and intermarry among themselves as they have, would show a much taller race than they now do. Every species of animal life is dwarfed from the same cause of interbreeding. The cattle are small, and the horses are much smaller than the California mustang; in fact, they can only be called ponies. There may, perhaps, be yet another cause for the short stature destroyed the lives of myriads of the fighting population. It is known that the wars of Napoleon served to shorten the stature of the French people very materially, and doubtless the destruction of life caused by war has effected the same result here. The Japanese are a edged tools made for the trade of war.

ou—is there nothing that either of us an do?"

The Tichborne claimant has taken up pigeon shooting since his release. He took part in two matches for £50 a side, at twenty-five birds each, at Leeds, the other day notices. We wish you would just be kind encounted to the control of the contro Miriam turned away.

"I wish he could have stayed a day or she had peeped in at the open door, unstance of the second match the claimant shot much she had peeped in the duak. Miriam was sitting over the fire in the big deep cushioned she had been blessed; but if it should be bird.

If you just stand near him, he'll think he better, Mr. Graham winning by only one kicked."

Over Again." cordingly take notice that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," (the original cordinal nal Little Liver Pills) continue to b tremities, and all ailments arising from obstruction of the bodily functions. Their action is thorough yet gentle, and the ingredients being entirely vegetable. they can be taken with impunity into the

most deilcate stomach. All druggists. Paper shoes are announced as the latest novelty. Nothing out of the way about that; 'tis shoo paper probably.

Old Inveterate Strictures

of the urethra, speedily and permanently cured by our improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two threecent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo.

An important suit—A man's wedding garments.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Beau - "Why do you prefer a wood fire?" Belle-"'Cause it pops!"

Have You Thought of it?

For four thousand years or more the world groaned, suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive reliefno certain and painless cure until Dr. cott Putnam gave to the world his great Corn Extractor. If there is suffering now it is a result of carelessness, for the reme-TRACTOR It is sure, painless and prompt. Beware of substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

These dime museums make no bones of exhibiting live skeletons.

The Great Inflammatory Remedy,

NERVILINE, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumati m, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammato y action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: pathetic, admiring eyes, feeling excited | "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." and proud and happy. What news for | Nerviline may be tested at the small sum of ten cents, as you can buy a sample bottle for that eum at any drug store. Large vice, had won Miriam's confiderce, and bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the had obtained from her-easily, she ad- great internal and external pain cure,

> No matter how crooked a game may be, the gambler always wants a straight

Messrs Medland & Jones, General Agents of the Accident Ins. Co. of North America, at Toronto report that the late Mr. S. B. Sanborn of Sherl & ke, P. Q., who accidentally shot himself some days ago, was insured for \$10,000 in that Company.

The small boy thinks that the ruling vice is the teacher's command to him to

hold out his hand. Day after day the evidence accumulates that the "Myrtle Navy" is the people's favorite tobacco. The demand keeps increasing and from every new circle of consumers who have been induced to try it the evidence is emphatic in its favor. Its genuine qualities always hold the friends they have once made. These qua ities will be kept up to their full standard by the manufacturers of it, It is to these qualities and the reasonableness of the price that they attribute their marked success. To the quality they will adhere to at all cost, and also to the price if that he possible.

A Teutonic friend ran a foot race and lost it; but ran again and won. He said : "I'm first at last, if I vhas pehind pefore.

Young Men !- Read This, The Voltago Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt, and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and mannood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days rial is a lowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

"Are you going to the party this eventhe frame of the human being, and that ing, Maud?" "No, I guess not; I'm afraid that horrid Smith girl will be there." "Oh, no, she won't; she said she wasn't going." "Why not?" "Because she was afraid you would be there."

Catarrh-A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extrarordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six menths, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and of the race. Their internecine wars have all Starting with the claim now generally be lieved by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no and Lady Hicks had been so kind to her. made you his charge for ever; and so it light to kill, using the most effective year is the most favorable for a speedy and so the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The permanent cure, the majority of cases being

called to her mind a little scene she had, What could your husband do for me, well-known shout. In the first match, said Miss Charmer to young sll unseen herself, witnessed last night. Georgie? That poor woman now to Mr. Fowler was declared the winner at O Dude. "Certainly my deah girl. De rich voice softly singing in the nursery, lection of her own love and tenderness to teen birds to the claimant's seven. In No, I guess that won't be necessary

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