Growing Old. Growing old! The pulses' measure Keeps its even tenor still ; Eye and hand nor fall nor falter, And the brain obeys the will; Only by the whitening treeses, And the deepening wrinkles told, Youth has passed away like vapor; Prime is gone, and I grow old. Laughter hushes at my presence, Gay young volces whisper lower, If I dare to linger by it, All the stream of life runs slower, Though I love the mirth of children, Though I prize youth's virgin gold, What have I to de with either?

Time is telling-I grow old. Not so dread the gleomy river That I shrank from so of yore; All my first of leve and friendship Gather on the further shore, Were it not the best to join them Ere I feel the bleed run cold? Ere I hear it said too harshly, "Stand back from us-you are old !"

CHAPTER VI. -(CONCLUDED)

But the first words I hear distinctly put that project out of my head at once and for-

"But this cannot go on"-I hear every word, sharp and clear. "She will begin to suspect something. Even yesterday on the island you saw how vexed she was-the child is not a fool, Erroll, though you seem to think she is."

"Of course it is our object to keep her in the dark as long as possible. But any one but a fool would have guessed our secret long ago."

"Your mother does not guess it." "Because she has persuaded herself tha

I am in love with Lisle." " Poor little Lisle !"

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It is she who pities me, and not him Fiend as I think her, I remember that. And yet I loved him so much better than I loved

"I wonder how she can imagine for mement that any man would look at her while you were in the room," Erroll laughs,

"You act very well," Judith's voice answers, with a shadow of reproach n "Perhaps you are also amusing yourself at my expense ?"

"You think that Judith?"

"No, I do not think it. I know you love me as far as you are capable of loving any woman."

" Judith !"

"I love you," she says simply. At all events I am sure of that."

"And I love you! Ah, give me one, Judith! You know I love you with my whole heart and soul."

Taere is a quick kiss, and Judith says hurriedly-

"We must go in, Erroll. If they think we are together all this time !"

"But think of how dearly I pay for these few stolen moments with you, darling!

"I think it is Lisle who pays for them. Ah, poor Lisle" Lisle has never even dreamed of such

love as we feel for each other, Judith." "I hope not, poor child !"

Poor child! She calls me poor child; but he never utters one single word of pity for me from first to last.

"She will marry somebody else before the year is out, and forget all about me." "We have treated her cruelly between

us, Erroll." "It could not be helped—we could meet

in no other way. If you had let me go to the Vicarage-" "Don't you think my enemies, persecu

tors, and slanderers were bitter enough without giving them any real cause for com-"Well, I acknowledge that you were

right about that," he says a little sulkily. Judith, sometimes I think you do not love me as well as I love you."

"Why do you think so?"

"You think of what people will say. think of nothing but you."

"Of nothing but yourself, you mean." "Judith-I who have never cared for any man but you, who never forgot you in all these years—I wish you loved me even balf well as I love you !'

"You need not doubt the quality of my love," she answers, her quiet tone contrasting curiously with the passion in his. I love you, Erroll, and I shall love you till the day

"I think you will. I do not think it could be possible for two people to love each other we do and forget. That is the only comfort I have."

"Erroll, I must go now. No; you cannot come with me! I have to remind you of that so often "-and she laughs.

"It is awfully hard!" he answers impa-I hear her step passing up the alley towards the house. He will probably come bond this way. I straighten myself from the crouching attitude in which I have been

listening for what has seemed to me an infinty of torment, and turn to meet him like gain." ome small miserable wild animal brought to bay by a great dog.

CHAPTER VII., AND LAST. Ton here, Lisle!" Erroll exclaims, the

in the middle of the long grown alley, facing | six is werm, and I am well wrapped-up in pale.

"Yee, I am her." "And I suppose," he says, looking at me while his own coler changes-" I suppres you have been eavedropping ?"

"Yes-if you choose to call it so." "With the usual result?" he asks, with the first sneer I have ever seen on his handsome mouth.

" I certainly did not hear any good of myself -or of you."

"Perhaps it was just as well that you did | fall off !" hear," he goes on, recovering his composure. "I for one am tired of this little game."

"Oh, Erroll"-it is my last despairing cry-" how could you have pretended to love me? How could you be so cruel, soso base ?"

"I never loved you !"

"I know that now. But I was so young ! and foolish, and-and I loved you so much!"

"Pshaw!" he exclaims, turning on his | healed. heel. "You know no more of what love floating up there is the sky !"

I stand looking after him, but he never turns his head. "I never loved you!" The words ring in my ears, the green alley swims round me, the hedge bobs up and down; I cover my eyes with my hands with one despairing moan, and sink down in a heap upon the mossy walk.

They find me a few minutes later, Mrs. Rutherfurd having sent them all to search for me, alarmed by my non-appearance at luncheon. At first they think I am dead. but the Doctor, who is sent for immediately, pronounces it to be a fainting-tit only, probably brought on by the heat of the sun. do not rave at all, or betray my miserable secret in any way as I return to consciousness, and I am glad of it. But I will not have Judith near me, which surprises Mrs. Rutherfurd, or would have surprised her if she had not accounted for it by the disorder of my brain. Neither will I remain a single hour longer than I can help at Velfry.

Mrs. Rutherfurd is exceedingly anxious that I should stay quietly in my own room there for the next day or two at least, promising that no one shall come near me but herself. But I will not have the carriage countermanded, and Mrs Rutherfurd is afraid to thwart me. Before five o clock I am lying in my own bed at Osierbrook, with the curtains drawn and auut Theodosia sitting silently knitting in the big old-fashioned arm-chair at the foot of the bed. Here I can weep and weep and weep, and no one be the wiser. tere I can groan deep in my misery, for dear old aunt Theodosia is too deaf to hear. Judith has had her revenge on Mrs. Rutherfurd; but she has broken my heart!

It is three months before I leave that bed again-during some of that time a great many people thought I should never leave it again alive. But youth and a good constitution pulled me through-that and the care those four good women bestowed on the graceless child who had defied them when she was strong and well.

They never grow weary, they are never impatient; they bear with me as my ewn might—they seem to me like angels, withered and old and homely as they are, when they bend over me through the long weary night-watches, putting cool bandages on my hot miserable forehead, lumps of cold delicious ice on my parched tongue. They are always there, one or other of them; in the dead of the night I see them, sitting in the big chair, the candles throwing their shadows grotesquely upon the opposite wall, their spectacles on their noses, their Bibles open on their knees, their placed old faces so calm and peaceful, shedding an answering peace into my soul.

If I get well, I will be good to them always-never laugh at them, never call them odd, or old, or ugly, never disobey them in thought or word or deed.

If I get well! But if I do not? If I die-I, Lisle Warburton—if I die, and am put into a coffin and buried beside my mother in the shady old church-yard on the hill! think perhaps that will be better-better even than to live to show my gratitude to

my aunts. They will soon know how grateful I am to them. They must soon die, all of them and in Heaven I can tell them-my mother too-she will tell them --

"This is some nice lemonade, dear. Wen't

you try to drink it ?" Aunt Theodosia is bending over me. Aunt Anchoretta is standing at the foot of the bed, wiping her spectacles. Aunt Emily is cryng silently near the fire.

"What is sunt Emily erying for? Am I going to die? Tell her not to cry. I-I don't mind."

"You are not going to die, dear child. You are going to get well."

"To get well?" "Yes. But you must not speak -- you are very weak yet. Drink this and go to sleep

"Aunt Anchoretta, why are you shaking wour head ?"

I am sitting in an arm-chair in the drawment he catches sight of me, standing up side me stands wide open, but the October

him, my hends cleached, my face deathly | the fleecy white shawl aunt Anna has knillted for me. My lap is full of flowers, late reses, and stock and migrammette from aunt Theodosia's garden, which I am arranging into bouquets for the school-children to wear at some fele or other to-merrow. My fingers are not of much use to me yet, they are so stiff and feeble; but I love to touch the flowers, and aunt Emily will tie each bouquet over again afterwards.

"Was I shaking my head, dear?" "Indeed you were—till I thought it would

I laugh feebly at my own joke. Aunt Anchoretta crosses the room to my window.

"Do you remember Judith Irving, Lisle?" "Yes-quite well."

My heart does not best faster; I am not conscious of any pang of recellection—only you, I mean. Could you ever care for me?" of a vague, numb, curious feeling, such as one sometimes experiences when an old wound is touched which has long since been

really means than that little white cloud says gravely. "She was not a girl we could me in his grave, pleasant, curiously diffident esteem. I de not wish to speak uncharatibly of any one, but I always had an idea that she would not turn out well."

" What has she done!"

"You remember Erroll Rutherford?" "Yes," I answer, in the same dreamy, now ?" scarcely interested way.

Aunt Ancheretta, looking at me, sighs a sigh of intense relief.

"He was another person of whom I had a poer opinion, though at one time we all thought he meant to turn over a new lead and-and marry a girl who would have pulled him up instead of dragging him down. But now, it seems, these two have put a climax to all their foolish doings by running away with each other !"

"By running away?" "So it seems. This letter is from Mrs. Rutherfurd, who is heartbroken about it. It seems that Erroll has nothing, and Miss Irving less. How they are to live nobody knows but themselves.

"Aunt Ancheretta, de you like pink

roses and mignonnette together—so ?" I hold up he little bouquet for her inspection, smiling; and she, approving of it, proceeds to make two or three after the same pattern. I do not ask another question, nor does aunt Auchoretta allude to her letter any more, so completely has my old love dream faded away-so completely have I forgotten the lover whose

"Honour, rooted in dishonour, stood, Whose faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true,

"What brings Ralph Rutherfurd here so It is aunt Theodosia who asks the ques-

tion. And she asks it of me, looking at me over the edge of the wheelbarrow as she stoops to gather up the pile of weeds she has raked together on the garden walk.

"How should I know, aunt Theodesis?"

"I thought you might, that was all !" Do I know ? I stand by the wheelbarrow, looking down dreamily at the clean-swept path. It is just a year since I came to Osierbrook - a year this very day. The May sunshine lies warm on aunt Theodosia's flowerbeds, on the overblown evening primroses. on the budding lily-of-the-valley. I have got on a fresh brown linen gown, prettily made, with big pearl buttons, and a Zulu hat. My hair has grown again; but only into a crop of babyish short curls. And l feel quite strong and well again, and have grown brown and sunburnt, riding my pony over the breezy hills and through the long green winding lanes; but, though my wings that were clipped have grown again, I never feel in the least inclined to fly away. I love Osierbrook-the peace, the serene quiet, the quaint, formal, sunny days, the sweet calm nights through which I sleep so soundly, tired by the loving attendance to give which is the one great object of my life. Those feeble hands shall do nothing that mive can do instead; those faltering steps shall al-

ways be steadied by my strong young arm. They may be peevish sometimes, and obstinate, and apt to think their own old way the best; but I can bear with them-no sharp word shall ever pass my lips, no slight hint that their monotonous, often-repeated stories are not as fresh and delightful to me as the very newest number of my favourite "monthly;" no yawn shall betray how their late hours weary me, no smile show that I am conscious of the quaint mistakes they make, or their still quainter correction of each other. I love them, and I count my service nothing for the love I bear themthey are so good, so old, so near the awful verge of that eternity of which they do not

seem to be afraid. "I guessed he was coming here!"

The words rouse me from my reverse. Ralph Rutherfurd has turned in at the low white gate—is riding up the avenue. At the door he dismounts from his horse; old Taylor takes the bridle. In another minute he is standing beside me in Aunt Theodosia's garden in his plain riding dress, his whip in his hand, but a grave mile to his quiet hazel eyes.

" Are you busy, Links? "Not very busy," I answer, while

"Because I wanted to speak to vo "To speak to me The last

and so constraining me to keep him company "Liele, have you over wondered why I Came to Onler brook so often ?"

"I have-sometimes."

"And what reason did you give yourself?" "I thought you came to ask for me-at first, when I was ill."

"And afterwards!"

"I thought you took an interest in me because I had been so very near death." "I took an interest in you from the very

first day you came to Velfry, Liele."-"You?" "Yes, L But I thought-then-that you

cared for some one else." "So I did !" I answer, smiling.

"You have got over that ?"-" Quite."

"So I thought-long ago. But I am so old and grave, Liele so much older than

Have I not been caring for h m ever since those convalescent days when he had ridden over to Osierbrook, and sat on the low sill of the drawing-room window, holding his "We never liked her," aunt Anchoretta | horse's bridle over his arm and talking to

> "Lisle, could you ever care for me enough to marry me?"

"I might—some day."

"Lisle, my darling, do you care for me

Aunt Theodosia is a little deaf, but she is not at all blind. And I suppose she distinctly sees Ralph Rutherfurd put his arm round me and draw my head down to his breast. Perhaps she even sees him kiss me ! But I am so happy that I do not grudge her the satisfaction I know she derives from the proceeding, absurd as it must look to a third party.

"But I cannot leave my aunts, Ralph." "You shall come to them every day, dar-

tling, as long as they live." And, with this assurance to comfort me, I plight my troth.

THE END.

Degeneration of the Arteries. The arteries convey the blood from the heart to every part of the body. They are not passive tubes, but have a repulsive action of there own whereby they aid that of the heart. They consist of three coats, besides au enclosing sheath. The middle coat consists of elastic muscular rings, by the contraction and dilatation of which the vessels are successively narrowed and enlarged. The nerves regulate their action. It will be seen that a healthy condition of the arteries is of prime importance. But the arteries may become diseased.

One of their most frequent and serious diseases is a peculiar degeneration of their inner coat. It shows itself at first in thickened patches, causing a bulging toward the interior - the result of some inflammatory action. Later these patches soften and become paste like, whence the name of the disease, atheroma, from a Greek word signifying "meal." This pasty mass may be washed out into the blood; or it may become calcified, and studded with little hard points extending into the blood current. These atheromatous patches may be of dif ferent sizes, vary much in number and be confined to a few arteries, or be extensively diffused.

Where the inner coat is thus destroyed, the weakened vessel, under the arteria pressure, may swell out into pouches (aneurisme), or may even burst. When the patch becomes calcified, the blood, flowing against the jutting points, may form fibrinous clots, just as we may form them by stirring blood in a vessel with a st ck. This fibrin may fill up an artery, and shut off the flow of blood to a part. This is one of the causes of senile gangrene—the death of, perhaps, the foot in an old man. Or bits of the clot may be carried to remote small arteries, say of the brain, and cause embolism (a plugging), with fatal consequences.

These atheromatous changes may also cause softening of the brain, by merely retarding the flow of blood to it, and thus interfering with its nutrition, and may cause enlargement of the heart-the left ventricle -by the greater labor imposed on it. The calcification of the coronary artery is one | for traitor for seventy years. cause of angina pectoris,

Intemperate habits, violent exertions, gout, excessive anxiety and mental labor are some of its causes, and these also suggest the habits which tend to prevent the disease.

This is the season when the mercury, as well as the students, takes degrees.

in a whaler. I would like to have your opinion on the step." "As a friend or as a captain?" "As a friend." "Then I would advise you to commit suicide before going,"

Young lidy to physician-"Can't you give me something to take these horrid spots off my tace ?" Physician-"Why, let them remain. Spots are fashionable now." Lady -"That so? Well, give me something to Cash paid fortoge stom subgated

Conversation on Olive street : Young Swell "What made you pull us when we were on a little tear last night and have Policeman _"Oh, I was simply unveiling a bust slowly down the clean-swept garden-walk, That's fashionable nowadays,"

As I was passing o'er a stille I and my sweetheast true together Sold he: "What think you, lot me bear, Will be to-merrow's weather?" Then stood we on the too step there.

My sweetheart and myself tegether.

I good up to the bright blue sky, The wind from the West was gently blowing; And, on the Solds of waving rye, The mounday our was warmly glowing.

I could not tell, indeed, not I ; I said 'twas knowledge past my knowing; There might be rain, there might be thine, Or merrow's troubles past undoing; So oft, I whispered, every sign Doth fall for shadows close pursuing.

He kissed my lips as these I stood ; Alas what could I do for blushing! Then eried !-"Oh, my pretty sneed, You are most rudely erushing!"

Yet joy went thro' my beart swift rushing; He held me in his arms so strong, My pretty snood quite crushing. The morrow brought its wealth of beams

He kissed my lips ; I knew 'twas wrong,

And strewed them all the meadows over, And to my heart brought brighter gleams. For O, it brought to me my lover. He kissed my lipe; what could I do?

And swere me love heart-true farever; "Bines shadows all so close pursue," Said he, " Now sist my prayer unto, And let us haste the wedding over."

The Funny Man's Baby.

The funny man went to his desk to write. He had watched all day, he would wrise all night And finish his work, so he trimmed the light.

In the room adjoining his baby lay, And they said one was slowly passing away,

and would die ere the light of another day. So he wrote, with his heart in the other room, And shought of the babe going out in the gloom

To the shadowy land beyond the tomb. It was hard to write with death so nigh, But he ground out jokes as the hours went by, And closed each page with a grief-born sigh.

It was hard to write but the world must laugh, So he penned the rhyme and the paragraph, And even a humorous epitaph! His pen flew fast and the hours went on

Till his night of toil was almost gone, And the east showed the first faint streaks of dawn. Then he dropped his pen and raised his head, "Now the column is finished," the funny man said,

And the nurse, coming in, said, "The baby is dead !"

Righting An Old Wrong. A singular proof of the old proverb, "Murder will out," is given in a suit before the English House of Peers for possession of the title and estates of the Barony of Lovat. The suit is on behalf of an engineer in the mines of Caernarvon, and the story brought

to light by him begins two centuries ago. The famous Simon Fraser, when the Baron Lovat of that day died without issue, knew that the rightful heir was a hot-headed young cousin of his own, Alexander Fraser. Simon brought forth a false charge of murder against him, and the lad fled to Caernarvon, and there became a miner.

Simon then assumed the title of Lord Lovat, and took possession of the estates. The daughter of the late Lord Lovat, Amelia, was at the time on the eve of marriage with a young nobleman. She claimed to be the chief of her father's clan, and their to the estates. Simon Fraser, with a body of his retainers, took the young bridegroom prisoner, dragged him to the foot of a gibbet, and forced him to take an oath never to claim the hand of the heiress of Lovat.

Simon then kidnapped the young lady himselt, intending to make her his wife, but with the help of her maid, she escaped to the mountains. Determined to have some claim to the Lovat property, he made the mother of Amelia his prisoner in her own castle, and surrounding her with armed men, bagpipes blowing, and pikes and halberds pointed at her breast, compelled her

to marry him. For this outrage he was sentenced to death, a sentence which never was revoked; but his power and keen wit kept him safe during a long life, which he spent in perpetual treacnery. He betrayed the English to the French, and the French to the English; he professed devotion to the House of Hanover, while he was supporting the exiled Stuarts. His name was the synonym

At last he drove his son, a quiet, timid boy of nineteen, into the field, with the Pretender at the head of his clan, and made haste to complain of the lad to the Government, and to swear to his own fidelity. The boy, however, was pardoned, while Lord Lovat at the age of eighty was beheaded. After his death, a starving woman was discovered in a dungeon in his castle, who "Captain, I am thinking of going to sea proved to be his wife, whom he had imprison-

ed there for ten years. Now, after two centuries, the heir of Alexander Fraser, the miner, whom he robbed of his title and estates, comes forward, to prove the guilt of the usurper and his own claim to the peerage. "Justice is slow," mays the Arab proverb, "but more inexorable than death,"

Any man who can umpire a base ball game and please both sides, has in him the main qualifications for a successful politician.

"The large cow," says an agricultural contemporary, "is going to be the coming Leowo" If that is the case we will gracefully retire over the fence when we see one.