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FRED. M. WHITE.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a little after five on the following sternoon that Sir Geoffrey walked from his bouse into the square. He seemed, by his measy air, as if he was afraid of having his movements watched, for he stopped, hesitated, and finally walked away quietly in the direction of Upper Brook Street. Calling a hansom, he was driven to one of the quiet approaches, half town, half country, beyond Paddington, where he dismissed his ab. Then he walked quietly on till he reached his destination—a well-appointed though sombrε-looking establishment; and there, after some hesitation, he knocked. The room he was shown into was laid out with preparations for dinner; and just as the little clock over the mantle struck the half-hour after six, Le Gautier entered. He greeted his guest quietly, almost coldly, and rang the bell to order the meal. It was a niet little dinner, really irreproachable in ts way—the appropriate wines being perfect, for Le Gautier by no means despised the pleasures of the table, and, moreover, was not the man to spare where he had a purpose to serve.

"Well, Sir Geoffrey," he said, toying with his glass, when the meal had concluded -it was past eight now, and the light was dies. \$1.00 per package beginning to fail—"do you feel equal to beginning to fail—"do you feel equal to the coming trial?" the coming trial ?"

"O yes," the baronet replied eagerly, though his face was perturbed and the glass his hand shook. "Let us get it over this suspense is killing me. Sometimes fancy you are playing some devilish art on me. I doubt the evidence of my senses." "You do not doubt," Le Gautier answered

sternly. "Listen!" The light in the room was fading, and nothing distinctly could be seen save the glimmer of the waning day upon glass and silver. At the moment, the strains of music were heard, low and soft at first, then swelling louder, but always melancholy. It was quite impossible to tell whence it came—it seemed to strike the ear as if the earth was full of the sweet sounds. Suddenly it ceased. and a sigh like a mournful wind broke the

"It might be my dead brother himself playing," Sir Geoffrey said, in great agita-"The organ was his favourite instru-Strange that the music should be so familiar to me !"

"Do you doubt now?" Le Gautier asked. Does your unbelieving mind still run upon

mied: "I have no alternative. I put my-

I am merely the humble instrument the medium between one world and another. I are not advise you. When your nerves are sufficiently braced to meet the dead, I will restore the communication. —Are you afraid?"

A cold, icy hand touched him on the frightened, he rose from his chair; then suddenly the room was filled with a light, showing the baronet's set face, and le Gautier's pallid features wearing a sardonic smile. Hardly had the light appeared, when it was gone, leaving the room in double darkness at the change. A yell of

"What is that, Le Gautier?" Sir Geoffrey asked. "Is this all real, or am merely dreaming?

"The spirits laugh at your audacity. You boasted you were not afraid whilst you are trembling in every limb. You dare not say it again !

"I am alarmed, mystified," he said; but I am not afraid.

A mocking shout of laughter followed this peech, and the words, "You lie!" as if utered in chorus, were distinctly heard. A sold hand clutched Sir Geoffrey by the throat, holding him till he could hardly breathe. In his intense agitation, he snatch ed at a shadowy arm, and suddenly the and relaxed its grip. Le Gautier struck a awe. natch and lighted the candles.

"Are you afraid now?" he asked quietly. "0 ves, yes; anything to save me from hat horrid grasp! My throat is aching with the pressure.'

Le Gautier looked at the finger-marks almly. He was acting splendidly, not overdoing the affair in the slightest, and, on the other hand, not appearing altogether indifferent. He was playing for a high stake, and it required all his cunning, all his cool andacity, to win. To the casual observer,

he might have been an enthusiastic believer. "You have seen enough," he commenced quetly, but with an air of the most profound onviction—" you have seen enough to know that the time for delay is past, and the hour we incensed with you; they are furious at his delay; and unless you solemnly promise our lives by any manifestation to night." "What am I to do?" Sir Geoffrey cried of him?" iteously. "I put myself entirely in your

ands. Tell me my duty, and I promise to fellow it." "So much the better for you," quoth Le Cantier sternly. "Listen! You know am a member of a great Secret Society. In the first place, you must join that; and let tell you, your late brother was a member. and took the keenest interest in its move-

ents. You must join!" "I knew my brother was embroiled in me rascally Socialist plots," said Sir Geofbey incantiously; "but I really do not see He stopped abruptly, for the me mournful sigh was heard, and a voice thispered in the air, "Beware!" With inreased agitation, he continued; "If that is art of my penance, I must do so; though

"Let it be so," he said. "Your will has conquered mine. Proceed, for I see you have something more yet to say."

Again the sigh was heard, and a voice said distinctly: "It is well." The music burst out again triumphant this time. When the last pealing strains died away, Le Gautier continued: "Your brother died at New York, as you know; but at that time, he was on business of the Society. No man had his heart so firmly set upon the cause as he, no man has been so missed. You would never be able to take his place; but you can help us indirectly; you can aid us with what we most need, and that is money. You shall see the shade of Sir Ughtred presently, and hold converse with him; but, on the peril of your life, do not move from the spot where I shall place you."

"Let us go now," Sir Geoffrey cried eagerly. "Why should we waste any more time talking here ?"

"Because things are not prepared. The shades from another world do not come forth at a moment's bidding to show themselves to mortal eyes, though the air is full of them now."

Sir Geoffrey looked uneasily around for any traces of these ghostly visitors, though he could see nothing; nevertheless, the idea of a chamber full of supernatural bodies was by no means pleasant:

"Then our pact is complete," Le Gautier continued. "Briefly, it stands thus; I am to show you such things as you wish to see; and in return you become a member of our Brotherhood, swearing to promote its wel fare by all the means in your power. Quick ! say the word, for I feel the unseen influence upon me."

"Yes, yes-agreed; only show me my

As Sir Geoffrey spoke a change came over Le Gautier's face; the baronet watching him, perfectly fascinated. The medium's eyes grew larger and more luminous, his features became rigid, and he moved like a man who walks in a dream. His gaze was fixed upon the other, but there was no sense of recognition there-all was blank and motionless. He rose from his chair, moving towards the door, his hands groping for it or"_ like the action of the blind, and he beckoned to Sir Geoffrey to follow him out along the dark passage.

"Come!" he said in a strange hollow voice-"come with me! The spirits are abroad, and have need of me!"

The room they entered was situated at rickery or mechanism, or are you convinc- the back of the house, having a large old- him. fashioned bay window of the shape and "I must believe," the weak old man re- form one sees in the banqueting-room of old country-houses—a long narrow room, drapself in your hands. Tell me what I am to ed entirely in black; and the only light in the place proceeded from two small oil-Your own conscience must guide you, lamps held by white Parian statues. and what the spirits will to-night must be the twain entered, the draperies were vioobeyed. It is no question for me to decide; lently agitated, as if by a sudden wind; an licy current seemed to strike them full in the face. A chair, impelled forward by an unseen hand, was pushed across the bare floor, and Sir Geoffrey, at a motion from his companion, seated himself therein. Le "No, no !" cried the baronet; "I am not Gautier stepped forward toward the window, and lighted a flat brasier, sprinkling some sort of powder upon it, and immediately cheek, and a low voice whispered in his ear | the room was filled with a dense violet mist, the words: "You are!" Trembling, through which the oil-lamps shone dimly. The weird music commenced again, and as it died away, a loud report was heard, and the curtains across the window were wrenched apart, disclosing an open space. As Sir Geoffrey gazed into it, a form began to appear, misty at first then getting gradually clearer, till the watcher saw the figure harsh, discordant laughter rang out, dying of a girl, dim and slight, for he could see the woodwork of the window behind, but clear enough to see she was fair and young, with thick masses of long yellow hair hanging over her shoulders, and half hiding her face from sight. There was a look of sad-

> ness on the brow. "You may speak," the strange hollow tones of Le Gautier came through the mist. "If you have any questions to ask, put ience.—And now, I think we have had them; but, at the peril of your life, do not

attempt to move." With the most reverent and holy belief in the reality of the scene before him, Sir Geoffrey gazed at the downcast features. To his diseased mind, he was on the borderland of another world, and the very thought of speaking to the bright vision was full of

with whom I speak."

yet very sweet, like music on the waters. him from any awkward confidence. "I am your good spirit, your guardian

saw your father die. I saw your brother's hands of two vengeful women. deathbed. It is of him you would speak ?" "It is," the baronet cried boldly. 'What

"You owe him a heavy debt of reparation," the vision continued sadly: "In life, you were not always friends; in death, you were not with him. He left a family. Are

you aware of that, selfish mortal?" "I did not know; I never knew. But it is not yet too late to atone. Tell me where

they are, and I will go to them." "It was too late!" the figure replied in tones of deepest sorrow.

kith and kin lacked bread." made?"

He was conquered they sat thus, striving for the last way. Then Sir Geoffrey looked away. It can help these men who, poor, and savage to the floor. Trainer is now out of bed and ling, "Oh, mamma, pape is killed, pape is would already have been as dead as a door-killed."

to the floor. Trainer is now out of bed and ling, "Oh, mamma, pape is killed, pape is would already have been as dead as a door-killed."

as they are, are yet men, and brothers." I almost well. "I will! Sir Geoffrey cried eagerly-"I almost well.

a radiant smile. "As for the means, I must leave that to you. But you shall see your brother, if only for a moment.—And now, farewell." "But stay another minute. I"-

The farewell was repeated, coming to the listener's ears as from afar off, fainter and fainter, as the violet mist rose again, filling the room with dense, fragrant smoke, through which the rigid figure of Le Gautier could be dimly seen erect and motionless.

When the mist cleared away again the figure of a man grew visible. Perfect, yet intangible, he stood there, muffled in a long cloak, and his features partially hidden by a soft, broad-brimmed hat. At this spectacle, Sir Geoffrey's agitation increased, and great drops stood upon his forehead.

"It is he-my brother!" he groaned, starting from his feet; but again the word "Beware!" seemed to be hissed in his ear. "My dear brother, do not look at me like at that. It was no fault of mine, I swear." The figure answered not, but looking the wretched man in the face, pointed down to

his feet, where two thin, emaciated children

crouched, evidently in the last stage of disease and starvation. "What atonement can you make for this?" was asked in the stern tones the listener knew so well. "Man! in the enjoyment of what should, under happier auspices, have been mine, what do you say to this?" He pointed down to the crouching children

again, sternly yet sadly. "Anything," the baronet exclaimed-"anything, so that you do not torture me like this! It is no fault of mine. I did not know. But anything in my power I will do, and do gladly.

"Well for you that you have spoken thus. You shall complete the work I began in life, and the man called Hector le Gautier shall help you with his aid and counsel.—You have a daughter?"

"I have-your niece Enid. What do you know of her?"

"Much; perhaps more than you.—Listen! and interrupt me at your peril. You may have views for her; perhaps she has chosen for herself. Am I right? But this must not be! Hector le Gautier must wed her. "But I have other views. There is already"-

"Do you dare to cross me?" the vision sternly asked. "Have not I and mine suffered enough at your hands? Promise,

He stopped abruptly, and again the sighing voice whispered "Beware!" In an agony of terror, the baronet looked round; but the dark eyes never seemed to leave him. So frightened was he, so stricken by this cunningly devised display, that he dare not defy the figure standing there before

"I promise," he shouted at last-"I pro-

"Tis well," the vision said. "From this moment, you are free. You will see me no more; but if you dare swerve a hairbreadth from our compact, then you shall find my vengeance swift and terrible. Geoffrey, farewell !"

"But, Ughtred; one moment more-

A deep shuddering sigh broke the silence, and the figure was gone. Almost distracted, Sir Geoffrey rushed forward to the curtains, which had again fallen, but nothing was there. The smoke cleared away, and once

again the room was quiet. Le Gautier opened his eyes, and gradually life and motion came back to him, as he awoke like a man from a trance. "Are you satisfied," he asked, "with what you have

"Wonderful!" the trembling baronet replied. "It was my brother to the life—the very voice even. You heard the compact ?" "I, my dear Sir Geoffrey? No, indeed,"

Le Gautier exclaimed in a voice of great surprise. "Recollect, I heard nothing; my faculties were torpid; they formed the medium through which sights and sounds were conveyed to you."

"And you heard absolutely nothing?" "Absolutely nothing.—But of course, if there happened to be anything which concerned me, you can tell me at your convenenough of spirits for one night, unless you would like something to steady your

Sir Geoffrey declined the proffered refreshment, pleading the lateness of the hour and his desire to get home. Le Gautier did not detain him; and after a few words, they parted; the one to dwell upon the startling events of the evening, and the other to com-"Who are you?" he said at length in plete his plans. It was a neat stroke of Le tremulous tones. "Let me know who it is Gautier's to disclaim any knowledge of the conversation, the rather that the delicate "I am your better self," the vision spoke; allusion to his relations with Enid were ing angel about the date of his sins." and the voice sounded faint and distant, mentioned, and besides which, acquitted

angel. I stand by you night and day, the mused an hour later, as he sat over his last are very full, as might be expected. presiding deity of the honor of the House of cigar. "Would any one believe that a man of education, I almost said sense, could This artful stroke gave the listener confi- be such a fool?-Hector, mon ami, you will dence and flattered his family pride. "Has never starve as long as there is a Charteris every man a spirit such as you?" he asked. in the world. The opportunity has long "Every man who is by nature noble- been coming, but the prize is mine at last; yes. To every one who has courage and and with these words, the virtuous young genius, one of my sisters belongs. I am the man went to bed, nothing in his dreams or action has arrived. The spirits to-night guiding star of your House. I have stood telling him that his destruction was only a we incorred in the hour of need. I question of time and that his life was in the by you and yours in the hour of need. I question of time, and that his life was in the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

with warm (not hot) soap suds. The skin building was erected 600 B. C.. and the dimay not seem quite as soft after the wash- rect male descendants of the great philosoping, but, if the washing is done quickly, the her have dwelt there for 2,000 years. skin well rinsed in cold water, and dried with only moderate warmth, being frequently turned and shaken, the difference will be France by the third Napoleon' asked the hardly perceptible.

"They are dead I. T., was shot with a 40-calibre revolver by his doing so; but the hammer with which -dead of neglect; nay, more, starvation. an officer. The ball entered Bud's head the bauble was broken up was presented to They will not dispute your sway now. above the teeth and just under the nose and him. This is an amusing illustration of the While you had flattery and adulation, while lodged at the base of the brain, near the intense hatrid with which Napoleon is you lived in luxury and splendour, your spinal column. Physicians who attended remembered by many of the French Repub- Oh, I come with the roses and summer caloric, the wounded man pronounced the shot fatal, | llcans. "But surely some atonement can be and declared that probing for the ball would A curious premonition of death occurred only hasten his death. Bud's mother was to Isaac Mushrush, a workman who was kill-"Too late—too late! Nothing can avail not convinced, however, and after the ed by the explosion of a boiler, near Pitts-"It is on the strict understanding that I"—— them now, no specious sophistry, no out the man, who had great repute as the explosion, he was much depressed in "It is on no understanding that I" Le ward appearance of remorse. You can wantier thunderstanding at all!" Le ward appearance of remorse. You can a conjuror. The red man made a few mys-spirits, and told his wife he feared some Gautier thundered. "Who are you, poor atone, though slightly, by completing the aconjuror. The red man made a few mysspirits, and told his wife he feared some terious passes over the victim's head, chantgreat calamity. At 2 o'clock Monday after-We must have all work your brother began in life. Know ed a weird incantation and, presto! the ball noon the explosion occurred, and Mushrush We must have all or nothing. Take it, or that at your very door, proud man, thous was found to have reached the skin on the was killed. At the same hour, before it was ands of your fellow-creatures are starving, was found to have reached the skin on the was killed. At the same hour, before it was He looked straight across into the other's ground down by injustice and oppression. back of Bud's neck, where it stuck out like possible for the news of the accident to reach back of Bud's neck, where it stuck out like possible for the news of the accident to reach a small tumor. The Indian then cut the his home, his little child left his play and The his eyes burning with their intensity. You can help to lighten this burden; you skin with his pocket-knife, and the ball fell rushed into the house to his mother, cry. Dilby—"Bless you, if Not a moment they sat thus, striving for the can help these men who, poor, and savage to the floor. Trainer is now out of bed and ing, "Oh, mamma, papa is killed, papa is

Satan's March.

I'll listen to ness; for sens I'll hide; But away! away! while yet I may, Ere I find I've lost the light of day. I'll jostie the weak as I pass along. And still their cries with a careless song ; And stiffe the thoughts that in me rise When I hear the beggar's pitiful cries. I'll tread on the toes of the harmless tramp As he pauses to count his earnings scant. And laugh a merry, jovial laugh, As I watch him fume at my heartless chaff. I'll bury the innocent man in crime: And mock at the skeleton hand of Time : And on, forever on Pll go, Till I've thronged the regions of sin below. Nothing will hinder, none will I heed, Till I've filled the land with my poison seed, For under the banner of Satan bold I'll lay my traps for the poor and old.
I'll help myself to the widows' mite; And plunder the rich when they're out of sight, And leave behind my guilty load, Ere I join the throng on the sinner's road. I'll sink the ship as she rides the wave. And sing o'er the noble sailor's grave. And choke the prayer he fain would breathe, And smother his words before I leave. I'll join the postman on his beat, And turn his steps to a quiet street, And there I'll stifle his angry shout As I turn the letters inside out. I'll scratch from some their tone of grace: And stuff them each in a different case; And some will wonder and many weep, As the puzzles their anxious hopes will greet. When the days are dull and the wind is bleak, And my limbs from the cold are stiff and weak. I'll drop a spark on a mansion fair And thaw my bones as I mount the stair. I'll tip from the track the hurrying train, And bind the brave as they try in vain To lift the motionless mass from the ground, And rescue the wounded scattered round. I'll join the gossiping women's band, And stir their schemes with a crafty hand, And rousing their fury high as the lark, I'll vanish away in the mist and dark. I'll enter unseen the happy home, And drop on the shelf contentions bone, Then gleefully leave when I see they've found And are sweeping my friendly gift around. I'll robe myself as a traveller's guide, And up through the rugged mountain side, With e friendish laugh, and close behind I'll follow the traveller old and blind, And clasping his trustful hand in mine. With feverish strength which gives no sign. I'll guide his helpless stumbling feet Up through the paths untrod and steep, And swiftly adown the farther side I'll watch his feet unhindered slide. And only my laugh with its mocking ring, Too late shall a note of warning bring, I'll draw from the trusting maiden's side A heart with its love long true and tried, And low at her feet like a heap of dust I'll shatter the idols of faith and trust. And out from the world and its passing throng I must choose me subjects hale and strong; Those who will help me hand in hand To wave my flag over every land. And far and near to crown with shame, And hurl those down from the heights of fame Who have struggled long in the pitiless tide Of merciless fate and a great world's pride.

Silver Wedding Bells.

With the compliments of the Author to Mr. and Mrs B. S. Cummer, London, Ont.

> Silver Wedding Bells, to-night! Over all the vanished years,-With what measure of delight,— With what sorrow, with what tears, From the fast Receding past, Comes a vision of the way —Leading onward and above— Since that other " Wedding Day " With its mystic hope and love.

THEN, the skies were bright and clear,— Life in roseate colors drest,— All the future seem'd so near, With its wealth and well-earned rest : Not a cloud Did then enshroud Any hope or promised cheer; Gifts and favors, every one, Everything that heart held dear, Seem'd so easy to be won.

But in all the years since then Sorrow oft returned again; Weary hours, in watching spent, Brought to grief But slight relief: Trusted friends did trust betray ; Blighted hopes—an ill-timed throng— Made life bitter. All the way

Now—this place of vantage gained— What a vision of surprise ! Hindrances, that gall'd and chained All were blessings in disguise; And the losses. And the crosses, And the weary hours of pain

Right seem'd feebler far than Wrong.

Are transmitted into gain In th' alembic of His love. Not our way but His is best ; All things done by Him are right; All His pathways lead to rest; All His nights to clearer light.

By the Grace of God, above,—

A glorious Day Breaks upon the Hills of God Who, as Maker, Saviour, Friend, Makes the way, in weakness trod, In "Eternal Life" to end. Toronto, May 2nd, 1887. L. A. MORRISON.

Sydney Smith described the future condition of Croker 28 "disputing with the record-

The financial market here is often in a very chaotic state. Money is quoted scarce and "The game is in my hands," the schemer tight, and when money is tight the banks farmer at a schoolboard meeting.

The Cheyenne Indians are said to be eating their ponies. Their ponies must differ materially from the pony of the white man. Here a man drinks a pony frequently with

comparative ease. Higher education has made great advancement in Greece during recent years. The lyceum for girls has a staff of 76 teachers and 1,500 pupils. Illiteracy in the kingdom is rare, even in the out-of-the-way hill coun-

It is reported that a recent fire destroyed churn where I hid them nut-cakes." the ancestral home of Confucius, and, with To clean a white goat-skin rug: Wash it, all its art and literary treasures. The

It is said that a very ardent republican deputy, M. Raspail, who was banished from privilege to smash up the monarch's crown Sometime ago Bud Trainer, of Tahlequah, with his own hands. An accident prevented

SOME STORIES OF CATE

William Tanner, of Ragio Grove, was aroused from sleep the other night by the loud mewing of his cat, which had entered his sleeping room, jumped on his bed and was clawing the clothing at a great rate. He dashed the animal to the floor and turned over for another nap, but at the same moment he noticed an odor of smake and going into the hall discovered a vigorous blase in a back closet. He doesn't know how the fire started, but he feels sure that if it hadn't been for the cat he would have been cremated alive. Tom is now in high favor in the household and dines on the best at the table.

During the mild weather of a couple of weeks ago a Dubuque man let the fire in his furnace go out, but filled the furnace with kindling wood and coal, so that when the next cold snap came along he could start the fire without trouble. The snap appeared in due time, and he lighted the fire without opening the door. A few minutes afterwards an unearthly howling was heard at the register in the sitting-room, and the household cat was pulled out, looking like a wreck of her former self; her hair singed off, whiskers gone and her body covered with burns. Tabby's present quarters are beneath the refrigerator.

Some six months ago Mr. L. C. White, of Norfolk, Va., removed to Stanton. He brought his family by steamer up James River to Richmond and thence by rail to Stanton, a total distance of 276 miles. His wife brought with her a handsome Maltese cat, which disappeared shortly after the arrival of the family in Stanton and could not be found, although search was made for it everywhere. Later on Mrs. White received a letter from her sister, who resides in Norfolk, informing her that the cat had walked into her house a few days before. Mrs. White is very anxious to find out how the animal accomplished the journey.

The cars which are favorites with Toronto girls at present are jet black, pure white and Maltese. One young lady whose father is a well-known manipulator of pork, keeps an enormous maltese installed in luxurious quarters at Oconomone, where the summer residence of the family is situated. Tabby always shows the greatest pleasure when she sees her mistress in summer, and during the entire season always walks with her night and morning like a dog. The cat is unusually intelligent and has been trained to perform many tricks, one of which is to mount a piano stool, bow to the company and pat out a tune on the key-board.

Joseph Messenger, an Ontario farmer, has a cat which he always regarded as a terror to rats and mice, but now he thinks differently. One day, some time ago, while out in the barn, he saw a big rat jump out from a barrel, and on looking in beheld a colony of young rats snugly installed there. As the quickest means of getting rid of the pests the farmer brought out his famous mouser, but to his great astonishment the animal took the rats under her wing and began to treat them as if they were her own offspring. After bringing in some of his friends to witness the curious spectacle Messenger slaughtered them without pity, whereat Grimalkin moaned dolefully.

He Should Have Lied.

"If I'd been little George Washington I'd. have lied about cutting the cherry tree," he said as he laid down his school-history. "You would !" exclaimed the mother.

" And why ?" Well, then it would have been laid to the hired man.'

"And then?" "And then there'd have been the all firedest fight between him and the old man Washington anybody ever saw! Little George was way off on that cherry tree business.

All in the Family.

A young man and his wife went househunting last week.

"We want a flat," said the husband to the first landlord he encountered. "All right; I have flats to rent. How

many are there of you?" asked the landlord. "Just two flats," was the serene answer.

Misunderstood

"Do you like lambs?" he asked her in a pastoral voice during a lull in the conversation. They had been discussing the charms of country life.

"No," she answered, "I don't like the meat, but I'm passionately fond of the gravy.

Higher Education.

"Yes, sir; I'm in favor of this higher education for weemin," said a progressive old

"I think it's a good thing for 'em, and I'm goin' to have my gals put clean through compound fractions and the first part of gogerfy; and I do' know but I'll let 'em tech a little grammer. I tell you, gintlemen, the world is a-pergressin', an' we've got to pergress with it or git left."

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.

"Now, children," said a country mother who was going out, "be real good while I'm away, and be sure you don't go near the

A Considerate Youth.

Mother to wayward son-"I saw you kissing the servant girl on the stairs." Wayward son-" That's just about the

size of it." Mother-" Well, ain't you ashamed of your conduct? Son-" No, that's the servant girl's privi-

Found in a Medicine Chest.

lege, and I don't propose to rob her of it."

With scents from the woodland and sewer and sea: I bring with me painkiller, pills paregoric, Turkish rhubarb, quinine and the anemone; I robe every valley and meadow in beauty. With remedies herby and medicines rooty, Whatever your trouble I've something to suit ye, For I am the summer time-carol with me.

She Tests Her Art-

Dilby-" Help yourself to a few more of those mushrooms. Filtrip-" Thanks ; but how do I know

Dilby-"Bless you, if they were, cook