The first time I ever saw Elizabeth Dill, she was hanging to the boot of a stage coach in the Rocky Mountains. I was climbing up a narrow, rocky pass, and the coach was coming down. As it passed me, I caught sight of a pale faced, scrawny little figure, in a dirty calico dress, holding to the straps of the boot behind. Her tangled yellow hair was flying out in the breeze, and her bare feet just escaped the rocks in

the road. I sat down on a rock, and watched the clumsy coach until it went rolling and swaying around a curve in the pass. Here the girl dropped lightly to the ground, and came toward me, kicking up the dust as she quickly advanced.

A hundred yards or more ahead of me there stood a rough log-cabin, to the door of which, before the girl reached me, there came a slatternly woman, with a dirty baby in her arms, and called, in a sharp, rasping voice, "Lib! You Lib Dill! Whar on airth air ye?"

The child was within ten feet of me when the woman called. In reply she cried out, in an injured and irritated tone, "Here I

hangin' on to the stage, like the tom-boy ye air ! Want another lickin', eh ?"

"I don't keer fer yer lickin's !" cried the child, tossing her unkempt head defiantly, while a frown came over her thin face. "Well, you better care, miss!" cried the

woman, angrily. The girl stood directly in front of me now, fearless and unabashed. With one swift, angry movement of her right hand, she stripped her thin white arm of the loose calico sleeve that covered it, and held

it out before me. colored marks on the upper part of her arm. pitiful to see in the face of a girl of fourteen | like it, comin' so far like."

"I said I was going to show them marks | feminine finery. to everybody I could long as they was "Well, good-by," mister!" she said. ""Mandy, says I, at last, 'I'm goin' cup. is it, mister ?"

had appeared again on a distant part of to Laty, I'd run away from here."

time till it had carried me clean away from poor possession she valued most.

"And leave your parents?" I asked. kin as I want 'em to be.'

young girl's face should wear. Unmindful of the woman's command to impassable.

from ?"

"From Ontario," I said. "Purty country, ain't it?"

ever been East?" I asked.

mountain peaks rose dark and unbroken in gone and the storm had increased. the distance.

beyond them mountings in all the days of | the landlord, at nine o'clock. east by noon than I ever was. From this waiting to hear the conclusion of a "yarn" rock I can see further north an' south than | the garrulous landlord was telling me. I ever was. Me been East? Better ask if "An' sir," he was saying, "if you'll dead." I aint been ter college too !"

I said, as gently as I could.

school age or size in ten mile o' here. Have listening attitude. you any children, mister ?"

"I have three," I said. "Got a little girl, mebbe?"

that she was not as this child was. " Mebbe she's 'bout my size, mister?"

"She is," I said.

her to be like me? How would you like fer | buffalo-skins and started for the door. her to be licked fer nothin', like I am ?"

dread contingencies. Lib went on :

likely to be when I grow up." The pathos and hopelessness in her voice

brought tears to my eyes. "And, mister, do ye know I'd walk, I'd is gittin' mighty weak." grawl, away from this place this day if it

" If it wasn't for Laty." " And who is Laty?

wasn't fer-fer-

"The baby that that there woman held in Don't you want to see him? He ain't a light was out. bit afraid of strangers, and he likes men | She could not speak until we had carried so does Laty's pa."

with the adored Laty in her arms. Lib and doctor an' go to them. Let me be. Go to I went forward to meet them. The woman's them an' to Laty. He's all alone. Poor face was harsh and forbidding.

she asked. "A pack of lies, I'll be bound. way through the drifts to the Lane cabin, The truth ain't in her, no, it ain't. Now five miles distant. It was midnight before you git up to the cabin, miss, and mind Lib could tell her sorrowful story; and then Laty. I'm goin' to tell yer pa on ye, an it was told with sobs and tears. you'll see what you'll git then.'

sabin, for it was the only habitation within ought to 'ave been keerful. 'Mandy was so Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure THE two miles of the place, and in those three mad she driv me out into the shed-room. for corns.

poor Lib had not told "a pack of lies," in turning to me. describing her sufferings. Her life with the cruelty of Jack and 'Mandy Lane.

from his parents any corresponding kind- Laty. ness for Lib, his willing slave. I often met arms on the mountain trails.

here. He's goin' to have schoolin', an' go on earth !" out 'mong decent folks, an' be somebody in { "Then he coo-cooed in his cunnin' little

what Lib called a "tumble curl" on top then"of his head. I had never seen him looking so pretty before. Lib had twined a wreath of mountain flowers around his head, and coarse white apron.

"What ye been doin'? Oh, I know; Lib followed me far down the dusty road, unmindful of Mandy's shyilly uttered commands to "come right straight back !"

"You had better not go too far, Lib," I said, when we had walked about half a mile: "'Mandy will be so severe with you."

"Oh, well, what if she is?" asked Lib, wearily; but her voice had none of its old | slide. defiant ring, and her bright eyes were red and downcast.

my account," I said.

"Look there, and there, and there!" she thought I'd like to go a piece with you. shelf in there. I got the lantern an' light- Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Hallcried, pointing her finger at three long, dis- I been thinkin' bout that little girl o' yourn ed it; then I covered Laty all up good fax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly durto day, an' I thought I'd kind o' like to send with the rags an' straw, an' made Tobe lay her somethin. I've got it in this little box. down by him. "Do you think I keer fer any of her lickin's her somethin. I've got it in this little box. down by him. after that?" she asked, with an expression It am't much of anything, but mebbe she'll "Then I started out, an' I found 'Mandy Glasgow and Montreal, weekly, Glasgow and Boston weekly; and Glasgow and Philadelphia, fortnightly

"What ye doin', Lib Dill?" screamed In it was a bunch of pressed mountain cryin'an' goin' on awful, poor woman! The the woman. "I see ye, and ye'd better flowers, tied together with a bit of faded way she tuk on bout Laty was awful. She green ribbon-Lib's one treasured bit of couldn't stand, an' I couldn't get her up to

there," said Lib to me. "She give 'em to "You've took more notice of me than most down to Crystal Camp for help." me fer breakin' an old cracked teacup. It folks takes, an' I won't fergit ye; an' I'll ain't fair fer to lick me like that fer an old try to remember some o' the things you've like. said 'bout me bein' patient an' good, an' all "'I kin,' says I, 'an I'm goin', too. There came a wistful expression to the that. They'll do to tell Laty some day. I An' now, 'Man'ly,' says I, 'you jest brace child's face a wistful and pathetic quaver reckon I'm 'bout as good as I'll ever be. up till I git back; you jest think o' Laty. in her thin voice,, as she pointed with her This aint much of a place fer folks to grow You're his ma an' he needs you; think o' bare arm toward the stage coach, which decent in. If anything should ever happen that. An', 'Mandy,' says I, 'if I don't git

"Do you know, mister, that if I could ture, as I watched her climb the mountains in's agin you nor Jack; an' if I do git back, only do it I'd hang on to that old coach some in her rags, while I held in my hand the one an' you don't git out o' here, you remember

My business took me to a small mining mother to your baby.' camp, five miles distant, where I was to re-"Parrents!" she sneered. "Them aint main for a month. It was the first of De- ered her up the best I could. She lay still, my parrents; wouldn't own 'em if they was. cember before I could set a day for my de- cryin' an' goin' on fit to break one's heart. She ain't no kin at all, an' her man's only parture. I intended starting on the third. I bent over her an' said, "Good-bye, 'Mansome forty-fifth cousin or other of my dead- On the afternoon of the second, signs of a dy; I'm goin'.' an'-gone mother; but they're jist as much storm were seen in the low-hanging clouds another fall would make the mountain roads | in'agin her.

"Come right straight here!" Lib sat down I watched with dismay that gathering Tobe lay down by Laty. 'Don't you on a rock near me, rested her chin in one of storm on the afternoon of the third. By move, says I to the dog, and he won't. her thin hands, and asked, "Where you three o'clock it was snowing fast: the short | They'll find him an' Laty all covered up day was nearly done; it was growing dark under straw and rags behind a tater box in in the narrow gulch; the wind moaned up a corner of the cave where Laty can't get and down the long black canons; the stunt out. I ain't worried none bout him, but, "Very pretty indeed, at this time of the ed pines bent low; the mountains seemed O Jack! O'Mandy!" year." It was then October. "Have you frowning down on the helpless little mining "Yes," said Lib, wearily, a little later, camp, and the snow fell faster and faster.

"Me!" Lib laughed that unpleasant laugh again. She stood on a bowlder, and pointed little mountain hotel and watched the dayfar away to the west, to where a long line of light disappear. By four o'clock it was when 'Mandy drove me out, or I'd froze.'

"It's darker 'n a stack o'black cats, an' landlord, came down the mountain, carry-

b'leeve me, that thar ole cattymount jist

"I don't suppose you have a school here," | natchelly riz up an'-great Scotland! did ve hear that? "Mister, I'm the only boy or girl of He jumped to his feet and stood still, in a ed them over to some wealthy friends of

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly; "I did able to provide for them.

'Sh-sh-sh !" he held his red and calloused "Yes," I said, "a little girl," thankful hand up as a sign of silence, and tip-toed gently toward the door. Sharp and clear

arose a prolonged cry as of one in pain. "Somebody's in trouble !" cried the land-"Well, now, mister," said Lib, slowly lord as he hurriedly thrust a lighted candle him yet. and deliberately, "how would you like fer into his lantern, threw on his great coat of She also alludes to a certain young farm-

I shuddered at the mere suggestion of such and mittens as I went. We had taken but has led to plans which, if carried out, will "You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon repeated. I could not tell from whence it "We are all-Laty and the farmer and I" not. Well, I do hope that little girl of came, but my companion's sense of hearing | -she says, "very happy in planning the yourn'll never be like I am, nor what I'm was more acute and better trained than future that promises so fair."

"It's from the Red Mountain trail," he said, "an' the person that's doin' the yellin'

Very weak, indeed, was the person whose pitiful cry we had heard. We found her Her ragged sleeve went up to her eyes; half-buried in a great drift of snow far up her head, held high in defiance until now, the mountain side. As we bent over her dropped low; her voice faltered as she went | the rays of the lantern fell across the thin, pale face of Elizabeth Dill,-thinner than ever, and paler from the suffering she had endured that night.

She had fallen prostrate and was too her arms when she come to the door. Her much exhausted to rise. A ragged old baby, it is. He's cunnin'est little thing! cloak was wrapped around her and a thin an' he loves me, he does. He puts his arms shawl had fallen from her tangled yellow round my neck, and says so plain as anything. hair. A lantern lay by her side, but its

folks. She thinks a sight of Laty, she does; her down to the little hotel and chafed her chilled form for a long time. Her first The woman here came out to the cabin. words were, "Jack Lane-'Mandy! Git a little feller! Poor Jack! Poor 'Mandy!" "What's she ben tallin' you, mister?" A dozen men were soon fighting their

"It was only a little after dark," she "My paw!" cried Lib. "Jack Lane ain't said. We was all settin' in the front room. my pap, an' yeu know it."

Laty was in my lap an', some way or other,

Sass-box?" was all the answer the wo- I let the little feller fall. Of course Jack man vouchedsafe to this outburst from and 'Mandy was mad. I don't blame 'em; an' I didn't mind it much when Jack whipp- a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. I stayed three weeks in Jack Lane's ed me with the ramrod of his gun. I'd See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn

weeks I saw enough to convince me that You know how that is, mister." Lib said,

"It runs back right up agin the moun-Lanes was a hard one. They were mali- tain, an' there's a cave off the end of it ciously and wilfully cruel to her. More than where Jack keeps his taters an' turnips in once did I intercede to save her from the winter. It was real snug in the cave, an' old Tobe, Jack's dog, was in there, I snug-Her devotion to baby Lathan did not win gled up to him, an' cried 'cause I'd hurt

" Purty soon the front room door opened her carrying the heavy baby in her weak a little an' Laty came toddlin' into the shed-room. I could see Jack an' 'Mandy "We have real good times when we're off playin' checkers by the fire, an' they didn't by our two selves," Lib said to me one day. | notice Laty. I slipped out an' ketched the "We talk to each other so! I'm goin' to little felleo up in my arms. 'You poor litmake a man of Laty some day; he ain't | rle teller,' I says, 'Lib didn't go to hurt goin' to be like the things there are round | you : Lib loves you better 'n anything else

the world. Ain't he purty when he's fixed way, an' laid his wet little cheeks on mine in a way that like to 'ave broke my heart. He was "fixed up" that day. He had I was standin' in the cave-door, holdin' him on a new pink calico dress, clumsily made, so, when there come an awful roar. I saw and a long sleeved white apron. His hands Jack an' 'Mandy jump up, scared like, an' I and face were clean, his yellow hair lay in stepped back into the cave with Laty, an'

> Here Lib quite broke down, and cried for a long time before she said :

"Well, the next minute everything was pinned a bunch of them in front of his pitch dark. Jack nor 'Mandy nor the cabin nor nothin' was to be seen. There was the When the time came for me to go away, awfullest roarin' an' crashin' ever I heerd. Me an' Laty an' Tobe all cuddled up in a corner of the cave, scared out of our seven

"After awhile I crawled to the cave door. The snow an' wind was blowin' in. The cabin was gone; there wasn't a sign of it. Then I knowed there'd been a snow-

"I yelled an' yelled for 'Mandy and Jack, but there wa'n't no answer at first. "I should be sorry to have you suffer on By-and-by I heerd some one cryin'. Jack's lantern was in the cave. He'd jest been in Sailing during winter from Port and every hursday "Oh, I don't mind it, but I reckon I'll go there, coverin' up the things with old rags and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in sum-

wedged in 'mong some rocks 'bout a hun-Lib held out a small, flat pasteboard box. dred yards down the mountain. She was

"'You can't,' says she, awful feeble

back, an' you git out o' here all right, you My heart ached for the forlorn little creatremember that Lib Dill ain't no hard feelto your last breath that Lib Dill will be a "Then I brought straw an' rags an' cov-

"She never said a word, but she flung

that hid the snow-covered mountain peaks. her one free arm round my neck an' kissed The words were uttered with scorn, and The snow lay smooth and white on all the me, an' that made it all right 'tween me an' on Lib's face was a malignant look that no mountain sides, and it was feared that 'Mandy Lane. Livin' or dead, I ain't noth-"I went back to the cave, and made

"I did have an awful pull to git here; but Before noon the next day Silas Ray, the

"Mister," she said, "I ain't never been the wind's blowin' a a reg'lar cyclone," said ing baby Laty tenderly in his strong arms. The child was asleep with the tears on his MANTOL my life. Crystal City lays at the foot o' At ten c'clock he and I sat alone by the pretty face. Lib reached up her arms for EXCHIDER MACHINE CILINDER ENGINE that range, an' I was born there. That office stove. The wind had gone down a the baby. Silas laid him gently down by stage coach goin' down this pass'll be further little and it had stopped snowing. I was her side and said, "I reckon you've as good a right to him as anybody now. They're NINE COLD MEDALS bringing his father andmother down-

My interest in the brave girl and her forlorn charge led me to take them with me when I left Crystal Camp, and I finally turnmine in the East, who were both willing and

This was ten years ago. A few days since I received a letter from Lib Dill, who is now a school teacher in a new town in Northern, Ontario, in which she says that Laty has grown to be a bright and good boy, and that she hopes to make a good man of

er, between whom and herself there appears I followed him, pulling on my overcoat to have sprung up a mutual interest, which a few steps from the door when the cry was result in her having a home of her own.

A Bad Memory.

Lord Tennyson is not gifted with a memory of faces. It was told that he was enter tained one day at dinner by a Mr. Oscar-Browning, a wealthy gentleman well known in London society and not at all related to Browning the poet. A few days after Mr. Browning met Lord Tennyson at a reception and saluted him cordially, but the poet looked at him vaguely and did not recognize him. "Do you not remember, Lord Tennyson? I am Browning," said his quondam host. "Oh, no, you are not," answered Tennyson, placidly. "I know Robert Browning intimately, and you cannot persuade me that you are he." So off he went, leaving his unfortunate entertainer in a decidedly unpleasant predicament.

Proud of the Spot-

When showing the German Emperor through his great iron works the late Alfred Krupp pointed out the very spot where, an ill-fated boy of ten years, he was glad to take from one of his father's workmen a piece of bread to appease his hunger.

A Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes

PATENTS PROCURED in Canada, the U.S. and I foreign countries. Engineers, Patent Attorneys, and experts in Patent Causes. Established 1967. Bounds C. Ridout & Co., Toront

LBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT. Chartered 1857. Over 4,000 Students enrolled.

Diplomas awarded in Collegiate Course, Commercial Science, Penmanship, Mus'c, Fine Arts and Elocution. Large classes prepared yearly for matriculation in Arts, Law, Medicine and Theology. In '86, out of 6 candidates for Second-Class Teachers' Certificates 4 were successful. Record equally good in other departments. Full term begins

Tuesday, Sep. 6, '87. Send for circular. Address

FOR BUTTER, ETC.

REV. W. P. DYER, M.A , Principal.

NYEW Importations.—Higgins' Eureka, Washington and Ashton Brands, in large or small sacks Also Rice's Canadian Salt. Write for prices. JAMES PARK & SON. Wholesale Produce Merchants Toronto.

AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

We want a good MAN in your locality to pick u

CALFSKINS for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U.S.

MANUFACTURERS.

M. STAUNTON & CO.,

Samples on application. TORONTO ONT. Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

back now; Laty might need me. I jest an straw, an' we always kept matches on a at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for

For Freight, passage, or other information apply to 3 Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax ; Shea & Co., St. Jchn's N. F., Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans Rae Co., Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. A Allan Portland Boston Montreal



Curing all Blood, Livand Kidney Combeen benefited by its ise : Mrs. M. Keenan. standing; Robt. Corie Birreil, 55 Wal-

Weakness and Lung Trouble: John Wood, 95 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Beal, 6 Augusta St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & \$1. F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

sure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALL-ING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. EOOT,

ASSESSMENT SYST

LIFE ASSOCIATE

Association in the world—desires acting tives in every section of Canada; liberalis It has full Government Deposit, and mission of Insurance Department at Ottan Correspondence solicited. Address J. D. WELLS

65 King Street Ban h H.Williams, STATE FELT

. Manufacturer and dealer in Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, But pers, Carpet and Deafening Felt ROOFING, Etc. 4 Adelaide St. R. To.

ater AUGERS, bar per hour. Also Rock Drills-Hand Es



STOCKMEN, give this rales paration a fair trial. It premptly and effectually inde Ticks and other verminpet as in eradicating all affection in Tins at 35c., 70c. and 31. A 35c. Tin ville Sheap or 35 Lambs. HUGH MILLER & Co.

AMERICAN



New Catalogue Ready 144

23 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.

parents' addresses Also a handson l

mond Dye Sample Card to the mother

Wells, Richardson & Co., Mestre

END AT ONCE FOR

of Second-Hand Vot

From \$15 Uprus

All classes of fine work. Mfrs. of Printer'l Slugs and Metal Furniture. Send for price. names of two or more other babies, and

J.L.JONES WOOD ENGRAVER 10 KING STEAST TORONTO.

much valuable information.

Threshers the And yet he seemed versed as he paced slowly backy USE ON YOUR MACHINERY ONLY THE WELL-KNOWN

S Have been awarded it during the last four years. Try also PEERLE AXLE GREASE, for your Wagons and Horse Power. Manufactured at OUEEN CITY OIL WORKS, by

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO. TORONTO

L. D. SAWYER & CO., Hamilton, III MANUFACTURERS OF

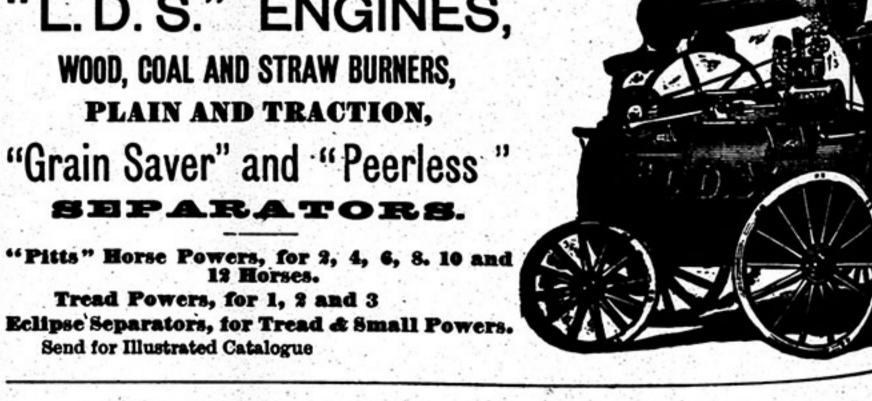
"L.D.S." ENGINES, WOOD, COAL AND STRAW BURNERS,

PLAIN AND TRACTION.

'Grain Saver" and "Peerless" SEPARATORS.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

'Pitts" Horse Powers, for 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 Tread Powers, for 1, 2 and 3



GURNET'S



TORONTO, HAMILTONI MONTREAL, AND WINNIPEG

Send for Price List and Illustrated Catalogue

"KATE MASSEY LOVE OR KINDRED ?

HAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

nth did not however remain shed for long. The sun had sea, a flaming disc, whe it had not disappeared whe erself, ill and weak and tren ked faintly about her, her mi weary that for a moment it n the cause of her agony and d eyes fell upon the letter th her en the grass, and she remen and pressed her hands to he ked herself to and fro, then old circle which, with its di the wore on a ribbon about he out to fling away forever from ch this bar between her and habitual proud self-contro ted itself; her fury and agony and left her straining all the hind to find some way of se

alth which her own hand ha her from receiving. rose to her feet, leaned her tre nd white face against the tr t desperately, intensely. ety thousand pounds !" t power of worldly station, pleasure, what almost regal

imes, she picked up her ha ing as she walked, groped if the wood, and turned back only a chance," she muttered ce: but he is a fool, a rash, he and I can but try-Oh, I will not give up without a

three words! She repeated

CHAPTER IV.

choyle Castle, on the banks had never looked more mel did on the wet June evening ster lay dead within its w ung over the river, and the water as it beat against the elow, and the slow unceasing urch bell some way down the he only sounds that distur unnatural silence. The who red to recognize the presence chamber where lay the body

he servants' hall there were ed merriment and secret and g, while the late master's fail omings were discussed in qui There were no tears she illage church bell announce oyle of Verschoyle had depart even his nephew and presun ted only a quite sorrow. The

ot been loved. scene outside the Castle, viev st-wreathed paths by the cli er, was a melancholy one inde ynn Neville seemed to thin up and down, the tall gray atle on one side, a hedge of d upon the other. The your ore a sorrowful look as he wa red, for, honest and generous he was, even he could not

wealth and high social posit cinth however was first in h hought of her even subdued th assionate love that an Irishn home of his race, while it romantic, unpractical sid man's character to be disinh

rds along the river walk. ould I undo what I have do d? Do I regret it for a single ked himself, looking down g water. "No—a thousand proud, beautiful darling ! I one, and I knew all, I would win and wed her, and woul own free will what I must necessity. Yes: better our l our love for each other than t e and those rich lands with , a dreary and desolate hear ier than ever money could more than all the gold in

e last words fell slowly and h his lips, and the sorrowful ountenance deepened just as changed to rain and the ever into night. He paused in h and heedless of the falling r ting at the wet roses, while hi took snape.

is for her I tremble, not seign all this almost without But her love for me is not yet, and I fear that the my uncle's wealth through compare the splendo might have given me one wo of encouragement, in the te me a few minutes ago. My I think of it. Oh, if it is have chosen the money an what shall I do?"

e asked the question aloud, i nee doubt that was almost t pocket and began turning his fingers rather than read ed he could have repeated t

nce, silent until I see you.

hat was all; and he was still de trying vainly to gather fi the mood in which it was snother step sounded on e of a gentleman—called out Are you there, Glynn? Wh not beginning to mope and in a leady, are you?"
No, time enough for that although I can hear it ight. I came out to think

at deal to think of just no gered Glynn soberly. Garret Croft, allow, turning a p a Glynn, "I show thousand a year in thous to realize in all out of my hea

of grief is b and pointed