THE SENORITA'S VOW.

Among the most respectable and reliable Texo-Mexican citizens during the Garza raids was one Senor Don Camillo, whose ranch was tucked away in a bend of the Rio Grande, about half-way between Brownsville and Laredo. This ranch was a cozy enough place when the Gulf breezes sang through its peach orchards and the mesquite grass grew green to the doorstep, and the bluejays and mocking-birds swam and sang in the sunshine. A fit setting, indeed, it seemed, for old Camillo's motherless daughter, the handsome Margarita. A strange, new phase of life was old Camillo's talk of war to the innocent Margarita whose only conception of battle was the bold raid of the rangers after a horse thief, a fence cutter or a road agent. She listened to the grave talk of her father and the padre, as she ground her tortillas, or sat in the sunshine stringing the long pods of chile into scarlet festoons, and her Spanish heart thrilled at the mention of such high-sounding words as "right," "liberty," "adventure" and "booty." She almost wished that she were a man, so she might swell the ranks of the demanding people. As it was, she would wait till Sunday and tell Philipe about it. Philipe was her lover, a young sheep herder, whom because of his empty purse and lowly calling, old Camillo thought not a worthy suitor for his daughter's hand.

Philipe Ornendez was the type of a peculiar class of men in the West. Though not educated, his mind was stored with the very best kind of knowledge—the knowledge which comes of experience, independence of thought and reflection. Herding his sheep on the still mesas, alone with creatures dumb only as to human speech, communing with the wind, the sun and stars, reading of the great writers, he had arrived at conclusions and defined meanings which could not be false, having nature and mind at their base.

Having been drilled in the public schools in the foundation of language, he was enabled to appreciate books, which, as he had them not in superabundance, were to him treasures not to be lightly thought of. Yet he lived on simply and crudely. He had tried when he was younger to live in town, clerking in a dry goods store, and availing himself of "society" as it is in a border Texas town, but he could not endure it. It was during this attempt at "civilization" that he had met Margarita Camillo, a shy little maiden attending the convent in the same town, spending her Saturdays and Sundays at the house where Philipe was boarding.

The two untamed young hearts had leaped warm to each other, and both had gone back gladly to the prairies, the herds, the freedom and beauty of ranch life.

Camillo's disapprobation of her lover was the one wrinkled leaf in the rose bed of the happy Margarita's life, and quick leapt her eager, loving little heart to a plan of revealing her Philipe in his true light to her father. She could scarcely await the passage of each long sunny Spring day till Sunday should bring her lover. But at last the day came. She helped old Margo about her work all the morning, in order to kill time; then she strolled off, languid of foot, but eager of heart, toward the river. As soon as she was out of sight of the house she ran, skimming along the trail by the river, to the place where she was in the habit of meeting Philipe. Soon she heard the sound of his horse's feet, keeping time to his voice as he was singing "La Golandrina," the song which to the Mexicans is the same as our "Home, Sweet Home" to us:

Adondaira vel oz y fanizeda.
La golandrina que da aqui si va?
O'si en ei aire gomera extraviada
Buscando abigo y no lo oscontrara.

She hid behind a tree and waited till he was just opposite her; then springing forward, caught his bridle rein and demanded in mock bravado; "Quien vive?"

"Margarita!" exclaimed Philipe, dismounting and taking her in his arms.

"No, senor!" she went on teasingly, trying to free herself from his clasp. "Not Margarita, but a friend of Garza! The pass word of your life?"

"That and that!" said Philipe, kissing her on each cheek. "Now tell me what you know about Garza?"

"Everything," she answered, proudly; "even that on this revolutionary ladder of Garza's favor you, my Philipe, must rise to the less honorable but to us more important favor of my father."

"Why, what a little plotter you are!" exclaimed Philipe, kissing her again. "Where and when have you learned all these State secrets?"

"At home from my father and the padre. They talk Garza and la libertad all the day and night, Philipe. I listen and resolve 'now shall my Philipe prove to them what a brave and noble man he is! Now shall he join the revolutionary forces, and by gallant deeds rise up, up—captain, colonel, general, commander-in-chief, who knows?—till my father will be proud to take his hand and say: here is my poor little Margarita, Don Philipe Ornendez, take her if she be good enough for thee.' And then the dear padre will bless us and make us one."

Philipe looked proudly and tenderly into her eyes. Then folding her again to his heart said: "No!"

"No, what, dearest?" she asked, looking up at him.

He sighed and answered. "Never mind little one," then went on more practically as they walked side by side, one of his arms around her waist, and the other linked through the pony's bridle: "I know all about Garza's revolt, sweetheart, and am heart and soul with him. My only fear is concerning you. I fear that entering the service will take me entirely away from you. We do not know how long it will last, nor what it may bring forth—exile, imprisonment, death perhaps. Then, shall I tell you the truth? I fear Si Murdock. I know he loves you and hates me, and that your father favours his suit."

"But myself, Philipe! Can my father or the padre either force me to marry a man whom I hate—especially when I love another?"

"No, darling, but they can take advantage of my absence—or death—to persecute and worry you"— He broke off suddenly, and bitterly: "I wish to God, Margarita, your father would look at this matter in a reasonable light and let us be married at once. I could then take you to my friends in the interior, where you would be safe, and I could plunge heart and soul into the revolution."

"He will not," sighed Margarita.

"No, he will not," echoed Philipe.

They had turned off the main trail and had reached a little nook in the brush where they were wont to have these meetings. Seated upon the ground they chatted and made love, as happy, heedless lovers ever did and ever will. It was near sunset when they parted; he to gallop back to Laredo and she to stroll by a renter's cabin on her way home, so that her conscience no less than her face might be at ease when she told her father that she had been to see Benevides' sick child.

So the border war raged, covert it is true and striking in the dark and from the thicket, yet striking hard enough to make its blows felt by two great nations. Vaguely it was felt by the United States, and especially so as it occurred at a time when the entire country was up in arms against Chili and her affront to the American flag. Scarcely more keenly was it felt in old Mexico, where Diaz sat not quite so comfortable on his throne called chair, and his people scowled and whispered in the secrecy of their adobe walls of insurrection against tyranny. Still more keenly was this little rancorous war of the chaparral felt on the border of Texas, the hospitality of whose soil had been abused by making it the battlefield of a nation at war with itself.

Down in the bend of the Rio Grande the little ranch was all out of tune with its mocking birds and peach blossoms. Old Camillo was solicitous for his daughter's safety; the padre was his adviser, and Si Murdock pushed his suit unblushingly, while his more patriotic rival was in the field.

Murdock was a scout, a white man of good family and some money. His father was a well-to-do ranchman, and Si had been sent to St. Louis to school, but book learning had passed through his head as the tone of a love song passes through unsympathetic ears. He was born of and for the prairies, the chapsaral, and the cactus. He knew every inch of Southern Texas, from the Rio Grande to the Sabine. Yet when it came to putting his knowledge into practical use for his country's good Si weakened. He was simply a vain, boastful fellow, fond of sporting firearms and "cutting a figger." For the sake of gratifying this vainglory of his he had gone to Austin and got out special ranger papers, signed duly by the Adjutant-General of Texas, which papers authorized him to wear arms and take a hand in the well ordering of his country whenever and wherever the occasion demanded it. On the strength of this authority he proceeded to buckle on his six shooter and bowie knife, and to strut about very importantly among his neighbors. He had come over to old Don Camillo's this afternoon, more to "show off" to Margarita than for any better purpose.

The girl had grown thin and pale, but a new-born hope or resolution shone in her eyes.

"I wish not to see thee, Si Murdock, nor to speak to thee," she said, dropping into the use of the old-fashioned pronoun as she spoke English.

Si ignored her repulse. "But, Margarita," he urged, "one of two things has happened to Philipe. He is either dead or cares no more to see you."

"Neither has happened, Si Murdock," she answered wearily.

"Then why has he not come to see you, or written or sent a message?"

"Because he is too busy liberating his country, which will not await his pleasure as I do."

"You shall marry me!" said Si, seizing her hand.

"Father!" she cried, wrenching her hand away, and springing up with flaming eyes and cheeks.

Old Camillo came hobbling from the house, querulous and drowsy.

"How long, senor, am I to be persecuted by this man?" she asked excitedly.

"Just so long as he pleases, my daughter and you are so foolish as not to encourage him."

The girl turned and walked slowly away from them.

"What is to be done, senor?" asked Murdock, as though some refractory colt had refused the girth and bridle.

"Leave her to me; I will send for the padre and set him to work on her. She fears and respects the holy church as she never will man, be he father or husband."

Margarita walked down the river trail. She had no real hope of meeting Philipe there, for she had been there every afternoon for the past three weeks and no Philipe had come to meet her. As she pushed the brush away with both hands she was startled by a horse's head thrust over hers. She looked up, and behold! It was Stranger, Philipe's own pony, and there was Philipe lying face downward on the earth. Was he dead? Merciful heaven! She sprang to his side and he started and looked up. Then they were weeping in each other's arms.

"It was my first and probably last chance to see you!" he said. "I have been ordered to the interior, and am now on my way to the lower Rio Grande."

"I will go away with you, Philipe," she said suddenly.

"You, darling? You cannot. We are watched and hunted like wild beasts. We are spied upon and betrayed, and shot down without mercy. A woman along! It is out of the question."

"But I will not be a woman!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I will be a man; a Mexican patriot, as you are. See how tall and strong I am. I can shoot, ride, endure. I must go! Then you do not know what you would leave me to, Philipe. Si Murdock is now closeted with my father. The padre, too, is against me. I would rather die with you, in the war than to, to"—

"You are right, Margarita!" he cried, his eyes flashing and his heart burning to ride up to the house and shoot down in his tracks the villain who would rob and outrage him in his absence. "I will at least take you to a place of safety with my friends."

"You shall see," she cried. "Stay here. I will fly"—and the chaparral closed behind her before he could answer. In and out she went through the tangled, flesh-tearing brush, as sure footed and keen sighted as a deer to Benevides' house.

The little family was at supper. Benevides, his wife, and a little pale-faced 2-year-old child which Margarita had nursed back to life. In a rough cradle lay another child, a 2-week's old baby. Margarita, quickly explaining the situation, instructed Benevides to hurry to her home and bring her own pony from the corral.

While the wife brought the clothes Margarita stood before the little cracked mirror and cut off her beautiful long hair just even with the nape of the neck, as the "Greasers" wear theirs. The clothes fitted her admirably, except an extra length to the toes of her boots, which the wife filled out with cotton. When the costume was complete the two women had a hearty laugh, notwithstanding the serious nature of the undertaking. Hurriedly belting on her pistol and cartridges, Margarita kissed the wife and the little ones and started for the rendezvous. They arrived there at almost the same minute. Benevides had taken his own saddle, which he had hid in the brush on the roadside, while he went up to the house to get the horse, so all was ready for the mount. The pony shrank from Margarita's hand on the bridle, until she said, "Why Mio Bonito, dost though not know thy mistress?" Then the pony rubbed his head against her shoulder as much as to say; "Ah, my lady, men may be misled by strange clothes and cropped hair, but not a horse."

Philipe was almost speechless at the success of the transformation. "We must hurry Margarita," was all he said. "I must be in Brownsville by to-morrow noon." He wrung Benevides' hand. "I will see that you are paid full price for your outfit, my friend," he said gratefully, and away went the two gay caballeros to the war.

"Where is Senor Garza?" asked Margarita, as they rode along in the dusk.

"In Mexico."

"What is he doing there?"

"Mustering secret troops in the capital."

"But suppose they should capture him?" Margarita asked.

"He'll never be taken alive, and if they should kill him a hundred capable men would spring up to take his place."

So these two free lances rode along, too much absorbed in the issues of the war to think of each other and their mutual danger.

The night grew dark and threatened rain. Toward midnight Margarita grew very tired and faint, but Philipe cheered her up and persuaded her to take occasional sips of the whiskey which he had in his canteen.

About 3 o'clock in the morning Philipe said: "I see that you are utterly worn out, darling. We will stop and let you have a little rest before daybreak, for then we cannot afford to stop a minute, but must push on as fast as we can, trying to avoid both the regular army troops and the Rangers."

"I wouldn't mind the Rangers," the girl answered and smiled.

"Things are different with us, now, my dear," Philipe answered, sighing. Turning into the thicket, he soon made her comfortable with the two blankets and his overcoat.

"Sleep sweetly, little one, he said kissing her and tucking the coarse covering about her neck. "I will keep guard, and the ponies are ready to mount at an instant's warning."

She was asleep in a few moments, her fair, sweet face gleaming like a flower against the thicket.

Philipe sat with his back against a tree and his eyes fixed on her, while his keen ears took in every fall of a leaf or flutter of a bird in the thicket.

In the meantime Si Murdock had left the Camillo ranch without waiting for Margarita, being in truth afraid to be out alone after dark.

Old Camillo had returned to his chair on the veranda, supposing that Margarita had gone to Benevides' as usual, and would be back for supper.

Dusk came. The cows came up and lowed outside the pen; their calves set up a plaintive bleating outside, and old Margot waddled down to them with her tin pails and calf rope. The cackling chickens sought their roosts, and great droves of Paradise birds settled down in the trees for the night. The long red lines of the setting sun fell slanting along the parched fields, and peach tree aisles, and the murmuring voice of the river came clear and soothing on the twilight air. Creak, creak, creak, went old Camillo's rocking chair, and nod, nod, nod, went his drowsy head. Once he thought he heard footsteps about the fence, but they were dim, and the air was so soft, and the birds' chatter was so monotonous, and the river's song was so sweet, he slept on, and recked not of war or treachery.

Si Murdock rode briskly, but had not gone more than three miles when he heard the tramp of many horses' feet and the sound of voices. His first impulse was to run, his second to hide his arms, his third to pat his breast pocket containing the papers, and put on a look of loyal citizenship.

"Who goes there?" called the voice of Capt. J. S. McNeel of the State Rangers.

"A citizen of Texas," was the calm answer.

"Your name, friend?"

"Si Murdock."

"By what authority are you carrying fire-arms, Mr. Murdock?"

Nervously Si drew his precious papers and handed them to the captain. McNee examined them carefully, at the same time taking in the appearance and character of the bearer.

"All right, Mr. Murdock," he said, "we are just hunting a man like you. I see you are a reliable scout. We want to get to the nearest safe crossing on the river. Just fall in and lead the way."

"But—er"— Si began.

"Never mind about your clothes, or your not having had a shave. No apologies needed. I've seen gentlemen like you before, Mr. Murdock; mostly in towns, however. Fall in, please!"

"That's the way to do it; Cap'n," said some one in the rear.

"Yes, it ain't every man that gets greatness thrust upon him in that style," said another.

Si had to take this chaff with the best grace possible, but he sadly wished that he had been content with plain citizenship and not got out those special service papers.

Away in the lonesome chaparral Margarita slept, her dreamless slumbers undisturbed by memory of Si Murdock. Even in her sleep she felt Philipe near and was comforted.

The dawn came faint in the east, yet Philipe had not the heart to waken her. But his judgment stepped in to bias the decrees of love, and leaving his post he laid his lips on her forehead. "Waken, dearest," he said softly. "It is daylight, and we must be going."

She sat up self-possessed and greatly refreshed.

"Poor fellow!" she said, nestling her head on Philipe's shoulder. "You have had no rest, and are shivering for the need of your coat. How selfish and thoughtless I am."

She held his coat while he put it on, then buttoned it up, giving him a kiss for each of the three buttons.

"That warms me!" he said smiling, and turned to help her on her horse, but she stopped him as she said laughingly: "What would the Rangers think if they should see one Greaser helping another on his pony?"

She sprang to her saddle and he followed suit. They travelled quite briskly for about an hour and a half. This brought them into the country of Hidalgo, near a place called Four Corners.

While Margarita chattered on, merry in spite of her danger, Philipe kept his head partially turned, and seemed to be listening to something behind them.

"Suppose we turn off here a little, Margarita," he said, leading the way almost at right angles to that they had been travelling.

"That is out of our course, if you want to reach Santa Juanita," she said.

"Not much, and it is less liable to be traveled."

"You are uneasy, Philipe," she said. "You are not wise to keep things from me; I've been watching your face, and I know you are worried. What is it?"

"Well, I think I heard horses' feet—a good many of them. It may be a herd of cattle, it may be the troops or Rangers, and it may be our own men."

By this time the sound was drawing so near that Margarita herself could hear it.

"It is not our men," Philipe continued. "How do you know?"

"The horses are large footed, and I can not quite tell which way they are coming."

They had left what might be called a trail in that trailless country, and were huddled out of sight in a denser growth off to one side. The tramp of hoofs grew nearer, and there soon came in view a band of rangers following the course they had taken.

"They are tracking us," Philipe said. "Holy mother, direct me what to do!"

The section they had just crossed from the trail was thickly grown with low brush and mesquite grass. It was possible that the Rangers might not notice the break in the tracks and continue their forward course. The minutes seemed hours to Philipe, and he grew almost an old man in those terrible seconds of anxiety. Like a succession of flash lights there darted through his mind the hundred different and equally perilous things to do. He thought of the girl's peaceful and protected life at home, and for the first time blamed himself for bringing her away. He feared to continue into the jungle, for fear the sound of the cracking brush would attract attention. If he had been alone he would have given up to them, depending upon the plausibility of his appearance as a harmless traveler, together with such corroborating evidence as he was sure to get from any of the Mexicans in that section. But the girl—

The Rangers hesitated, stopped and looked to the right and left. In two minutes they came galloping that way.

"Now to run for our lives!" he said, quickly tightening the girth of Margarita's saddle.

Into the brush they plunged, the noise of its snapping drowning in their ears the sound of their pursuers. On and on blindly and desperately they plunged, the sensible horses choosing the clearest way, while the riders dogged the brush. Once turning his head Philipe saw the blood trickling down Margarita's face, where a thorn had scraped the tender skin clean across the cheek. That in itself hurt him worse than a pistol shot. The girl's face was white. Yet her lips were firm and she whispered something cheering to him as they came side by side.

They must have run this way fully a mile when they heard the brush cracking close behind them, and knew that the Rangers were upon them.

Wheeling his horse sidewise in front of hers, Philipe prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Yet, thinking of the sweet life in his charge he weakened, and called out clearly, "We surrender!"

The Rangers halted, their rifles lowered and the captain said something to him, but as he spoke a form darted from the rear, and Philipe saw Si Murdock's murderous face before him. Bang! went a gun and Philipe, stunned, terrified, heard a cry and a gurgle behind him. He whirled around and caught Margarita in his arms as she fell from her saddle shot through the breast. Drawing her from her horse to his pommel, he held her against him and emptied every shot of his revolver into the ranks of the enemy. They would have made short business of his life had not their captain commanded "cease firing."

Right in the muzzle of Philipe's pistol Capt. McNeel rode quickly and alone to his side.

"There is some mistake here," he said. "I heard you offer surrender."

But Philipe was not listening. He had dismounted and laid the dying girl on the ground. He longed to throw himself beside her and put a bullet through his own heart, but he dared not arouse suspicion as to her sex.

"Leave me alone! It is all the mercy you can show me now," he pleaded, as he forced some whisky between Margarita's lips, while her pony came nearer, neighing and trying to touch his mistress.

Capt McNeel turned to his men and said: "There was no need of firing that shot. Who did it?"

No one answered.

"Who shot this boy?" the captain again asked, and this time the new scout answered: "I did."

"What did you do it for?"

"The other one was aiming at me. I returned his fire. I did not mean to kill that one."

"You're a liar!" broke in one of the men "He was aiming at no one. He intended to surrender. I believe you know the men and had some personal grudge against them!"

They were interrupted by a piercing shriek, which cut the hearts of even those death-familiar men.

"Dead! dead! my darling! my Margarita! Murdered by him!" At this Si Murdock threw himself from his horse. Philipe had torn open the girl's clothing to stanch the wound, and her beautiful white breast was exposed, clotted with the still oozing blood.

"Damn you!" he hissed, turning on Murdock and plunging at him with drawn knife, which the captain seized, having already taken possession of his pistol and rifle.

Pale and trembling Si Murdock sank upon the ground.

"My God, what have I done," he cried.

"Murdered a woman, you brute," answered the captain.

Philipe and Murdock each refusing to give any further information on the subject, the former was arrested and the latter given to understand that he would have to account for firing without orders.

"Continue the march!" commanded the Captain, and they pushed on into Brownsville Philipe sullenly holding the dead girl in his arms, and apparently oblivious to everything else, until his eyes fell upon Murdock.

Then his face became purple with rage and agony, and he said:

"We'll meet in a fair field before this war is over, and when we do neither man nor God shall keep me from killing you!"

The philosopher Xenocrates was taking no part in a conversation where scandal was going on. He was asked why he did not join in the entertainment. "Because," replied he, "I have often repented of having spoken, but never of having preserved silence."

HOUSEHOLD.

Her Exalted Station.

I used to think it an easy thing,
As easy as any one asks,
To keep a family neat and prim,
And manage the household tasks.

It seemed to me in my foolish pride
That the heft of a woman's toil
Was simply to sit by the door inside,
And wait for the dinner to boil.

While out in the summer's scorching heat
We men were sweating away,
With aching shoulders and jaded feet,
From dawn to the close of day.

But, sir, I would have you be assured
That thoroughly, one by one,
My notions of housework have all been cured
And this is the way it was done.

My wife suggested a day's exchange,
As she dropped a kiss on my brow—
"Tis hard," she said, "holding on to the reins,
And riding the sulky plow.

"You better stay in the house, my dear,
And wash a few of the things,
And churn and sweep where it needs it here
And read till the dinner-bell rings.

"The horses are gentle, and pretty true;
I guess I can drive them straight;
I'll try and turn a furrow or two,
For the season is getting late."

So off she rode on the sulky plough,
With her jaunty hat and blouse,
While I was inwardly vowing a vow
How I would manage a house.

But somehow, I found the morning chores
Were not in my usual line,
Like those I had finished out of doors
At least for a thousandth time.

Against the stove my fingers I hit,
And blistered them stinging sore;
In trying to scrub the clothes a bit
I scrubbed my knuckles the more.

The churning acted 'specially mean;
The butter would almost come,
And then go back to frothy cream,
As if I had just begun.

The fire went out, as a fire will do
When the wood is not put in;
And, as I thought of a meal for two,
I did not know where to begin.

But while I was fixing potatoes and pork
Not fit for a dog to eat,
My wife returned from her forenoon's work
As fresh as a rose, and as sweet.

With a mortified air I quit the room,
And betook me to the shed,
While she got a dinner exactly at noon,
As good as ever was spread.

We sat at the table opposite-wise,
As always we did before,
When she asked with a smile in her sweet blue eyes,
If I would exchange some more!

Then, sir, I confessed my faults and said;
"My dear, you're as good as a queen,
The woman who keeps the family fed
Is running a big machine."

That Baby.

It was a wee mite of a thing in pink and white, delicate as a newborn violet and buried within a world of softest white stuff that rose up around its tiny face like billows of a frozen sea caught in a ground swell. It was, to tell the truth, a funny looking little creature—this little baby, with its soft silky hair lying in fluffy patches over its pulsating head and its fat little cheek all excavated with pristine dimples that as yet were unacquainted with the expanding proprieties of a baby laugh. Its little eyes were round and wondering, and the liliputian mouth seemed made only to pucker up for a mournful wail every time some mistaken old lady would try to spread a demonstrative kiss all over the little face.

Father and mother gazed upon this little newcomer into their household with all that pride and joy that can come from no fount save that of the love born of instinct. He would take the petite bundle of infinitesimal baby and innumerable skirts up in a gingerly, awkward sort of a way and look at it for a moment, and then he would lay it down gently upon the soft pillow again as if he feared it would break if it should by any chance be jostled against anything so tangible even as a strong current of air.

Then, when all the rest had gone, the mother in whose eyes now dwelt that new light hitherto unknown within their depths, would gather up with a confident grasp the little thing that was all in all to them both, and would insist upon calling the father's attention, for the four hundredth and odd time, to the many and fast multiplying beauties of the little creature and would then be highly indignant if he did not repeat twenty times in succession the admission that he was confident that it was the most beautiful and wonderful baby the world had ever produced. She would catch the infant up to her bosom and kiss its little face until it scarcely had a fair chance to breathe, and then she would lay it down again and, moving slightly away, feast her eyes upon the little one's varied charms when shrouded in the heightened enchantment borrowed from distance.

It was a common enough sort of a baby after all, but then it was their baby, and they thought there had never been a baby in the world that could boast one-half the charms that were embodied in the little piece of humanity they called their own. There might be many babies who could tip the beam of the grocer's scales a pound or two more than theirs, and there might be a thousand parents who thought they had babies more beautiful than this little fellow, but this mother and father were not yet ready to admit the possibility of the approximate correctness, even, of such a line of reasoning. This was their baby, their only baby, and it was therefore the only baby on earth for them and, besides, it was—their Valentine.

To be Remembered in the Home.

It is better to be silent than to say unwise or unkind things.

Do not boast of birth, wealth, influential friends or bodily prowess.

Look at those who address you; but in speaking to others do not stare at them.

Remember that a servant is a man or a woman, and will appreciate treatment as such.

A compliment, to be appreciated by any sensible person, must be prompted by sincerity.

Never urge another to do anything against his desire, unless there is danger before him.

Never enter an apartment occupied by another person, except the common rooms of a dwelling, without knocking.

Ladies should pass through a door first, but a gentleman is to precede in going up stairs.

Do not constantly refer to experiences or honorable positions which may have been enjoyed.

Always give preference to elders, visitors, those of superior position and those who are weak or ill.

Do not forget a kind word to each member of the family on parting at night, or a pleasant greeting on meeting in the morning.

Do not deprecate the gift which you give, nor laud immediately that which is received; in each case it is the sentiment which prompts the offering that is vastly more precious than what is offered.

A gentleman never indulges in winks or grimaces when talking with another, does not talk "shop" or business outside of business hours; never laughs at his own jokes, or at coarseness, profanity or indelicacy from others; never intentionally wounds the feelings of another, or brings a blush to the cheek of modesty.

A Tale of Bricks.

Five clean, new, perfectly plain bricks lay on the floor, and the girl who had brought them in surveyed them with approval.

"I suppose," said the scoffer, "you are going to wind them with ribbons and put them on the parlor table."

"Not exactly, but come around a week from to-day and see those bricks, and you'll wish you had them. They are all to be useful, and some of them ornamental."

Seven days later the scoffer was introduced to a group of articles which she failed to recognize.

"Brick No. 1," said the showwoman proudly, "is a paperweight. I never had a more satisfactory one." The largest surfaces of the brick were painted dark blue, one of them forming a background for a spray of delicate white flowers. The sides were left the orginal color, and the whole was covered with a coat of transparent varnish, through which the blue showed like enamel and which would keep it clean. "It stays put," explained the decorator, "and that is what one wants in a paperweight."

Brick No. 2 was not very pretentious. It was covered neatly with carpet, with a loop of braid at one corner for a handle. "I have that behind the door to keep it from striking against the wall. Like it better than a knob out from the wall. It's useful, too, to keep the door open or half open, or as I want it. You know everybody leaves the door open in winter, and they just as surely shut it in summer."

No. 3 looked like a glorified copy of No. 2. It was covered with velvet and adorned with a big bow of ribbon (at which the scoffer smiled) and had loops of ribbon for handles. "This is a ribbon weight. You know the best way to keep ribbons nice, the children's hair ribbon for instance, is to fold them up and put them under a weight. One generally puts them under the pincushion, but that's makeshift. This makes a capital press for ribbons and for gauze veils as well."

Brick No. 4 formed the foundation for a pin and needle cushion for the sewing table, too heavy to be mislaid or taken elsewhere.

And brick No. 5? Well, she confessed that had been left in its unadorned simplicity. It was intended to be heated and wrapped in flannel and to serve as a bedfellow for cold feet.

Among the Cooks.

HAM TOAST.—One pint of milk, one full teaspoonful of flour, half cup of chopped ham, four slices of buttered toast. Boil the milk and thicken it with the flour. Add the ham, boil three minutes, take from the fire and add the beaten egg, stir well and pour over the toast on a hot platter. This is a nice dish, when there is only the remnant of a ham in the house, or it is nice for an emergency dish, since it can be made from canned ham.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of butter or other shortening, two cups sugar, one cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful soda, four and one half cups of flour, three eggs. Stir butter, sugar, molasses and spices together, then add the soda dissolved in the milk, then the flour, lastly the milk. This is very excellent molasses cake, but the quantities given make a very large cake, so that for a small family it will be necessary to divide the quantities.

GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of molasses, pinch of salt, teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spices (cinnamon, ginger and allspice), flour to make a batter which will fall readily from the spoon.

A RICH ROLY-POLY.—To one quart of water, two cups of granulated sugar add any flavoring preferred and let it boil until it forms a syrup. Make a dough of a pint of flour, pinch of salt, tablespoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix with sweet milk or water. Roll out thin and spread with cooked fruit of any kind; roll up into a roll, pinching the ends so as to retain the fruit. Lay the pudding carefully in the hot syrup, basting it with it and place it at once in a hot oven to bake. Baste often. It will puff up and fill the dish. Serve the sauce about the roll.

FRIED MUTTON CHOPS.—The custom of frying mutton chops, so common in many houses, cannot be too strongly condemned, says Maria Parloa in Good Housekeeping. Many Housekeepers make the plea that the fat, dripping from the chops, blazes up and blackens them. If all the draughts be opened and the chops be fastened between the two parts of the double broiler and turned constantly while cooking, they will come to the table unsmoked and handsomely browned. They must be served at once on hot plates.

One Woman's Day.

The following, from an exchange, is certainly worth reproducing here:

I am just a plain woman, keeping house in my own home, with a family consisting of my husband, a 5-year-old boy, a girl of 11, and a boy away at school most of the time.

But I want to write and tell you what I did last Sunday—just to see if I may not be classed with the busy women.

Got up at 7 o'clock to call the cook; did not go back to bed because the baby woke up coughing.

Mixed for breakfast a certain kind of rolls my husband always wants Sunday mornings.

Buttered the baby's bread, prepared two or three dishes of oatmeal and milk, cut up meat into mouthfuls, poured coffee and was pleasant all through breakfast, getting through in time to get my 11-year-old ready for 9 o'clock Sunday school; gave the baby a bath, went to my room, locked the door and sewed on two buttons.

Prepared a duck for roasting, gathered up the family wash; searched for and found a missing pipe; straightened up sitting-room, and said "Yes, dear," every time my husband asked me to look for something mislaid; played blocks with baby; helped unravel the puzzle in your child's page; punished the baby for teasing the family dog, and wrote a cheerful, moral letter to my boy at school.

Presided over the luncheon table. Entertained two of my husband's friends while my husband was shaving. Sang to the baby an hour. Planned my little girl's winter suit while listening to my husband reading aloud, and kept the baby quiet by cutting out paper dolls for him.

Took a grease spot out of my coat, straightened a picture frame, stuffed tomatoes for dinner the way my husband's mother always stuffed them, curled my hair, put on a pretty dinner gown, and just as the girl announced dinner welcomed two unexpected guests with effusion.

Was charming at dinner table, kept sugar bowl out of baby's reach, and kept his plate supplied with cut-up food.

Gave girl directions for breakfast; admonished her not to be later than 10 o'clock on her Sunday evening out trip; lighted the grate fire, touched off the candles in the candlesticks, put a rose in my husband's buttonhole, and smiled sweetly all the evening upon callers who knew we were "at home" Sundays.

Encouraged an admiring girl friend to go to housekeeping as soon as married.

Told her it was really nothing at all to "do one's own work," in a modern flat with the assistance of one servant.

Detected symptoms of grip in my little girl, and gave her some quinine. Covered up the baby. Saw that the lights were put out and the doors locked. Kissed everybody good-night and dropped into bed at 11.15.

Mr. McSwat Buys a Mackintosh.

"Here it is, Lobelia" exclaimed Mr. McSwat, opening out and holding at arm's length a long, black, rich-looking garment that had just been brought to his house by the delivery boy. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, it looks very fine," replied Mrs. McSwat. "What do you call it, Billiger?"

"It's a mackintosh," he replied, "and the very best I could find in the city. Cost me $35. When you're buying anything, Lobelia," he continued, putting it on and buttoning it around him, "It always pays to buy the best; that is, of course, if you use judgment in buying. A person has got to have judgment. I know a good mackintosh when I see it, and they don't make any better ones than this."

"I don't know much about them," said Mrs. McSwat, feeling the texture of the garment with her fingers, "but it seems very firm. I wouldn't think, though, that it had much warmth about it."

"A mackintosh, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, putting on his broad-brimmed hat and turning up his trowsers, "isn't necessarily built for warmth, but it's warm enough."

"Where are you going, Billiger?"

"I'm going down town, of course. This is all I was waiting for."

"You're not going to wear it, are you?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, with a smile of tender pity at his unconscionable simplicity, "you'll ruin it. It's raining!"

Brazil's Troubles with Italy and Germany

Brazil is involved in serious difficulty with both Italy and Germany because of outrages perpetrated on German and Italian subjects in Brazil. An Italian was horribly mutilated and tortured, so that he died, by members of a guerrilla band at San Vincente, in the state of Rio Grande, last November, and another Italian was brutally maltreated by a lieutenant of police at Viamao, in the same state, in December. The Brazilian authorities promised that punishment should be dealt and reparation made, but this has not been done. Instructions have now been sent to the Italian minister at Rio de Janeiro to inform the Brazilian government that "sufficient time having elapsed for full inquiry into the matter, Italy looks for prompt and complete satisfaction, and that, should this not be given, she will be compelled to adopt measures demanded by the gravity of the circumstances." Germany is seeking satisfaction because, as alleged, last Christmas day the police of San Paolo entered a private meeting of the German Workmen's club at that place, attacked men, women, and children with their naked swords, and ended by plundering the house. The reason alleged for the assault is that a mulatto detective was refused admittance to the club. The German papers say the policemen "perpetrated acts of brutality such as savages would shrink from."

Hanging pockets of every conceivable design are suspended from the girdle on the right side as receptacles for handkerchiefs.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. MUTUAL PRINCIPLES

TWELVE YEARS OF SUCCESS.

Record of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

E. B. Harper, President.

A RELIABLE COMPANY.

Sixty Millions of New Business in 1892

Death claims paid in 1892 .... $2,705,000.00
Total death claims paid $1,000,000.00
Reserve or Emergency fund $3,371,303.59

W. J. McMURTRY,
MANAGER FOR ONTARIO,
MAIL BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association held its twelfth annual meeting in New York on Wednesday, the 25th of Jan., in the business offices of the institution in the Potter building, and the gathering was one of the largest in the history of the association. The reports also were of a highly satisfactory character, showing as they did that progress had been made in every department.

When the call for the meeting had been read President Harper arose to deliver his annual address, and he was grandly applauded by those present.

President Harper's report was for the year ended Dec. 31, and showed that the insurance in force had increased from $7,633,000 in 1881 to $236,121,790 in 1892, and the cash and invested assets from $6,021 to $3,690,592. The report says:—

"We have increased our gross assets during the year 1892 from $1,349,202.09 to $1,785,286.06, making a net gain of $436,083.97.

"We have increased our reserve or surplus emergency fund with the past year from $3,155,220.91 to $3,371,303.59, making a net increase of $216,082.65.

"The income during the year 1892 from all sources amounted to $1,097,213.09, against an income of $1,701,126.41 for the year 1891, making a net increase for the year of $393,116.68.

"For the year 1892 we have paid in death claims to the widows, orphans and representatives of deceased members $2,702,337.04, while our disbursements for death claims in 1891 were $2,290,108.80, making a net increase of disbursements to the widows and orphans over the previous year of $412,228.24, and making a grand total of death claims paid of nearly $15,930,000, being an average yearly disbursement to the widows, orphans and representatives of our deceased members of nearly $1,253,000, while at the close of the year we had in our reserve emergency fund $5,000 for each $1,000 of outstanding death claims of every nature, and a single mortuary call now produces more than half a million dollars."

Special attention was directed to the fact which illustrated the great economic principles underlying the system of the Mutual Reserve, that the total gross mortuary premiums paid by the members during the year 1892 were $3,041,710.93. Of this sum, $216,000 were added to the reserve or emergency fund, while the amount paid to the widows and orphans exceeded $2,700,000, or a sum within a fraction of the amount of the total mortuary premiums paid by the members for the year 1892.

Equally interesting and satisfactory reports were received from Hon. Henry J. Reinmund, second vice-president, and ex-superintendent of insurance of the state of Ohio; John W. Vrooman, treasurer; O. D. Baldwin, chairman of the death claims department; Frederick A. Burnham, counsel of the association; J. Douglas Wells, third vice-president, and the secretary, Mr. F. T. Braman.

The following gentlemen were voted a personal testimonial by the board of directors of the association for the faithfulness, devotion and loyalty which they displayed in behalf of the association, namely:

E. M. Castillo, New York city.
T. H. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.
W. J. McMurtry, Toronto, Canada.
G. A. Sanderson, Kansas City, Mo.
E. M. Acevedo, Havana, Cuba.
A. R. McNichol, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
C. M. Oakley, San Francisco, Cal.
C. B. Wolfson, New Orleans, La.
W. J. Murray, Brooklin, Canada.
J. J. Rooney, Birmingham, Warwick, England.

After the announcement of the names of the prize winners the speechmaking began. A number of ringing addresses were made by Hon. Henry L. Lamb of Lansingburgh, Gen. I. H. Shields of Philadelphia, and D. E. Cameron, Deputy-Treas., Province of Ontario. We herewith give a synopsis of Mr. Cameron's speech.

After a few preliminary remarks he expressed his deep interest in the proceedings of the afternoon. He was much impressed with the openness with which everything was done, with the fullness of the information afforded to policy holders and members, with the enthusiasm displayed, and with the wonderful growth of the association. The $60,000,000 of new business obtained during the past year meant $200,000 a day for each of the 300 working days of the year, and the contemplation of these figures would give the members some idea of the enormous labor entailed upon the management in attending promptly to this vast business in all its details. The results achieved in the Dominion are especially gratifying. Of the $16,500,000 of foreign business obtained during the year Canada contributed $1,500,000, or nearly one third of the whole, and amount exceeding that written by any of our Home Companies with one or two exceptions, and the Mutual Reserve has to-day in force in Canada a larger amount of insurance than any of our Home Companies with two or three exceptions. When it is considered that these results have been achieved by the Mutual Reserve with its ordinary staff of agents, while the Home Companies have all the prestige and advantage of magnificent Head offices with influential boards of directors, it surely speaks volumes not only for the energy of the management of the association, but also for the confidence of the people of the Dominion in its stability and success. As in former years scandalous attacks, by anonymous circulars and otherwise, in the interest, and doubtless at the instigation of jealous and unscrupulous rivals have been made upon the Association. The old line insurance journals have likewise maintained their unfriendly attitude towards the Association, but the answer of the public has been $60,000,000 of new business for 1892, and the evidences of increasing popular confidence in the soundness of the principles and the excellence of the methods of this benevolent institution. These attacks have, of course, their origin in the fact that the Mutual Reserve offers life insurance at enormously reduced rates as compared with the old line Companies, a fact that the insuring public are not slow to appreciate. The splendid success of the Company is due in a great measure to the indomitable energy and great ability of President Harper, who has laid its foundation so strong and deep, and has associated with him such able, experienced and devoted men, to whom he has imparted his enthusiasm, and to some extent, his other high qualities, that its career of progress and prosperity will undoubtedly be maintained and before many decades go by this Association is bound to become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, insurance companies in the world. Mr. Cameron concluded his stirring address with a resolution of confidence on behalf of the Canadian policy-holders, which was seconded by Mr. Wm. Wilson, the well-known manufacturer of Toronto.

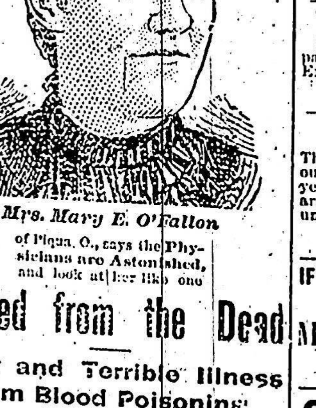
Tim's Full Name.

A negro, familiarly known as "Tim" White, on one occasion found it necessary to record his full name. The not unnatural supposition that "Tim" stood for Timothy was met with a flat denial.

"No, sah! My right name is, What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo' sho't, sah!"—

Illness of the Ameer of Afghanistan.

According to the latest news from Cabul (says the *Times* Calcutta correspondent), the Ameer is again very ill, and is unable to attend to business. Possibly this accounts for the delay in giving a definite answer to the invitation to the Jellalabad Conference. It may now be assumed that the meeting cannot take place before Lord Reebrt's departure.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon
of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

TO GUIDE THE MARINER.

Six Thousand Lighthouses in the World, 802 of Them in America.

The lighthouses of the world are in round numbers 6,000, with about 250 lightships. Of these Europe has 3,309; North America, 1,329; Asia, 476; Oceanica, 310; Africa, 219; South America, 169; and West Indies, 106. The coasts of the United States are illuminated by 802 lights, distributed as follows: Atlantic coast, 467; Gulf coast, 39; Pacific coast, 38; and the Northwestern lakes, 118. Of these lights thirty [illegible] are displayed from lightships, nearly all of which are on the Atlantic coast. The most famous lighthouse of which history gives any record was the lighthouse of Pharos, on the eastern end of the island of that name in the Bay of Alexandria. It was begun by Ptolemy Soter, and was finished by his successor, Philadelphus. It is said to have been 400 feet high and to have cost 800 talents, equivalent to $1,240,000.

The oldest lighthouse in the world is at Corunna, Spain. It was built in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers erected by their Roman conquerors which were used as lighthouses. Contrasting them with the light towers which have been built for the benefit of commerce, we see that the art of building has lost nothing with the lapse of time. The great improvement of the later towers over their predecessors is that the stones of each course are now dovetailed together laterally and vertically. Formerly metal and wooden pins were used, or dependence placed entirely in cement. The modern method was first used at the Hanois Rock light[illegible]. On the upper face and at each end of one block are dovetailed projections [illegible] the under face and at the other end are dovetailed indentations. The upper and under dovetailes fall into each other, and when the hydraulic cement is placed on the surface it so locks the dovetailing that the stones can not be separated without breaking. So when the cement is set and hardened the whole of the base is literally one solid mass of granite.

Murdered by Masked Men.

At Brunn, a cloth-manufacturing town of Austria, a dastardly murder and robbery took place at six o'clock last Saturday evening which has put the whole city in alarm. Max Rosenthal, a manufacturer of military uniforms, has his office on the ground floor of his house, in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre. Rosenthal, who is seventy years old, was busy over his account books, and three clerks were in the office with him. Suddenly two masked men entered, walked up to him, asked for money or the keys of the safe, and when he refused fired their revolvers. One clerk ran to the telephone. The aged owner of the business and this clerk fell to the ground at the same moment—the former dead, the latter badly wounded. Another clerk was also shot through the arm, and a young man who was just entering to visit him was also fired at as the murderers made their escape.

We often excuse our want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.—[Longfellow.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied, "That depends on the *liver*." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life [illegible] everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation. [illegible] ways are open. Cure permanently or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it [illegible] pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the [illegible] means. They work effectively, with [illegible] and leave the system strong. One little sugar-coated pellet is enough, a [illegible] whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.

A pretty gown is of seal brown cloth with a jabot of deep-red bengaline, terminated at the waist by a girdle of gold filigree.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

A costume for the tall figure [illegible] steady carriage is of heavy white brocaded satin, over which is a design of the Dresden flowers.

A. P. 6[illegible]

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT [illegible] SHILOH'S CURE COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

Bronchitis
ACUTE or CHRONIC,
Can be cured by the use of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. "A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.
"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

FOR SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS, BIBLES AND ALBUMS, write to William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

FREE—Your name and artistic design in fancy colors, from the finest Automatic Shading Pen Artist in the world. Send 3 cent stamp for postage. Complete [illegible] Penmanship Supplies. Address W. A. [illegible] SON, Box 528, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS
Electrical Supplies, Bell Outfits, &c. Repairs prompt and reasonable. School and Experimenters' Supplies and Books.
35 & 37 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

DO YOU IMAGINE
That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1815 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD? The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.
HEARLE.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY
BUY A
NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE
Agents everywhere.

CONSUMPTION
Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Have You CATARRH
If so, USE Dr. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. *One bottle will work wonders.* Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing
CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

His Name.

"There was a gentleman called to see you while you was out," said Mrs. Householder's recently-engaged Highland servant, as her mistress returned from a shopping excursion the other afternoon.

"Oh, indeed," said the lady; "where is his card? He surely left one."

"No, mem," was the reply. "He said he forgot his card-case."

"I wonder who it could have been," remarked the lady to herself, and then asked: "You surely asked him what name, Maggie?"

"Och, yes," answered the handmaid promptly. "He said it was 'immaterial,' I think."

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

WANTED [illegible]

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO. [illegible]

NOR Breakfast [illegible] Royal Dandelion [illegible] Ellis & Keighley.

HORNS MUST GO.

S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig Street, Montreal.

LADIES TAILORS' SQUARES [illegible] PROF. [illegible] QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

IMPORTANT.
[illegible]
EMPIRE BAKING POWDER
[illegible]

COUGH NO MORE
WATSONS' COUGH DROPS
WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STEWART [illegible]

SEEDS 1893 CATALOGUE
[illegible]
WM. EWING & CO., 142 McGill St. Montreal.

WHY BUY [illegible]

I CURE FITS!
[illegible]

CURES ASTHMA [illegible] FREE
STRIKES BOTTOM.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO. LTD.

PILES
CURE GUARANTEED
[illegible] ITCHING OR BLEEDING [illegible] PILE OINTMENT [illegible] $1.00 [illegible]
CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS

IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS
NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN
FOR RUPTURE
SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ANSWER I WILL SEND YOU [illegible] LET ME SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED, CORRECT AND CHEAP.
CHAS. CLUTHE,
SURGICAL MACHINIST, 134 KING STREET W., TORONTO.

BEYOND R[illegible]

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PROOF.

It was ten o'clock when the trap came to the door that was to carry Beeton across the moor. The same lad drove who made the journey before.

"How long will it take one to get across to the cottage and back again?" asked the old man, pulling on his gloves.

"Four hours is the actual journey," I replied.

"Then you may expect to see me shortly after two. In the meantime you can settle what you intend to do with your wife. When she finds I have led her into a trap instead of letting her out of one, there'll be a row."

"I shall know how to silence her."

"You say that she does not know that you are here? Don't know the road, nor the driver there?"

"No."

"Then there'll be no difficulty about bringing her here a little after two," [illegible] preparing to get up into the cart.

"Wait," said I. "You have made no allowance for the time it will take you to persuade her to play me false."

"Oh yes; that's reckoned. I've allowed five minutes."

He stepped up nimbly. His manner, even more forcibly than his words, gave evidence that he entertained no shadow of doubt about obtaining this fresh proof of Hebe's infidelity.

"If I should be mistaken," he said, turning round as the cart moved; "if I [illegible] back by two, you will come on after me."

For four terrible hours I walked to and fro along the road skirting the moor, in a state of mind which I dare not attempt to analyse. Now I was in a [illegible] despair; now in a delirium of hope; [illegible] moment I was tempted to [illegible] under a passing waggon for having [illegible] the sincerity of Hebe's love; the next [illegible] the wild to fling her to the earth [illegible] the life out of her; and between [illegible]

[illegible]

Another explanation [illegible] of Heaven. Beeton had murdered [illegible] the sake of the money. I prayed [illegible] be even that. Anything [illegible] love her still, and did love her.

As I turned away to go out and seek [illegible] body, and strode towards the outer door, my eye fell on a piece of paper that lay on the table. Could it be a message left there for me? It was.

Written with a pencil in large characters were these words:—

"We are going to Torquay. You will find me there at the Bell.

BEETON."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PREPARING FOR THE END.

It was pitch dark when I left the moor and urged on my lame pony to Torquay. I found Beeton at the Bell eating. It seemed as if nothing could satisfy his hunger.

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"Gone!"

"Where?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"All I can tell with respect to her present [illegible] movement is that she left here by the [illegible]