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An Old Man's Darling.

* * * * * * * *

BY MRS. ALEX. McV. MILLER

Author of "The Senator's Bride," "Brunette and Blonde," "A Dreadful Temptation," Etc.

not a flower about her, nothing ... gems, yet ... costly gems, yet ... think you think of a lily, ... white and cold, and pure ... child of rainbow hues around ...

... companion bends towards her, ... carelessly, yet she listens with ... indifference and almost ... to be coquetry at all it ... characterized by no other ... that of Felise—"demure." ... Penn's love's were all ... Colonel says, trying to ... coolly as he watches his w[ife's] ... coldly. "To judge from his ... volumes of poems, the divinities ... are all as ethereal to ... of earth."

... laughs significantly as her ... ceases to speak.

... Penn, despite the ethereal ... of his brain, is not proof ... real beauty," she says. "Re... Colonel Carlyle, that angels ... down from Heaven and lov... of earth."

... cheerful waltzer," her com... as the young poet circles ... the ball-room with one ... is he into the mazes of ... breathless waltz.

... Poise, watching the ... as they float around the ... the very poetry of ...

... a moment, then looks ... companion's face with a ... expression. ... my question," she says, ... quite approve ... waltzing with other ... hands?"

... looks at her sharply, ... voice and unconscious ... and face are perfect ... he says, slowly ... that upon mature consideration ... is not exactly ... Yet I have really never ... and thought to the ... customary, you ... has even more exc... other waltzes, she ... and while he ... that pleasure en... with others, ... think that I have ... quickly, ... mostly, "I was ... you that your wife ... able for many Fri... that most wo... to than a chil... proper trainin... Her une... to her, and ha... application, which ... our little Bon... dream, i... an informed child. She ... the school room the ... ing."

... looks with such ... and deference th... and condemnation ... made as their cause that Co... hastily, "I ... Bonnibel was ... mad before, but he ... is so cool ... the most unfeel... heart. But he ... in silence and ... personal one.

... he said, as a rule, Mi... the society of man... with other m...

... with a pretty air ... and earnestness ... I hear he graduat... I have no grievance ... with the crimes of ... paying public nobles...

... I am not quite ... Bonnibel, the perfect ... price as inferior te... Monsoon," the ... in sealed caddies of ¼ lb., 1 lb. and ... three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c. ... does not keep it, tell him to write ... TEA & CO., 71 and 73 Front St.

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... the soft, mystical light, and the de... ... lips are set in a line of pain. ... man likes to see his wife unhappy. ... is a reflection upon himself. ... it is ... first duty to secure her happiness. ... Colonel Carlyle is nettled, and says, ... querulously:

... I am sorry to see you annoyed where ... everything seems conspiring to promote ... happiness. Can I do anything to ... further that end?"

... Her large eyes look up at him a mo... ... in grave surprise at his irritation. ... Then, she says to herself in ... apology for him:

... "He is old, and I have heard that ... people become irritated very easily."

... "Pray do not trouble yourself over ... thoughtless words, sir," she says, ... aloud. "I am tired—that is all. Per... as I have danced too much."

... "It was of that subject I wished to ... speak with you when I brought you ... here," he answers, abruptly. "Are ... very fond of the waltz, Bonnibel?"

... "I like it quite well" this after a ... moment's study. "There is something ... dreamy, intoxicating, almost delightful ... the music and the motion."

... A spasm of jealousy contracts his ... heart. He speaks quickly and with a ... forced breath.

... "I have never waltzed in my life, and ... cannot, of course, enter into the feelings ... of those who have, but I see what I ... am about to ask may be a great sacri... fice to you."

... She glances up inquiringly into his ... face, but he will not meet her eyes.

... "Bonnibel, I want you to give up ... waltzing together—will you do it?" he ... asks, brusquely.

... "Give up waltzing?" she echoes, in ... surprise. "Is not that a very sudden ... notion Colonel Carlyle? I did not know ... you harbored any objections to the ... Terpsichorean art."

... "I do not in the abstract," he answers, ... decisively. "But you will, pardon me ... for saying that I consider it exceedingly ... indelicate and improper for a married ... woman to dance with any man but her ... husband. That is why I have asked you ... to give it up for my sake."

... "Do other people think the same way, ... sir?" she inquires timidly.

... "All right-minded people do," he an... swers firmly, quite ignoring the fact ... that he is a perfectly new proselyte to ... his boldly announced conviction of the ... sinfulness of the waltz.

... Silence falls between them for a lit... tle time. They have stopped waltzing ... and stand leaning against the piazza ... rails. Quite evidently she has pulled ... a flower from his elegant buttonhole, ... and is toying it to pieces between her ... pink-tipped fingers. She looks up as ... he bows, a shudder sweeps over her ... frame, and she hastily averts her ... head, which he sees distinctly, notwith... standing the dusk, and asks, coldly:

... "Would it please you very much to ... have me give up waltzing, sir?"

... "More than words can express, my ... darling; are you going to make me happy ... by the concession?"

... "I am quite willing to please you, sir, ... when it is possible for me to do so," ... she answers quite gently, "you have my ... promise."

... "Bonnibel, you are an angel!" ex... claims the enraptured colonel. He ... draws his arm around her an instant ... and bends to kiss her lips. "A thou... sand thanks for your generous self... sacrifice!"

... "You need not thank me, sir—it is not ... much of a sacrifice," she answers, drily. ... She has drawn out her programme of ... the dances for the evening and is hur... riedly consulting it.

... "I find that I am engaged for one ... or two waltzes," she says carelessly. "I ... suppose you do not object to my dancing ... them? It would be embarrassing to ... cause notice."

... "Your partner is—whom?" he inquires, ... with a slight frown.

... Again she consults her programme. ... "It is Mr. Penn."

... "Cannot you excuse yourself? Are you ... tired? You need not dance. Women ... know how to invent amiable excuses ... when they will."

... "I will do as you wish, sir," she ... says in a voice that he does not ... catch a faint inflection of scorn. ... Other programmes come out on the ... piazza, and one or two dawdling fellows ... are thrown at him for keeping his ... belle of the ball away from her pre... sident."

... "Bonnibel, I am selfish," he says, "let ... us go to the ball-room, my love."

... "As you please," she answers. ... He leads her back and lingers by her ... side awhile, then it strikes him that ... propriety do not sanction a man's ... engrossing his wife's company in pre... ference to all others. With a sigh he leaves her, and ... goes to make himself agreeable to other ... women.

... He has hardly left her before the hand... some young Penn comes up. Byron Penn ... is the writer of an admir... ing book, Byron Penn ... and Byron Penn starts up from ... the remote corner from which he has ... witnessed her return to the ball-room. ... "This is our waltz, is it not?" he says, ... with a shade of pleasure in his voice.

... A slight flush rises over Bonnibel's ... face.

... "I believe it is," she answers; "but if ... you will excuse me, Mr. Penn, I will not think me very rude, Mr. ... Penn, I am going to ask you to excuse ... me from it. I am tired and shall dance ... no more this evening."

... "You are very cruel," says the poet... ically; "but if you wish to atone ... for your injustice you will walk down ... to the shore with me and look at the ... bright sun on the sea, and hear how ... soft the music sounds down there—... even here one can catch its sweet... ness, when mellowed by a little distance ... from the solemn diapason of ... waltz."

... "I will go and tell my maid to ... get me a shawl," she answers, indif... ferently, "I will go with you for a ... few minutes."

... She returns with a fleecy white shawl, ... and they stroll away from the "dancers ... dancing in time."

CHAPTER XX.

... Colonel Carlyle soon misses his heart's ... queen from the ball-room, and im... mediately the whole enchanting scene ... becomes a desert in his love-lorn eyes. ... His glances hither and thither; he wand... ers disconsolately around, yet no flitting ... vision of his snow-maiden rewards his ... eyes. She has vanished as completely from his sight as if a sunbeam ... had shone down upon and dissolved her ... into a mist.

... "Have you seen Bonnibel anywhere?" he inquires of Felise, meeting her on her partner's arm, as he wandered around.

... Felise looks up with a low, malicious laugh.

... "Bonnibel?" she says. "Oh, yes; she and Byron Penn have been down on the beach this half hour in the moonlight, composing sonnets."

... Her partner laughs and hurries on, leaving the anxious old husband stand... ing in the floor like an dazed. A dozen people standing around have heard the question and its answer. They nod and wink at each other, for Colonel Carlyle's patent jealousy has begun to make him a laughing stock. After a moment he recollects himself and turns away. People wonder if he will go out and confront the sentimental pair, and a few couples, of curiosity bent, stroll out to watch his proceedings. They are rewarded cheerily, for he comes out and takes his way down the shore.

... Felise's assertion of a half an hour is merely a peasant fiction. It has not been ten minutes since she left the house on the arm of the young poet. They are standing on the beach looking out at the glorious sea, and the young man whose soul is so deeply imbued with poetry that he can think and speak of nothing else, has been telling her what a sweet poem is "Lucille." Owen Mere... dith's latest. He repeats a few lines, and the girl inclines her head and tries to be attentive.

> "O, being of beauty and bliss! seen and known
> In the depths of my heart, and possess...
> ed there alone,
> My eyes know thee not, and my lips name thee never,
> Thy place in my poor life is vacant for... ever.
> We have met, we have parted, no more is recorded
> In my annals on earth."

... The pretty lines have a more attentive listener than Bonnibel. Her husband has come up softly and unnoticed. He sees the girlish head graciously in... clined, hears the lines that Byron Penn has, unconsciously to himself, made the vehicle for expressing his own senti... ments, and his heart quakes with fury. He strides before them, white and stern.

... "Mrs. Carlyle," he says, in low, stern accents, "will you come with me?"

... The young wife lifts her drooping head with a start and sees him stand... ing before her, wan, white and hag... gard, quite a different man from the enraptured lover who had kissed and praised her but a little while ago.

... "I—oh, dear me—has anything hap... pened, Colonel Carlyle? Are you ill?" she falters, in her innocent unconsciousness.

... "Will you come with me?" he repeats, grinding his teeth in a fury.

... "Certainly," she says, thinking that something dreadful must have happen... ed surely, and simply saying, "You will excuse me, Mr. Penn," she bows and turns away in her husband's arm.

... The handsome young fellow looks after them blankly.

... "Upon my word," he exclaims, "what a furious, jealous fool for such a pet... couse! So that's what it is to be an old man's darling, is it? Truly an enviable position for such a peerless angel."

... He throws himself down on the sea... wall in the dejected attitude of his immaculate evening costume, and resigns himself to some rather unmanly musings.

... Meanwhile Bonnibel, as she walks away, again looks with sweet anxious... ness:

... "Has anything happened, Colonel Car... lyle?"

... "Let us go to your private parlor; I will tell you there," he answers, hastily.

... Inside that safe retreat they stand ... front each other in momentary silence. ... Bonnibel anxious, troubled and totally ... in confusion. Colonel Carlyle pale with ... anger and wild, unreasoning jealousy ... in fray with contending passions ... have been seething their cruel ... since Felise's communication had been ... employed to torture him this evening.

... "Now you will tell me," she implores, ... standing before him with imploring ... hands, the heavy drapery falling from ... her shoulders, the purest vision his ... eyes ever rested upon.

... "Bonnibel, you surely do not pretend ... to be ignorant that you have given me ... cause for offense?" he exclaims, hoarsely.

... Her blue eyes dilate, she retreats a ... step with genuine surprise depicted on ... her face. Then she remembered her ... promise about waltzing.

... "Surely there is some misunderstand... ing," she answers, slowly. "I assure ... you, sir, that I have not waltzed any ... more since you asked me not to do so."

... "You have done worse, much worse," ... he exclaims, passionately, "and your ... affectation of innocence must certainly ... be feigned. No woman in her senses ... could be oblivious to the fact that your ... open flirtation with that silly rhymester, ... Byron Penn, is simply scandalous."

... In his excitement he characterizes his ... offense in terms more forcible than true. ... She shrinks with astonishment for a ... moment, then with walks straight up to ... him, a tide of color rushing over her ... face and neck, while her eyes flash ... lightning upon him.

... "Talk to me!" she exclaims, her girl... ish voice ringing with passion and re... sentment. "Such an accusation to Hetty ... Vere's daughter! Oh! for shame! How ... dare you!"

... "You provoked it yourself," he an... swers, retreating before her, for her ... little hands were clenched wildly as if ... she would strike him down to earth. ... "I gave you my honored name in wed... lock as proud as your father's—and ... you have dragged it through the mire ... of a moonlight flirtation with a dandy, ... an idiot."

... "It is false," she answers, proudly. ... "I never flirted in my life. I should not ... know how to do it. And there was no ... harm in my short walk down to the ... shore with Mr. Penn. No one could ... make harm of it except a man blinded ... by jealousy."

... A glimmer of the truth had begun to ... dawn upon her. It angered him bitterly ... to know that she had detected his weak... ness.

... "I have been blinded by many things," ... he answers furiously. "I was blinded ... by your beautiful face before I married ... you, and could not see that you had ... never received the proper training and ... education to fit you for the position to ... which I elevated you. My eyes have ... been opened by your recent conduct, and ... I find you simply an unformed child, ut... terly ignorant how to maintain your ... dignity as my wife!"

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W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was stiff and pain in that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25 all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Word for word he is going over the specious sophistries of Felise, but he is utterly unconscious of the fact. He has been supply a plain food in artful blunder, but he believes that he has found out all these tricks for himself, and he asserts them with a perfect conviction of truth.

For Bonnibel stands listening in... ned silence to his vehement ... tade. She has walked away ... a little way, and stands clinging ... back of a chair, as if to seek ... from falling. The sharp flush ... out of her face, and she looks ... cold, and white even to her lips ... he proposes, she speaks in low, ... accents:

"Colonel Carlyle, you are the ... who has ever offered me an ... "An insult," exclaims ... the truth, an insult. You ... child and not like a ... see no other ... to put you ... until you learn the ... of social life which ... indulgence need and ... ignorance."

"Send me ... school-like ... at San Diego."

"Why not? ... energetic," he answers, ... years ... give you the ... lack at present."

"I assure ... has ... your words, ... the depths of ... she has ... to see me ... ways ... ness, and ... so I beg that ... effect of ... Rest on his ... ary."

He was silent ... he spoke again ... conscious ... him into relief ... loved me too well to send me away ... him," he continued, ... in his own heart. ... her like that, ... to her by the ... talk of sending her away ... a naughty child that ... must be punished."

"Colonel ... though ... with ... ions ... may be so ... was to ... it if I can without ... dignity."

He passed before her and said ... rugly:

"I understand from your words, ... Bonnibel, that you refuse your ... to my proposition."

To his surprise and ... ed her head with a proud, ... tion, and said coldly:

"Am I unjust, sir, I think ... end fully agree with you ... more training and polish ... the exalted position I occupy as ... wife."

The fine, ... could not fail ... to strike him keenly. ... He tried to ignore it as he ... voice that betrayed nothing of his ... flicting emotions.

"My proposition ... coarse meets with ... full ... a madness."

She inclines her head with ... grace.

"I cannot think of anything ... sent, Colonel Carlyle, that would ... me so well as a few years at ... school as you mentioned."

"She is quite ... portunity ... ing," he ... answers ... happy to meet ... wishes."

CHAPTER XXI.

It is ... and Bonnibel and the ... and her ... stairs. Bonnibel hears the sound ...

"The violin, flute and bassoon, ... And the dancers dancing in tune."

... through all her interview with Colonel ... Carlyle, but when it is ended she is ... not ready to join the ball-room. She ... him with a cold good-night, and re... to her own room.

Lucy, ... Lucy, starts up ... from her cozy ... chair as she ... "You here, Lucy?" she says. "I ... you not to sit up for me. You ... not look ... after a night like this."

"Lor', Miss Bonnibel, I have ... comfortable a snooze in your ... as if ... and been tucked into my ... Lucy answers good-humoredly. "If ... you go out to worry over me ... up. I ... it if you like."

Her mistress ... the ... She wants ... her hands ... at the diamond ... alert ... her.

"Take it off, Lucy," she ... patiently. "It ... me if it ...

Lucy ... as she ... the wild, white face of the ... hapless girl.

"Oh, me!" she exclaims, "you look ... like a ghost, you are that white. Are ... you sick, Miss Bonnibel? Let me get ... you something to take—some wine, or ... something?"

"No, no, I want nothing," she answers ... impatiently. "Only undress me and ... help me to bed. I am very tired—that ... is all."

She sits quite still while Lucy ren... the jewels that shine about her, the ... white satin slippers, the clocked hose, ... and brings the ... stead. Then ... the maid kneels down ... and buttons the delicate tube. Bonnibel, ... glancing down, sees her eyes full of ... tears and her full lip quivering.

"Lucy," she says, in surprise, "what ... is it? What has grieved you?"

Lucy starts as if frightened at being ... detected.

"Forgive me, ma'am," she says; "it's ... for you I grieve. You are that changed ... that I can't bear it! Here I have ... seen you ... since you was a little ... girl of twelve, and how happy you used ... to be before the master died—now for ... goin' on a year I've never seen a real ... smile on your face. Something troubles ... you all the time. Can't I help you? ... Can't I do something for you?"

(To be continued)

BILIOUS "Last summer I was troubled with Sick Headache and Biliousness, and could not sleep at night. I tried several doctors but to no effect, and got completely discouraged. At last I saw an advertisement telling about Burdock Blood Bitters. My husband induced me to try it, and to-day I am using the third bottle, and can truly say it has done me a wonderful amount of good. I feel better than I have for years, and am confident I owe my restored health to B. B. B." MRS. EDWARD BECK, Riverside, N.B.

SPELLS

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Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Life's Bright Side

Rev. Dr Talmage Sees Sunshine Through Every Cloud

God's Seeming Afflictions On Us Are Influences For Good—Grandeur of Character is Achieved by Conquering Evil.

In this discourse Dr Talmage takes an optimistic view of many things that are usually accounted as inexplicable in human experience, and shows us that even trouble and affliction may not be wholly without their brighter side; text, Psalm xlix, 4, "I will open my dark sayings upon the harp."

The world is full of the inexplicable, the unpassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profoundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason David in my text proposed to take up some of these somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music. "I will open my dark sayings upon a harp." So I look out upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask: Why is this? Why is that? And I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall be only answering questions that have often been asked me or that we have all asked ourselves while I try to set these things to music and open my dark sayings on a harp.

Why Are the Useful Taken?

In proposition the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare, and leave in good health so many who are only a nuisance to the world? I would begin with the very ... of the most useful men and women ... 60 or 75 years of age, while ... useless people drive at ... John Carpenter, who was soon to be put to death, saying, "Why doth God suffer ... man such other caterpillars to live ... nothing but consume the ... the church and take away so ... worthy workmen in the Lord's ... Similar questions are ... Here are two men. The ... is a noble character, and a Christian ... He chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly ... and she is worthy of him and ... is worthy of her. As merchant or ... or professional man or mechanic ... or artist he toils to educate and ... his children. He is succeeding, but ... has not yet established for his family ... comfortable competency. He seems indispensable to that household, but one day, before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong northeast wind, and a chill strikes him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him. He is around at the grocery store or some general loafing place in the evening, while his wife sews. His boys are imitating his example and lounge and swagger and swear. All the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast or to say cutting things about his wife's looks, when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral, but he declines to die. He lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off while the parasites have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great calamity that might have been ahead, and they all together might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up 10,000 households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, ... they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven, and when they meet at last before the throne they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot, it purified them and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which a richer kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lives on to 50 or 60 or 70 years because in the case he ever can have ... in this world, and you ought not therefore begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered heaven. There is no place there for him to hang around. Not even in the temples, for they are full of vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle.

Troubles of the Good

Interrogation the second: Why do good people have so much trouble, sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out, and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at 40. After a while paralysis struck him. Having by bad health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died; then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's household, but under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. ... men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush 50 people? No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music or play it on violin or flute, but I dare to open that dark saying on a gospel harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never! It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now and always has had perfect health and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy and send me word, and I will drop everything and go to look at him. There never has been a man like that and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self-conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others and who think more of a St. Bernard dog, or an Alderney cow, or a Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering, and who have a pathos in their voice, and a kindness in the manner, and an excuse or an allevation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the academy of Trouble, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest for purification and salvation. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. Those are only the things that can break off a chain or a file or a fire and trouble is one of them. The greatest writers and reformers get no relief from trouble. What gave Irving that exquisite tenderness, pathos which will make ... ities while the English ... tinues to be written, ... early heartbreak that ... mentioned, and when ... the death of Matilda ... to have been his bride, ... ed up a piece of cake ... "That is a piece of your ... wife," ... sank, ... heavily ... walked away. Out of ... grief the greatest ... mightiest ... "Institutes of ... more wonderful ... by human hand, ... author at 25 ... persecution by ... Faraday toiled for all ... of $80 a year and ... brick of the gold ... stamped with the ... for Nebuchadnezzar, so ... the temple of Christian ... stamped with the letter ... trouble.

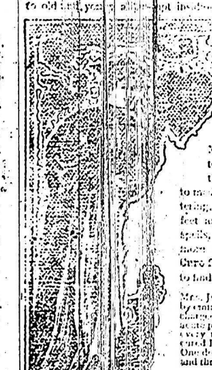
All Is For The Best

When in England a man is ... with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to knighthood in the ... of God were first struck with the edge of the sword, but with the ... of the scimeter. To build ... cence of character, Paul ... spared one lash, one prison... ing, one anathema, one ... from the hand, one shipwreck. ... is true of individuals is true of ... The horrors of the American ... gave this country this side of the Mississippi River to Indian silence, and the conflict between England and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made it a present to the United States, for he received only $15,000,000 for Louisiana, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the Indian territory. Out of the fire ... volution came the ... Mississippi, out of the ... came that west ... The British Empire to ... overtowering grandeur, ... powder plot, and Guy ... spiracy, and North ... to insurrection and Walter Raleigh's ... Bacon's brilliancy, and ... solution of Parliament ... of Edge Hill, and the ... centuries. So the earth ... it could become an ... beautiful residence for the ... ily, had, according to ... to be washed by universal ... ed and made incandescent by ... fires, and pounded by ... icebergs and wrenched by ... that split continents, and ... volcanoes that tossed mountains ... passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before Paradise ... came possible, and the grass ... shake out their green banners, and ... first garden pear its carnage of ... between the Cohoes and the Hudson.

Trouble a good thing for the ... good thing for nature as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point, Why do the good suffer? I open the dark saying on a harp, and, though I can neither play an organ or cornet or hautboy or bugle or clarionet, I have taken some lessons in the gospel harp, and if you would like to call me I will play you these: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous nevertheless—afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of right-

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a man to ... so or woman if she ... because this ... Agnew's Cure for the ... Dis... to old ...



... Cure for the Heart ... to find relief from ...

... Mrs. Jos. Desmarais, ... Drummondville, Que., ... writes: Dr. Agnew's Cure ... for the Heart has done ... me more good than all ... the doctors I have ... ever tried. I was ... troubled with palpitation ... of the heart, dizziness, ... and a pain around my ... heart. I had been ... doctoring for a long ... time, but got no relief ... until I used Dr. Agnew's ... Cure for the Heart. I ... would have been dead ... long ago if it had not ... been for this wonderful ... remedy.

... specialists, ... benefited, ... comfort ... cures ... Agnew's Cure for the Heart. ... DR. AGNEW'S ... cures ... DR. AGNEW'S ... cure ... DR. AGNEW'S ... skin. ... 40 doses. ... ointment ... PILLS cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver—clear the ...

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