

MELICENT

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A NOVEL—By FAYR MADOC.

PROLOGUE.

I had come to pay a call at a country-house, and while awaiting in the drawing-room the entrance of its mistress, I had looked myself in a picture...

Dear child, I said, and stroked his curly head, "I would not wish it if you knew that I must go away if I should wed, instead of living here with you."

My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre, I'm sure you saw my pretty sweet-temper. It seemed that a lady had been recently made...

Who strolls the Ave, each afternoon; Who whistles airs all out of tune; And don't short-coat cut quite too soon?"

Who goes to all receipts, tea; Who sniffs a smile at friends he sees; And, for his health, sips sangaree...

Who dresses in the latest style; Declares, "The wealth's trimly vile;" And hisses some dainty waltz, the while?"

Who's a time-worn face, with snow white air; And eyes that gleam and furrowed with care; A form that looks as if it were of years...

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PROLOGUE.

Do you remember Buchanan's poem, where the soul replies to the Earth—"Mother, I know that art queenly and splendid. Yet is there death in the blush of thy bloom?"

"Yes, there is Love," he asserted. "But often his wings are folded; sometimes he is absorbed by its beauty and quaintness, and by its almost pure Elysian melody of its expression..."

"I had not finished my scrutiny, or exhausted my admiration, when my hostess came in, and, after the first civilities were exchanged, I hastened to broach the subject which was uppermost in my mind."

"I do not know," said I, frankly. "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms! That is the only answer," she said, gently, to my surprise.

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MERRIE, MERRIE MAY.

One Experience of the Many This Month.

I was making a short detour while our friend made a call, upon business, I came upon a little scene which interested me, he said.

"The man became a Thing. With shirt sleeve rolled back on the brawny arm and the face hidden by the hideous smile which appeared in the house to them."

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HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

How the Home May be Made Beautiful—Pictureque Designs—Artistic Effects Secured at a Trifling Cost.

Cottage like homes artistically adorned are often far more inviting than the imposing abodes of the favorites of fortune.

The unpretentious decorated home is wonderfully captivating, and human nature basking in this charmed circle of dainty loveliness receives a beneficial polish.

Beauty has become so general of late, appearing in some way in almost every thing manufactured, there remains no longer an excuse for an absence of pretty effects in the homes of the humble.

What is termed the "art craze" has certainly brooded about a large portion of the home circle. The wheels of fancy industries have been set in motion in the cause of art and a multitude of home decorations have been invented.

The lady of the house could endure no more and she fled to the front basement, and, sinking on a roll of cloth, burst into tears.

The wall of the despoiled housewife rises to the heavens: "Wonder what husband will say when he gets home to-night?"

The vigilance of the police just now in London is extraordinary. I am told, and can quite believe, that there are nearly as many men on guard in plain clothes as in uniform.

Enthusiastic Professor of Physics, discussing the organic kingdom: "Now, if I should wish my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod! I move, I leap, I run; then what would you call me?"

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

What a Buffalo Paper Thinks of the New York Aldermen.

A Buffalo despatch says: The Commercial Advertiser, referring to the fact that the New York aldermen have passed a resolution requesting the trustees of the East River Bridge to change the date for the opening of that great work from May 24th to May 30th, on the extraordinary ground that the time first appointed happens to be the birthday of the Queen of England, says:

"There is something peculiarly extraordinary in this resolution, and the one day in the calendar shall be put under the ruler and publicly declared a dies non, because the ruler of a certain foreign country happened to be born on that day."

"Towards Queen Victoria personally the American people have always cherished the kindest feelings, and on more than one occasion—notably during the civil war and at the time of President Garfield's death—she manifested her good-will towards them in a not-to-be-forgotten manner."

LATE NORTHWEST NEWS.

Old Accident to a Body of Indians—Some Big Farming—The Springs—The Cattle.

Maple Creek, making near Selkirk has been going on actively this spring, and considerable quantities have been boiled down.

Gas was struck lately in a well six miles west of Wolsley, near Regina. The well-man was struck by Qu'Appelle. His body was not recovered at last accounts.

It may be some satisfaction to Emersonians, who are now obliged to pay 20 cents per pound for beefsteak, that in Brandon the price of that luxury is 25 cents per pound.

Col. Sykes is now busily engaged in preparing for operations on his vast farm of 6000 acres near Qu'Appelle. His plough, capable of breaking 90 acres per day, will arrive next week.

A telegram from Moose Jaw reports that the train which started from Maple Creek on Tuesday night with 300 of Chief Pica-pica's band of Indians, which are being transported to Qu'Appelle, has been run off the track, and the Indians started to walk home to end of track.

THE BRADLAUGH FRACAS.

The Atheist H. P. Not Allowed to Swear.

A London telegram says: In the House of Commons the Speaker stated that a letter from Mr. Bradlaugh announced his intention at the beginning of business yesterday to ask to be permitted to take the oath. The Speaker asked the guidance of the House.

A Newsworthy Crime.

A London newsworthy has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for pushing himself by crying out: "Horrible Assassination of the Marquis de Lorne," and for resisting the police. The prisoner pleaded that he only shouted "Attempted Assassination of the Marquis de Lorne" and that was what was stated in the paper he was selling.

Bright's Disease, Dinetes

Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you sometimes worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.

Bread is the grub that makes the butterfly.

Ranavalonajaka, Queen of Madagascar, is said to spend half an hour or an hour regularly every morning in prayer and reading the Bible.