A Glimpse of the World.

Did ever you stand in the crowded street, In the glare of the city lamp, And list to the tread of a million feet In the quaintly musical tramp? As the surging crowd goes to and fro, 'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween, To mark the figures that come and go In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publics , walks with the sinner proud, And the priest in his gloomy cowl, And Dives walks in the motley crowd With Lafacas, cick by jowl, And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young

heart, As pure as the spotless fame, Keeps step with the woman who makes he mart

In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass In the midst of the city's ills, As freshly pure as the datsied grass That grows on her native hills; And the beggar, two, with his hungry eye, And his lean, wan face and crutch, Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by, As he gives him little or much.

When time has beaten the world's tatoo, And in dusky armor flight Is treading with echoless footsteps through The gloom of the silert night. How many of those shall be daintily fed, And shall sing to slumbers sweet. While many will go to a sleepless bed And never a crumb to eat!

COUSIN FELIX.

BY AUTHOR OF " MISS MOLLY," " DELICIA," ETC It was only when she had poured all her

story into his sympathetic ears, and list-ened to the various remarks with which it was received-remarks that coincided so exactly with her own view of the case, that dismay filled her, and wonder as to whether the story had been her own to tell. But Mr. Weston soothed her fears.

am glad you told me," hesaid in an odd, jerky manner. "I am sure it was best, so do not trouble about it. The secret is quite safe with me; I," with an uncomfortable little laugh, "am not the least likely to speak of it. But all the same it is pre-posterous, it ought not to be allowed. Why cres she give in? If the had said noeven if she does say no, there is no power in the world that can force her against her inclination."

"You do not understand Charity," Pollic "You do not understand Charly," Folic said, lifting rather a tearful face to the dark one bent upon her. "Why," with momentary enthusiasm, "she would marry anybody to please father! But," she added more quietly, "however much she may pretend when the time comes. I shall know it is only because she is so good, and mould not var or gross him for world and "Yes, Chi would not vex or cross him for worldar I you not " I thin shall remember how often she has cried at by then."

the thoughts of it." Mr. Weston was pacing up and down the

room now, Pollie's words apparently find-ing aready echo in his heart. "Itmust be prevented," at last ho said as if to himself. "Why, Felix himself," -and then stopped abruptly. "Yes," said Pollie, raising her head,

spoke, to see what effect her words might have, "he may be a nice man"-evidently the possibility was a faint one-" and if he

'' Well ?'' "I am going to ask him-to tell him I

"But what?"

"But What?" "Why, how is it that Charity agreed, just for father's sake; and I have quite made up my mind," with quiet determina-tion, "to try and save her, because I know she would not do it herself. So," with a long breath, "I am going to ask him to go away. Oh, Mr. Weston, do you think he Pollie.

will go ?" " Very little doubt of it, I should say. "Very little doubt of 10, A Buota say. That 18, of course, provided he believes you. Why, what on earth, under those circum-stances, would make him wish to remain ?" "Why, the money of course !"

At those words her listener started, and med about to make a hasty remark, but

seemed about to make a havy touring after a second's pause, he said quietly, "No, no, Mies Pollie, you are hard on him. I don't think," with a smile, "that even Felix Warburton"-and then suddenly enough of him by-md-by; let us strive to forget him tor the present." "And you won't forget," said Pollie, "if

any idea comes to you that would set it ton have been discussing some question of right, to let me know. Don't you know America versus England; this has occupied anything bad about him that you could tell father ?"

brought a delicate flush into Miss Warbur-"I am sorry," she replied. "Have I really kept you waiting? Let us have our game at once, or Pollie will be wanting me ton's cheek.

to go and take her place in the library. have promised to go at twelve." "I do not want to play," he said slowl, I want to talk to you. "Then you have lured me here under

false pretences, I think," she made auswer in a would-be playful manuer ; nevershelses b prevent his departure. But Mr. Weston turned back at once. she did move a few steps nearer the fire-place as she spoke, to hear what he had to say. But before he had time to break the

silence, the door was opened again to admit Pollie—an anxious, harrassed-looking Pollie. "Charity dear, the second post is in,

"father wants you to come at once and answer Cousin Felix's letter." "Cousin Felix's letter." "Cousin Felix," repeated Charity, faintly, the color slowly fading away; "oh,

Felix.' "He is in Lordon," went on Pollie excitedly; "he did not even come here first, but he has written, and father wants you

to go and write to him." "Ob, poor Charity," went on Pollie,

taking the two slim white hands in hers, utterly heedless of the spectator of this little drama, who was leaning up against the mantelshelf. What possible interest But I do not see that. You are not engaged to him. It is only fair I should take my chance, and I have taken it. And I be-

the mantelshelf. What possible interest ould it havs for him? "Oh, poor Charity, I would have written, I offered to do so, but father said he would rather you did it." "OI course," said Charity, very low. "Why, Pollie," with a faint attempt at speaking lightly, "I am the eldest, I can-not have you take all my duties from me! You two," but she did not give a glance towards the tall faure on the hearthrue. everything seems wrong." "Don't look like that, Charity. You towards the tall figure on the hearthrug. shall do right, or rather what you think right. I shall not try to prevent you ! I

towards the tall figure on the hearthrug, "must play together. You will have time for a good game before luncheon," and she turned away. "Oh, Mr. Weston," cried Pollie, as the door closed behind the slight figure, "he is coming now. He is actually in England," with a little gasp. "When is he coming?" Mr. Weston was no longer a calm, dis-interested spectator, there was something ing, and you shall never see me again, and you shall saorifice yourself as you see fit, or rather as your father sees fit, for it is for his sake, I suppose, you are doing it. But first of all dry your tears, forget all I

interested spectator, there was something weeks, and tell me the whole story. Per-haps a door of escape may yet open !" But though Charity shock her head at that, she allowed herself to be calmed by of fire and energy in his dark eyes. "Wednesday next week, and to-day is

"Wednesday," he repeated; "that is the day of Lady Burnett's fancy ball, is it to her favorite seat.

not?" "Yes, Charity is going, and you also, are

you not ?" "I think not, I shall probably have left

'Are you going away?" cried Pollie " I am so sorry." "That is very kind of you, Miss Pollie. The world is not so very wide; perhaps we

may meet again." But Pollie shock her head disconsolatoly

-and then stopped abruptly. "Yes," said Pollie, raising her head, "there is just that one faint hope—he may not like her!" "Not much fear of that." "Not much hope, you mean. But, Mr. Weston," watching him anxiously as she spoke, to see what effect her words might Charity's girlish, shrinking manner; had

kind. I am sure if you could have thought of a plan, you would. I wish," a little wistfully. "that my plan had been a right one, b:cause it might have done some that lay beneath it. "No," she said, in those soft, firm tones he had learned to know. "You mean well,

good. "Abusing Felix, eh, to your father?" "Yes, but still it would have been mean, l

know. Charity would not have done it, so," with a sigh —" but it does seem a pity that she did not have a chance !" "She did not have a chance " "She will have a chance," said Mr. Weston with a sudden determination, and

drawing himself very upright as he spoke spoke almost more to himself than t ollie. "Such as it is she shall have it. that you did not want it -----' "He will never know." "He should know; thiugs are different

And then Pollie crept away sorrowful and heavy-hearted, for Mr. Weston's vague promises did not impress her with much ope or comfort.

CHAPTER III.

Rain, rain, still pouring hopelessly, teadily down, now at 4 o'clock just as it had done at 10 this morning. Pollie, forgetting her sorrows for the moment, is deep in a story of such vivid breaking off, "But don't let us talk about interest, that she is lost to the whole out-him yet. I expect we shall have quite side world, as she follows the adventures of room ere speaking. "And Felix?" then he questioned When he comes, he," with a sort of triumph her horoine step by step, seated in the fire's glow, on a low stool at Mr. Weston's

"Then I shall be free. My pride," with a half laugh, "will not be much hurt." fire's glow, on a low stool at Mr. Weston's feet. He, Cousin Sarah, and Mr. Warbur-"And supposing," will do be mas standing still now, looking down with tender, pitiful eyes on her slight, upright figure, "suppos-

them for the last hour, but now tea has rry you for

the clock, and then with an impatient his ulster as he spoke, "but she would not

movement turned away. "Silence means consent," then he said a take 1t." "Thank you, Mr. Weston," said Pollie little bitterly. "I will not bother you any more. Good bye, Miss Warburton!" gravely, "I knew you would try. But you see, Charity is not like us. She would She had not looked up till then, but as think things mean that we might think quite fair." he said those words, almost involuntarily quite fair." "No, she is not lika us?" was all Mr. Weston said, as he got on internet and kissed his hand to Pollin, who stood on the duorstep to watch hun out of eight she raised her eves to his, and all their sad was so sasy to read. Even then she. made no answer in words, mans no allotapt

sight. Once more Charity and her sister are Charity," he said, in a troubled voice, look up," and she obeyed. "Charity," he went on, a red flush for a seated over the bedroom fire, discussing dress and similar frivolities, for this is moment appearing on his dark cheek, "I believe," with a momentary hesitation, "that you do like me." Wedneeday, and the night of Lady Bur-nett's fancy ball. This has been a long week, Charity

"that you do like me." "Mr. Weston," she replied, clasping her two hands tightly together, and her low voice grew lower still as she spoke, "if I you must go away at once, and never speak to me any more. I am to marry Cousin Feitx "

Cousin Felix has not arrived, so she is at liberty to go to her ball, undisturbed by any ideas of the coming shadow until to morrow. So she strives to forget the dark eyes that spoke of love to her, and to "Yes," he said, "so I have been told." He did not mention Pollie's name, and Charity never thought of her. Charity bever thought of her. Her father was the person she did think of; but what did it matter after all? In a dark eyes that spoke of love to her, and to interest herself, as Polle is doing, in the powdering of her hair, the arrangement of the white lace cap and muslin fichu, which are to mark her out, in her plain black dress, as a Royalist of republican little while every one would know it, only-"Mr Weston, then if you knew it-" "You think I should not have spoken.

France. "Mrs. Sayer will be here directly, Charity," for Cousin Sarah's ball-going days lieve," with sudden vehemence, "that if there was no Cousin Felix in the case, I have the benefit of Mrs. Sayer's matronly nerves was that produced by the chilling atmosphere. They stood close together, their hands clasped in each other, as if wing to protect her. "Where are your mittens? Now here is your fan. Do open hould have won you. Is it not so? Say yes, Oharity." "It is very hard !" she cried, not answerit, and let me see how you look. Oh, beau-tiful! Dear Charity, how I wish I were ing his words. "I have caused you trouble, and yet I have tried so hard to do right, and

going with you !" "In two years, Pollie; only two years." "In two years; why then, Charlty, you will ---

But Miss Warburton did not wait to hear what would have become of her in two years. "My cloak, Poliie. Come, I hear the carriage." And with a kiss, Charity will go away to night, or to morrow morn hastened away. Once in the ballroom, amidst the lights

and music, for the moment Charity forgot all her troubles. She tried so hard not to have said to you, remember only what friends we have been these last three the new ber, that perhaps that partly helped her, so she danced and enjoyed herself, and the color heightened in her cheeks, until

sorrowful past and uncertain future were alike merged in the present.

alike merged in the present. "I thought Mr. Weston had gone," Mrs. Sayer once remarked to Charity, meeting his friendly words, and to be enticed back

And then she poured forth the whole story, as she had learned to know it so "Yes," said Charity quickly, "he has well of late, and almost unknowingly to gone-left us, I mean.' gone—left us, 1 mean." "But he is here," said Mrs. Sayer ; "I have just met him. I suppose," not wish-ing to detain the girl from the waltz just herself, contrived at the same time to let the secret of her own young heart be clear y seen by the dark, watchful eyes. "Now I have told you everything," she beginning, "that he is staying somewhere else in the neighborhood."

said, "as you asked me, and," hesitating, "of course it is fair you should know, —as" and here she paused, but the wistful looks Charity supposed so also, as there seemed nothing else to say, and turned away with in the pretty eyes said the rest. "Yes," said her listener, "I have heard her partner. She must be mistaken, was

her own thought. But after this dance fresh agitation was it all, and my opinion is that you are wrong. No, you must listen to me now." Perhaps Mr. Weston had been a little decoived by " Miss Warburton," said Lady Burnett,

stopping her, "there is a gentleman here who wishes to be introduced to you. I think he came with Mr. Weston; his name not quite realized the strong, powerful will whe is the same as yours, so perhaps he may turn out to be an unknown relation. May

but I do not want to hear the other side of it. There may be one, of course, but it does not affect me. Father wishes it, and "Yes, I should be glad," said Gnarmy, with whitening cheeks. Then he had come at last, and Mr. Wesbut I do not want to hear the other side of I bring him in ?"

that is all I care to know." "But, Charity"-Mr. Weston was firing ton had brought him, so that he might see his last shots now, in the intervals of for himself the effect that Cousin Felix pacing up and down the room, and Charity would have upon her. "But I shall not was seated very still and upright, with flinch now," she thought, "the worst was folded hands, to receive them. "But, over long ago." And for one second only the the the trailight end to the dark outroom in the twilight, and to the dark eyes

that had there looked into hers. "Come, Miss Warburton, shall we ex-plore this conservatory? It looks cool and now even to what they were three weeks ago, when you first promised him."

pleasant." It did indeed; and Miss Warburton, with willing feet, turned in amongst the flowers, where the softened light of the Things are just the same as far as Felix and I are concerned," she answered, though her cheeks grew a shade whiter. "Father is old and blind, and trusts me; Chinese lanterns was more merciful; not he shall never know that," her voice fal tered, "I was tempted to break my trust." quite so demonstrative of paling cheeks as

the glare of the ballroora. "A capital 'get up,'" remarked her partner by-and-by, looking in the direction Mr. Weston turned away in silence, and took another turn the whole length of the

And Charity, looking it is unreated at the direction of the doorway. And Charity, looking too, saw énter a tall figure elad in black armor from head to foot; but only one part of the knight's dress, that was so perfect as to have called forth the admiration of her companion. arrested her attention. His right arm was

in a sling. "Cousin Felix, Cousin Felix!" Her

ders."

Advice to Consumptives,

Cousin Felix," drawing her closer to him upraised eyes, "and over and over again you have told me that you will marry him On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is soroful-ous disease of the image, therefore use the great sub-sector use the and no other. And remember I have been hardly dealt with hitherto. I have heard nothing buy evil of myself. I have ever great anti-socciulous or blood-ourifier and operates of Bat to day. Obstity with event tender will all that is all altered, and 1 am not going to fit you great anti-socortulous or blood-purifier and strangth-restorer, Dr. Pieroc's "Goldan Medical Dascovery." Superior to end liver oil as a putritive, and unsurpassed as a pestoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pieroc's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. Wown's Dromanay Market. With your own lips you told me long ago, that whenever I came to claim you, you were mine-and now the hour ha

And at last Charity understood. Under stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. stood that there was no more need to ven her eyes from the loving fire in his; under stood that hand and heart might go together; that there was no one in the The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in wide, wide world she would choose, if she active charity and willing service.

been asked to strive to blacken my ow obardeney Bht to day Obarity wit

could, to take the place of Cousin Felix.

THE END.

IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH.

Touching Farewell Kiss of Man and Wif

on the Wreck of the Columbus,

Among the confused mass who wer

struggling and screaming were noticed a middle aged man and his wife. Their con

duct was in marked contrast with that of

the other passengers. The panic which had seized the others was not shared by

them, but their blanched faces told that

they realized the peril which surrounded them. The only movement of muscles or

other, and while the spray and waves were

drenching them at every moment, the hus-

band turned and imprinted a kiss upon the companion of his life, and while thus em-

braced, a heavy sea broke over the wrech

and both were washed away and not seen

afterward. Mr. Cook says the scene was one which will remain indelibly impressed

upon his memory until his dying day.-

" MAMIE'S " CRIME.

paper Office.

Seven-Weeks Old Baby Left at a News

Considerable excitement prevailed in the

office of our neighbor this morning. About 6 a. m. a basket was discovered just inside the door of the front office. It contained

members of the F. P. staff :

Roston Herald.

евсаре те.

come!

"Bigh No More, Ladies !"

for Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

Quite Unsympathetic.

Birdie McHennepin and her brother

were at the seashore. "Ob, see that!" exclaimed Birdie. "See what?" inquired the stoical John.

"Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelet like a tiny leaflet dancing o'en the scene." "O, come, you had better go out to the

about to contemplate suicide together, and thus fulfil the marital vow of standing by each other in the varying tide of life's for-tunes and misfortunes. As the wreck pumplet in the back yardlet and soak your ittle headlet." careened with the gale from one side to the

ignorant of what becomes itself.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so

Home Items.

-All your own fault If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never-Fail.

Ask any good doctor if hop Bitters are not the best family medicine On earth.

FOR

THE

C00K'S

BEST

DINA

A ALLAND

of th



a baby, apparently about seven weeks old. The discovery of the following note con-siderably relieved the anxiety of some WINNIPEG, Jan. 27th, 1884. To the Free Free s: DEAR SIB,-Fity my misfortune and look down upon me with mercy. I am compelled to do this to save me from disgrace in the eyes of my people. Flease place my baby in the home. I will call and see it soon. It is not baptised yet, and soven weeks old on the 26th inst. It is a fine, healthy child, and no person need be afraid to adoptit. But I would like to know whore if goes to. Geod-bye, MAMIE. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throst, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Biles,





FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

THE SEST BLGOD PURIFIER. There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause-whatever it may be. The great medical author-ities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's Nafe Cure has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by plac-them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Lives and Urinary troubles, for the distressing dis-orders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Fevare of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good. For Dishetes ask for Warner's Safe Dia-bect

etes Cure. For sale by all dealers. H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont. Rochester, N. Y London Kng.

D. U. N. L. 7. 84.

"I have no doubt I could rake up a good absent, there have been sundry vain sudea deal if I tried, but the question is, would vors to attract the attention of Miss Pollie your father believe me "" "I believe he would," said Pollie ear-

Soft-hearted, tender Polits was becoming a perfect dragon in her attempts to guard the golden apples, which she felt would of a surety be stolen from under her watchful eyes, sconer or later. Perhaps Mr. Weston did think of a plan of help, for the next morning, when breakfast was over, and he beard Mr. Warburton ask for Pol-ine structure in the library, where he lie's presence in the library, where he of course it was Miss Warburton, thoug in a way, unlike her, for there was some watched Cousin Sarah preparing to slip away to her usual morning occupation of letter-writing, he asked Miss Warburton if At the opening of the door, however, the away to her usual morning occupation of letter-writing, he asked Miss Warburton if she would play one game of billiard with him. Asked her boldly before the mall, so that any excuse would have been difficult; and when she attempted a faltering remark and when she attempted a faltering remark about "many duties," he replied that ho would wait till all the duties were over. And it is raining hard, you see, so out-

of-door amusement is impossible.

y, answered "Yca." On his way to the billiard-room he was He had crossed the room whilst speaking, say, answered

low voice in the passage. "Mr. Weston, I forgot last night when I

"It was to Charity. I promised her that till I saw him," with a little stress on the words, " I would not think or say any-Charity says, he may be very nice.

you remember ?" "Yes," he nodded, "I will say nothing at all; that will be the safest plan."

all; that will be the safast plan." "Yes—I suppose so. Till we see him," with a faint gleam of hope. Then Pollie sped back to the library, and Mr. Weston dawdled on to the billiard-room. A bright fire was burning there, and everything looked cheerful. He saun-tered over to the rug, and stood leaning seainst the mantelpiece, with his eyes against the mantelpiece, with his eyes turned in the direction of the door. Would she some?

"Yes." he believed so, "but not yet per haps," and his thoughts returned to his own affairs during this interval of waiting.

"I must be off," he said at length half aloud, and then lower still, "Poor Charitv1'

But, however much deserving of pity, a brave Charity nevertheless, one deserving of respect as well. For the secret, whereof the first faint whisperings had been striv ing to make themselves heard of late, was gradually discovering itself, and the low voice. if she cared to listen to it, was ready to speak up boldly and plainly now.

But that was what she would not permit. It was a little aching spot at present, but if not regarded, it might cease to ache in time. These sort of wounds do not heal any the quicker for care and attention; far better to ignore them. But these pleasant past ten days, all this walking and skating, talking and billiard-playing, would not, she felt, in the future of her life, count

and send her in search of her sister.

"Let me go," said Mr. Weston, speaking "I believe ne would, said tothe out nestly, "at any rate you could but try." Soft-hearted, tender Polis was becoming as if to put no cut of the question. "I supquite firmly, "You must not say that. We have agreed, Pollie and I, not to believe anything against him until we see him. guess had been correct, for the girl he was in search of was seated in the shabby old

did you write to Warburton to day?" "Yes; he wants to come next Wednes armchair, drawn up close to the fire. Yes, of course it was Miss Warburton, though day or Thursday." "And what did you say to him?" "Just what my father told me: that we

of anxiety in his tone. tone: "Mr. Weston!" "Yes, it is I, Mr. Weston. You know

you were called away out of the billiard And it is raining hard, you see, so out-f-door amusement is impossible." And Charity, not knowing what else to sup angreed "Yea".

waylaid by Pollie. "Mr. Weston." He stopped, hearing the fresh sheet of paper, but under the circum-

low voice in the provide the second s mantelshelf. He spoke quietly, very quietly, but there was something in his calm, deter-mined tones that made Charity lift her stances was quite impossible? So she had folded it up, and posted it, with a moment-ary passing thought—would he care?—even if he had known. Her tears and her smiles were alike immaterial to him, and she had only recalled it at the sound of Edward Weston's pitying voice. "I am going then, Charity," he went on,

tears on the dark eyelashes. "But you shall hear it," he said with sudden determination, kneeling by her side and clasping her hands in his. "Charity, words, "I wolld not think of say any-g against him. You know, of course, as rity says, he may be very nice. Will remember?" Kes," he nodded, "I will say nothing at that will be the select play."

"ics." The tears were gathering thickly now, but she brushed them away, and raised her head. "Yes, but I would rather that you did not think of it. I know myself that I shall marry Cousin Felix."

"So be it. Whatever happens, I shall never forget that I have known you. I think, Charity"-his voice falling-"you are the sweetest, bravest woman I ever met. Such a daughter would make a good wife to any one!'

But there was no reply. "Charity !" she started at the word. "You must not call me that," she said. "You must give me a reason then. I

cannot take your words yet as an answer to my question, for, Charity, I love you!" to my question, for, Charity, I love you !" "But you must !" she cried, drawing away her hands from his, and rising to her

feet with sudden decision. "My answer to your question is 'No.'" The tears were gone now; she was stand-

ing opposite him, the width of the fireplace between them—the stately Charity War-burton he had nirst known—and he felt are my friend." very much further apart from her than he had done from the tearful girl seated in

the old armchair. Nevertheless he was in earnest, and r fancied separation should affect him. So he took a couple of steps nearer to her, till he stood by her side once more. She paratory to driving to the station. "Good-bye, Mr. Weston; Charity is not down yet. She had a headache last night, did not shrink away from him, but stood perfectly still, only she never raised her eyes. Then---"You do not love me?"

"Although he did not like me?" Her voice trembled a little then, but she went on loud, as he advanced slowly to her, Lady Burnett by his side.

"I do not understand," Miss Warburton neard her say, as they approached; "but never mind, I shall be sure to see you again address for three stamps. It teaches sucheard her say, as they approached : "but by-and-by.' Then they drew nearer yet.

You must not let me break that promi e.' Mr. Weston turned abruptly away. "You have conquered," then he said. "Mr. Warburton, Charity wants to be introduced to you." And Charity bowed a little wonderingly "I shall go; I do not care to stay in this And Charity bowed a little wonderingly towards the mail-clad figure. "Mr. Paget," went on Lady Burnett, turning towards Charity's companion, "will you kindly take me back to the ballhappy home any longer. But tell me first coom ? And Mr. Paget rising, he and lady Bur

should be glad to see him." "Nothing else?" There was a shadow nett departed together. A great desire came over Charity to rise and hasten after them; but it was not to

"Nothing," lifting her sweet eyes to his, but a shade of color swept over her face as be. The moment had come to put her resolution to the test; she would not fail

she spoke. He noted it, though he made no further remark—perhays noted it with a half doubt, but she had spoken the truth. Was there any necessity to own to the great tear that had fallen right in the centre of the neat "Charity Warburton"—a tear, which would, if the postboy had not been waiting for the letters, have peressitated a

"How did you know it ?" she asked, still rying to quiet her beating pulses, and all ntent on speaking calmly. "From Weston. He met me, and told

"From Weston. He met me, and told me you were coming, so we agreed to drive over together. I have just been explaining it to Lady Burnett. When I got your let-ter,"gafter a few minutes' pause, "I determined to come at once.'

"so this is good-bye, for even if I see you again, it will not be alone. But remember I shall watch and wait. "If Warburton "Why?" Out of his glove he took a letter that comes, and you do not marry him, I shall come back. Do you understand ?" Charity recognized at once, and reddened when she saw. She watched it nervously as he opened it, and showed her her own "Yes." The tears were gathering thickly

handwriting. "When I saw that," he said, pointing to the great telltale teardrop across the signature, "I made up my mind to come a

once. "Why ?" again asked Charity. "Because," speaking in a lower tone, "

knew you were unhappy." At those words Charity raised her eyes for the first time, and then quickly and

urage, Charity, it is nearly over now.

Course. Charity, it is nearly over now. These fights are very hard, and a woman's weapons are so few, and her buck-ler so easily pierced, but then every victory hesitatingly. Without a word he took off the disguising helmet, and disclosed a smooth, dark head, gained is fresh strength for what follows "Good-bye, Mr. Weston," laying a small hand in his, and for the last time lifting

heimet, and disclosed a smooth, dark head, and a pair of dark eyes that Charity War-burton knew only too well. "I thought it was you," she said, with almost a sob, "when first I heard your voice, and of course I knew you when I looked up. But why did you do it-why? You promised, you know," taking a step a wer from him as she snoke. "Don't you her eves to these dark ones she had learned to love. "I shall not go down again to-night, so this is, in truth, good-bye. I, also," with a momentary pause, "shall always remember with pleasure that you

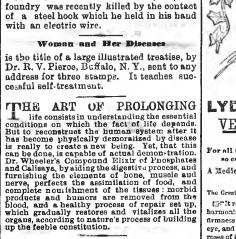
away from him as she spoke. " Don't von remember, that"—a little disjointedly. "that you promised ?"

He said nothing more. For a second he laid his other hand over the little one that But before she could escape, a hand on rested in his, and then without one backward glance he went. "Good-bye, Miss Pollie," as, his farewells all said, Mr. Weston stood in the hall pre-

her arm detained her. "You promised too, Charity. You pro-mised that you would listen to Cousin Felix, though you would not to Mr. Wes-

ton, so you must stay now." "But," oried Charity, despair in her tone at the thought that the battle was not and that has made her lazy this morning. I must say good bye for both of us. Have over even yet, "you are not Cousin Felix-

not, she felt, in the future of her life, count quite for paught. "You have been a long time," he said, and there was something in his tone which



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