The Madel Wife.

My good wife is knittin', and 'yond plays the

My good wife is knittin', and 'yond plays the kitten,
The yellow bird carels above,
But she heede not the charmer, the snarl don't alum her;
Her thoughts are cn me and of love.
Her smile so bewitchin', lights parlor and kitchen,
For she's sunshine both upstairs and down:
All bustling and busy, is Bonnibelle Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

She's too true to her labors to gossip with

neighbors,
With a greeting she passes them all;
And the women that always are whisperin hallways.
She shuns, for their talk is too small;
With affairs of Miss Prattie, and Dame Grundy

Tattee,
With the names of poor Jones, Smith or
Brown,
Ooining mischief they're busy, but not so with
Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

When her tins a bright line in, like silver ar

shinin',
And the kettle is singing for tea,
You'll find her a sictin', and quietly knittin',
Awaitin' the coming of me;
And the thoughts so beguilin', her dimples smilin',
The plump rosy cheeks up and down—
Still her fingers are busy, no dreamer is Lizzio,
The best little wife in the town.

When I finish my daily long tasks, I sing gaily:
"From the toil of the bench, love, I'm free!"
Though the stars twinkle o'er me, my heart
flies before me,
To her who is watchin' for me.
I steal in behind her, with strong hands I bind
her.

her.
My queen of the calico gown;
The little hands busy, I clasp and kiss Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.
—Leonard Wheeler.

## A MAIDEN FAIR

A Scottish Love Story.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I. A FRESH BREEZE.

A grey day that would have been dull anywhere but by the sea. A strong breeze blowing and the grey and blue waters leaping into white combs and points. A leaping into white combs and points. A landsman would have called it agale, but to fisherfolk it was only a "wee thing fresh." The grey old houses, with their red and brown roofs, looking out on the harbor, would also have appeared dull and harbor, would also have appeared dull and dirty but for their picturesquely irregular gables and heights. Then the busy figures of the fishwives in their bright colored petticoats and "short gowns" (long jackets); the lourging groups of the fishermen, and, above all, the bustle in the harbor and on its walls which projected out bor and on its wal's which projected out into the Forth, gave life to the scene in harmony with the strong breeze and the leaping waters.
Out on the farthest point of the grey

walls a group of men and women, with the spray flashing over them and the keen wind biting their cheek, stood watching "Will she win in, think you?" asks one

"Safe enough - Bob Ross is steering," confidently answers a little weather-wiz ened-faced old man, by name Dick Baxter Bob Ross had seen a smack capsize, and with five trusty comrades had put off to "It was a daftlike thing for Bob to think

he could be out in time to help them.' "It was worth trying," said Baxter

dryly.
Suddenly the prow of the boat is turned towards the opening in the walls and comes straight and swiftly along, crosses the bar, down goes the sail, and boat and men are safe in the haven.

There was no cheer although brave work had been done; but an eager inspection of the boat to see who was in it.

e boat to see who was in it.
"They hae gotten them a' but Jook
amson," said Baxter in a matter-of-fact tone, the circumstance being of too ordinary a nature to call for much feeling;

"puir sowl, he's gaen."
"My man, my man," cried a woman
rushing down the steps to the boat,
"whar's he?" There was no answer and the woman

understood. She bowed her head, covered her face with her hands and was silent Then a couple of burly women, with broad shoulders and muscular hands, took each an arm of the mourner.

"Come awa hame, Jeanie," said one quietly, and the voice was tender although the notes were harsh—"ye'll be better

And they led the widow home.

Bob Ross was the first out of the boat helping one of the three men who had been saved to land. The others followed, and were first assisted to a much needed dram and then to their homes. The crew proceeded to the inn, accompanied by number of friends eager to obtain more details of the rescue than had been given in the hurried answers to the crowd in the

Ross did not accompany them. He gave his stalwart frame a shake, like a huge Newfoundland dog after coming out of the water, and that contented him. He was a man of about thirty, a handsome fellow, tall and sinewy, dressed in a pilot jacket and boots over his trousers.

His face was tanned by exposure to the

weather, the features good, and the clear grey eyes which looked straight at any man bespoke an honest, open, and fearless nature. He had begun life in his father's fishing smack; but whilst always ready to do his duty in the boat, he had continued to attend school more than the other lads of learned there. The dominie took an interest in him, and helped him to learn naviga tion as far as it was in that worthy man' power to do it. · But his real knowledge was gained by practical experience in his father's smack. So by the time he was twenty-two he was said to know the road fom Newhaven to John o'Groats-av or from Newhaven to Yarmouth—better than any pilot in Leith. He obtained his license and became a recognized pilot. He soon earned a high reputation as a trusty, steady, and skilful man. But he still retained his interest in the smack, and when occasion permitted went out to the

fishing with as much glee as of old.

After he had seen the rescued men safe in their homes, he turned on the way to his Dick Baxter met him. He was a favorite of Dick's, and that was an honor for Dick was a person of importance in the village. An accident thirty years ago had disabled him from following his craft as a fisherman; but he eked out a living by doing odd jobs at the harbor, and by the tips he obtained from sightseers for information about the place and people. This he gave with the air of a proprietor showing his place to his guests. Amongst fisherfolk he obtained the reputation of being a wise man. He was a pawky one, giving advice in a slow, learned way that impressed the simple although clever people. He pronounced as authoritatively on the position of current politics as on religious affairs and the weather. In short he was an authority in the land notwithstanding the chaff which he had some time to endure from the younger men.
In his scaly old blue jersey and corduroy

trousers, and with his thin brown wizened face, he was always at his post and knew

everybody's affairs.
"I was on the look-out for you, Bob.
Hoo did ye manage? It was weel done

We were just in time-poor Thompson had gone and the other three were just dropping off the keel. But you see we got them, and that's all." "Ay, but it was weel done, and there'll

be a paragraph in the Scotsman about you

onything to hae them speak about me in print! But be that as it may, wha do you think is here?"

"A lot o' folk." "Jist that, jist that; but I was thinking you would like to ken that Jeems" (pronounced with the s short) "is here." "To see his mother, I suppose, and get

some more of her siller.' "Jist that, an' speaking that fine English I could hardly understan' him. But I thought you would like to ken, for he's ome to see some ane forbye his mither."
That was what Dick Baxter had been waiting to tell, and he enjoyed the look on Bob Ross's face—a comical attempt to hide

the fact that the news disturbed him. "But what can that matter to me, Diok? I suppose he is free to go wherever he is welcome like other folk."
"Nae doot, and it's jist as you tak' it.

But if I was in your place I'd be there afore him."

afore him."
"Where, man, where?"
"As though you didna ken?" exclaimed
Dick slyly. "Hows'ever, you'll ken fine
when I tell you that I saw her yestreen and she was speerin' for you, and there was a braw laugh on her face when I said you

was to be here the day."
"Thank you, Diok," said Ross with evident annoyance; "but I wish you wouldna'

"I didna' ken afore that it was ony harm to do a frien' a guid turn," answered Dick Baxter in his most dignified way.

"No harm—I hope."
"I didna say onything by ordinar," said Dick a little sulkily, and yet with a desire to reassure Ross, seeing him so much put out. But the "by ordinar" must have had an extensive range indeed in his mind, since he had been praising his young friend without stint to Annie Murray, the only child of Captain Duncan Murray, who was sole owner of Anchor Cottage and the "Mermaid" steamer. "And she take it that ill," added Diok pawkily. "And she didna

"Then it's all right."
And Ross laughed again as he went his way, and that way was to Anchor Cottage. He had been sent for by Captain Duncan on a matter of business. But the business was not in Bob Ross's mind as he walked rapidly along with head bowed against the wind, the spray dashing over the parapet, and the sun slowly beginning to make its

way through the mist.
"I wonder can it be true! Was she thinking o' me? Maybe, maybe, for she's no upsettin like other lassies I ken o'—but what havers is this? The captain is friendly and kindly; but he is proud o' his daughter, proud o' his steamer, and proud o' his siller—he would never hear o't when there's a chiel like Cargill hanging about waiting for her."

waiting for her."

At this thought he stopped, teeth closed and feet went down harder and faster on the ground. Again—

"But why should he not think of his own

early days and count my chances as guid as Here a faint smile of hope crossed his face; but the smile faded into a troubled

I'm thinking he would do it, too, it Cargill werena here with his fineries and his siller that he had no hand in making. Puir auld Bell Cargill—it was a pity you spent your life in hearding up your bawbees for a loon that's more than half ashamed to call you his mother before his fine friends—ugh! Lord forgie me for thae hard thoughts. If Annie likes him let him

The healthy nature of the man ros against this envious spirit which had for a moment taken possession of him. He lifted his head and looked fate steadily in the face. She should take him for his own sake, or he would "e'en let the bonnie lass

It was a relief to the man to feel this better mood upon him before he reached the cottage, for he knew that ugly thoughts make ugly faces. It was a relief, too, that the sun had scattered the mist and brightened everything.

> CHAPTER II. ANCHOR COTTAGE.

The cottage stood on the high ground overlooking the Firth. It was a square, comfortable-looking building of one story, built of brown stone and slated. The only piece of ornamentation about the building was a porch. It stood in a piece of ground which was also square and planted with things useful-vegetables, fruit-trees, and berry-bushes. There were a few plots of flowers and some rose bushes, but these things being merely beautiful were kept well within bounds. Nevertheless the place had a cosy appearance and was attractive on

The captain had been brought up to regard utility as the first consideration in life; and the only bit of fancy he had per-mitted himself when the grounds were laid out, was to place an old anchor in the centre of the patch of grass, called the green.
This anchor had one of its points stuck
firmly in the ground as if it were holding

the whole place steady.
"That auld anchor, sir," the captain would say to any visitor, "saved the 'Mermaid' once when she was being blown out of the roads by one of the clariest storms I have ever been in. The 'Mer-maid' of that time was a bit cutter you maun ken. And when I sold the cutter and got the steamer I brought that anchor here and I'm proud o' it-rael proud-and

so I named the honse after it."

As soon as Ross passed through the gate he halted, hesitating whether to go straight to the door or to cross the green towards the lass he saw amongst the berry-bushes busy gathering fruit. His heart's impulse ha

its way, and he went towards her.

As the gate closed behind him with a clang a frank, sun browned face looked up from amongst the bushes and recognized him with a pleasant smile. He thought that smile as bright as the sunshine itself. "Glad to see you, Mr. Ross," she said in a rich, cheery voice. "Father has been expecting you, but there is somebody with

nim just now."

How cordially Bob Ross thanked that "somebody," and how earnestly he prayed that the "somebody" might stay long.

"I could not come so early as I was meaning to do, and I'm no exactly sorry."

"How is that?"

"You are bore."

"You are here."

"You are nere."
She looked as if she enjoyed, or at any rate did not dislike, this very direct compliment. She said banteringly—
"I'll hae to take care of you, Mr. Ross."
"That's just what I would like you to do," he rejoined sincerely.

"Keek into the berry-bush and say

what you see there," she replied, laugh-ingly quoting an old play-rhyme of child-

"I'm doubting you would not let me tell you what I see.'

"Oh, but I would, for I'm no the gowk!"

"I'm sure of that, for what I see is the bonniest lass in all the world!"
"Eh, Mr. Ross?" she cried laughing

again, "I'm thinking I had better go and tell my father you are here." That was a check, otherwise he might

have found an opportunity to turn this banter to serious account, She was con-scious of that, and wished to avoid the possible turn the conversation might take and he was aware of it.

But he tried to detain her by the assur-

ance that he was in no hurry and would rather wait until the captain was quite free. With a smiling shake of the head, she took up her basket of fruit and went toward the house. A tall winsome figure, in neat, simple dress; and as she crossed the green her rich, fair hair glistened in the sunlight

like gold.
The wistful lover, following, felt that

appeared to be so much above him or any

ordinary mortal. Alas, poor lover!

But Annie was a bright specimen of woman nature—kind and generous, bonnie and brave. The man who won her would be fortunate indeed, for he would possess that greatest of all blessings, a faithful helpmate in all that concerns daily life-tender in his sorrow, blithe in his gladness, and patient of his errors.

All this and more Ross thought, and it rendered the possibility of her becoming the prize of James Cargill the more bitter. He tried to make allowance for his own feelings in regard to Annie and the influence they had upon his opinion of the man. But when all allowance was made he could not believe that Cargill was likely to make

her or any woman happy.

The captain's daughter was as famous as the captain himself; for although she could play the "pianny," and was reported to be able to speak French "as well as the French themselves" (such a smattering of the lanthemselves" (such a smattering of the lan-guage as any schoolgirl might possess would suffice for, this report), she was her father's clerk and purser, besides being his housekeeper. She accompanied him on all his voyages, and in the wildest storm was as cool as the oldest seaman on board.

When the "Mermaid" was in straits sha would stand by her father's side—her sailor hat and the peajacket over her ordinary dress giving her tall figure a somewhat manly appearance—ready to obey him in anything that he might command. And throughout this rough life she pre-

served the gentlest characteristics of womanhood. When at home in the cottage no stranger would have suspected that the quiet-looking lass with the merry smile was accustomed to such stern experiences. The "Mermaid" was a small steamer which Duncan Murray had purchased a bargain. Then, having sold his cutter, he employed the steamer to considerable advantage in carrying goods along the

advantage in carrying goods along the coast, or to wherever he might obtain a cargo. By this means he had made a good deal of money—a big fortune his friends considered—some of which was prudently invested in house property.

He might have retired and lived comforttably on his income. But he would not do that; he only became more particular about his cargoes and about his rates of freight. Likewise, he would now employ a pilot more frequently than had been his custom, in order to give himself more ease

on board. Often he had been heard to declare with an emphatic oath that he could never part with the "Mermaid" or his daughter " as lang as they could haud thegither."

In spite of this well-known declaration there were men who would have been glad to make him forego his vow so far as the lady was concerned; only she seemed to be as much disposed to observe it as her father. At any rate, no one had yet obtained her favor; and there seemed no likelihood of that favor being easily won.

To herself there was the simple fact that her life was a happy one and there was no need of change. Even if one should appear possessed of that strange power which draws a maiden away from father, mother, and kindred to trust her whole life to him, she believed that she could resist it, until her father said, "Go, and take my blessing with you."

"Here is Mr. Ross, father," said Annie, as she entered the room, and added with some surprise, "Mr. Cargill has gone?"

"Ay; did you no see him?—he wanted to see you. How are you, Bob? I'm wantin' you to come wi' us as far as Peterhead. Can you manage it?" The captain was a burly little man with a very ruddy face—shrewd, sharp, and yet

not ill-natured. "When?" was the prompt query. " Next week, on Tuesday maybe, but on

Wednesday sure."

Ross looked at Annie—his eye turned to her involuntarily, asking the question, was she going too? But she looked down at the table examining some forms which her father had thrust towards her whilst he was speaking.

"I'm no sure. But what should you need me for?—you know the road better than me." than me.

The captain's quick, pale eyes looked up at him sharply, and he said good-

aturedly—
"I'm perfectly aware o' that, Bob, but next to myself I think you ken them best."
"Thank you, captain."
"And as I am to have a friend wi' me, I dinna want to hae mair fash mysel' nor is just necessary. That's the reason why I want you wi' us, though what you are sae

particular about kenning for, I canna make out. What's wrang wi' ye?"

That was a question not easily answered, for the man himself did not know precisely. He felt that there was a great deal wrong with him; but as he found it difficult to discover an explanation for 1t in his own mind, it was impossible to translate it in words to the understanding of another. So

he answered vaguely-"Nothing, captain, except that I would like a bit rest." "Rest!—you that fetched aff they three billies frae the smack this morning, and was able to walk out here as if naething had happened—you talk about rest when you are gaun aboard the 'Mermaid'!—

noots man, that's no your reason." "What is that about the smack, father?" broke in Annie, with eyes brightening, as she remembered the explanation Ross had given for being late.

given for being late.

"A daft thing—that fool-fellow gaed out in the teeth o' a gale because he saw a smack capseezed—"

"Did you save them?" she asked of

Ross; but the father replied—
"Oo, ay, he brought hame three o' them

the question: are ye to come wi' me or no? Cargill is coming."

Annie, by a flush of the cheeks and a movement of the hand—instantly checked—as if she would take that of Ross, appeared to think that the saving of the men

was very much the question.

The father did not observe the movement, and Ross was entirely occupied with the announcement that Caagill was going to Peterhead on board the "Mermaid." "I'll go wi' you, captain," he said qui-etly; and any one hearing him speak would have thought that he was merely

closing an ordinary bargain. But through his mind was passing the panorama of Cargill, all the way along the coast courting "That's a plain word, and I think you ought to hae spoken it sooner, for it's an easy job to you, and you'll be among frien's. Take a dram on the head o't."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE GATE.

He had been in a dream during the last ten minutes of his stay in the captain's room. He was in a dream now that he got out into fresh air. Cargill going with them -Cargill had been at the cottage just before him-why, then it was all settled and there

was no hope for him.

What flend, then, had prompted him to say he would be pilot of the "Mormaid" on this voyage? Why should he be with them when it would be only to intensify his sense of loss into hate, and-maybe crime?

He should have said, no, no, no !-and he had said yes for the very reason which should have compelled him to say no.

It was not yet too late. He could find some excuse; he could feign illness—he could drown himself. Anything rather than go on board that vessel and see them gular the-morn."

"Well, it'll do nas harm," answered Ross, laughing.

"Is that a' you think o't? Man, I'd gie

there was no use in following, for such a prize could never be his—not because there was any inseparable gulf between their positions; but because she in herself good-bye in sad resignation to the inevi
there was no use in following, for such a together, knowing the man to be so unworthed to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said seed them to be so unworthed. Cargill an honest man he could have said seed them to be so unworthed. Cargill an honest man he could have said seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said in the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said in the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said in the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said in the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said in the seed them to be so unworthed. The did believe that if he had though living in this poor dwelling, surrections and the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. Cargill an honest man he could have said in the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed the seed them to a degree almost beyond precedent. The seed them to a degree almost be

into port with no chagrin, but only sorrow

in his heart. As it was—he must escape from the engagement. He could not answer for himself if he fulfilled it.

himself if be fulfilled it.

As he was mechanically opening the gate his arm was grasped by a friendly hand.

"Stop a minute, Mr. Ross, I have been noticing that you are not well, can we do anything for you?"

"Not well! What a poor thing was it, then, that the wreck of hope and future

should come to be a mere question of "Can we do anything for you?" So much "Can we do anything for you?" So much medicine—so much fresh air—and lo, hope is restored and the future is as bright as ever. That is the current mood—and a happy one—but to the homely nature of a man like Ross it brought no balm. He had ventured his all in a single boat and it

had sunk. He turned and saw Annie, the bright. sympathetic eyes full upon him. Like most men deeply in love he was most shy of the being he most loved. So he answered some-

what ungraciously—
"That is true—I am not well; but thank you for coming to say a kind word to me."
"I am very glad to have given you any comfort. I doubt you have been overtaxing

yourself to-day."

He rested on the gate. The sweet voice was echoing in his brain and he listened Then speaking to the voice he breathed the name, "Annie." She did not draw away from him. She

stood breathless,
"Will you let me speak to you?" he said,
so quietly now that he could scarcely realize himself that he had been for a moment

in dreamland.
"If it will do you any good, to be sure I will," she answered with an endeavor to speak quite frankly and easily; but the voice faltered a little.

"Onything I like?" "Of course."

The permission granted he appeared to find difficulty in taking advantage of it, so there was a pause, and the outcome of it

"I'm a stupid gowk." But ridiculous as the expression might be to other ears they were not so to those of Annie Murray, and she asked tremu-

What for ?" "Because I care more for you than for anybody or anything else, and—I have been aye feared to tell you. Now it is useless

telling you." He spoke almost fiercely as in the throe

of a strong man's agony; but with the evident effort to restrain his passion. You are not to speak any more," she said, drawing a long breath; "you are to listen to me. You are young, and you can go where you will find friends to comfort

and cheer you——"
"So it is said of all men," he muttered. "My father is an old man," she went on and has only me as his constant friend and companion. Well, can you think of it? I said to myself long ago that I would never leave him until he sent me away. Well, can you think of it? The only time that I ever wished I might leave him was

But there the blood came rushing to her face and a startled expression appeared in her eyes as if she had caught herself in the commission of some crime, and she became silent. She, who had been calm in the midst of storm, trembled. "Well?" he asked, surprised by her sud-

den stop and looking into her face for an explanation.
"Well," she said softly—an entire change of tone and manner—"there's nothing more to say except that 1 am glad

you are to be the pilot of the 'Mermaid' on er next trip."

He took her hand gently, and for a oment each looked into the others eyes

Then—
"Now it is my turn to ask you to listen to me," he said slowly. "Whilst I was coming down the path, I made up my mind that I would not go. You shall decide me. Is Cargill going by your wish?

"Do you wish me to go?"

"I do—because father wishes it." She added the latter words quickly, as it fearing that he should misunderstand the import of her wish; and again they looked into each other's eyes in silence.
"Very well," he said, "I will go." And then they said good-bye. The under-

standing between them was complete, although no word of compact had been poken. She was to be faithful to her father, and he was to wait until the father spoke. Wait!-ay, he would wait all his life.

And he had no doubt that after this trip of the "Mermaid," a little conversation with Captain Duncan would enable him to arrange matters satisfactorily, With that conviction he went merrily on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

A DUTIFUL SON. The original part of the village consists of two rows of buildings forming a narrow street. The buildings have two flats; the upper one is approached by a staircase with a thick wooden railing outside the wall; and the landings of these "outside stairs" form the rostrums of the fishwives from which they harangue their gossips. Poles jut out from windows carrying ropes to form a triangle, and on these hang men and women's clothes to dry. On the stairs are broad-haunched women gossiping to others below on either side, or across the way. Beneath the stairs are others pre-

paring bait, mending nets or clothes, and "Oo, ay, he brought hame three o' them
—but he might hae made the loss o' his ain
crew as weel as that o' the smack. It was
cleverly done as I am told, all the same;
but you should mind that a life in the hand
is worth twa in the wrack. But that's no
the question; are not come wi' mean, payers. and carries a slim umbrella in his right, which makes his own figure the more conspicuous. He is evidently conscious that such a dandy is out of his element in this place. He is rendered still more conscious

of it by the salutation of Dick Baxter. "Weel, Jeems, you are a grand sight, but you might hae come sconer, for your mither's in a great way about you."

" Thank you, Mister Baxter." "That's as muchle as to say that I ought to call you Mister Cargill," said Dick pity-ingly. "Na, na, laddie, I canna do that. I has kent ye since you were a bairn running barefoot here in the Row, and you maun just thole me saying Jeems to the

the gentleman had ascended the staircas and entered the dwelling at the top. There he was saluted by an eldritch ory—
"Ye hae come at last, ye deevil's buckie.
What's keepit ye? Wait or I get up and I'll learn ye manners. Did I no say that ye was to be here at twa o'clock and noo

Before Dick had finished his observation

it's four ?" This came from an old woman who was seated in an old-fashioned armchair. She wore a high white "mutch," which rendered her shrivelled features and shrunken eyes the more marked; and the passion on the face at this moment made it appear

more haggard than it naturally was.

The lumpish dandy was not at all disturbed. His mother, Bell Cargill, had been paralyzed in her lower limbs for ten years past; and although she was always expecting to recover and making her arrangements for that event, it had not yet come to pass. She was constantly telling her neighbors what she would do when she "got up," and they kindly humored her hope, and the hope sustained her. She had been one of the briskest and strongest of the fishwives, and by a sin-gular business tact had been successful

table; he could have steered them safely her trade about her—she possessed a coneiderable fortune, the result of her own energy and industry. Bawbees had grown to shillings in her hands, and shillings to pounds. Then, whilst she still carried her creel, she had started a small fish shop in the High Street, Edinburgh, and out of that had grown two large fishmongery establishments, one at the West End, and the other in the main thoroughfare leading to Newington. She had been careful the selection of her managers, and she had

prospered.
She had once said—but she never repeated it—that the only mistake she ever made was in getting married; and the only good her man had ever done her was in

deeing sune." But he had left her with a son as useless as himself. a son as useless as nimeer.

Notwithstanding all her prosperity, she clung to the abode in which she had been brought up, and out of which she had reaped everything. Her son, however, had

"You see, mother, I was detained by "Can you no speak your native tongue, you idlot? What's the use o'puttin' on your fine airs wi' me?" cried Bell rately.
"I really thought that I was speaking

different ideas.

my native tongue as far as I knew it, mother; but if there is any other form which will please you better I shall be happy to adopt it," he answered, taking a chair and seating himself on it carefully, as if he feared that it might break under

The old woman eyed him all over. and the twinkling of her eyes showed that she had a secret pleasure in his grand appearance, although she maintained her querulous manner. "Weel, you have a guid Scotch tongue in your head if you would only make us o' it:

but you'll do naething usefu'. You just spend, and spend, and spend."
"If you would allow me," he said in a lazy way, "I am quite willing to take the management of the business—"
"Catch me lettin' ye do that. I gied ye
a tether o' three months, and if I had gien

ye three mair there wouldns has been as penny to clink agin anither left us."
"Very well," he said shrugging his heavy shoulders, "I am content. Only don't blame me."

"No blame you, ye lazy loon! Oh, wait till I get up; and it'll no be lang noo or that. No blame you! If ye had been half a man ye would hae been the greatest fish-merchant in the kintry by this "But I don't want to be a fishmonger,"

he said as before, and folding his hands his paunch.
"Fish-merchant, I said, and mair shame to ye? Is it no the grandest trade and the bravest trade in the world? Can ye no think o'what it means—men's lives gaun to feed the livin'? And can ye no think what it has been to you? Whaur would your bon-nie claes come frae, and your rings, and your watches, and your breastpins, if it hadna been for the fish?"

"I am quite ready to make my acknow-ledgment to each particular fish if you'll only tell me their names," he answered coolly, as he readjusted a horseshoe pear breastpin. She was exasperated by his coolness and made a movement as if she would rise, but fell back on her chair with the old

ory—
"Wait till I get up and I'll set ye a bonnie dance, my braw lad—you that canna
ocme to see me ance a month, cause ye're shamed to be seen amang the folks that ken whaur your braw duds cam frae. But bide ye. I'm gaun to hae the lawyer here and I'll settle ye. And I'm gaun to hae Bob Ross as a witness——"

"Bob Ross!" muttered Cargill, for the first time roused from his lethargy; "he's eternally turning up where he isn't want-"Ay, it's like you to misca' folk that "Ay, it's like you to misca' lost that are better than yoursel'. He looks after them that belangs to him while ye gang aff to your grand chambers in Edinbro' and London, and are feart folks should ken you

got your siller frae the puir auld fishwife that ye leave here." (To be catinued.)

Laid on the Shelf. Mr. Thos. Claydon, Shelburne, Oat., rites: "I have been suffering with a lame back for the past thirty years, and tried everything I heard of without success. Not long ago I was persuaded to use St. Jacobs say, barno v

I purchased a bottle, and, strange to before I had used it all, I was perto to any one afflicted. No one can speak too highly of its merits." Mr. W. E. Weeckley, also of Shelburne, thus mentions a matter of his experience: "I have been sufferer with rheumatism for years. was laid up with a severe attack a short time ago, and I can truly say that St. Jacobs Oil produced the quickest relief that I ever experienced. I cheerfully recommend it to every sufferer."

The late Lord Hertford was one of the few persons privileged to make jokes in the Queen's presence, and he often caused her to indulge in a hearty laugh.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from pervous debility and kindred affections as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL Association, Buffalo, N. Y. A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all

"Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply at the Central Fire Sta It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough. "I want," she

none were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made."

MOTHER ISWAN'S WORM SYRUP Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for everishness, restlessness, worms, constipa-tion. 25c.

Home-raised beef is so much of a luxury round Aiken, S. C., that it sells from 15 to 20 cents apo nd

" ROUGH ON COUGHS." Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds' Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50 A man near Olympia, Washington Terri-tory, was recently kilted by the kick of an

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspersia, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells Health Re-newer. \$1. The new spring bonnets are in very pronounced and stylish shapes.

IN THE TREATMENT OF DYSPEPSIA we have in Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phesphates and Calisaya a
remedy worthy the attention of all those sufforing from this protean disease. We frequently
meet with cases in which all ordinary methods
of treatment are of no avail; the stomach and
bowels continue disordered, the liver torpid,
tongue heavily coated, disagreeable taste in the
mouth, acidity, water-brash, flatulence, headaches, drowsiness after esting, and irritability
and restlessness with a depression of spirits.
Here the food is not digested and assimilated, the
blood becomes impoverished, and constitutional
vigor speedily impaired. The great number of
these cases in which the Elixir has proved successful has demonstrated beyond question its
efficacy in this distressing affection. TN THE TREATMENT OF DYS-

The only humpbacked Indian boy in Nevada is said to be living in Carson.

The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10 cents

GARMOYLE AND FORTESCUE. The Actress' Breach of Promise Case

Against Earl Cairns' Son. The New York World's special London cablegram says: "In the Fortescue-Garmoyle breach of promise case the plaintiff's evidence will show that Lord Garmoyle's proposal prevented the lady's acceptance of another offer. Negotiations are still proseeding to prevent the case from going before a jury. The plaintiff has been advised that Lord Garmoyle is unable to advised that Lord Garmoyle is unable to ray heavy damages. It is doubtful, too, whether his father, Lord Cairns, would be able to pay. Lord Cairns has wealthy brothers in business in Ireland, but he is himself poor. After a statement for the plaintiff has been made in open court, it is probable that a settlement will be reached. Lord Garmoyle has been excluded from the Beefsteak Club by a majority of votes. The sympathy of the general public is with

Miss Fortascue."

The New York Sun's letter adds: "Pub lic feeling against Lord Cairns is so strong that he was hissed last Tuesday night on his way to take part in the debate in the House of Lords. The Duke of Richmond who whispered to Garmoyle that an actress would never be received at court, has been reminded that he inherits titles and lands from a mistress of Charles II., and the Prince of Wales, also an active opponent of the match, has fallen into much disfavor with the theatrical profession, who are, of course, solid for the deserted lady."

"Now Well and Strong."

SHIPMAN, Illinois. DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir,—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing, as the doctors thought, wich consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once,

and is now well and strong.

Very truly yours, Rev. Isaac N. Augustin.
"Discovery" sold by druggists.

A rejected widow took poison in Baltimore. It is astonishing that a woman of her experience should have worried about

The Dead Cannot be Raised,

Nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, how-ever, unequalied as a tonic, alterative and nutritive, and readily cures the most obsti-nate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo,

The report that Colonel Middleton, now in command at Aldershot, is to succeed General Luard has been confirmed.

Mrs. J. C. Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day for a few weeks has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which 1 formerly suffered terribly, as often as once in ten days." Of ill druggists.

There are no fragments so precious as hose of time, and none are so heedlessly John du Bois, the Pennsylvania lumber king, is said to be the richest man in that

State. He is worth \$14,000,000, and em

\*Far more valuable than those golden apples of Hesperides are the life, health and beauty of Womanhood. Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-cound restores and preserves all these.

Many western railroad camps are now forbidding the presence of a Chinaman. \*.\* "Fools take to themsolves the respect given to their office." But Kidney-Wort commands respect for its own solid merits, tested, tried and found not wanting in any essential principle required for the cure of dyspepsia, piles, malaria, and all diseases of the kidneys, bowels and liver. Prepared in dry and liquid orm!

According to the Medical Record, in surance tables show that a man who abstains from alcohol has, at 20 years of age, a chance of living 44.2 years; at 30, 36 5 years; at 40, 28.8 years. An intemperate man's chance at 20 is 15.6 years ; at 30, 13.8; and at 40, 11.6.



Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapent Color Made, ty And, while presered in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for to become rancid.

TY BEWARE of all initiations, and of all ofter oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

Ty If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It

**WEBSTER'S** UNABRIDGED.



THE STANDARD.

GET Webster—it has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, and a New Biographical Dictionary.

THE Standard in Gov't Printing Office. Sale 20 to 1 of any other series. Sale 20 to 1 of any other series. BEST had to make a Family intelligent. Best help for SCHOLARS, TEACHERS and SCHOOLS. The best practical English Dictionary extant.—Quarterly Review, London.

It has all along kept a leading place, and the New Edition brings it fairly up to date.—London Times, June, 1882.

It is recognized as the most useful existing "word-book" of the English language, all over the world.—New York Tribune, 1882.

"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF." The latest edition, in the quantity of matter it is contains, is believed to be the largest volume bublished. It is an ever-present and reliable chool-master to the whole family. Specimen pages sent prepaid on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

remedy to cure the worst c is. Because others have failed is no reason for when receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise an at results and selection of my infallible remedy. Give Express and jost Office. It coasts you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address br. k. J. ROOT , & Pearl St., New York.

WANTED. A NY LADIES OR YOUNG MEN A. who are out of employment, in city or country, distance no objection; can have steady work at their homes all the year round. Work sent by mail; any one can do it; good salary no canyassing no canvassing.

Address UNION MANUFACTURING CO., 78

Washington street, Boston Mas



CURES
Rheumatism, Neurasgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises.
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Burns, Senids, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER ROBLEY PAINS AND ACHES.
id by Druggists and Desicresverywhere. Fifty Cents a be
Direction in II Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.

D. C N. L. 9. 84.

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

The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

-Old men tottering around from Rheumatism kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters. —My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergymen.

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

On earth.

--Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will eave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters -My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgis all out of her system with hop bitters.-Ed. Oswego Sun.

 Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness. -Ice water is rendered harmless and more re reshing and reviving with hop bitters in eac lraught.

-The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters. KIDNEY-WORT HE CREAT CURE

RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. eanses the system of the acrid poison causes the dreadful suffering which

PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

44 Dry can be sent by meil.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co. Burlington Ve KIDNEY-WORT

ve been quickly relieved, and in short tir PERFECTLY CURED.



LYDIA E. PINKHAW'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Is a Positive Cure
For all these Painful Complaints and Weakness

Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman. The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History ETI revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale check of woman the fresh es of life's spring and early summer time. Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all crawing for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight

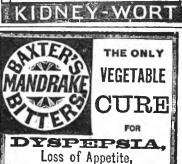
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
For the cure of Kidney Comminints of either set
this Compound is unsurpassed. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PERIFIER will effulcate every vestige of numers from 196 3100d, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price o either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form f pills, or of lozonges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box or either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of nquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet. No family should be without LYDIA E. PIKKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, billousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

EF Sold by all Druggists. CA

學科也可能是任何 KIDNEY-WORT HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES. Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedly overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

For complaints peeuliar of the properties of the prop



Indigestion, Sour Stomach,

Habitual Costiveness,

Sick Headache and Biliousness.

Price, 25. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

(P.E.D.R.)

FIGURIO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances are sent on 80 Days Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from MERVORS DEFILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKINSSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ADDESS and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to Health, Vious and Mannon Guanamere, Send at onco for Illustrated Pamphlet free, Address

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich,

PLACE to secure a Business
Education or Spencerian Pen
manship at the SPENCER
LAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
Cetro Mich Circulars free