through faith's helioscope; r I feel sure the Power that made ibstance rules the Essence and the Shade

O Life! from what far date-O Life! from what far date—
Impossible to dream
As count the motes that in each solar beam
For centuries back might fade or concentrate.
O Life! thy wondrous gift
To me, if accidental, is the same;
And La Gratoful Heart uplift a visionary altar-flame. My spirit and my blood,

Pure and impure, they are my best, And would be perfect if they could. But Life, how art thou multiplied When sterling Health is thine heirloom! It is the tree in constant bloom, With fruit forever close beside.

And if rare strength be also thine, Thou shouldst with grateful heart-throb feel Thou hast within thee means to shine Beyond the warrior's burnished steel.

Then for the Right courageous ever be; Pray for a will to back thy noblest hope; Strive for the utmost good within thy scope, Parading never falso humility.

But if bright Age through lengthened years

But ready for the bour,
As of a soft, revivifying shower,
With hopes usyond, chastened by resignation,
Here to await, or dart above yon sky
(Like a child reaching at a star,
Naught for man's hope can be too far),
Dust unto dust, or realized aspiration.
With thy last smile, thy last faint sigh,
Be tructulally in life; seasy the faint. Be trustful in Life's grand Infinity Richard Hengist Horne

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHEES.

Author of "Molly Bawn." "The Baby." "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc , etc.

From my exalted position I can see long way before me, and there in the distance, coming with fatal certainty in my direction, I espy Mr. Carrington! same moment Billy's legs push thomselves in a dangling fashion through the branches of his tree, and are followed by the remainor instree, and are followed by the remain-der of his person a little later. Forgetful of my original design, forgetful of every-thing but the eternal disgrace that will cling to me through life if found by our landlord in my present unenviable plight, I call to him, in tones suppressed indeed, but audible enough to betray my hiding place.
"Billy, here is Mr. Carrington—he is coming towards us. Catch these nuts quickly, while I get down."

"Why, where on earth-" begins Billy, and then grasping the exigencies of the case refrains from further vituperation, and

comes to the rescue. The foe steadily advances. I fling all my collected treasure into Billy's upturned face, and seizing a branch begin frantically to beat a retreat. I am half-way down, but still very, very far from the ground-at least, so far, that Billy can render me no assistance—when I miss my footing, slip a little way down against my will, and then sustain a check. Some outlying bough, with vicious and spiteful intent, has laid hold on my gown in such a way that I can not reach to undo it. Come down, can't you?" says Billy.

with impatience.
"I can't!" I groan; "I'm caught somewhere. On, what shall I do?"

Meantime Mr. Carrington is coming

nearer. If he gets round to the other side of the tree, from which point the horrors of my position are even more forcibly depicted, I feel I shall drop dead. "Why don't you get that lazy boy to do

the troublesome part of the business for you?" calls out our unwelcome friend, while vet at some distance. Then, becoming anddenly aware of my dilemma, "Are you in any difficulty? Can I help you down? He has become preternaturally grave—so grave that it occurs to me he may possibly

be repressing a smile. Billy, I can see is inwardly convulsed. I begin to feel very wrathful

"Not down yet?" says Mr. Carrington, turning to me once more. "You will never manage it by yourself. Be sensible, and let me put you on your feet.'

"No," I answer, in an agony; "it must give way soon. I shall do it, if—if—you will only turn your back to me again." It is death to my pride to have to make this request. I perve myself to try one more heroic effort. The branch I am clinging to gives way with a crash. "Oh!" I shrick, frantically, and in another moment fall headlong into Mr. Carrington's outstretched

"Are you hurt?" he asks, gazing at me with anxious eyes, and still retaining his hold of me.

'Yes, I am," I answered tearfully. "Look at my arm." I pull up my sleeve cautiously and disclose an arm that looks indeed wonderfully white next the blood that trickles slowly from it.
"Ob, horrible!" says our rich neighbor,

with real and intense concern, and, taking out his handkerchief, proceeds to bind up my wound with the extremest tenderness Why didn't you let him take you yo ?" says Bill, reproachfully, who is rather struck b. the blood. "It would have been better after all."

"Of course it would," save Mr. Carring ton, raising his head for a moment from the contemplation of his surgical task to smile into my eyes. "But some little

"I was seventeen last May," I answered promptly. It is insufferable to be regarded as a child when one is almost eighteen. There is a touch of asperity in my tone.
"Indeed! So old?" says our friend, still smiling.

"Mr. Carrington," I begin, presently, in a rather whimpering tore, "you won't say any thing about this at home—will you? You see, they—they might not like the idea of my climbing, and they would be angry. Of course I know it was very unladylike of me, and indeed"—very earnestly this—"I had no more intention of doing such a thing when I left home than I had of flying. Had I. Billy ?

'You had not," says Billy. "I don't know what put the thought into your head. Why, it is two years since last you climbed

This is a fearful lie; but the dear boy

"You won't betray me?" I say again to my kind doctor.
"I would endure the tortures of the rack

first," returns he, giving his bandage a final touch. "Be assured they shall never hear of it from me. You must not suspect me of being a tale-bearer, Miss Phyllis. Does your arm pain you still? have I made it more comfortable?"

"I hardly feel it at all now," I answer, gratefully. "I don't know what I should have done but for you—first catching me as you did, and then dressing my l But how shall I return you your handkerchief?"

" May I not call to morrow to see if you ar none the worse for your accident? It a long week since last I was at Summer Would I tore you all very much if I showed myself there again soon?"
"Not at all," I answered warmly, think-

ing of Dara; "the oftener you come the more we shall be pleased." "Would it please you to see me often?" He watches me keenly as he asks this ques-

"Yes. of course it would," I answer politely, feeling slightly surprised at his

tone-very slightly.
"How long have you known me?" "Exactly a month yesterday," I exclaim, promptly; "it was on the 25th of August

date perfectly."
"Do you?" with pleased surprise. "What impressed that uninteresting date upon your memory?"
"Because it was on that day Billy got home ecause it was on that day Billy got home

the new pigeons-such little beauties, all pure white. They were unlucky, however, as two of them died since. That is bow I recollect its being a month," I continue, recurring to his former words.

"Oh! I suppose you would hardly care

to remember anything in which Billy was not concerned. Sometimes—not always— I envy Billy. And so it is really only a month since first I saw you? To me it seems a vear-more than a year."

"Ah! what did I tell you," I say speaking in the eager tone one adopts when tri umphantly proving the correctness of an early opinion. "I knew you would soon grow tired of us. I said so from the begin-

"Did you?" in a curious tone. It was not a clever guess to make "Yes. It was not a clever guess to make, was it? Why, there is literally nothing

to be done here, unless one farms, or talks scandal of one's neighbor, or ——" "Or goes nutting, and puts one's neck in danger," with a smile. "Surely there can be nothing tame about a place where such Then classified Puxley very accurately, I must confess; and yet, strange as it may appear to you, your orinion was rashly formed, because as yet I am not tired of it

or—you."
"And yet you find the time drag heavily?" "When speut at Strangemore-yes.

Never when spent at Summerleas."
I begin to think Dora has a decided chance. I search my brain eagerly for some more leading question that shall still further satisfy me on this point, but find nothing. Billy, who has been absent from us for some time, comes leisurely up to us

His presence recalls the hour.
"We must be going now, I say, extending my hand; "it is getting late. "Good-bye. Mr. Carrington—and thank you again very much." I added, somewhat shylv.

"If you persist in thinking there is any thing to be grateful for, give me my reward," he saye, quickly, "by letting me walk with you to the boundary of the wood."

"Yes, do," says Billy, effusively. "Come, if you wish it," I say, answering the unspoken look in his eyes, and feeling thoroughly surprised to hear a man altogether grown up express a desire for our graceless society. Thus sanctioned, he turns and walks by myside, conversing in the pleasant, light, easy style peouliar to him, until the boundary he named is reached. Here we pause to bid each other once more good-bye.
"And I may come to-morrow?" he asks

holding my hand closely.

"Yes-but-but-I cannot give you the handkerchief before mother and Dora," I

murmur, blushing hotly.
"True, I had forgotten that important handkerchief. But perhaps you could manage to walk with me as far as the en-

trance-gate, could you?"
"I don't know," I return doubtfully, "If not, I can give it to you some other day.' "So you can. Keep it until I am fortu-nate enough to meet you again. I shall probably get on without it until then. So with a smile and a backward nod and

glance, we part. There is a brutal enjoyment of the tree scene in Billy's whole demeanor that stings me sorely. I begin to compare dear Roly with my younger brother in a manner highly unflattering to the latter. If Roland had been here in Billy's place to day instead of being as he always is with tha tiresome regiment in some forgotten corner all might have been different. He at least being a man, would have felt for me. How could I have been mad enough to look for

sympathy from a boy? Dear Roland! The only fault he has i his extreme and palpable selfishness. what of that? Are not all men so solitoted Why should be be condemned for what is only to be expected and looked for in the grander sex? What I detest more than anything else is a person who, while pro-fessing to be friends with one, only—— I grow morose, and decline all further

conversation, until we come so near our iome that but one turn more hides it from

Here Billy remonstrates. "Of course you can sulk if you like," he says in an injured tone, "and not speak to a fellow, all for nothing; but you can't go into the house with your arm like that unless you wish them to discover the battle

in which you have been engaged.' "I must undo it, I suppose," I return, disnotination in my tone, and Billy says "Of course," with hideous briskness. Therewith he removes the guardian pin and proceeds to unfold the handkerchief with an air that savors strongly of pleasurable curiosity, while I stand shrinking beside him, and vowing mentally never again to trust myself at an undue distance from

mother earth. At length the last fold is undone, and, to my unspeakable relief, I see that the wound, though crimeon round the edges, has ceased to bleed. Hastily and carefully drawing the sleeve of my dress over it, I thrust the staited handkerchief into my

cocket and make for the house.

When I have exchanged a word or two with Dora (who is always in the way when not wanted—that being the hall at the present moment), I cacape upstairs without being taken to task for my damaged gar-ments, and carefully lock my door. Nevertheless, though now, comparatively speak ing, in safety, there is still a weight upon my mind. If to morrow I am to return my mind. the handkerchief to its owner, it must in the meantime be washed, and who is to

wash it? Try as I will, I cannot bring myself to make a confidents of Martha: therefore nothing remains for me but to under-take the purifying of it myself. I have still half an hour clear before the dinner-bell will ring; so, plunging my land-lord's cambric into the basin, I boldly com-

mence my work.

Five minutes later. I am getting on; it really begins to look almost white again the stains have nearly vanished, and only a general pinkiness remains. But what is to be done with the water?—if left, it will surely betray me, and betrayal means pun-

I begin to feel like a murderess. In every murder case I have ever read (and they have a particular fascination for me), the miserable percetrator of the crime finds a terrable difficulty in getting rid of the water in which he has washed off the traces of his victim's blood. I now find a similar difficulty in disposing of the water reddened by my own. I open the window, look carefully out, and, seeing no one, fling the contents of my basin into the air. "It fails to earth I know not where," as I burriedly draw in my head and get through the re-

mainder of my salf-imposed duty.

After that my dressing for dinner is a scramble; but I get through it in time, and come down serene and innocent, to take my accustomed place at table. All goes well until toward the close of the festivities, when papa, fixing a piercing eye

on me, says, generally—
"May I inquire which of you is in the habit of throwing water from your bedroom windows upon chance passers by?"
A ghastly silence fellows. Dora looks up in meek surprise. Billy glances auxiously at me. My knees knock together. Did it fall upon him? Has he discovered

"Well, why do I receive no answer? Who did it?" demanded paps, in a voice of suppressed thunder, still with his eye 'I threw some out this evening," I

acknowledge, in a faint tone, "but never

"Oh! it was you, was it?" says papa,

you first came to see us. I remember the with a glare. "I need scarcely have But tell me -- "Then, breaking off sud-I might have known the one most likely to commit a disreputable action Is that an established habit of yours' Are there no servants to do your bidding It was the most monstrous proceeding ever in my life witnessed."

"It was only——" I begin timidly.
"It was only that it is an utterly impossible thing for you ever to be a lady,

interrupted papa, bitterly.

"You are a downright disgrace to your family. At times I find it a difficult matter to believe you a Vernon."

Having delivered this withering speech, ho eans back in his chair, with a snort that would not have done discredit to a war-horse which signifies that the scene is at an end Two large tears gather in my eyes and roll heavily down my cheeks They look like tears of penitence, but in reality are tears of relief. Oh, if that tell-tale water had but fallen on the breast of his shirt, or on his stainless cuffs, where would the inqui

ries have terminated? CHAPTER V. I have wandered down to the river side and under the shady trees. It is a week since my adventure in the wood - five days since Mr .Carrington's last visit. On that occasion having failed to obtain one minute with him alone, the handkerchief still remains in my possession, and proves very skeleton in my closet, the initials M. J. C.—that stand for Marmaduke John Carrington, as all the world knows-staring out boldly from their corner, and threatening at any moment to betray me; so that through fear and dread of discovery, carry it about with me, and sleep with i beneath my pillow. Looking back upon it all now, I wonder how I could have been ac foolish, so wanting in invention. I feel with what ease I could now dispose of any-

thing tangible and obnoxious. There is a slight chill in the air, in spite of the pleasant sun; and I half make up my mind to go for a brisk walk mstead of sauntering idly, as I am at present doing, when somebody calls to me from the ad oining field. It is Mr. Carrington. He climbs the wall that separates us, and drops nto my territory, a little scrambling Irist terrier at his heels. "Is this a favorite retreat of yours?

he asks, as our hands meet.
"Sometimes. Oh, Mr. Carrington, I am

so glad to meet you to day."
"Are you, really? That is better new than I honed to hear when I left home this morning.

"Because I want to return you you handkerchief. I have had it so long, and am so anxious to get rid of it. It—it would probably lock nicer," I say, with hesita-tion, slowly withdrawing the article in question from my pocket, "if anybody else had warlied it; but I did not want any one to find out about—that day; so I had to do it myself."

Lingering, cautiously, I bring it to light and hold it out to him. Oh, how dreadfully pink and uncleanly it appears in the broad light of the open air! Te me it seems doubly hideous—the very last thing a fas-tidious gentleman would dream of putting

to his nose. Mr. Carrington accepts it almost ten-

derly. There is not a shadow of a smile upon his face. "Is it possible you took all that trouble," he says, a certain gentle light, with which I am growing familiar, coming into his eyes as they rest upon my anxious face "My dear child, why? Did you not under stand I was only jesting when I expressed a desire to have it again? Why did you not put it in the fire, or rid yourself of it in some other fashion long ago? "So"— after a pause—"you really washed it with your own hands for me?"

"One might guess that by looking at it." I answer with a rather awkward laugh still. I think it would not look quite so badly, but that I kept in my pocket ever since, and that gives it its crumpled ap

"Ever since? so near to you for five long days? What a weight it must have been on your tender conscience! Well, at all events no other washerwoman"—with a "shall ever touch it. I promise you that." He places it carefully in an inside pocket as he speaks.
"Oh, please do not say that!" I cry dis-

mayed; "you must not keep it as a speci-men of my handiwork. Once properly washed, you will forget all about it; but it you keep it before your eyes in its present - Mr. Carrington, do put it in your stateclothes-basket the moment you go home He only laughs at this pathetic entreaty and throws a pebble into the tiny river tha runs at our feet.

"Why are you alone?" he asks presently "Why is not the indefatigable Billy with

vou? "He reads with a tutor three times week. That leaves me very often lonely I came here to day just to pass the time till he can j in me. He don't seem to care much about Greek or Latin," I admit ingenuously; "and as he never looks at his lessons until five minutes before Mr. Caldwould comes, you see he don't get over them

very quickly."
"Aud so leaves you disconsolate longer than he need. Your sister, Miss Vernor -does she never go for a walk with you?"

Ab! now he is coming to Dora.
"Dora? Ob, never. She is not fond of walking; it does not agree with her, she saye. You may have noticed she is not very robust, she looks so fragile, so different from me in every respect." "Verv different."

"Yes, we all see that," I answer, rather disconcerted by his ready acquiescence in this home view. "And so pretty as she is, too! Don't you think her very pretty, Mr. Carrington ? "Extremely so. Even more than merely

pretty. Her complexion, I take it, must be quite unrivalled. She is positively lovely n her own style.' "Tam very glad you admire her; but, indeed, you would be singular if you did not do so," I say with enthusiasm. "Her golden hair

and blue eyes make her quite a picture. think she has the prettiest face I ever saw ; don't you?"

"No; not the prettiest. I know another that, to me at least, is far more beautiful.

He is looking straight before him, apparently at nothing, and to my attentive ear there is something hidden in his tone that renders me uneasy for the brilliant future I have mapped out for my sister.
"You have been so much in the world," I say, with some dejection, "and of course in London and Paris and all the large cities one sees many charming faces from time to time. I should have remembered that. I suppose, away from this little village, Dora's face would be but one in a crowd."

"It is not in London or Paris, or any large city I saw the face of which I speak. It was in a neighborhood as small —yes, quite as small as this. The owner of it was a mere child—a little country-girl, knowing nothing of the busy world cutride her home, but I shall never again see any one so altogether sweet and loveable."
"What was sho like?" I ask, ouriously.

I am not so uneasy as I was. If only a child she cannot, of course, interfere with Dors. "Describe her to me?"

"What is she like you mean. She is still in the land of the living. Describe her. I don't believe I could," says my compan-ion, with a light laugh. "If I gave you her exact photograph in words, I dare say I would call down your scorn on my benighted taste. Who ever grew rapturous over a description? If you cross-examine me about her charms, without doubt I shall fall through. To my way of thinking beauty does not lie in features, in hair, or eyes, or mouth. It is there without one's knowing why; a look, an expression, a smile, all go to make up the indescribable something

that is perfection."

"You speak of her as though she were a woman. I don't believe she is a child at all," I say, with a pout.

dealy, and turning to me, "By the bye," he sys, "what may I c byou? Mo Ver-non is too formal, and Miss Physlis I de-

"Yes," return I, laughing, "it reminds me of Martha. You may call me Phyllis Thank you: I shall like it very much. Apropos of photographs, then, a moment ago, Phyllis, did you ever sit for your

test.1

portrait?" "Oh, yes, twice," I answer, cheerfully: once by a travelling man who came round and did us all very cheaply indeed (I think for fourpence or sixpence a head); and once in Carston. I had a dozen taken then; but when I had given one each to them all at home, and one to Martha, T found I had no use for the others, and had only wasted my pocket-money. Perhaps"—

diffidently—" you would like one?"
"Like it!" says Mr. Carrington, with most uncalled for eagerness; "I should ! rather think I would. Will you really give me one. Phyllis?" "Of course," I answer, with surprise;

they are no use to me, and have been ossing about in my drawer for six months. Will you have a Careton one? I really think it is the best. Though if you put your and over the eyes, the itinerant's is rather like me."

"What happened to the eyes?" "There is a taint cast in the right one Phoman said it was the way I always ooked, but I don't think so myself. lon't think I have a squint, do you, Mr. Here I open my blue grey eyes to their

ious inquiry.
"No, I don't see it," returns he, when he has subjected the eyes in question to a close and lingering examination. Then be dear girls; and, with this prospect in view. I feel even at the present moment a certain responsibility, that compels me to look augha a little, and I laughtoo, to encourage

him.
"What o'clock is it?' I ask, a little later. "It must be time for me to go home, and Billy will be waiting."

Having told me the hour, he says :

Have you no watch, Pnyllis

"Don't you find it awkward now and then being ignorant of the time? Would you like one "Oh, would I not?" I answer promptly "There is nothing I would like hetter. Do you know it is the one thing for which I

am always wishing."
"Phyllis," says Mr. Carrington, eagerly, 'let me give you one."
I stare at him in silent bewilderment. Something within me whispers such joy

is not for me. Of course he would only give it to me for Dora's sake, and yet I know-I cannot say why I feel it—but I know if I accepted a watch from Mr. Carrington all at home would be angry, and it would cause a horrible row.
"Thank you," I say mournfully. "Thank

you very, very much, Mr. Carrington, but I could not take it from you. It is very kind of you to offer it, and I would accept it if I could, but it would be of no use. At home I know they would not let me have it, and so it would be a pity for you to spend all your money upon it for nothing." "What nonsense!" impatiently, "Who would not let you take it?"

"Papa, mamma, every one," I answer. with deepest dejection. (I would so much have liked that watch! Why, why did he put the delightful but transieut idea into my head?) "They would all say I soled wrongly in taking it, and—and they would send it back to you again." "Is there anything else you would like

Phyllis, that I might give you?"
"No, nothing, thank you. I must only wait. Mother has promised me her watch upon my wedding morning." 'You seem comfortably certain of being

married, sooner or later," he says, with a laugh that still shows some vexation. "Do would like, Phyllis?"
"No, I never think of disagreeable things, if I can help it," is my somewhat tart reply. My merry mood is gone; I feel in

some way injured, and inclined towards snappishness. "And from what I have seen of husbands I think they are all, every one, each more detentable than the other. If I were an heiress I would never marry; but, being a girl without a fortune, I suppose I must.

Mr. Carrington roars. "I never heard anything so absurd," he says. " as such mature sentiments coming from your lips. Why, to hear you talk, one might imagine you a town-bred young woman, one who has passed through the urth campaign; but to see youhave learned your lesson uncommonly well, though I am sure you were never taught it by your mother. And how do you know that you may not lose your heart to a curate, and find yourself poorer after your

marriage than before?"
"That I never will," I reture, decisively. "In the first place, I detest curates, and in the next I would not be the wife of a poor man, even if I adored him. I will marry a rich man, or I will not marry at

"I hate to hear you talk like that," says Mr. Carrington, gravely. "The ideas are so unsuited to a little loving girl like you. Although I am positive you do not mean one word you say, still it pains me to bear

you."
"I do mean it," I answer, defiantly "but as my conversation pains you, I will not inflict it on you longer. Good bye?" "Good-bye, you perverse child; and don't try to imagine yourself mercenary Are you angry with me?" holding my un willing hand and smiling into my face.
"Don't, I'm not worth it. Come, give me one smile to bear me company until we meet again." Thus abjured, I laugh, and my fingers grow quiet in his grasp. "And when will that be?" continues Mr. Carrington. "To-morrow of next day? Probably Friday will see me at Summerleas. In the meantime, now we are friends again I must remind you not to forget your pro mise about that Carston photo."

"I will remember," I say; and so we

separate.

CHAPTER VI. On my return home, to my inexpressible surprise and delight, I find Roland. During my absence he has arrived, totally unex-pected by any member of the household and the small excitement his appearance causes makes him doubly welcome, as anything that startles us out of our humdrum existence is hailed with positive rapture. Even mother, whose mind is still wonderfully fresh and young, considering all the years she has passed under papa's thumb, enters freely into the general merriment, and forgets for the time being her

daily cares. You see I found I would be here almost as soon as a letter," explains Roland; "and, as I hate writing like a nightmare, I resolved to take you a little by surprise." Mother, radiant, is sitting near him, regarding him with humid eyes. If dear mother had been married to an indulgent husband she would have been a dreadful goose. Even as it is she possesses a talent for weeping upon all occasions only to be equalled by

"How did you manage to get away so soon again, Roly?" I ask, when I have em-braced him as much as he will allow. "I hardly know. Luck, I fancy-and

The old boy, you see, has a weakness for me which I return by having a weakness for the old boy's daughter. Mother"—languidly-" may I marry the old boy's daughter? She is an extremely pretty little girl, young, with fifteen thousand pounds; but would not like to engage myself to her without your full consent. Mother laughs and passes her hand with

a light caressing gesture over his charming face.
"Conceited boy!" she murmurs, fondly; Il," I say, with a pout.
"She is the greatest child I ever met. "there is little chance you will ever do so much good for yourself."

"Don't be too sure. At all events, I have your acn eat1

"Ye and my blessing, tee,' says mother, laughing, again.
"Thanks. Then I'll turn it over in my mind when I go back."

"Roly," I break in with my accustomes graciousness. "what brought you?" The train and an overpowering desire to

see Dora's young man."

A laugh and a blush from Dors. I met him just now," I sav, "down by the trout river. What a pity he did not come home with me, to satisfy your curiosity without delay!"
"Mother do you think it the correct thing for Phyllis to keep clandestine ap-

pointments with her brother-iu-law? Dors is it possible you do not scent mischief in the air? A person too of Phyllis' well-known attractions——" "What was he doing at the trout river?

asks Dora, with a smile. She is too secure in the knowledge of her own beauty to dread a rival anywhere, least of all in me.
"Nothing as far as I could see. He talked a little, and said he was coming here next "The day after to-morrow. I shall ask him his intentions," says Roly. "It is most fortunate I am on the spot. One

should never let an affair of this kind drag.

It will doubtless be a thankless task; but I make a point of never shirking my duty; and when we have put our beloved father comfortably under ground-"Roland," interrupts mother, in a shocked tone. There is a pause. "I quite thought you were going to say something," says Roland amiably. "I was mistaken. I will therefore continue. When widest and gaze at my companion in anxwe have put our beloved father well under the ground I will then be the head of this house, and natural guardian to these poor

> after their interests and bring this recreaut gallant to book." Roland, my dear, I wish you would not speak so of your father," puts in mamma,

"Very well, I won't," returns Roly;
"and he shau't be put under ground at all,
if you don't wish it. Cremation shall be his fate, and we shall keep his precious ashes

in an urn. "I don't bolieve Mr. Carrington cares pin for Dora," says Billy, irrelevantly. I think he likes Phyllis twice as well. This remark, though intended does not act as a bombshell in the family circle; it is regarded as a mere flash in the pan from Billy, and is received with silent contempt. What could a boy know about such matters?

"I have a month's leave," Roland informs us presently. "Do you think in that time we could polish it off—courtship, proposal, and wedding? Though," reflective would be a pity, as by putting off the mar-riage for a little while I might then screw another month out of the old boy." "Just so," I answer, approvingly.
"He is such a desirable young man in

every way," says mother, apropos of Mr Carrington; "so steady, well-tempered and his house is really beautiful. You know it. Roland-Strangemore-sever miles from this?"
"I think it gloomy," Dora says, quietly

'When I - if I were to—that is "What a charming virtue is modesty!' exlaim, sotto voce.
"Go on, Dora," says Roland, in encouraging tone. "When you marry Mr Carrington, what will you do then?"

"Of course I don't see the smallest pros pect of it," murmurs Dora, with downcas yes; "but if I were to become mistress of Strangemore I would throw more light into all the rooms: I would open up windows everywhere, and take down those heavy pillars.

"Then you would ruin it," I ory indig-nantly; "its ancient appearance is its chief You would make it a mere modern charm dwelling-house; and the pillars I think meguificent. "I don't," says dear Dora, immovably and if ever I get the chance I will certainly

remove them."
"You won't get the chance, then; you need not think it. Mr. Carrington has not the smallestidea of marrying you," exclaims Billy, whose Latin and Greek have evi-

disagreed with him. It is a pity your tutor cannot teach you to be a gentleman," retorts Dora, casting a withering glance at our youngest born. "Our dear William's temper appears slightly ruffled." remarks Roland, smoothly. Caldwood was lavish with his birch this morning. Come with me, Phyliis; I want

to visit the etables." I follow him gladly; and Billy joining us. with a grim countenance, we saily forth, leaving Dora to pour her griefs into mother's gentle bosom.

(To be continued.

PRINCIPAL GRANT AS A EMUNER He Bags Very Willing Game in the

Bocky Mountains. Ray Principal Grant in the Week gives the following amusing account of his successful attempt to bag a peculiar kind of grouse in the Seikirk range of the Rocky Mountains, through which the C. P. R. 18 to pass: "After lunch, Al. and I had remained behind our party to make up a bag of fool hens, after a fashion that I am well aware will bring down upon us the wrath and contempt of all sportsmen. There are various kinds of grouse in the mountains. all easily shot, but none taken to ta ily as the fool hen, or ruffled tree grouse. These sit on logs or underbrush, or the branches of trees, and gaze placidly at you, even when you are drawing near to knock them over with a stone or stick, or to spare them in some primitive way. Dr. Hector says that he never found much difficulty in catching them with a short piece of sinew twine, made into a noose and fastened on a slender pole. As you approach slowly, the kird does not seem in the least frightened, but sits gravely watching your roceedings, till you pass the noces over its head, or-perhaps when the noose is close—it obligingly dodges its head, and then you have only to pull it off the tree. The flesh is sweet and tender, and half a dozen fool hens in a stew are to dainty appetites a welcome addition to the invariable bacon and bannocks of the camp supper, though packers and ordinary men disdain anything less solid than pig in some form or another. Well, Al secured four or five in ten minutes. I knocked one over with a stone, and, chasing another into the bush, struck at it two or three times with a long stick, and at last brought it down. Farther on, we peppered with volleys of stones an old cook who had perched on the top of a tree, and who looked calmly down at us the while, occasionally changing his position to another tree, as if to give us a better chance, and at lastdisgusted with our bad practice—flying away too far into the wood for us to follow

The Tichborne Claimant.

According to the Melbourne Herald, the unatic Creswell, now in Paramatta Asylum, is Arthur Orton, and the authorities of New South Wales seem to be inclined to adopt this view. I suppose that the matter is capable of proof or disproof; but if Arthur is restored to us, we shall find ourselves in a difficult position with regard to our old friend the claimant. I am convinced that he is not "Sir Roger," but it never was perfectly clear to my mind that he is Arthur Orton. - London Truth.

The new Governor-General of Wilna is taking active measures against the Poles All Polish employees of the Russian Government have been dismissed and the use of the Polish language in public places has heen prohibited. been prohibited.

A Buth e's Besenir and belf toffleted Final Res Be Too Dentis- Blis 20 Late to Serve Esis L'arcut.

The graphic occurrence that is described clow is one of the most remarkable isodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and aroused the entire neigh urbood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic ould do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their develorment. And indeed he had good reason to be proud, for they gave promise of long lives of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if per mitted to do so. His head pained him, no acutely, but with dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He lost all relish for food and much of his interest for things about him He tried manfully to overcome these feel ings, but they seemed stronger than his will. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The tather became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his son's illness but they were unable to explain. Finally sores broke Bevere arms, and he was taken to Buffalo, where s painful operation was performed, resulting in the loss of much blood, but affording little relief. The young man returned home and a council of physicians was After an exhaustive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery, and that he must die within a

which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized kuife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized on. At that time William Rindge was too weak to koow what was transpiring. His face had turned black, his breath ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death, believing that the fiend Bright's disease of the kidneys, from which he was suffering, could not be emoved. In this supreme moment William's sister came forward and declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. The doctors interposed, assuring her it was useless and that the would only nasten the end by the mesus she proposed to employ. But she was firm, and putting all back, approached her brother's side and administered a remedy which she for-tunately had on band. Within an hour he

scemed more casy, and before the day was

over showed signs of decided improvement.

These favorable signs continued, and to-day William B. Rinoge is well, having been

virtually raised from the dead through the

marvellous power of Warner Safe Cure, as

very few days. To describe the agony

can be readily verified by any citizen of Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sadness. The father, dead by his own hand, supposing his son's recovery to be impossible; the son restored to health to nourn the loss of his father and the agonized relatives with a memory of sad. less to forever darken their lives. Had Clinton Rindge known that his son could recover he would to day be alive and happy, but the facts which turned his brain and caused him to commit suicide were such as

any one would accept as true. However sad this case may be, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this moment in as great actual por I as William Rindge and in as great causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kidney diseases are become the most common and most dangerous of any of all modern complaints. They are the most deceptive in their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive than consumption, and can rurely be detected even by shiful physicians unless a microscopic analysis Evidently the gentleman of the name of | be resorted to, and few doctors understand how to do this. Their slightest approach, or possibility of approach, should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. diseases have no distinct symptoms. but come in the form of lassitude loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints duli headacties, pains in the back, stomach and chest, sour stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and frequent dizziness. If neglected, there symptoms are certain to run into chronic idney and liver or Bright's disease, from which there is sure to be a great amount of agony and only one means of escape, which is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The importance of taking this great remedy upon the slightest appearance of any of the above symptoms cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life with all its pleasures and bless-

ings. Opossum breeding is a new and profitable adustry in Georgia. One well-stocked farm will yield a yearly revenue of \$400 or

How They Do It. So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your peckets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimina tion is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor, is asked for. He will piller your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and dangerous substitutes for genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co.

Kingston, props. Ladies inclined to go fishing for compliments will find them commonly in shallow water.—Boyard Taylor.

Sure Pos. Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Largo bottles only 25 cents, at all drug-gists. Nerviline, the pain king, cures cramps, hoadache, neuralgia. An aching filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will ease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

The price of Circassian girls has lately dropped to about \$600, or the lowest figure ev.r known. Women will sometimes confess their

sins, but I never knew one to cenfess her

faults .- Haliburton. -Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weaknesses as quinino is for the

prevaiting chills and fever. It is only necessary to grow old to be come more indulgent. I see no fault com THE C. P. R.

Major Rogers Standing Out to Make the

Final Lecation. Major Rogers, under whose directions the locating survey of the C. P. R. line of rail-road from Savona's Ferry through Eagle Pass to the Columbia River will take place will leave this city for the scene of action or Tuesday. The number of men employed will amount in the aggregate to between 50 and 60. These will be divided into three parties, in the respective charge of Messrs. Stevens, Watson and Roberts, thoroughly

experienced engineers who have been with the major on previous surveys. One party will commence operations between Savena and Kamlcops, and the other two will be situated between the South Thoroge son and Columbia rivers. The survey will be made so as to allow the work of construc-tion to commence this fall or at the very accest in the following spring. The line of railway has already been surveyed from the Rockies to the summit of the Selkirks, and from this latter point to that point of the Columbia River where the major's present survey will end, a distance of 43 miles, a preliminary line has already been run. The ontire line will be located at the end of the present year. Major Rogers stated that he real hard work of the whole line lies between the Kicking Horse Pass and the eastern crossing of the Columbia River, a distance of some 75 miles. This part, which will necessarily be constructed rom the east, will be completed this year. Victoria Colonist.

Men from 21 to 65 years of age may frequently be seen playing marbles in the streets of Augel's Camp, Cal.

Love one time layeth bur lens; another

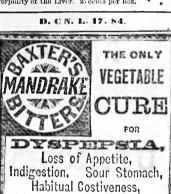
ime giveth wings .- Sir P. Sidney.



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