Birchbrook Mill. BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A noteless stream the Birchbrook runs Beneath its leaning trees That low, soft ripple is its own, That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone The distant church-spire's tip, And ghost-like, on a blank of gray, The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel, It wanders at its will ; Nor dam nor pond is left to tell Where once was Birchbrook Mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed Long since a farmer's fires; His doorsteps are the stones that ground The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here ; but Nature lost She waited, but she brought the old Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves Falls on its moist, green sod, And wakes the violet bloom of spring And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind, The swallow dips her wings In the cool spray, and on its bank The gray song-sparrow sings.

PAULINE.

The first thing was to induce Anthony to come to Horace street at an hour suit-able for the development of the plot. Cenneri made his preparations; gave his instructions to his confederates, and then wrote to his nephew beggging him to call upon him that night and hear his explanation of matters.

Perhaps Anthony mistrusted his relative and his associates more than was suspected Any way, he replied by declining the invi-tation, but suggested that the uncle should call upon him instead. Then, by Macari's advice, Pauline was made the inncent means of luring her brother to the fatal house. Ceneri expressed his perfect indif-terence as to where the meeting took place, but, being very much engaged, postponed it for a day or two. He then told Pauline that as business would keep him from home until late the next night, it would be a good opportunity for her to spend some time with her brother—she had better ask him to come and see her during his absence. As he also wanted to see Anthony she must endeavor to keep him until his return.

Pauline, suspecting nothing, wrote to her brother, and, saying she should be all alone unuil late at night, begged him to come to her, or, if he would, take her to some place of anusement. They went to the theatre together, and it was 12 o'clock before he brought her back to Horace street. No doubt she begged him to remain with her awhile-perhaps against his will. Awful as the shock of what followed was to the girl it must have been doubly so when she knew that her entreaties had led him to his death.

The brother and sister sat alone for some time : then Ceneri and his two friends made their appearance. Anthony seemed displeased at the encounter, but made the best of matters and greeted his uncle oivilly. Macari he simply turned his back

It was no part of Ceneri's plan that any act of violence or restraint should take place in the presence of Pauline. Whatever was to be done should be done when Anthony was about to leave the house Then he might be seized and conveyed to the cellar ; his cries if needful being stifled. Pauline was to know nothing about it. Arrangements had been made for her to go on the morrow to a friend of her uncle's, with whom she was to stay, ignorant of the purport of the business which suddenly called the plotters away.

"Pauline," said Ceneri, "I think you had better go to bed. Anthony and I have some affairs to speak about." I will wait until Anthony leaves," she

said. "but if you want to talk I will go into the other room." So saying, she passed through the folding

doors and went to the piano, where she sat playing and singing for her own amuse-

"It is too late to talk about busine to-night," said Anthony, as his sister left You had better take this opportunity

I find I must leave England to-morrow.' Anthony, having no wish to let his uncle vithout an explanation, reseated escape himself.

"Very well," he said; "but there is no need to have strangers present."

last sullenly vielded, with the stipulation that I should be disposed of in the manner already related. Had the means been at hand I should have been drugged at once ; as it was, the old servant, who as yet knew He had ceased speaking. He sat with his head bent forward; his eyes resting on the nothing of the tragedy which had taken place, was roused up and sent out in search ground. A tattered, haggard, hopeless. vretch; so broken down that one dare not approach him. I watched him in silence. of the needful draught. The accomplices Presently he spoke; "You can find no excuse for me, Mr. Vaughan ?" dared not let me leave their sight, so I was compelled to sit and listen to all their "None," I said. "It serms to me there is little to choose between you and your

Why did Ceneri not denounce the murder? Why was he, at least, an accessory after the crime? I can only believe that ssociates.' He rose wearily. " Pauline will recover, he was a worse man than he confessed himself to be, or that he trembled at his you think ?" he asked. well on my return. share in the transaction. After all he had "You will tell her how you have found me; she may be happier in knowing that been planning a crime almost as black, and when the truth as to the trust money was known, no jury in the world would have acquitted him. Perhaps both he and Petroff held human life lightly; their hand a petroff held human life lightly; their Anthony's death has indirectly brought me to this. I bowed assent to this dreary request. "I must go back now," he said, with a hands were certainly not clean from politi-cal assassinations. Feeling that a trial kind of shiver, and dragging his weary limbs slowly toward the door. In spite of his sins I could not let the must go hard with them, they threw their lot in with Macari's, and at once set about baffling inquiry and hiding all traces of the retched being go without a word. "Stop a moment." I said. "Tell me if crime. From that moment there was little o choose between the degrees in criminality

nouse, returned the cab to its owner and

rejoined his companions. And now for Pauline. Her moans had

must decide what course to pursue.

dence.

there is anything 1 can do to make your life any easier ? of the three men. He smiled faintly. "You may give me Now that they were all sailing in the same boat, they had little doubt of success. money-a little. I may be able to keep it Teresa perforce was taken into their conand buy a few prisoners' luxuries." I gave him several notes which he This was no matter, as, devoted to Ceneri, she would have aided in a dozen secreted on his person. nurders had her master decreed them. "Will you have more?" I asked. He First of all, they must get rid of me. shook his head. etroff-for Ceneri would not trust me in

"I expect these will be stolen from me before I spend them." Macari's hands—went out and found a belated cab. For a handsome consideration " But is there no way of leaving money the driver consented to lend it to him for with any one for your use ?" "You might leave some with the captain. an hour and a half. It was still night, so there was no difficulty in carrying my It may be, if he is kind hearted and honest, senseless form to it without observation. Petroff drove off, and having deposited me in a by-way a long distance from the

a portion of it may reach me. But even that is doubtful." I promised to do so, aud knew that, whether it reached him or not, I should feel easier for having made the attempt. "But what will your future be? Where

" I think-I hope I shall find her almost

gradually died away, and she lay in a are they taking you, and what will be your death-like stupor. The great danger to the accomplices would be from her. Until she recovered nothing could be done save to life ?' "They are taking us right to the end of Siberia-to Nertchinsk. There I shall be carry her to her room and place her under Teresa's charge. When she awoke they drafted off with others to work in the mines. We go all the way on foot and in chains."

But the pressing thing was, how to make 'What an awful fate !"

away with the dead body of the murdered man. All sorts of plaus were discussed, until one at last was adopted, the very Ceneri smiled. "After what I have passed through it is Paradise opening before me. When a man offends against audacity of which no doubt made it a suc the Russian law his one hope is that he cess. They were now growing desperate and prepared to risk much. may be sent at once to Siberia. That means going from hell to heaven." "1 do not understand." Early in the morning a letter was des

patched to Anthony's lodging, saying that Mr. March had been taken seriously ill the "You would if you had lain like me for months, untried and uncondemned. If night before, and was at his uncle's. This you had been placed in a cell without light. served to stop any inquiry from that quarvithout aid, without room to move. If you ter. In the meantime the poor youngfellow had heard those next to you screaming in had been laid out as decently as possible, their madness-madness brought on by soliand with everything that could be done to tary confinement and cruel treatment. If suggest a natural death. A doctor's certi-ficate of death was then forged. Ceneri every morning as you woke you had said, 'I, too, shall be an idiot before nightfall.' If did not tell how the form was obtained. you had been frozen, heaten, starved, in The man he got it from knew nothing of its order to make you betray your friends; if object. An undertaker was then ordered to you had been reduced to such a state that send a coffin and a deal case for the same the next night. The body, in Ceneri's preyour death warrant would be welcome; then, Mr. Vaughan, you would look forward I swear to you, sir," he continued, with more fire and animation than he had yet sence, was simply placed inside it, with none of the usual paraphernalia, the reason given for such apparent indecency being that it was only a temporary arrangement, displayed, "that if the civilized nations of as it was to be taken abroad for interment. Europe knew one-tenth part of the horrors The undertaker marvelled, but being well paid, held his peace. Then, by the aid of and deeds in a Russian prison, they would say, ' Guilty or innocent, no human beings shall be tormented like this,' and for the the forged certificate, the proper formalities were complied with, and in two days' time sake of common humanity would sweep the three men, in the garb of mourners, were travelling to Italy with the body of their victim. There was nothing to stop the whole accursed Government from the face of the earth !" them, nothing suspicious in their manner

"But twenty years in the mines! Is there no escaping?" "Where could I escape to? Look at the map and see where Nortchinsk is. If I escaped I could only wander about the mountains until I died or until some of the savages around killed me. No, Mr. Vaughan, escapes from Siberia only occur in novels." "Then you must slave until your death ?"

every body except Pauline. They were safe even from her. When she at last awoke from her stupor, even Teresa could see that something had gone "I hope not. I once gathered together much information respecting Siberian conwrong. She said nothing about the scene she had witnessed; she asked no questions. Her past had vanished. According to the victs, and, to tell you the truth, was rather disgusted to find how incorrect the common

opinion is. Now I can only hope my researches showed me the truth." "The treatment is not so bad. then ?"

instructions given her, Teresa, as soon as possible, took her to join Ceneri in Italy, saw that Macari's crime had "It is bad enough, as you are always a deprived the brother of life and the sister the mercy of a petty tyrant. There is of reason. No search or inquiry was made for Anthony March. Carrying out his bold no doubt but for a year or two I must slave in thé mines. If I survive the toil, which is very unlikely, I may, by finding favor in

moment I could keep him with me would return journey which counted by thousand be precious to him. Never again would he see the face of a friend or acquaintance. to find myself at home, that I realized the fearful distance which lay between me and

my love. A turn of the road soon hid the gloom ostrog from my sight, but it was not until we were miles and miles away that my spirits recovered anything like their former one, and it was days before I ceased to think, at nearly every moment, of that ter rible place in which I had found Ceneri, and to which I saw him again consigned after my business with him was finished. As this is not a book of travel I will not recapitulate the journey. The weather nearly all the time was favorable, the roads were in good condition. My impatience forced me to travel almost day and night. I spared no expense ; my extraordinary passport procured me horses when other travellers were compelled to wait-my large gratuities made those horses use their best speed. In thirty-five days we drove up to the Hotel Russia at Nijni Novgorod

with the tarantases in such a dilapidated condition that in all probability another stage would have finished its work in this world. I bestowed it, a free gift, upon my guide, who, I believe, sold it immediately for three rubles. From Nijni by rail to Moscow: from

Moscow to St. Petersburg. I only tarried in the capital long enough to pay my respects to Lord —, and once more respects to Lord —, and once more thank him for his assistance; then, having collected what luggage I had left there away for England

On my road back from Irkutsk 1 found letters from Priscilla at Tomsk, at Tobolsk and at Perm, also more recently written ones at St. Petersburg. All up to the date of the last was going on well. Priscilla had taken her charge to Devonshire. Having been reared in that county the old woman had a grout belief in its virtues. They were at a quiet, but beautiful little watering-place on the north coast, and Friscilla averred that Pauline " was blooming as a rose, and seemed as sensible as Master Gilbert himself."

No wonder after hearing this good news I was eager to reach home-longing, not only to see my wife again, but to see her, as I had never yet seen her, with her mind restored. Would she remember me? How should we meet? Would she at last learn to love me? Were my troubles at an end or only begun? These were the questions which could only be answered when

England was reached. Home at last! How delightful to stand among one's countrymen, and hear nothing but good, intelligible English around one. I am bronzed with exposure to the wind and sun, my beard has grown to a great length; one or two acquaintances I met when I reached London scarcely knew me. In my present trim I could not hope that I should awaken any recollections in Pauline's mind.

By the aid of a razor and fresh apparel I was soon converted to a fairly good sem-lance of my former self, and then, without having appraised even Priscilla of my return, I started for the west, to see what fate had in store for me.

What is a run across England after a man has made such a journey as my recent one? Yet, that pitiful hundred and tifty miles seemed to me as long as a thousand did a month ago. The last few miles I had to go by coach, and, although four splendid horses spun us along, each individual mile seemed as long as a Siberian stage. But the journey was at last ended, and, leaving my luggage in the coach office, I salled forth, with a beating heart to find Pauline. I went to the address given in Priscil-

la's letter. The house was a quiet, little building, nestling on a wooded bank, with a sloping garden in front, full of late sum. mer flowers. Honeysuckle twined round the porch, great sunflowers stared fiercely from the beds, and carnations sweetened the air. As I waited for the door to be opened I had time to approve Priscilla's hoise of a resting-place. I inquired for Mrs. Drew. She was not

at home—had gone out with the young lady some time ago, and would not be back until evening. I turned away and went in search of them.

It was early in autumn, but the leaf showed no signs of fading. Everything was green, fresh and beautiful. The sky was cloudless, and a soft balmy air fauned my cheek. I paused and looked around me before I decided in which direction to go Far below my feet lay the little fishing village; its houses clustered round the mouth of the noisy, brawling stream which

"Pauline, do you know me?" She dropped her eyes. "Priscilla has alked of you. She tells me you are a friend, and that until you came I must be

content and ask no questions." "But do you not remember me? I fancied vou knew me just now.' She sighed. "I have seen you in dreams -strange dreams." As she spoke a bright

blush spread over her cheek. "Tell me the dreams," I said. "I cannot. I have been ill, very ill, for

long time. I have forgotten much-everything that happened." "Shall I tell you?"

"Not now-not now," she cried eagerly

alked of

Wait, and it may all come back." Had she an inkling of the truth? Were the dreams she spoke of but the struggles of growing memory? Did that bright ring which was still on her finger suggest to her what had happened? Yes, I would wait and hope.

(To be continued.)

FORETELLING WEATHER.

Signs Which Careful Observers May Spe cially Rely on.

A communication to the Southern Planter leals with the subject of weather prognostics. Few intelligent persons can have any sympathy with the so-called prophets who eracularly announce phenomena, giv-ing dates, occasionally making lucky hits, ing dates, occasionally making lucky hits, but as often firing their random shots altogether wide of the mark. That there is, however, something in weather philosophy, intelligent persons will be quite ready to corcede, and they will be in accord with the views of the writer when he recommends the habit of observation of natural phenomena, which has been long practised, its results being handed down to us in the

homely weather proverbs with which all are familiar. If one could read the signs, each day foretells the next; to day is the progenerator of to morrow. When the atmosphere is telescopic and distant objects stand out unusually clear and distinct, a storm is near. We are on the crest of the wave and the depression follows quick. It cometimes happens that clouds are not so indicative of a storm as their total absence. In this state of the atmosphere the stars are unusually numerous and bright at night. which is also a bad omen. It appears that the transparency of the air prodigiously increased when a certain quantity of water is uniformly diffused through it. Mountaineers predict a change of weather when, the air being calm, the Alps, covered with perpetual snow, seem on a sudden to be nearer the observer, and their outlines are marked with great distinctness on the azure sky. This same condition of the atmosphere renders distinct sounds more audible.

There is one redness of the east in the morning that means storm; another that indicates wind. The first is broad, deep and angry; the clouds look like an immense bed of burning coals ; the second is softer and more vapory. At the point where the sun is going to rise, and in a few minutes in advance of his comiag, there rises straight upward a rosy column, like a shaft of dyed vapor, blending with and yet partly separated from the clouds, and the base of which presently comes to glow like the sun himself. The day that follows is pretty

sure to be windy. It is uncertain to what extent birds and animals can foretell the weather. When swallows are seen hawking very high, it is a good indication, because the insects upon which they feed venture up there only in the most auspicious weather.

People live in the country all their lives People live in the country all their lives without making one accurate observation about nature. The good observer of nature helds his eye long and firmly to the point, and finally gets the facts, not only because he has patience, but because his eye is sharp and his inference swift. There assertions, the result of hasty are many nd incomplete observation, such as, for instance, that the way the milky way points at night indicates the direction of

the wind the next day : also, that every moon indicates either a dry or a wet month.

Personal Paragraphs.

In the sleep-walking scene, while playing L dy Macbeth," Sarah Bernhardt always appears on the stage barefooted. The present Emperor of Russia in his

earlier days was noted for his feats of strength, and is still one of the strongest

THE STREET CAR HORSE. What He Does, What Be Costs and How He is Cared For.

In a recent interview, Robert Bell Superintendent of the Detroit City Rail-way Company, said: "Well, to day we own 675 horses. Sometimes we have more, sometimes less, but that is about the

average. We buy more than half of our horses in Canada, where they are better boned, better footed and stauncher than the e raised on this side of the line. The on pany is always in the market for horses We pay \$140 to \$150 for large horses suit-able for drawing bob-tailed cars, and for lighter horses, to draw large cars in pairs, from \$110 to \$120. The duty on Canadian

horses is 20 per cent. Our 675 horses represent an investment of \$82,000. Average life of street car horses ? Some play out in a year or two; others last more than seven. We have used one horse for fourteen years; several for twelve years The average term of service is seven years. But we do not use up horses so that they are only fit for the knacker. On, no; when we are done with them they are still good horses, and quite in demand for ordinary farm work. What they lose by street car service is swiftness. The hard work st ffens their tendous at d muscles, and they cannot trot fast. But they are perfectly

adapted for slow work, such as teaming and ploughing. "No, we have no horse hospital - no need for one. If a contagious disease should break out, we would improvise some thing of the kind, but we have had no occasion as yet. If a horse is running down I stop his work, change his feed, or give him medicine. If his trouble buffles me I call in a seterinary surgeon. It he dies I dissect him for my future guidance. I depend more on nursing than

drugging. "What does it cost to feed a horse? I figure it at about 20 cents per day. This consists of 10 pounds of hay, eight cents; eight pounds of oats, seven cents; five pounds of corn and cats ground together, five cents—altogether 20 cents.

"Yes, it is the strain of starting the car which breaks down the horses. We have tried dozens of so-called car-starters. The main principle of these machines is storing up power by means of springs when the car is being stopped, and releasing this power when the car is started. But they were all failures. The most promising were the most liable to get out of order. Every humane person would hke to see some mative power other than horse flesh applied to stree ways. No practical steam car, however, has yet been invented. The cable system is

very good. "The best roadway for street car horses? Well, you wouldn't think it, but cobblestones are better than wooden blocks. The stones, it is true, are quite hard on the hoofs, leading to ann ying cracks, but they do not injure the legs and shoulders as wooden blocks do. The latter become uneven by wear, and are very slippery in wet weather, so that the horses have to strain their muscles and cords to keep their footing. We work each horse four hcurs per day, and he draws a car 18 miles. Yes, the work is very hard, and the horses' fect are always feverish from the nature of their work. Every horse in dry weather has a poultice of a certain kind applied to the hollow of his foot; in wet weather it is applied every second hour. Our equine mortality is 2 per cent. per annum, includ-

ing accidents." "Do you take better care of your horses than your drivers ?" Mr. Bell repeated the question, smiled

intensely, but said nothing.

-No woman can live without some share of physical suffering; but many accept as inevitable a great amount of pain which can be avoided. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was invented by one who understood its need, and had the rare skill to provide a simple, yet admirably effective remedy.

Mr. Blaine made a speech at Augusta on Tuesday evening which shows more ability than anything he did during the campaign proves that he accepts the result of the election in a manly spirit, and vindicates his title to be regarded to-day, and in spite of the result of the election, as one of foremost, if not indeed the very foremost of the leaders of the Republican party.-N. Y. Sun.

Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y

The Nationalists of Dublin have decided to contest the next election with two candidates, Parnell being one.

The Talien hand is the newest sort of girdle, and Felix, the costumer, is using it op many costumes, among the rest on on which Mrs. Langtry wears as Pauline. This band is of velvet, and wide under the arms where it is fastened into the waist seam and then parrows to two straight ends which are crossed in front under a buckle



VEGETABLE COMPOUND * * * * IS A POSITIVE CURF. * * * * For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best * * * * FEMALE POPULATION.* * * *

* IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUPS STANCES ACT IN HAILMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM. * * * * #G=Trs FURFOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITMATE HEALING OF DISMASE AND THE RELIKF OF FAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADRES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. **

* FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS DE

PITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNURPARSED, ** * LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND to prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price 31. Six bottles for 34. Sold by all druggists. Sont by mail, postuge puid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price fas above. Mra. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered. * No family should be without LYDIA F. PINKHAM'S LIVER FILLS. They euro Constipation, Bilousness Act Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box. * *

D. O.N. L. 50 84.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

IS BANG

EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

"I Have Suffered!" With every disease imaginable for the

ast three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending Hop Bitters' to me, I used two hottles !

Am entirely oured, and heartily recom mend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

1 write this as a

Token of the great appreciation I have o' your Hop * * * Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to o me any Good 11

Until I tried two bottles of your Ho. Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success"

" In this great and "

Valuable medicine : Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, kidney -Complaint

"And nervous debility. I have just Returned Returned "From the South in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are

doing me more Good 1

Than anything else ;

A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated !!!"

name

And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength ! and

Flesh I And hardly a day passes but what I am

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,

When a dishonest cashier runs off with

the bank funds, the directors are "surprised and pained." When an honest cashier

asks for an increase of \$1.50 a month, the

Throw Away Trusses

when our new method is guaranted to permanently cure the worst cases of

rupture without the use of the knife

directors are horrified.

-Wilmington Del. FSTNone genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or Hops" in their

"They are scarcely strangers. They are

friends of mine, who will vouch for the truth of what I am going to say." "I will not have my affairs talked about before a man like that," said Anthony

with a motion of contempt toward Macari

The two men were conversing in a low tone. Pauline was not far off, and neither wished to alarm her by high words or by the appearance of a pending quarrel; but Macari heard the remark and saw the ges-ture. His eyes blazed and he leaned forward toward young March. "It may be, in a few days," he said, "you

will be willing enough to give me freely the gift you refused a short time ago."

Ceneri noticed that the speaker's right hand was inside the breast of his coat, but this being a favorite attitude of his, though nothing of it. Anthony did not condescend to reply.

He turned from the man with a look of utter contempt-a look which, no doubt, drove Macari almost beside himself with

"Before we talk about anything else," he said to his uncle, "I shall insist that from now Pauline is placed under my care Neither she nor her fortune shall become the prey of a low-bred, beggarly Italian like this man, your friend." These were the last words the poor boy

ever spoke. Macari took one step toward him-he made no exclamation of rage hissed out no oath which might warn his victim. Grasped in his right hand the long bright steel leaped from its lurking place and as Anthony March looked up, and then threw himself back in his chair to avoid him, the blow was struck downward with all the force of that strong arm-the point of the dagger entering just below the collar transfixing the heart absolutely ne and Anthony March was silenced for ever !

Then, even as he fell, Pauline's song was stopped, and her ory of horror rang through the room. From her seat at the piano she could see what had happened. Is it any wonder that the sight bereft her of her

Macari was standing over his victim. Ceneri was stupified at the orime which in a moment had obviated any nocessity for carrying out his wild plot. The only one who seemed in the possession of his wits was Petroff. It was imperative that Pauline should be silenced. Her cries would alarm the neighbors. He rushed forward, and throwing a large woollen sofa-cover over her head, placed her on the

couch, where he held her by force. At that moment I made my frantic entrance-blind had helpless, but, for all they knew, a messenger of vengeance. Even the ruthless Macari was staggared

at my entrance. It was Ceneri who, following the instincts of self-preservation. drew a pistol and cocked it. It was he who understood the meaning of my passionate appeal to their mercy—he who, he averred, saved my life.

Magari, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, insisted that I should share Anthony March's fate. His dagger was once more raised to take human life, whilst Petroff, who had been forced by the new turn of affairs to leave Pauline, pinned me down where I had fallen. Ceneri struck the steel aside and saved me. He examined my eyes and vouched for the truth of my statement. There was no time for recrim inations or accusations, but he swore that

sonal effects at his lodgings, and to inform the people there that he had died at his house and had been taken to Italy to be buried with his mother. A few friends for a while regretted a companion, and there was an end of the affair. Nothing having been heard of the blind man, it was sup-posed he had been wise enough to keep his

or in the circumstances of the case. They

actually took the coffin to the town where Anthony's mother died, and they buried

the son by the side of the mother, with his

name and the date of his death recorded

on the stone. Then they felt safe from

and be

white remained in the same state. Teresa took charge of her, and lived with her in Turin until that time when I saw them at San Giovanni. Ceneri, who had no fixed home. saw little of the girl. His presence did not awaken any painful recol-lections in her mind, but to him the sight of his niece was unbearable. It recalled what he was eager to forget. She never seemed happy in Italy; in her uncertain way she was pining for England. Anxious had, in fact, come to Turin on that particular day to arrange as to their departure. Macari, who, even with a brother's blood between them, considered her in some way his property, accompanied him. He had been continually urging Ceneri to let him marry her, even as she was now. He had

threatened to carry her off by force. He had sworn she should be his. She remem-bered nothing—why should he not wed

Bad as Ceneri was, he had recoiled from this. He would even, had it been possible have broken off all intercourse with Macari freely.' but the men were too deep in each other a secrets to be divided on account of a crime however attrocious ; so he sent Pauline to England. There she was safe from Macari Then came my proposal, the acceptance of which would take her, at my expense, entirely off his hands and out of his companion's way. Hence our strange marriage, which even

now he justified by saying that should the girl grow attached to any one, should any feeling corresponding to affection be awakened in hear clouded mind-that mind

would gradually be built up again. This, not in his own words, was Ceneri's tale. I now knew all I wanted to know Perhaps he had painted himself in better colors than he deserved; but he had given me the whole dark history freely and unreservedly, and in spite of the loathing and abhorrence with which he now inspired me. I felt that he had told me the truth

CHAPTER XIV.

DOES SHE REMEMBER ?

It was time to bring our interview to an end. It had lasted so long that the civi captain had more than once peeped in with a significant look on his face, as much as to say there was such a thing as overstepping the limits of even such an authority as l held. I had no desire to protract the conversation with the convict. The object of my long journey had been attained. I had learned all that I could learn. I knew Pauline's history. The crime had been fully confessed. The man with me had no claim upon my consideration. Even had I felt inclined to help him I had no means of so doing. Why should I linger? But I did linger for a while. The thought that my rising and giving the sig-nal that my business was finished, would

.

's eves, be releas d from furthe ran down the valley, and leaped joy-ously into the sea. On either hand were great tors, and behind them inland hills work of that description. I may even be ran allowed to reside at some town and earn my living. I have great hopes that my professional skill may be of use t Doctors are scarce in Asiatic Russia." covered with woods, and in front of me use to me. stretching away and away was the calm

green sea. The scene was fair enough, but I turned away from it. I wanted Little as he deserved it, my heart echoed his wish; but as I looked at him I felt sure there was small chance of his enduring Pauline. It seemed to me that on such a day as

even a year's toil at the mines. The door opened and the captain once more looked in. He was growing quite impatient. I had no reason for wishing to prolong the conversation, so I told him I should have finished in a moment. He nodded his head and withdrew.

"If there is anything more I can do let me know," I said turning to Ceneri.

"There is nothing-Stay ! one thing. Macari, that villain-sconer or later he will get his deserts. I have suffered -so will he When that time comes, will you try to send me word? It may be difficult to do so and I have no right to ask the favor. But you have interest, and might get intellience sent me. If I am not dead by then it will make me happier." Without waiting for my reply he walked hastily to the door, and with the sentry at

his side was marched off to prison. I followed him. As the cumbrous lock was being turned he paused. "Farewell Mr. Vaughan," he haid. "If I have wronged you I entreat known on earth.

said. your pardon. We shall meet no more." "So far as I am concerned I forgive you

He hesitated a moment and then held out his hand. The door was now open. I could see the throng of repulsive, villain-ous faces—the faces of his fellow-prisoners. I could hear the jabber of curiosity and wonder. I could smell the foul odors coming from that reeking den crowded with filthy humanity. And in such a place as this, with such associates, a man of educa-tion, culture and refined taste, was doomed

to spend his last days. It was a fearful unishment! Yet it was well merited. As he stood on

the threshold with outstretched hand I felt this. To all intents and purposes the man was a murderer. Much moved as I was by his fate I could not bring myself to girl I had married. grasp his hand. My refusal may have been harsh, but I could not do it. Carried away by my joy I had entirely emerged from my lurking place. With the

content.

river between us our eyes met.

heard. She stood looking at me as though

she expected I would speak or come to her,

whilst the old servant was sending words

12.0

of welcome across the noisy stream.

will, Master Gilbert."

He saw that I did not respond to his action. A flush of shame passed over his face; he bowed his head and turned away. The soldier took him roughly by the arm and thrust him through the doorway. Then he turned, and his eyes met mine with an expression that haunted me for

days. He was gazing thus when the heavy door was shut and hid him from my sight forever. I turned away sick at heart, perhaps

regretting I had added anything to his shame and punishment. I sought my obliging friend, the captain, and received minute or two was on the opposite bank. his word of honor that any money I left with him should be expended for the convict's benefit. I placed a considerable sum in his hands, and can only hope that a part hands off. of it reached its destination.

Then I found my interpreter, and ordered horses to be at once procured and the tarantass brought out. I would start "Not yet; but she will. I am sure she "". I whispered, as I disengaged myself and walked toward my wife. "Not yet; but she will. I am sure she "". I whispered, as I disengaged myself and walked toward my wife. without a moment's delay for England-

I stepped into the carriage; the y-mschik flourished his whip; the horses sprung for-ward; the bells jingled merrily, and carried out my hand. She took it with-the merrily and carried out my hand. She took it withinations or accusations, but he swore that another murder should not be committed. Petroff supported him, and Macari at was inexpressibly painful to me. Every we went in the darkness, commencing the

men in his empire of giants.

Lord Lorne is still desirous of becoming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and there is some probability of the place being given him next spring, should Lord Spencer retire.

She prevailing melancholy that oppresses the mind of F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*. is accounted for by the announcement that he has eleven unmarried daughters on his this the shady woods and the running stream must offer iresistible attractions; hauds.

so I found my way down the steep hill Five out of the twenty one Presidents were of Scotch-Irish lineage-Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson and Arthur; two of Scotch, Grant and Hayes; one of Welsh, Jefferson, and one of Dutch, Van Buren; the and began walking up the riverside, whilst the merry stream danced past me, throw-ing its rich brown peat-stained waters into a thousand little cascades as it shot over and foamed round the great bowlders which remaining twelve being of English descent Frank Henry, keeper of the Presque Isle

disputed its passage. I followed its course for about a milebeacon for sixteen years, has resigned. He saved fully 100 lives from drowning. During now clambering over moss-grown rocks, now wading through ferns, now forcing my of the underground railroads he the days way through pliant hazel boughs-then in was one of the conductors and ran off more an open space on the opposite bank I saw negroes to Canada, it is said, than any a girl sitting sketching. Her back was toward me, but I knew every turn of that other one man. The Windom palace in Washington, for

graceful figure well enough to feel sure she which J. G. Blaine will pay \$300 a month vas my wife. If I had needed extra assurance I had which is, it is blaine with pay \$500 a month this winter, is only three blocks from the White House, which will be in full view from Mr. Blaine's library window and will suggest, no doubt, to the political listorian's mind the familiar line, "Thou art so near but to look at her companion, who sat near her and appeared to be dozing over a book. I should have recognized that shawl of Priscilla's a mile away—its like has never been and yet so far."

General Russell A. Alger, the Governor-Hard as I found it to do so, I resolved elect of Michigan, was a farmer's boy, who read books by a pine knot in an Ohio cabin. not to make my presence known to them. Before I met Pauline I wanted to talk to He was a dashing cavalry officer, the associate of Custer and Sheridan. He was Priscilla and be guided by her report as to my future method of proceeding. But in spite of my determination I yielded to the fortunate in lumber speculations and rail-road enterprises in the seventies, and is counted a millionaire several times over. temptation of drawing nearer-from where I stood I could not see her face—so I crept on inch by inch till I was nearly opposite Prince G_{ε} orge, son of the Prince of Wales, was a popular and smart middle on board both the Bacchante and Canada, and the sketcher, and, half hidden by the under growth, I stood watching her to my heart's he is now proving himself an apt student at the Royal Naval College, where he enjoys There was the hue of health upon her no special privileges over other sub-lieuten-ants, and by his frank, genial ways is quite cheek-there was the appearance of health in every movement, and as she turned and a favorite. He took a first class certificate spoke a few words to her companion there

for seamanship, and is rapidly qualifying himself for appointment to one of the ves-sels of the Mediterranean fleet.

A Poor Excuse Better Than None.

She turned and looked across the stream. "This is a nice time for you to come home," said the wife of a well-known citi-zen to him as he entered his house at 6

She must in some way have remembered me. Were it but as in a dream my out so late." answered the trembling hus face must have seemed familiar to her. She dropped her pencil and sketch-book band. "I don't know whose fault it could have

and sprung to her feet before Priscilla's exclamation of surprise and delight was been but yours," retorted the vexed wife. "Let me explain," begged the husband.

"No explanation is wanted by me. I tell you for the last time that I will not tolerate your late hours any longer." The husband sat motionless in his chair,

Had I wished to retreat, it was now too while his wife, in sledge-hammer style, laid down the law of the household to him, and late. I found a crossing-place and in a when he got a chance to get a word in edge-Pauline had not moved, but Priscilla wise he said : ran to meet me and almost shook my

"Wife, you know I always tell you the truth and I have no reason to tell a lie to you now. You see I was paid some money "Does she remember-does she know last night and on account of the lamps not being ht I was afraid to venture the homeward trip as I was scared of being robbed.' The wife forgave him on the spot. (The husband attended a " poker party.")

11.22.2.12.121

In some parts of North Carolina candles out hesitation, and raised her dark eyes to mine. How did I refrain from clasping her to my heart l White House.

What 10 Ceats will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to oure colds diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggist a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain oure." Safe, prompt and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

Reading, Pa., colored people are excluded from the roller rinks of that city, and will go to law about it.

History Repeats Itself

And perhaps in the distant future when the ages have grown old, and more with slow and failing steps down the corridors of time—when the adjuncts and appliances that now make life endurable are forgotten -how gladly will the people hail there-dis-covery of Putnam's Painless Corn covery of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the great and only sure pop corn cure of this age. Without a rival for effi-cacy or painless action, certain in every case and yet perfectly harmless to every other part, surely its loss would be felt in future ages as keenly as its value is now appreciated by all in this. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure and safe. N. C. Polsen & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

A mild winter - School Inspector Can you tell me of a mild winter in your sir. The winter of 81 was a mild one Our teacher was sick for six weeks during that term."

"It Knocks the Spots"

and everything in the nature of eruptions. blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to *Dr. Pierce's* Golden Medical Discovery.'

A London special says Gen. Wolseley has invested the Mudir of Dongola with the Imperial order of the Mediidic second-class

decorations.

" As Good ns New,"

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhees, inflammation etc., etc. She began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him and is now, she says, "as good as new. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggiets

President Arthur extends the hospitalities of the White House to President-elect Cleveland while preparing for inauguration. and at the same time President defeated Blaine will occupy ex-Secretary Windom's Washington residence and can himself pose as Secretary of the Exterior of S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Har and Thro. Trinity Medical College, Torento. Oculists n Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, 1; Olinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmi Hospital, Moorefield's and Central Londo Throat and Kar Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto. Artificial Hunoan Eyes

CORRESPONDENCE BUNINENS SCHOOL, 461 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Young Men and Women thoroughly prepared for business, at home. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penman ship, Arithmetic and Shorthand taught by mail. Send for circulars.



The other and the second secon Voltaje Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

HOME STUDY Thorough and practi-cal Instruction given by mail in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Terms rea-sonable. Send stamps for PAMPHLET to COR-RESPONDENCE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 451 Me St. Buffalo, N.Y.

YOUNG MEN !-- READ THIS.

VOUNG MENI-READ THIS. 'HE VOLTALIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated RLECTRO-VOLTALIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on tria for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and man-hood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rhee matism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigo and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT. DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C.P.

o'clock yesterday morning. "It was not my fault because I stayed Five other native officials have received

was that in her look and in her smile which made my heart bound. The wife I returned to was a different being from the