A Dead March

Playme a march low-toned and slow, a march for a si out tread, for a si out tread, Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silout dead. Lonely between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

Here for awhile they smiled and sang, alive in the interspace; Here with the grass boneath the feet and the stars above the face. Now are then feet beneath the grass, and whether has flown their grace?

Who shall assure me whence they come, or tell

Who shall assure the windle they come, of ten us the way they go?
Verily, life with them was joy, and now they have loft us, wos;
Once they were not, and now they are not; and this is the sum we know.

Orderly range the seasons due, and orderly roll the stars, How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets of his wounds and scars! Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well-seen bars?

morning.

breast.

name before."

nn 21

' No.'

defection.

anxiety.

ened tone.

startle

into the water !"

unhappy," she faltered.

looked down into her troubled face.

"Mother, do not be frightened," he said. "I will find Beatrix for you. Ring for

Where is Miss Gordon, Clarics?

CHAPTER XIII.

There was genuine alarm on the maid's

pretty, intelligent face. Mrs. Le Roy was

have been out into the road, and along the

perhaps," she whispered to herself.

stately home of the Le Roys.

CHAPTER XII.

In the meantime Ross Powell, with his

mind full of his rencounter with Laurel,

and his passions all aflame with love and

hate commingled, wended his way to the

it. and entered.

No, we are here with feet unfixed, but ever as

No, we are note with rest address, and if with lead Drawn from the orbs which shine above to the orb on which we tread, Down to the dust from which we came and with which we shall mingle, dead.

No, we are here to wait, and work, and strain our

banished eyes, Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry, and fain for skies Far from the reach of wingless men and not to scaled with cries. retreat, and leaning her head on her hand,

No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of Tyrant Time, Welcoming all the gifs he gives us-glories of in the solitude and stillness that was only

youth and prime; Patiently watching them all depart as our heads grow white as rime.

Why do we mourn the days that go-for the Why do we mourn the days that go-lor the sun shines each day?
Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May hor may;
Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born to-day.

Do we not too return, we men, as ever theround earth whirls? Never a head is dimmed with gray, but another is sunned with curls. She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and girls.

Ab, but also for the smile of smiles that never but one face wore ! Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an unseen shore ! Ab, for the face, the flower of flowers, that blossoms on earth no more !

-Cosmo Monkhouse, in the Magazine of Art for January.



## CHAPTER XI.

If Laurel Vane was thunderstruck at the unexpected sight of the villain who had so deeply insulted her helpless innocence in York, Ross Powell on the other hand was delighted. His bold eyes gleamed with evil joy, his thin lips ourled in a mocking smile. "Miss Vane," he exclaimed, " is it pos-

eible that I find you again after all my fruitless search? But I might have known that such an angel would fly to Eden l" Horror unutterable had seized upon

Laurel. The song had died on her lips, the color fled from her face, she stared at her foe with parted lips, from which the breath came in palpitating gasps, while her wide, terrified eyes had the anguished look of some hunted creature.

He had come to betray her, she said to herself. All was ended now. He had found her out. He would tell the Le Roys who she was, and how she had deceived them. She could fancy Mrs. Le Roy's scathing words of condemnation. She could ima-gine the lightning scorn in St. Leon's proud,

Stifling the moan upon her lips, she cried out in passionate despair: "Ross Powell, what has brought you

here ? "I might ask you the same question,"

he returned, coolly. "It certainly never entered my mind that I should find the daughter of Louis Vane a visitor at Eden. He had spoken unwarily. His words let a sudden light upon her mind.

He had not traced her here then. Whatever had brought him to Eden it had been some other cause than the denunciation of Beatrix Gordon's plot. Her heart leaped with hope, then sunk

heavily again. He was here and he would er out. She could trust to his hate and his desire for vengeance for that.

Obeying a sudden, desperate impulse, she pushed open the gate and stepped out

My errand at Eden is done, Mr. Powell. Let me pass, if you please." He stood before her, dumbfounded at her coolness, glancing from her pale, agitated face to the flowers she carried in her aprop with ostentatious care. Your erraud," he stammered. "The flowers ?" "Yes," she answered, calmly. "I must take them home. Will you please to stand out of the way, Mr. Powell ?"

ostentatious front gate, with its imposing grounds on his self appointed mission of finding the minsing girl. A new moon had risen, pieroing the twilight darkness with lions keeping grim watch and ward. Laurel paused and leaned her arms on the low fence, and gazed at the cool light shafts of mellow light. In its mystic rays the white gravelled walks and groups of and shade that flickered on the green grass marble statuary glimmerod ghostly and wan. Clarice's apprehensive v pale beneath the waving boughs of the trees The hot, dusty road was disagreeable. She

longed to go inside and throw herself down rang in his ears : "I am afraid she has thrown herself to rest. No one from the house ever came here except Leon Le Roy, and he but sel-dom. It was a favorite haunt of Laurel's, into the water." "Not that-oh, not that," he said to

himself. and it struck her now that it would be an He left the more open grounds and went

excellent hiding place. Sighing at its inaccessibility Laurel bowed her head on her hands, and the first thing that caught the sight of her out into the thick shrubberies. The dev was falling heavily, and the fragrance of flowers was borne on the air. The almost downcast eyes was the glitter of the  $\kappa'$  cel oppressive sweetness of the tubo rose, then key on the inside of the gate, where Mr. key on the inside of the gate, where Mr. at the height of its blooming, stole gently Le Roy had inadvertently left it that connected in his mind with a sense of loss With a cry of joy Laurel slipped her hand and pain. through the iron bars of the gate, unlocked

"Beatrix, Beatrix !" he called ever and anon, in his eager search, but no sweet voice Then she hastened to the remotest replied, no slender, white-olad form retreat on the grounds, a little natural bower, formed by the thick interlacing ounded out from among the dark green trees. He felt a strange sense of drearibower, formed by the thick interfacing trees. He for boughs of the trees and vines that grew thickly and luxuriantly close by a clear meandering stream rippling on with a pleasant murmur. Laurel threw herself forget that," he ness in his search for Cyril Wentworth's "She was very unhappy—I had begun to

pleasant murmur. Laurel threw herself forget that," he said to himself. " She had down at the foot of a tree in this sylvan changed so much I thought she was beginning to forget that episode with Cyril Wentworth. Was her apparent indifferlistened pensively to the song of the birds and the musical murmur of the little ence only a clever mask? Has she fled with him?" streamlet. Her heart beat more calmly He orushed something like a bitter exebroken by the sweet sounds of nature. A little hope flickered feebly to life in her cration between his lips at the thought, and went on crashing madly through the

"Clarice 18 so clever she will save me, dell where Beatrix had hidden that evening n her frantic dread of Ross Powell.

He followed the course of the little sing ing stream that tried to tell him in its mussical murmur, "She is here, she is here," but he was deaf to nature's voice. His heart's ory drowned it.

"Why am I seeking her here?" he muttered, bitterly. "My mother was right She has had too much liberty. Cyril Went

It was true as Laurel had conjectured North has stolen her away." Nay, a sudden lance like gleam of the silvery moonlight broke through the interthat he had come on business with Beatrix Gordon, but the sudden, exciting meeting with the dead author's daughter had almost acing boughs of the trees and touched driven his employer's business out of his with a pencil of light a little white heap o mind. He determined to get through this something huddled under the bowering interview with Miss Gordon as soon as postrees. He went nearer, knelt down, and sible, that he might gain time to trace the scornful Laurel to her home. His disappointment was accordingly cry of joy broke from his stern, mustached lips.

great when he was informed that Miss Gordon had gone for a walk. On his polite CHAPTER XIV. intimation that he had but an hour to She had not thrown herself into the remain Clarice was sent out to bring her iver, she had not fled with her lover. He mistrets in. Pretty, clever Clarice having informed had wronged her in his thoughts. She was here. Like a weary child she had flung herself as to the identity of the visitor, departed on her errand, her quick brain herself down with her pale cheek pillowed on one round, white arm, and was sleeping teeming with plans to avoid the threatened deeply, exhaustedly, with the flowers all fallen from her apron and strewed in odorexposure. And Ross Powell waited his little hour, ous confusion about her.

and saw the sunset gleams kindling the waves of the Hudson with gold, and still He bent his dark head low over the golden one-perhaps to listen if she slept she came not. Impatience burned to fever--some murmured words fell from his ips. They sounded like "My darling," out it must have been the wind sighing in heat in his breast, though he was outwardly calm and deferentially polite to Mrs. Le Roy and her stately son. The master of Eden inspired him with the leaves above them, or, perchance, the musical ripple of the little streamlet. St. St. some little swe. He shrunk from the keen.

Leon Le Roy was too proud and cold for clear glances of the cynical dark eyes. They uch a weakness. But he did not awake her at once. He seemed to pierce through him and read his seemed to piece through him and read his shallow, selfish nature to the core. He felt his own littlenees by contrast with the calm, proud bearing of St. Leon Le Roy, and resented it with carefully concealed pent over her softly, and the shapely hand with its costly diamond flashing in the moonlight, moved gently over the waving ripples of golden hair in mute careas as While he waited for Miss Gordon's comigh she had been a child.

How still and pale she lay. The white ing, he ventured nonchalantly on one leadadiance of the moonlight made her look so ing question. Could they tell him if there was a young old and white it thrilled him with a strange terror. "What if it were death ?" he muttered,

lady staying in the neighborhood named Laurel Vane? "Laurel Vane—what a sweet, pretty name," said Mrs. Le Roy. "No, I do not name," said Mrs. Le Roy. "No, I do not believo thore is. I have never heard the Ovril Wentworth !" And a red-hot flame of jealousy tore his "It is possible that she may be occupy-

heart asunder like the keen blade of a ing some subordinate position—a gover-ness, perhaps," suggested Mr. Powell. "I do not know, I have never heard of lagger. Re gazed for a moment in almost sullen

satisfaction on the white, sleeping face, then suddenly his mood changed. Someher," said the hostess, carelessly; then, appealing to her son, "Have you, St. thing like fear and dread came into his And he, in his blindness, answered : еуев. "Am I mad?" he asked himself, with

bitter self-reproach in his voice, and he shook her gently, while almost uncon-Ross Powell did not know how to believe them. Had he not met her coming out of sciously he called her name aloud : "Beatrix - darling !"

their grounds, loaded with flowers? He asked himself what interest these rich With a start she opened her eyes. She vane. While he puzzled over the question sudden solution presented itself to his mind. She must be figuring under an assumed name. These rich Le Roys could saw him bending over her with an insoruta-ble expression on his face. It was frowninto the road. "You are right," she said, bitterly. "Do you think that the proud, rioh Le Roys would have Laurel Vane for their gues? Have bad no interest in deceiving him about Wy errand at Edep is done Mr. Powell Have at Edep is done Mr. Powell

thing in her voice that he nterpreted as and it was no part of them for Beatriz Gordon to leave her now. She had written to Mrs. Gordon and confided her plans to hope and longing. Do you suppose that Mr. Wentworth

her, meeting with that lady's cordia would be admitted inside the doors of Eden? he inquired, with grim auger. approval. Their mutual desires and plans or Beatrix boded no good certainly to Cyri Why not ?" said she, timidly. "You must know that we have our Wentworth's happiness, Laurel's heart beat with sudden fear and

When Laurel went to her room that

expressing her desire to remain at Eden

during the Southern tour. Clarice, who

in addition to her other accomplishments

was a clever chirographist, copied this let-ter over into a clever imitation of Beatrix

Gordon's writing, and made it all ready for Mr. Powell when he should call for it the

next day. Laurel did not appear at breakfast the

and toast was sent up to the sufferer, who spent the day on her soft couch in a dark-

Ross Powell received the letters for Mrs

(To be continued.)

CURRENT TOPICS.

LISTS of the Jewish festivals for 1885 have

been forwarded to each British general

are said to be free from this objection.

"MR. WINANS, the rich Baltimorean,

vation, if it be land that can be cultivated.

WOMEN are not enthusiastically en-

instructions from your mother," he answered, stifily. Laurel decided that it would be in keepdread when she beard that Ross Powell was coming again to Eden; but Clarice

gave her, unperceived, a swift, telegraphic ing with her character of Beatrix Gordon to argue the point a little with Mr. Le Roy. "Do you not think that mamma is # little harsh, Mr. Le Roy?" she ventured, look implying that she would manage that all right, and Laurel, confident in the clevergrow calmer and her nervousness subside "Mr. Wentworth is good timidly. nobe and handsome. His only fault is that he is poor." "Therefore, he is no mate for you," St. night she wrote to Mrs. Gordon, thanking her for the gift of the beautiful pearls, and

Leon answered, almost savagely. ""But why?" she persisted, longing to

stand these questions, Miss Gordon, out it ought to be perfectly obvious to you that the wealthy well-born daughter of Mr. Gordon should not descend to a simple clerk without connections, without money, and without prospects," he answered

almost bruiquely. "Must one take no account of love ?" she asked, timidly. "Unequal marriages seldom result hap

tress had contracted a severe headache from her unwitting nap in the night air and dew the previous evening. It was a very natural sequence. No one dreamed of doubting it. A delicate repast of tea pily, Miss Gordon," he said, his voice full of underlying bitterness. "You would have the rich to always wed

the rich then?' she said, smothering a long, deep, bitter sigh as she awaited his "Other things being equal-yes," he

ened room, and was, of course, quite too unwell to see her visitor when he called. responded, oruelly, and for a time they walked on sciently through the moonlit Gordon, and went away without giving paths with the thick shrubberies casting much thought to the fact that he had not seen Miss Gordon. His mind was far more exercised over the fact that he had fantastic shadows along their way. Leon was in a savage mood, Laurel in a bitbeen utterly unable to find Laurel Vane. She was silently recalling her maid's favorite song :

aid a lavorite song : Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes An can, ty pocket is the worst of crimes. It a man's down give him a thrust – Trample the beggar into the dust! Presumptuous poverty is quite appalling--knock ham over! Kick him for falling ! Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes, An compty pocket is the worst of crimes!

officer commanding a district, in order that "The popular creed-why should I try to fight against it?" she asked herself, with facilities for their observance may be afforded to soldiers of the Jewish faith. Work is prohibited during eight days of a sinking heart. She looked up into the dark, stern face beside her. "Then I need never ask you to feel sorry for us-you will the year. The Jewish soldier will, therefore, have the advantage over his Christian never help us to happiness-poor Oyril and comrade of eight days' exemption from duty ' she said. mel while in receipt of full pay.

ne!" she said. His dark eyes flashed. "You do not know what you are talking

IN a recent work on alcoholic drinks, Dr. about, Miss Gordon !" he said, almost savagely. "No; never ask me to help you Thudichum states that sherry and port Savagely. to happiness with Cyril Wentworth. I would sooner see you dead !" She shrunk back appalled at his burst of wines are made by methods so crude and foul as to be almost incredible. He con-demns the habit of "plastering sherries,"

resistless,passion. "He is hard and cruel, proud as Lucifer, and cold as ice," she sighed, inly. "I was mad to dream that he called me darling in my sleep! One of those stars will sooner fall from the heavens than that he should

descend to Laurel Vane !" They were at the foot of the marble steps now. Just touching her arm, he led her up to the door, and turned away. "You may go in alone and tell them the

ridiculous finale to our grand scare-that ings in Scotland, covering about 250,000 you had simply fallen asleep on the grass," acres, and pays \$25,000 a year for the biggest one, the highest price paid for a forest in Scotland. His party has killed be said, in a brusque careless tone. shall go down to the river and smoke my about 150 stags this season." He pays therefore, about \$166 apiece for the stags, oigar. And no wildest stretch of her girlish

fancy could have made her believe that St. not reckoning his other expenses, which may amount to \$25,000 more. But that isn't where the shoe punches. Land amount-Leon Le Roy went back to the place where he had found her eleeping; that he into his hands some of the scattered ing to 250,000 acres is reserved from culti flowers, on which her arm and check had laid; that he kissed them, and hid them in to make a holiday for himself and friends. "What if it were death? The interventer, darkly, with a shiver. "Death! Well," his breast, and then—almost curbed interventer with a sudden, baleful fierceness, "what if or his folly. "I, St. Leon Le Roy, when the fairest, "I, St. Leon Le Roy, when the fairest, "I, St. Leon Le Roy, when the fairest,

couraged to become doctors and surgeons proudest women in the world have loved vaily !" he cried, "I, to make myself a in Paris. The Surgical Society and the Societe des Hospitaux there have both just declined to admit girl inedical students as internes in the hospitals. The majority against them was very large, they not obtaining but four votes in either case, the dolt over another man's baby-faced, childish sweetheart !

## CHAPTER XV.

total number in one being thirty eight and the other sixty six. It was declared that Laurel went slowly into the house and was received with joy by Mrs. Le Roy and Clarice. She was touched when the proud, stately lady kissed her warmly on the lips, women are neither sure-handed enough nor sufficiently courageous to take active part in all the operations which fall to the care and when she saw the trace of tears in the of house surgeons. The question was not discussed upon any other consideration. dark eyes, she felt conscience stricken and ashamed.

" She gives all this tenderness to Beatrix THE London bridge, which the dyna-Gordon, the daughter of her old friend," miters tried to blow up the other day, was she thought sadly. "If she knew the truth, she would hate me. I am sorry and ashamed begun in 1824 and was finished in 1827, from designs of John Rennie. architect of Southwark and Waterloo bridges.

Words of Warning and Comfort.

If you are suffering from poor health or ickness, take cheer, ling, or if you fee uishing on a bed o if you are simply alling, or if 'weak and dispirited 'withoutclearly know-'ing why, Hop Bitters 'will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

strengthen you. If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, of

re young and growing too fast, as is often the case.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

\* VEGETABLE COMPOUND

\* \* \* \* IS A POSITIVE CURE \* \* \*

For all of those Painful Complaints and

FOR All OF THOSE PHILLIT Computities And \* \* Weaknesses so common to our best \* \* \* \* \* FEMALE POPULATION.\* \* \*

D ON. L. 3. 55.

NEVER BE WITHOUT

DUNN'S THE COOK'S BEST

REND

SOLD BY ALL GROGERS

CUTLER'S POCKET INHALER

0

Carbolate of lodine

INHALANT.

A certain cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all dis-

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the 'farm, at the desk, auywhere' and feel 'that your system needs cleansing, ton 'ing, or stimulating, without intoxicat-'ing, if you are old, 'blood blu and impure, pulse feeble, norves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, heatth and vigor.'

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering ing from any other of the numerous als-eases of the stomach or bowers, it is your

next morning, and Clarice carried her excuses to Mrs. Le Roy with the most innocent air in the world, Her young misown fault if you are ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney discase, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a-cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sick-

ness, Nervoueness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead " in Hop Bitters. -If you are a frequenter, or a resident of,

- Malura, Epidenica, barrieade your sys-tem against the scourge of all countries - Malura, Epidemic, Bilions and Inter-- mitten, Fovers by the use of Hop Bitters

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow +kin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin rich bloot hie summer in the start skin rich breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood the sweetest breath and heal.h. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

## A Lady's Wish

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first hady. "By using Hep Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or Hops" in their name.

Every visitor to the World's Exposition in New Orleans is required to deposit a silver half-dollar in a glass box in charge of the doorkeepers, no admission ticket being sold.

Pain Caupot Stay

Where Polson's NERVILINE is used. Com-posed of the most powerful pain subduing that is, covering the grapes with plaster of remedies known. Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, Paris just before pressing. It is done to prevent certain bacterial fermentations to which the dirty modes of manufacture make the wines of Spain and Portugal cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or expeculiarly liable. The wines of Madeira and Sicily (Marsala) which resemble sherry, ternal, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviliue will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents ; trial bottles only says an exchange, " rents thirteen shoot-10 cents.

> A new five dollar counterfeit U.S. Treasury note, series 1875, check-letter A, has made its appearance in Boston. It is made by a photo-lithographic process, and is a very close imitation.

> > What will we do with it?

A most interesting chapter could be com piled showing the peculiar means some-times resorted to to relieve pain in some suffering member. Numberless cases could be cited showing the frequency of amputation of a toe to get rid of a troubleeme corn -a radical remedy to be sure-but one that many will hesitate to adopt. He that is wise will chose milder and safer means and use the sure pop remedy Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails, always acts painlessly and costs little. Beware of dan-

gerous substitutes and imitations. Sure, safe and painless. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston, Ont. The greatest miser in Indiana put his

Cashing, and all dis-cases of the Throat and Lungs - ven Communi-tion, if taken in season. It will break up a cold at once It is the King of Cough Restlemes. A few inhalations will correct the most Offen-sive Breath. It may be carried as handily as a penknife, and is always ready. This is the only inhaler approved by physi-cians of every school, and endorsed by the standard medical journals of the world. All others in the market are other worthlemes savings into life insurance policies, and denied himself all luxuries and most comforts in order to pay the premiums, though his heirs were distant relatives. for whom he seemed to care nothing. They will get now that he is dead, about \$34,000.

Despise Not the Day of Small Things.

others in the market are either worthless substitutes or translation initiations. Over 400,000 in use. Sold by all Druggists for \$1.00. By mail, \$1.35 W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N.Y. Little things may help a man to rise-a and £2,500,000. It is built of granite, in five arones, the centre arch being 152 feet, Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are

"One moment," he said, still hindering ir way. "Where is your home? Where her way. "Whe

Her eyes flashed scornfully upon him.

"What can it matter to you?" she said. "Do you think I would receive you in my home? You, the cowardly insulter of helpless girlhood? Never! I hate you as I hate the slimy, crawling serpent! You have nothing to do with me. Out of my way

He caught her fiercely by the arm and bissed :

"I shall find you out i Be sure of that. my incarnation of indignant virtue! And when I do, Laurel Vane, you shall find that the serpent you hate can sting?" She tried to shake off the brutal grasp of his fingers, but he held her in a grasp of

"You hurt me," she said desparately. "Release my arm, Ross Powell, or I will

scream for help. I hear carriage-wheels coming. Whoever it is I will appeal for protection.'

The threat had the hoped for effect. He threw her arm from him with a smothered oath. Laurel pushed quickly past him and walked on down the road. A carriage rat-tled past, and under cover of the cloud of dust it raised she looked furtively back at her worsted foe. He had entered the gate of Eden and was walking slowly up the

or Each and was waking slowly up the gravel path to the house. "He is really going there," she said, trembling, "and, O Heaven, upon what mission? He is Mr. Gordon's clerk, and he has come up in some errand to Beatrin Gordon. They will send out to search for me, and he will learn the truth. I cannot go baok. I am afraid ! I must hide myself till he is gone !" "Have you been all over the grounds? Are you sure you have looked every-where?" she oried.

Her trembling limbs would scarcely support her, but she walked on as fast as she could, her mind filled with vague conjectures and dire suspicions. "Perhaps Mr. Gordon has sent for Bea-

Oh, ma'am, I do not think I have missed a single spot," cried Clarics, wringing her hands. "I have been all over Eden. I trix to return home," she thought despair-ingly. "Then the conspiracy will all be liscovered. I shall be driven away from

Deautiful Eden." A pang like a dagger's thrust pierced her heart at the thought. She looked back at the towered and turreted mansion, and the beautful extensive grounds, with some-thing of that hopeless despair our first mother must have felt on leaving paradise. The scent of the flowers she carried filled her with the keenest, pain.

"Shall I ever dare to go back?" she said. "Am I going away for the last time now, with no home, no friends to turn to in my despair - with nothing but these flowers aud --- a memory ?"

As she plodded slowly along she came to a little private gate in the rustic fence that It led into a picturesque, inclosed Eden. lights, and let Clarice stay here with you. I will search for the child." sky dell. with running streams, leafy bosky dell, with running streams, leavy I will search for the child. **shades, cool,** green turf, and beds of wild | The words kindled a gleam of hope in firwers and exquisite ferns. The master | her breast. She did not see how deathly of Bien carried the key to this private white bis own face had grown. sutrance, often preferring it to the more He left her, and went ou

He did not know how nearly his chance it but the figment of her slumbering But his suspicions made him all the brain?"

more eager to get away and seek her. If she had really been clever enough to hide hands to shut out the sight of his face that seemed to frown darkly upon her. A cry broke from her lips, full of fear and depreherself under a fictitious name, she would be all the harder to find. The difficulty eation. only made him more zealous in pursuit.

He assumed an air of polite regret, and began to pave his way to departure.

"1 am afraid I cannot await Miss Gor-don's return any longer this evening, as I "She is not hall awake—he is dreah-ing," he said to himself, and he touched her again, gently. "Wake up, Miss Gor-don," he said; "you are dreaming, I am not going to soold you, although you have given us all a terrible scare failing asleep have a friend waiting for me at the hotel," he said. "But indeed there is no real necessity that I should see her at all beyond the pleasure her father would experience in hearing that I had done so. I will call n the grounds at this bour of the evening." The sombre, black eyes stared at him again in the morning, and perhaps find her at home. In the meantime," he drew two affrightedly. She did not comprehend letters and a small package from his breast, "I am the bearer of a letter to you, Mrs. him yet.

packet and her father's love. I shall be pleased to receive your answer in the morning before I return to New York." hat mo, despise me? Must I compared them are the state of "Oh, Mr. Le Roy, has he told you all?" Le Roy, and one to Miss Gordon, with this packet and her father's love. I shall be He presented them and bowed himself alone," with a shudder, "into the dark out, so eager to find Laurel Vane that he night ?"

gave scarcely a thought to Miss Gordon's to himself, and with a sudden impulse of pity he bent down, put his arms about the small white figure, and litted her up to her The deepening twilight fell, and still neither Clarice nor her mistrees returned. Mrs. Le Roy began to feel some little feet. Then holding her gently in the clasp of one arm, he said, like one soothing "She never staved out like this before."

frightened child : "You have been asleep, Miss Gordon, and your dreams were wild. Rouse yourshe said to St. Leon. "Can she have eluded us, and eloped with her lover? I am afraid I have allowed her too much liberty. What do you think, St. Leon ?" self now, and come into the house with me. My mother is greatly frightened at your There was a gloomy flash in his eyes, but before he could speak Clarice came beence !" "Frightened," she repeated, a little

vaguely, and nesting unconsciously nearer to the warm, strong arm that held her. "Yes, you have been missing several running in, breathless and eager, with genuue alarm in her face. "Has he gone?" she gasped. "An hour ago," said Mrs. Le Roy. hours, and we have all had a great fright

about you. Clarice searched for you several hours, but I had the happiness of finding "Oh, Mrs. Le Roy, I cannot find her anywhere," gasped the girl, in a frightyou," he said, gently. "And—nothing has happened? You are not angry?" she asked, the mists beginning

to clear from her brain.

"Nothing has happened, except that a gentleman came to see you and went away disappointed. I am not angry, yet I ought to be, seeing what a fright you gave me. Only think of me, Miss Gordon, rushing to he about the garden with my mind full of dire imaginings,' and finding you asleep on the grass like a tired baby. What a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous 1

She began to comprehend all and drew hereelf, with a blush, from the arm that river. I am afraid she has thrown herself

into the water !" St. Leon looked at her with his piercing dark eyes. "Why should she do that?" he asked her, sharply. "Oh, sir, surely you know she was very "Oh, sir, surely you know she was very "A state of the she do that?" he asked her, sharply. "A state of the sta her, sharply. "Oh, sir, surely you know she was very suspense."

weakly. St. Leon h 1 crossed to the door. He you were very kind to come and look for came back and laid his strong protecting me.' hand gently on his mother's shoulder, and In her heart she was singing rouns of gladness. She was not discovered yet. Her elever move that evening had thrown her enemy off his guard. Trying to keep the trem is out of her voice, she asked with apparent carelessness :

Who was my visitor, Mr. Le Roy?"

Roy had not found me." The maid said to herself that it surely

was the most fortunate map her mistress had ever taken, for she had thus escaped meeting Mr. Gordon's clerk. She little dreamed of that unfortunate meeting at the gates of Eden that evening between to prevent blocks. It is the handsomest Ross Powell and the false Beatrix Gordon. bridge over the Thames. Laurel received the letter and the packet.

She opened the latter first, and found that it contained a beautiful set of pearls in a

"Velvet-lined, Ruesa leather case. "It is a beantiful gift," said Mrs. Le Roy, who was a critical judge of jewels. "It is a pity we live so quietly at Eden; you will have no chance to display them. sculptor had invited several friends to meet the great apostle of liberty, one of whom, an Italian, on seeing Victor Hugo regarding the statue, said, "There I see two giants I shall have to give a dinner party or a regarding each other," which gentle flattery was not lost on the poet, whose capacity for assimilating such diet is infinite. On reception.' "Oh, pray do not—at least on my

panted Laurel, growing crimson, taking leave Victor Hugo once more went and frightened all at once. "I should not like it indeed - that is, I mean mamma to the statue, and oried out, "The sea, the vast, the agitated ocean, tells of the union would not. I have not come out yet you between two reconciled great countries." know." It has been suggested that these words

"Very well, my dear, I shall not do so unless you wish. I am rather pleased that you do not care for it, I am rather fond of seclusion and quiet myself. But I fancied it must be very dull for a pretty young girl be carried out.

It is proposed to connect the large and like you," replied Mvs. Le Roy, kindly. "Dull!" cried Laurel, with sbining eyes. "I have never been so happy anyimportant Island of Achill. County Mayo. with the mainland of Ireland by a swivel where in my life i" But she said to herself that she would

few days ago to take the soheme into con-sideration. The island contains 6,000 inbabitants, and is separated from the manland by an arm of the sea only 310 never wear the jewels, the beautiful, shining, moon white pearls, never! She would send them at the first opportunity to the true Beatrix Gordon. And while Mrs. Le Roy pondered over

feet wide at the point where the bridge is to be made. The cost will be £6,000, of which £3,550 has been raised, leaving a her impulive words; Laurel opened and read Mrs. Gordon's letter. When she had finished, she sat for some

little time in silence, musing gravely, with her small hande locked together in her lap. "Does your letter trouble you, Beatrix ?" asked Mrs. Le Roy, seeing how grave and It will raise 6,000 people from poverty by the development of their fisheries and other resources; and it will encourage tourists to visit the island, with its marine anxious she looked.

anxious she looked, The girl looked up. "Mamma al papa are about to take a little Souther: trip for the benefit of mamma's health," she said. "Mamma

attractions. THE rapid expansion of telegraphy makes dread's the beginning of autumn in New York. The changeaule weather affeots her it a matter of the greatest importance that there should be no diminution in the suplungs unpleasantly. She has written to ask if I would like to accompany them." ply of gutta percha, a product which is indispensable to the electrician. There is

"I have received a letter of the same import from Mrs. Gordon," answered the lady. "She allows you to take your choice much reason to fear, however, that such diminution will before long be experienced. The demand for gutta perchais always increasing, while the supply is falling off. The natives of Sumatra and the neighbor-

Laurel gave her a wistful, inquiring glance from her expressive eyes.

The lady interpreted it aright. "I shall be happy if you elect to remain with me that long, my ohild," she answered, cordiaily, in answer to that mute question. "Then I shall stay with you. I do not

want to go from beautiful Eden," oried Laurel, quickly. "Thans you, my dear, I am gratified by your preference," Mrs. Le Roy answered,

smilingly Little more than two months ago Mrs.

Leroy had been vexed beyond measure at the intrusion of this stranger into her sacred family circle. Now the girl's untutored graces had won their way into her

heart, and she saw with pleasure that St. Leon's first studied avoidance of the "Whom do you imagine?" he responded. "Was-was it Mr. Wentworth?" she He left her, and went out into the inquired, with artiess innocence and some. ' tesy. That stately lady had her own plans,

cost is estimated at between £1,500,000and £2,500,000. It is built of granite, in the next two 140 feet, and the two shore arches 130 feet each in span. The bridge is 900 feet long and 54 feet wide. The lamp-posts are made from cannon taken in small things, pleasant to take, and they oure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they cannot harm any one. All druggists. the Peninsular war. Over 100.000 persons pass over it every day. Police constables are stationed in the middle of the roadway

There are 80,000 widows in India from three to five years of age who will never again be married. In that country as soon as a child is born a match is made by the BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty Enlightparents. If the boy dies the girl becomes widow, and must wear mourning for ening the World" was the other day her intended as long as she lives. inspected by Victor Hugo in Paris. The

pound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar. It is not claumed that this remedy will cure every disease under the sup, but that it does all that it claims to do, thousands of good women know and declare.

From a single grain of wheat planted in 1881, says the Grass Valley (Cal.) Record grew twenty-two stalks, each bearing a full bead. These yielded 860 grains, 760 of which were planted the next year, pro-ducing one fifth of a bushel of splendid wheat. This was planted last spring, yieldshould be carved upon the base of the statue, but the Pall Mall Gazette hopes for Victor Hugo's sake, that the idea will not ing seventeen bushels, making 1,020 pounds of wheat from one grain in three years.

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy bridge across the sound, and a meeting was held at the Royal Courts of Justice a one of his officers said : "But, sire, remem-ber the Alpa." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so balance of  $\pounds 2,450$  required. It is stated that when the undertaking is completed it the mountain would disappear. It is spec ific for all blood, chronic lung and liver will add more than 35,000 acres to Ireland. diseases, such as consumption (which is scrofula of the lung»), pimples, blotches,

eruptions, tumors, swellings, fever-sores and kindred complaints.

Extremes sometimes meet. In China dog thief is beheaded, but the man who steals a million can be but slightly punished, and usually runs away to Corea the United States a horse thief is lynched, and an absconding bank cashier goes to Canada.

\* \* • Pile tumors oured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Ÿ.

Farmers in many parts of Nebraska are burning corn for fuel. They have figured the matter out to their own satisfaction and are confident that it is cheaper to burn corn than it is to sell it and buy coal. Soft coal is worth in that State about 22 cents a bushel, and corn does not find a ready sale in the rural markets for more than 12 cents.

Experiments have shown that two bushels of corn will produce more warmth than one ba hel of coal, and farmers are thus burn ing the former and saving themselves the the production might be increased, and in trouble of hauling it to market and drawing the report which he has lately made he the coal home again.

recommends that plantations should be established of trees which yield the best established of trees which yield the best gutta percha. As the cultivation of these trees is very profitable, the English, French and Dutch Asiatic colonies would find an assured source of revenue in growing gutta percha.



The simplest and best in the market. Price \$14 Address, 68 Hughson street south, Hamilton.

SELF-VENTING PUMP FAUCET

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. O. P. B. G. B. BATERBOA, D. R. C.F. S. E. Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Goulists n Aurist to the Toronto General Honpital, 11 Olinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmi Bospital, Moorefield's and Contral Londo Throat and Far Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes



DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pourl St., New York

HOME STUDY Thorough and practi-by mail in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Terms rea-sonable. Send stamps for PAMPHLET to COR RESPONDENCE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 451 Ma 8t. Buffalo, N.Y.

## YOUNG MENI-READ THIS.

**YOUNG MEN I-READ THES.** 'HE VOLTALIO BELT CO., of Marshall, Mish. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTALI BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on tria for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous doblity, loss of vitality and man hood, and all kindred troubles. Also for they matism, neuralgis, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigo and manhood guaranteed. No risk is hourred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

PLATE to sective a Heartes Education or Spiencerien Fermanating at the SMERCE

SEND \$1 FOR GAS ELU'S COMPENDIUM and learn to write well. W. COOTE, Marion, Ark. JUS A.



period, the price of gutta percha has trabled; another, and a very serious con-sequence, is that the falsifier has turned bis attention in this direction, and has placed on the market many "worthless imitations" A short time ago M. Seligmann-Lui was deputed by the French Government to consider in what manner

percha.

ing islands do not properly cultivate the gutta percha tree, and much of its produce

a ignorautly wasted. One consequence of this is that, within a comparatively brief

cliffs. grand mountains and many other