The Angling Ananias.

An angler sat by the winter fire, While only his wife was nigh, And he said to himself, Did this cunning old elf, ['ll tell 'em a whopping big lie-A brilliant and intricate lie.

He leaned his chin on his ancient hand, While gently he stroked his beard, Then he gathered his pen, His ink and then— He slily and knowingly leered— A leer that was foxy and weird.

He gazed aloft at the ceiling dark e sazeu muit at the celling dark, And then he looked down at the floor And he said: "Of a bout After salmon and trout, | give 'em some angling lore— me lovely and lying old lore."

He wrote, and he wrote, a solid hour Very certain, however, That her hubby, so clever, as working up some novel lie-me wild and extravagant lie.

When sudden the old man rose up stark, With looks that were wizen and cold; "What's the matter?" cried she; "The devil," cried he,

## THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mile. Marie hovered around her mistress with many delicate attentions after the master had departed, but her ministrations were not orowned with much success. Laurel lay still and pale, but consumed by an agony of impatience, under the dabs of eau de Cologne that the maid bestowed on her cheeks and forehead. She longed to be alone to weep and wail aloud in her despair, but she could not send the maid away. She knew that she had to dress for dinner in a little while, and as Mrs. Le Roy would be down to dinner for the first time that day, her absence would be felt as a great disap pointment. She would not give up. She

vould keep up the farce to the last moment.

She lay there, outwardly still and calm, but consumed by a burning suspense and unrest, her hearing strained to its utmost, as if waiting to hear her accuser's voice. wondered if Ross Powell would follow her and denounce her. Surely he knew her secret now. She could hide it from him no longer. In a little while he must know all.

Once, a wild impulse of flight came over

St. Leon had never taken his eyes from

her. How could she stay and meet her husband's scorn when he learned the truth? He worshipped her now as his ideal of womanhood. What would he say when he knew her as she was, weak and wilful, a girl who had risked everything for the sake of love? Would he hate her for her sin? That would be more bitter than death. Perhaps it were better to go away now before he knew her at her worst, before he hated her for deceiving him.

If she had guessed what lay before her, she would have gone--she would have fled silently from Eden, bearing with her for the light of her darkened future the memory of his love alone—his smiles, his caresses, his tender words-but the madness of her love made her stay. "I cannot go. All is not lost vet." she

said, faintly, yet hopefully, to her foreboding heart. "He will forgive me, perhaps, for our love's sake.'

She knew that there could be no limit to her love and forgiveness for her husband if he had wronged her. Was it strange that she should judge him by berself? She was very young and very ignorant. She did not know how truthfully the poet had written: Man's leve is of man's life a thing spart, 'Tis woman's whole existence.

When she was dressed for dinner St Leon came to take her down. There was a subdued happiness and excitement shining on his handsome face; she wondered at it, but she did not ask him why.

She was dressed much as she had been on the night when he first told her that he loved her. She wore white, with scarle to jacqueminot roses. She had chosen th jacqueminot roses. costume purposely, thinking he would b softened at the memories it recalled. He took his fair young wife into his

arms, and kissed her many times; he smoothed the waving golden tresses with loving hands, telling her how dearly he loved her—how happy she made him. Then, even while she clung to him, he released ber gently from his embrace, not knowing it was the last-not dreaming of the years to come, when his arms would

"My mother is waiting for you in the one with her—a visitor. Can you guess whom, darling?"
She gave a terrible start—a smothered

ory-and clung to his arm with both small, white hands.

"My dear, how nervous you are!" he said. "One would think you were frightened. It is your old rival, Maud Merivale. Think of her insufferable impertinence in coming here after that night last summer! But courage, love, she will only be consumed with envy when she sees how much love-

lier you have grown since you became my She tried to murmur some eareless reply, but her heart leaped with fear. Another enemy! Too surely the coils of fate were closing round her !

They went down the broad staircase along the lighted hall, and so into the brilliant drawing room, the handsome man with the lovely girl borne proudly on his arm. She looked up and saw Mrs. Le Roy smiling at her, Mrs. Merivale rustling toward her in "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," and, beyond her, two others—a man and woman—both strangers. They were rising eagerly, too, coming toward her with smiles and outstretched hands. A dim perception flashed over Laurel; her heart felt like stone in her breast.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

It was a supreme moment. Laurel felt it to be such. Her heart beat, her limbs trembled beneath her. But for the support of St. Leon's arm she must have fallen to the earth. She wondered that she did not faint-rather that she did not die -for an intuition, swift as the light-ning's flash, told her that these two

strangers were Mr. Gordon and his wife.
She had never seen them in her life; but she did not for one moment doubt their identity. She saw Mrs. Merivale modestly giving place to them, allowing them to greet her first; she saw the smile of plea-sure on St. Leon's lips—St. Leon, who thought she was having such a pleasant surprise. She could not move nor speak. She clung desperately to St. Leon's arm. she clung desperately to St. Leon's arm, and they came nearer and nearer, the tall, rather stern-looking man, and the pretty, faded blonde in her rich silks and laces. Laurel gazed at them with her great, dark, frightened eyes, much as the little princes in the Tower might have gazed upon their murderers.

A great horror grew upon her as if, adeed, they were about to strike her dead. She had been caught in a horrible trap—a pit of destruction yawned beneath her feet in a moment she would be hurled down. down, down, into fathomless darkness and

despair,
Mrs. Gordon drew nearer and nearer. There was a tender smile on the fair, delicate face, and the blue eyes looked straight into Laurel's own for an instant-only an instant, for then she started backward, and her cry of dismay and wonder pealed on the impostor's ears like the knell of doom. "Beatrix! Oh, my God, it is not Beatrix! What does this mean?"

'It is not Beatrix !" Mr. Gordon echoed. blankly.

And for a moment there reigned a terri-

ble silence in the room.
St. Leon Le Roy looked down at his

wife. She was clinging to his arm with the desperation of despair. Her face was pale as death, and convulsed with fear. Her wide, frightened, dark eyes stared

straight up into his, with a hunted look in their sombre depths that pierced his

Beatrix, what do they mean?" he cried. 'Have they all gone mad?" Her white lips tried to syllable the word 'mad," but it died upon them in a strain-

ing gasp.
Mr. Gordon came slowly forward, s dazed expression on his features.
"Mr. Le Roy, there must be some mistake," he said. "This lady is not your

St. Leon answered gravely:
"There is no mistake. This is my wife,
Mr. Gordon." Mrs. Gordon cried out startlingly

'Then where is our daughter She looked ready to faint. Her limbs tottered beneath her. She clung to her husband with one hand pressed upon her throbbing heart, and stared at the lovely oreature on St. Leon's arm as if she were a ghost. Mrs. Le Roy, still pale and wan from her recent illness, rose from the couch where she reclined and tottered to her side.
"My dear friends, have you all taken

leave of your senses ?' she oried. "Have you forgotten your own daughter's face? Beatrix, darling, why do you not come to your mother?" Only a stifled moan came from Laurel's

lips, but Mrs. Gordon answered, sternly:
"This is no daughter of ours. We have never seen her face before to-night!" And Mrs. Merivale, in the background, gazed in gloating wonder and triumph at the pale, horrified face of St. Leon's wife. She was burning with anxiety to hear the denouement of this strange and startling

"This is no daughter of ours. We have never seen her face before to-night," repeated Mr. Gordon, and his wife feebly reiterated

"You have gone mad—both of you,"
Mrs. Le Roy cried out, fretfully. "This is
your daughter whom you sent to us, and
whom my son married. How dare you
deny it? Speak to them, St. Leon—speak to them. Beatrix. Do not let them deny you! It is monstrous, it is terrible!"

"She is no child of ours. She will not

claim to be. She is a miserable impostor. Look at her guilty face," said Mr. Gordon, pointing a scornful finger at the white face that did indeed look shame-stricken and

that beautiful, terrified face. He spoke to her now, and his voice sounded hollow and

"Beatrix, what do they mean? Is it true that you are not Mr. Gordon's daughter?" The white hands slipped from his arm

and she fell on her knees before him, lift ing up her woeful white face pleadingly. "Oh, St. Leon, pity and forgive me," moaned, appealingly. "It is true, and I have bitterly deceived you. I am not Beatrix Gordon!"

CHAPTER XL. A silence like death fell for a momen

on the group that closed around that pathetic figure with its white uplifted face and streaming golden hair. St. Leon's voice broke it first -hoarse and terribly 'If you are not Beatrix Gordon, for

God's sake tell us who you are?'
And she answered in a voice shaken by blended triumph and despair : "I am your wife, St. Leon. Do not for

get that.' Gordon, springing forward, shook mrs. Gordon, agringing vivining, her wildly by the arm.
"Look at me, girl." she cried. "What have you done with my daughter, my blue-

eyed Beatrix? Why are you here in her The great dark eyes, heavy with despair turned slowly on her face.
"You are her mother?" she said.

"Yes, I am her mother," Mrs. Gordon uswered, impatiently. "Tell me, girl, answered, impatiently. "Tell me, what have you done with my darling? And Laurel answered in a tone of the most pathetic wonder and reproach:

"You are her mother, and you did not love her enough to make her happy. You forget that 'love is lord of all.' Oh, why did not you let her be happy in her own fashion? Then all this need not have happened !"

"You drive me mad with your strange answers." wailed Mrs. Gordon. "Will no one make her speak and tell me my child's

fate? She looked around helplessly into their wondering faces. St. Leon stood white and moveless as a marble statue, his arms folded tightly over his broad breast, his pale brow beaded with chilly drops of sweat, his eyes never turning from that kneeling figure. Mrs. Le Roy, overcome with agitation, had sunk upon her sofa gasping for breath, Maud Merivale gazed on the scene with a face of evil joy, and Mr. Gordon looked duzed, like one staggering under a horrible burden, but at his wife's piteous appeal he went slowly forward, and touched the arm of the convicted impostor.

"You hear," he said, "you are driving us mad with your evasions! Where is my daughter? Is she dead?"

A shudder ran through them all at that ominous word, but Laurel sprung to her feet suddenly, and faced him with an almost defiant gleam in her eyes. A dull red glow flared into her cheeks, and she drew her graceful figure haughtily erect as she extended one slender hand at the agitated speaker.
"Do you think that I have murdered her

that you look at me so fiercely?" she oried. "Do you think I would harm one hair of her lovely golden head—she who was so kind to me in my desolation and despair? No, no, she is not dead, your daughter whom you tried to separate from her own true lover. She is well and happy. She is married to Cyril Wentworth, and gone abroad with him!"

"Married!" almost shricked Mrs. Gordon, and her husband echoed, blankly, "Married!"

"Yes, she is married," Laurel answered almost triumphantly. "She took her fate into her own hands, and sought happiness

"Married to Cyril Wentworth! How dared she? how dared she?" Mrs. Gordon wailed aloud, in frantic anger. And Laurel, looking at her gravely, answered with unconscious pathos:

"Women dare everything for love's sake, you know, Mrs. Gordon."

The chagrined, disappointed mother Mr. Gordon drew her gently to his side, and turned his cold stern gaze upon Laurel.

"And you—how came you here in Beatrix's place?" he asked.

"She sent me here," Laurel answered.
"She had been kind to me, and I paid my debt of gratitude by taking her place here while she went away and married Mr.

Wentworth. She felt their eyes burning upon her as she spoke. She knew that they hated her for what she had done. She felt a dim, pass-ing wonder how she could stand there and bear it. She wondered that she did not soream out aloud or fall down dead at their feet. But a strange mechanical

oalmness upheld her through it all.

"This is the strangest story I ever heard," said Mr. Gordon. "Can it be that Beatrix lent herself to such a plot? Tell me all about it."

"There is almost nothing to tell beyond what I have told you," she said. "She what I have told you," she said. "She despaired of ever winning your consent to her marriage, and she could not give up her lover. So she sent me here with Clarice to act a part, while she married her lover! Then they kept it secret while they waited for Mr. Wentworth's promised European appointment. When he received it, she went abroad with him. I saw her myself in London. She is perfectly happy, only for her longing to be forgiven by her parents."
"I will never forgive her—the false,

deceitful jade !" he uttered, fiercely.

She turned to him pleadingly.
"Do not be hard upon your beautiful daughter," she prayed. "She loved him so dearly she could not live without him. Oh, vou must forgive her !" "Never, never!" Mrs. Gordon sobbed

bitterly. Vain, proud, ambitious woman as she was, her heart was almost broken by this terrible shock.
Mr. Gordon's voice broke scornfully upor

Laurel's tumultuous thoughts. And this dutiful daughter of mine, did she add to her iniquities by arranging a marriage for you? Did she teach you to deceive this honorable gentleman and trap him into a marriage with a wretched

The harsh words struck her like the stinging cut of a lash. She shivered and dropped her eyes, but she did not flinch from answering him. A marvellous bravery upheld her while she confessed her fault and exonerated Beatrix.

"Mine is the fault," she said. "If your daughter had suspected the madness that filled me, she would have betrayed meshe would never have tolerated it for one hour. She wished me to go abroad with her; she did not dream of the truth. But I - I sent Clarice back to her, and I stayed on at Eden. The fault is mine; the con-sequences," her voice faltered almost to a moan, "be upon my own head."

St. Leon had never yet spoken a word. Pale, statue-like, he stood, his hearing strained to catch every word that fell from the lips of his wife-his wife, whom he had believed to be an angel, but whom he now knew as a false and reckless woman who had stolen into his home and heart under a

lying guise.
"And you," said Mr. Gordon, sternlywho are you, that have dared do this terrible wrong? What is your name? Whence came you?"

She turned suddenly and lifted her dark, anguished eyes to her husband's face in mute wonder and entreaty. In its lightning scorn, its terrible indignation, she read her doom. With a moan of despair she let the long, dark lashes fall until they shaded her burning cheeks and answered Mr. Gordon:

"Do not ask me my name nor my history. What can it matter to you who hate me? My heart is broken. Let me shroud myself in merciful mystery."

"You refuse to disclose your identity?" said Mr. Gordon, wonderingly. " I refuse," she answered, with a reckless

defiance born of despair.

And at that moment a mocking laugh, cruel as a fiend's, rang startlingly through

the splendid room.

Every eye turned toward the sound.

Through the wide lace curtains that shaded the low French windows a man stepped into the room—Ross Powell!

Laurel saw him, and a shriek of despair

rose from her lips at the sight of her enemy's evil, triumphant face. She covered her face with her trembling hands nd sunk down upon the floor, crouching like a guilty creature from the angry judges surrounding her.
Ross Powell went forward to his employer,

Mr. Gordon.
"Sir," he said, respectfully, "you wish to know the name of this matchless hypoyou.

"Speak, then," Mr. Gordon answered, quickly, gazing at his clerk in surprise and wonder. "You remember Vane, the drunken writer, who died almost a year ago?" said

Ross Powell brutally.

"Yes; but what has Louis Vane to do Gordon, bluntly.

"Everything," answered the villain, sar-castically, "for this fine lady—the mistress of Eden—is old Vane's daughter!"

"No;" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, aston ished.

"Yes," triumphantly. "Her name is Laurel Vane, and she belonged to me. She was promised to me, but when her tippling father drank himself to death, she ran away, and, though I have been on her track ever since. I could never find her until to-night. And no wonder; for, with her humble antecedents. I never dreamed of looking for my runaway sweetheart in the wife of the aristocratic Mr. Le Roy!" Slow, cold, stinging, every word fell on Laurel's heart like a drop of ice. She sprung to her feet and faced him, her dark

eyes blazing with scorn and wrath. 'Yes, I am Laurel Vane. That is true,' uttered, Ross Powell, is a base and cruel lie! I never belonged to you; I have never seen you but once or twice in my life, and then I feared and hated you as one hates the slimy, crawling serpent! I have never belonged to any man but Mr. Le Roy."

"After the terrible way in which you have deceived Mr. Le Roy, you will not find him willing to believe your later asser tions," sneered the wretch.

The wretched young creature turned again and looked at her husband, but he still preserved his quiet, statue-like posi-tion, his arms folded over, his lips set in a thin, hard line, his eyes blazing with a gloomy, lurid fire beneath the broad, mas sive brow that was beaded with great chilly drops of dew. It was the darkest hour of his life. His humiliation was almost greater than he could bear. There was no tenderness, no pity in his sombre gaze as it met the wild, appealing eyes of the girl who had deceived him.

But she went to him, she stood humbly and suppliantly before him, her face lighted with passionate love and appeal, upheld by the strength of her girlish will, onging to be forgiven for her sin and taken

to his heart again.
"St. Leon, he speaks falsely," she said.
"I never belonged to him. I never saw him until after my father's death, and then he basely insulted my helplessness and poverty. In my anger I struck him in the face, and he swore revenge for the blow. You see how he takes it in vilifying my name. Do not listen to him, my husband I have never loved but you, never belonged to any one but you. I deceived you in the one thing only. Will you not believe me?"

His stern lips parted to answer her, but

Maud Merivale rushed forward and shook him violently by the arm.

"St. Leon, look to your mother," she cried. "She has fainted."

He turned and looked, and saw that it was true. Without a word to Laurel he rushed to her aid.

Mrs. Merivale caught the unhappy wife rudely by the arm; she looked down into the dark, anguished eyes, and laughed low and mockingly.

"You see how he scorns you," she said, "You see how he soorns you," she said, in tones of bitter triumph. "Your reign is over, impostor! Your sin has found you out. He will drive you away in loathing and contempt. Ah, I am revenged now before I even lifted a finger to punish you. Did I not warn you—'who breaks—pave'?"

pays'? Laurel had no words to answer. Her brave heart had failed her. She slipped from her enemy's vindictive grasp and fell like a log heavily to the floor.

CHAPTER XLI.

St. Leon lifted his mother's senseless form, and bore her away to her room. Mrs. Gordon lay weeping, moaning, and wildly lamenting in her husband's arms. Ross Powell, having acomplished his wicked work, and finding himself unnoticed, stole quietly away from the scene of his villainy. No one seemed to heed the prostrate form, lying prone upon the floor like one dead, the marble-white face, with its closed eyes and night-black lashes, upturned to the light—no one save Mrs. Merivale, and she actually spurned it with her dainty foot, and glared upon it with envenomed hatred in her turquois-blue eyes.
"The little viper!" she muttered, bit-

with the state of the same

"Oh, that I had known the truth when I was here last summer! How I should have exulted in betraying her to my haughty lord who laughed at my love, and me because once I was false to the trust he placed in me! She was an angel formouth. Ha! ha! I would not have nissed this rich scene for ten thousand dollars. What has become of that man who came so opportunely upon the scene? I must see him. It may be worth my

while." She cast a glance of hate and scorn upon Laurel's silent, recumbent figure, then hastened to the window and glided out, the heavy curtains of silk and lace falling noiselessly together behind her retreating form. The great gilded drawing-room, form. with its brilliant chandeliers and myriad lowers, was deserted now save for the half frantic Gordons and the unconscious

girl upon the floor.
Unnoticed and deserted she struggled back to life and found herself alone save for those two who gazed upon her with reproach and hatred as the cause of their lesolation. She had lent herself to th plot to rob them of their daughter, and they could not forgive her any more than they could forgive Beatrix for her

unfilial desertion. But she went and stood before them, s beautiful in ber sorrow and despair, with her dishevelled golden tresses and the red roses dying on her breast, that they could almost have pitied her in her tender youth and grief if only she had not helped Beatrix to her happiness, and spoiled their olever scheme for separating her from her handsome, penniless lover.

some, penniless lover.

"I have wronged you," she said, sadly.

"I know that. But, believe me, I could not help it. She—your daughter—had been kind to me, and I promised her my eternal gratitude. When she claimed my promise, what could I do but yield! And -and-she is very happy. You must not forget that when you think of her. Perhaps you may forgive me when you know that

she is so perfectly happy."

"Forgive!" they uttered, sccrafully, for the thought that Beatrix was happy in her stolen marriage was like a thorn in the flesh to them. They felt hard and vindictive toward their heautiful, wilful child. They would have been glad to hear that she was ill, unhappy, repentant, starving,

sne was iii, unnappy, repentant, starving, even—anything but happy.
"You will forgive me, and forgive her?"
pleaded the hapless girl.
"Never!" they answered, harshly, hard-

ening their hearts against the two young creatures who had carried out that daring conspiracy.

And Laurel began to realize the eemed so bad to her at first, this helping a

mity of what she had done. It had not fair young girl and her lover to be happy in spite of opposition. She remembered that Clarice had called it a splendid joke, and Beatrix had laughed at her scruples But it was quite another thing to the dens. It was a cruel outrage, and beyond pardon. She stood looking at their cold, frowning

faces a moment, then turned hopelessly away. Every one was against her. If only St. Leon would forgive her she would not oare for the rest, she thought; but, alas—
"His love is turned to hate," she sighed. "He will never forgive me. He will drive meaway from him into eternal banish-ment. My brief dream of happiness is over. And yet I was mad enough to think

me! Ah, me! ah, me!"

Mr. Gordon led his wife silently from the room without a glance at her. She was alone in the great, gilded drawing room—deserted and alone in her terrible anguish

that out of his great love he would forgive

deserted and alone in her terrible anguish and despair. The sting of their contempt pierced her heart.

"I am despised and deserted by all," she said, sorrowfully. "What shall I do? Must I go away? Would St. Leon like it? Would he be glad never to see me again?" again?

Something like a wail of anguish came from her lips at the thought of leaving her husband and never seeing him again. It was more bitter than death. She thought of his passionate, idolizing love. Had it all been murdered at one fell stroke by the knowledge of her sin? The door opened, and he came suddenly

into the room. He saw her standing there, the only reature in the wide, brilliant drawingoom. He knew that every one had room. deserted her for her sin—that fatal retribu-tion had overtaken her. His own heart had revolted from its allegiance, now that he knew her for the wilful creature of clay that she was instead of the angel he had deemed her. Yet never had her perfect beauty struck him more forcibly than now. Robbed of its light, its coloring, its bloom, its perfection still showed supreme, like the beauty of a perfect chiseled statue.

She ran to him: she threw herself humbly at his feet-There, with her milk-white arms and shadowy

hair, She made her face a darkness. "Forgive me, my husband, forgive me!" prayed the wretched wife.

CHAPTER XLII.

He stood there in silence, looking down at that bowed head, veiled by its sweeping golden hair. He made no effort to raise her; he answered not a word to her wild appeal. There was a smoldering fire in his dark eyes, a stern compression of his lips, that boded ill for the granting of her prayer. He had received a terrible shock. His

love and pride alike had been outraged, and in his case it was a strong love and a strong pride. The wound to both was accordingly all the greater.

His strange silence grew terrible to her. She lifted her face a little and looked at him, recoiling from the terrible indigna-

tion in his eyes as if he had struck her a blow.
"St. Leon, speak to me," she wailed.

"Oh, you will not be hard and unforgiving to me! I have wronged you and deceived you, I know; but it was all because I loved you. No woman ever loved with so mad a love as I have given you. If I had not loved you so dearly, I had not dared so

He spoke then. There was concentrated passion, burning contempt, in his deep and angry voice.
"Do not speak of love!" he said. "I

can fancy with what love the drunken journalist's daughter, the poor clerk's runaway fiance, could love St. Leon Le Roy. I can imagine that the temptation to lift yourself to my level from the dust where you grovelled was too strong for you. I can fancy that the greed of wealth and honor led you astray. But love—faugh! If one spark of that divine passion had burned in your scheming breast, you would have respected the unsullied honor, the proud old name of the Le Roys—you would have spared me the disgraceful alliance with a drunkard's daughter!"

Slow, cruel, bitter every word fell like a coal of fire on her bleeding heart. Was it the gifted father, the brilliant genius whom she loved and revered despite his weakness. who was thus stigmatized as a drunkard by her husband's lips? Had that father's sin indeed set her apart as a mark for the finger of scorn to point at, a creature too low to even lift her eyes to the proud and rich St. Leon Le Roy? It was cruel, a bitter insult. It rankled like a sword point in her heart.
She rose slowly to her feet and faced

him with a strange, new-born dignity that sat gracefully on her perfect beauty. She did not speak, but waited with drooping head and tightly folded hands for his further words. They came, still further blighting the sad

young heart: "There can be no talk of forgiveness between you and me. You have injured me beyond reparation. You can be nothing

to me henceforth."

"You will send me away from you—you of Sunday rest.

will divorce me?" she asked, with a shiver-'No. I will have no scandal. I will not drag the proud name of Le Roy through the mire of a divorce court. That for which you schemed so craftily shall not be taken away from you. I shall go away and leave you at Eden in the enjoyment of the wealth and the name you have won Then our tacit separation and divorce will be accomplished. I shall never willingly look upon your beautiful false face again!"

She bowed her head in speechless acquiseence. Where were the wild words, the matchless eloquence with which she meant to plead her cause, to implore for pardon when this dark hour came upon her? That love and beauty which she had deemed such powerful agents to hold his heart and win his clemency, of what avail were they now? His icy scorn, his proud, decisive, determination left no room for dissent or appeal. The terrible weight of her sin had fallen upon her and crushed her.

ROSSA'S ASSASSIN.

The News from Egypt Makes Mrs. Dudley Sad, but She Laughs at Rossa's

Account of the Shooting.

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says: Mrs. Dudley was very sad last evening. She had read the news from Egypt confirming the death of the gallant Gordon, and was much affected. To a reporter who called upon her she remarked that "As long as England has such sons as Gordon she has not much to fear from miscreants like Jerry O'Donovan and his crew." Her gloom was, however, somewhat enlivened by the reading of an account of the shooting of the great subscriptionist, written by himself and published in his organ, the United Irishman. She found the account intensely comical, especially with regard to the plural "we." which Roses used in speaking of himself. The following

is an extract from the article : "She suggested that we adjourn to some place she knew, near at hand, where we could talk the matter over. We consented, Broadway. Walking on, she suddenly halted, while we were taking a pace forward, and as suddenly put a pistol to our back and fired. We turned around to meet the assault, but before we could catch her we fell and found ourselves powerless to get up. We found ourselves resting on our elbow, looking at her firing at us. We spoke no word to her or to any one else, but as she turned away we said to the men who were around, 'Wonder some man doe not arrest that woman.' In a minute er so we were assisted to stand; a man gave us his arm, and with him we walked to the hospital.'

"It ought to further say, 'We were very nearly frightened out of our life,'" was Mrs. Dudley's laughing comment on the

There is a discrepancy of statement as to the suspicious package sent on Tuesday to Mrs. Dudley by "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Warden Finn says that there harmless white powder in the box which did not explode either by concussion or upon having a lighted match applied to it. Mrs. Dudley's counsel, however, alleges that an explosion did take place, and in support of his assertion he exhibited some burned pieces of paper said to be fragments

Speech and Menring Restored to Four Sisters who were Deaf and Dumb. A Louisville despatch says: At a faithcure meeting in this city yesterday Mrs John Moack, wife of a prominent tobac conist and the mother of an 11 years old girl, announced that the child was born girl, announced that the child was born totally deaf and dumb, and that it had been suddenly restored to hearing and speech. The audience was very much excited when she proceeded to relate that four of her children had been similarly cured through her exercise of faith. The eldest daughter Kate, is 23. At the age of 3 years she suffered from a severe attack of scarlet fever, which almost destroyed her sense of hearing and speech. She is now restored to the full possession of those faculties, and converses with intelligence, though she exhibited an ignorance of the meaning of words. Lulie, aged 15, at the age of 3 years also had scarlet fever, which destroyed her

sense of speech and hearing, leaving her deaf and dumb. She now appears to hear as well as anybody, and is rapidly learning to talk. Annie is 17 years old. At the age of 11 she came near dying with scarlet fever, which left her almost entirely deaf and dumb. She is now able to hear, and at all druggists. Take no substitute. can talk. These girls are all exceptionally bright-looking, and are about the average in intelligence. They have been brought up carefully, but have been treated as though they were deaf mutes, it being almost impossible to make three of them here the loudest noise, while the fourth could hear absolutely nothing. That a change has been wrought there can be no

Cross-Eyed People. "You would think that a cross-eyed

question.

person would overcome his sensitiveness," said an occulist, "but he seldom does. He broods over it. It grows on him. He imagines that every one he meets thinks as much about it as he does, and life often loses all attraction for him. Did you ever notice a cross-eyed man walk? No? can tell one as far as I can see him. It imparts to his gait a certain movement peculiar to the whole class of cross-eyed people. But it is not altogether bashful-ness which causes him to avoid looking a person squarely in the face. If he retained the power of sight in each of his crooked eyes, as is often the case, it would do
him no good to look the ordinary
way. He would be very likely to
miss the object altogether. The
lines of his vision would probably
cross a foot or so before the object was fully comprehended, and all he would see would be the faint and shadowy outtines of a pair of ears or the rim of a hat.

The place where the face ought to be would be a dismal blank. Many bright features are ruined by this fearful misfortune. Some sensitive victims never pluck up courage enough to marry. They often become selfish misanthropes, grow stiggy, and leave a fortune for a horde of straight-eyed relatives who totally ignored them while they were alive to fight over. Others, with that natural yearning for the love and sympathy which are almost universally denied cross which are almost universally denied cross-eyed men, take what they can get in the matrimonial market. They spring at the very first chance which offers. Thus often a soulful, but cross-eyed withete finds himself joined to a loving, but unsympathetic, helpmeet, whose ambition never rises above the kitchen or the laundry, He loses his hopes, descends to the level of his mate, and what might have been a talented career is ended on a large box in front of the corner grocery in retailing neighborhood gossip. Occasionally you find a man with sufficient strength of mind to live down the malign effects of strabismus and come out a victor. When once a man has overcome his diffidence he becomes as bold as a sewing-machine agent. When he is courageous enough to look a woman obliquely in the face without stammering an apology for having been born he can fairly be said to be superior to his misfortune. Such a man would make a heroic soldier. Unfortunately, there are few who can do this. The ordinary man melts under the affliction like a cake of ice in a

In Belgium an order has been recently issued by the ministry of railroads, postoffices and telegraphs to close on the afternoons of Sundays and fast days, all the
Government railway offices except those at
the stations. It is a step in the direction
of Sunday rest.

A Columbia Crossing, N. W. Territory
a Columbia Crossing, N. W. Territory issued by the ministry of railroads, post-offices and telegraphs to close on the after-

July sun.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever." " My doctor pronounced me cured, but ! oot sick again, with terrible pains in my sok and sides, and I got so and I

Could not move! I shrunk! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doo oring for my liver, but it did me no good.
did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters Directly my appetite returned, my pain eft me, my entire system seemed renewe as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did be ore. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

R. FITZPATRICK Dublin, June 6, '81. CHAPTER II.

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and exerciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me elief or oure, until I used Hop Bitters. The first bottle

Malden, Mass Feb. 1 1880. Gentlemen-I suffered with attacks of sick headache.

" Nearly cured me : " The second made me as well and strong se when a child. " And I have been so to this day.

My husband was an invalid for twenty rears with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, "Pronounced by Boston's best physi-

'Inourable " Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,
And many more are using them with

great benefit. "They almost Do miracles?" -Mrs. E. D. Slack. How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get welt, which is answered in three words—Take Hop bitters!

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

None of our dentists has yet evinced enough enterprise to advertise; "Mufit eeth a specialty."

"The Blough of Despondency' a which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy bue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall he rose-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and rregularities peculiar to your sex. It oures ulceration, displacements, "internal ver," bearing-down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and orrects all unnatural discharges. druggiete.

A great mind, without the nutrition of adversity, would starve.

In the Hour of Need

You do not want to try experiments, but afforded relief in the past. When your corns ache don't take the first article offered to you for the purpose, viz, to remove the troublesome corns and to do this without pain, and do it promptly. Putnam's Paintless Corn Extractor has been used for nany years. It has never be known to fail. Putnam's Extractor makes no deep holes in the flesh, hard to heal and more troublesome than the original discomforts. It works nicely and efficiently.

Last Thursday night some miscreant entered the stable of J. S. Austin, of Lynn Valley, Norfolk Co., and out his cow's tail off close to its body.

Failure Impossible When Polson's NERVILINE is used for pain. It matters not of how long standing it may be, or how often other remedies have failed

The best preachers are those that preach

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when

every other so-called remedy fails.

THE cost of carrying ordinary passengers on the trunk lines of railroads averages a trifle over a cent and two-thirds per mile. Taking that as a basis for calculating the actual cost of carrying immigrants from the Atlantic to Chicago for a dollar, a managersays: "It is true that they are carried at less cost than other passengers. They go in less costly cars at a low rate of speed, so that some allowance should be made on that score. It would not be an unfair statement to say that it costs only a cent a mile, and one of these dollar tickets is good for 985 miles or \$9.85 of actual cost to the company at the very lowest estimate Of course the more they carry the worse off they are at that rate, and instead of competing for the business they would be expected to try and make each other take it. as each train load of passengers carried at that rate brings the company so much

nearer ruin." Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for illustrated book offering sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHILE Carey Williams was waiting for customers behind the counter of a store at Americans, Georgia, Miss Ada Breedlane walked up to him and said: "Come on, I want you to marry me." Carey was nearly overcome with astonishment, but finally found voice enough to plead that he did not have on his Sunday clothes. The deter-mined husband-oatcher, however, wouldn't take this for an excuse, but, saying "Never mind your clothes," took him to the office of a justice of the peace, who quickly made them one. Judging from this interesting sample, the Georgia girl doesn't stand or ceremony when it's a question of getting a husband. Georgia ought to become a great State for bashful young men.

-The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the several diseases peculiar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—Dr

Station Names Changed.

The Grand Trunk Railway has decided on a change in the names of two of their stations. One of these is on the Georgian Bay & Lake Erie Division, and has hereto fore been known as Canada Southern Junction, and will hereafter be called Port Dover Junction. The other is on the Midland Division, 106 miles from Toronto and 22 miles from Midland, and will be called 'Tait" instead of Alma as heretofore.

No Joke to be a Raby

Now, I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleer, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mustaken. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into the skin and have to bear it all day until your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose and not know how to take aim at him with your little, fat, useless fingers? How should you like to tire yourself out, crawling away across the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or piu and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper.



\* VEGETABLE COMPOUND

\* \* \* \* IS A POSITIVE CURE \* \* \* \* For all of those Painful Complaints and
\*\* Weeknesses so common to our best
\*\* \*\* FEMALE POPULATION. \*\*

\* Weekhesses so common to our best

\* \* \* FEMALE POPULATION. \*

It will cure entirely the worst form of bale complaints, all Ovarian troubles, the flammation and Ulcehation. Falling and Dispersormers, and the consequent Spinal Wearsters, and is particularly adapted to the cure of the consequent Spinal Wearsters, and is particularly adapted to the cure of the cure of the trule of the cure of kidner of the cure o

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SELF-VENTING PUMP FAUCET The simplest and best in the market. Price \$



30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DR. |

DYES | TALECTRO-VOLTAIG BELT and other EXECTRUM.

I. APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days Tilal TO BELD ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, Who are suffered to the control of the Contro Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

R. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. O. P. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Coulist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street. Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes



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