Travel.

should like to tise and go Where the golden apples grow ; Where below another sky Parotislands anchored lie, And, wasched by cockatose and goats, Lonely Crusoes build their boats ; Where in sunshine reaching out Eastern cities, miles about Are with mosque and minaret Are with michaely gardens set, Among sandy gardens set, And the rich goods from near and far Hang for sale in the bazaar; Where the great wall round China goes, And on one side the desert blows. And with bell and voice and drum Cities on the other hum Where are forests hot as fire, Wide as England, tall as spire, Full of apes and cocoanuts, And the negro-hunters' huts; Where the knotty crocodile Lies and blinks in the Nile, And the red flamingo flies Hunting fish before his eyes; Where in jungles near and far Man-devouring tigers are Lying close and giving ear Lest the hunt be drawing near, Or a comer-by be seen Swinging in a palanquin; Where among the desert sands Some deserted city stands, All its children, sweep and prince, Grown to manhood ages since, Not a foot in street or house, Not a stir of child or mouse, Not a stir of child or mouse, And when kindly falls the night, In all the town no spark of light. There I'll come when I'm a man, With a camel caravan; Hunting fish before his eyes With a camel caravan; Light a fire in the gloom Of some dusty dining-room Bee the pictures on the walls Heroes, fights and festivals; And in a corner find the toys Of the old Egyptian boys.

A GORDON'S PRIDE

It was a pleasant face upon which Sir Leonard's daughter gazed-pleasant, kind, comely, with clear smiling eyes and a beautiful mouth-a face that would win trust and liking, yet would never be very warmly loved. It was essentially the face of a woman whose life had run in narrow grooves, who knew no world outside her own. If a face 18 any index to the soul, then Miss Digby's soul was a narrow onegood, kindly, but narrow. She did not look like one whose ideas were noble and gener-ous; the conventionalities of life were sufficient for her. She understood nothing beyond them ; everything uncommon was wrong. She approved of rules and measures; life was to be portioned out, certain things were to be done at certain times, originality she would consider a sin and all this Ethel Gordon, with her quick instinct, divined at a glance.

Miss Digby held out her hand with a winning, kindly smile. "I am so pleased to see you, Miss Gor-

don ! Your papa has spoken so continually of you that I was quite anxious to see you." No answering smile came over the beautiful young face.

"I am much flattered," replied Ethel, proudly; and from that moment Sir Leonard's chosen wife saw that there rould be no chance of winning the love of Sir Leonard's daughter.

"You must have had a pleasant ride," continued Miss Digby. "I have never seen Chantry Wood look more beautiful." "The woods were beautiful enough,"

renlied Ethel. "but our ride was not a

Miss Digby saw that she was treading on dangerous ground, and, like a skilful general, retreated.

Sir Leonard, observing that matters were not upon the most pleasant footing, thought it time to interfere. He came up to Miss Digby and began to talk to her. Laura asked Ethel to take a stroll among the roses, and they went away, leaving the elders alone. Miss Digby looked after them with wistful, longing eyes.

"I am airaid that Ethel does not like me," she said; and Sir Leonard detected he pain in her voice.

He turned to her and clasped her hand in his-"My dearest Helen," he said, "I have never conceased from you that Ethel has been so indulged and flattered that she is quite a spoiled obild. Frankly speaking, be is sure to dislike our arrangement : but I shall ask you to persevere in it, as it is entirely for her good."

"But if she dislikes it so very much," said the lady, slowly, "would it not be better to give it up ?" "Certainly not," replied Sir Leonard,

eagerly. "Ethel has never been contra-dicted in her whole life. It will do her

the opening blooms with a far-off look in her beautiful eyes; the glery of white and of crimson, the deep glow of the damask were lost upon her. Laura, in her turn, watched the proud, perfect face until she felt compelled to speak. "Will you gell me of what you are think-

ing, Miss Gordon ?" she asked. "Your eyes are fixed upon the roses, but you do not see them. What are you thinking about that engrosses you so entirely ?"

A smile came slowly to the beautiful lips. "I am thinking," replied Ethel, "of Miss Digby. I do not like her." "Yet she is very much loved and liked.

She is popular among all kinds of reople. "I have a theory of my own," continued Ethel, in a musing voice, "and I am a estion-learning to control and govern ourselves-that is its true end, Ethel." great believer in it.'

'Perhaps you will enlighten me?' said Laura. Ethel's frank eyes lingered for one

minute on her companion's pretty face. "I am not quite sure," she s she said, whether you will understand it."

"I will do my best," was the reply. "Tell me what your theory is." "I believe," said Ethel, "that souls

papa even now to abandon both his projects. If I cannot, then I shall never like recognize each other, as bodies do. For instance, I meet a stranger, my eyes see his features, note the shape of his face, you, and I shall even love him less.' She looked up with such scorn-with such a conviction that no punishment the color of his eyes, his height, the fashion could be greater for Sir Leonard than the loss of her love-that Miss Digby felt of his build; so I believe also that souls each other, recognize each other, take cognizance of each other's defects "You are so frank, Miss Gordon," she said, "that I cannot help admiring when I really ought to blame you. I must trust to

and virtues. My eyes saw Miss Digby's face, and I did not like it; my soul saw Miss Digby's soul, and did not like it either. What do you think of my theory, Miss Davencourt?'

value very much-your good opinion. Will you believe one thing-that while you are "Perhaps it accounts for the likes and dislikes we form without in the least know. ing why," replied Laura. "But you are prejudiced against Miss Digby; she is kind, happy." "I believe that you will try to do so; "I believe that you will fail." was the and I know that you will fail," was the ungracious answer. After which Miss amiable, and self-sacrificing." "I understand her quite as well as though I had known her for years," said Ethel. "She is one of those who model

life after a certain fashion ; she would think it wrong to act upon impulse, whereas I like impulse. I should imagine satisfied with his daughter. He had seen an expression of pain on Miss Digby's face that annoyed him. Yet he knew that the more he said to Ethel the more it affected no two people could be more different. I shall never like her."

"That is unfortunate," replied Laura quietly. "Sir Lonard's arrangement is her. "I ought to have married years ago," he no secret from us. He told mamma that he hoped to marry Miss Digby on his return said to himself, "and then Ethel would have been accustomed to obedience. It from Austria, and that in the meantime you were to stay with her."

will be difficult to manage her now." He found the task even more difficult Ethel's beautiful face grew white even than he had anticipated. Ethel had been thinking seriously, and the more she pon-dered the whole affair, the greater became to the lips, while her slender fingers played nervously with the crimson leaves of a damask rose. So it was known already that her father

her dislike to it. "I must make one more effort," she thought; "I will make one more appeal to my father. If he refuses to hear me, let it contemplated a second marriage; every one knew that she, Ethel Gordon, was to reign no longer, but must submit to the sway of a stranger. She literally could not be so; if he consents, then all the love of endure the thought, but rose hastily from my life will hardly suffice to repay him.' She was silent and thoughtful during the

man's soul.

her : he had laughed where he should have

her seat. " The roses are overpowering," she said ; remainder of the day. Sir Leonard, watch-"come away, please. I have no wish to discuss Miss Digby." And she walked down ing her, wondered as to the nature of her reflections. "Is she making up her mind to obey or

the gravel path. "We had better rejoin mamma," said Miss Davencourt, "she is alone. Sir Leonard is talking to Miss Digby. Where she going ?-I forget the name of the

place. 'To St. Ina's bay," replied Ethel.

"We were speaking of you last evening," continued Miss Davencourt. "It will be often devoted to eigars and meditation. The night was so fine, the balmy air so hard for you to give up the authority you have held so long." There was a soupcon of malice in the

smile which accompanied these words, and E thel detected it. All the pride of the the luxury of a choice Havana. Gordon's flashed in her face. No matter what she suffered the world must not know it. No man or woman living must be able to laugh because Ethel Gordon was deposed far more beautiful than the light of day.

from her sovereignty. She resolutely conuered herself. "I am not sure," she returned, "I shall be able to tell you more when the experi-

ment has been tried." Laura Davencourt looked up in surprise.

She had expected the young girl to reply dolefully, but her voice was clear, soft, and gay. Laura professed to like Miss Gordon, yet

more than once she had falt jealous of the beautiful Ethel, and rather enjoyed the prospect of seeing her deposed. But Ethel would not allow this girl to triumph over her.

children-of the fair-faced, gentle woman who was to be his second wife. There Miss Digby resolved that no effort should be wanting on her part to win Ethel's affec-tion. She could understand the girl's petcame to him as he mused a certainty-he good to find that her will is not quite abso- | ulance at her disappointment, and resolved | had loved Lady Angela, and he loved Helen

good," remarked Ethel, brusquely. "Will Ethel's untutored ways and wilful manyou explain, Miss Digby, why you say so?' The lady smiled at the petulant words ners returned to him with redoubled force. Ethel, watching his face intently, saw there no answer to her petition. She olung "I shall be in greater disgrace than ever," she said; "but, since you ask me ever," she said; "but, since you ask me frankly, I will answer you frankly. It will be for your benefit, because you are too more closely to him, and laid her hand on his.

young girl : '' no one can do more.'

Miss Digby looked at her sadly.

him to win for me some share of what l

with me 1 will do my very best to make you

CHAPTER V.

Sir Loopard Gordon was not altogether

Digby said no more.

"Do listen to me, papa. I can see my life before me, as it were, and I am frightyoung to have so heavy a charge upon you as the care and direction of Fountayne Hall. If you do it, and do it well, then ened to think of what will become of me if I am made miserable ; it is partly to save your education and culture must suffer. You cannot attend to both." myself that I am here now. I cannot cook control. I could not obey a stranger. " My education is finished," said Ethel, I could not love any one who took my dead nother's place. I could not bear constraint with great dignity. "Pardon me, it is not even begun. I and control now.' mean not the truest, brightest part of edu-

She paused one half minute, for the pas sion of her own words exhausted her. "No good would come of it, papa," she ied. "The Gordon's never bear control

"I have fulfilled my duties," argued the oried. well, and I have a sure presentiment that evil would follow. My life would be dark and "Then you will not promise even to try to like me?" dreary. For my sake give it up, and trust "No," was the lingering reply. "I am Sir Leonard took the young girl in his

very frank, Miss Digby, and it would be oruelly, false to say 'Yes.' I cannot like you. If I possibly can, I will persuade arms; he was pale and grave, as the moon-light showed him her beautiful face, wet with tears, and her lips quivering.

"Ethel," he said, with grave tenderness, "when you were a little child, if you had asked me for a sharp sword as a plaything, do you think I should have given it to you i "No" she replied, "certainly not."

"Now you ask me to place in your hands that which would be more destructive to you than a sharp sword. I cannot do it. I cannot consent to leave you alone, and I shall carry out my plans of marrying, that you may have the guidance of a good and woman.

The pride that flashed into her face seemed quickly to dry her tears. She turned haughtily away from him.

"You have refused my first petition, papa; I shall never ask another. I tell ou that evil will come of it, and I will prove to you that it would have been wiser and better to leave me alone."

' I hope you will do nothing rash, Ethel -nothing in the first impulse of anger." "I shall live to hear you say, papa, that the most unfortunate day of my life was that on which you left me in Miss Digby's charge.

Yet she never dreamed how those words were to be verified, nor in what manner they would come true.

CHAPPER VI.

From that moonlight night when her one great prayer had been refused, her wishes disregarded, her earnest supplication set aside, Ethel Gordon was completely changed. She had been gay, wilful, and defiant; she had exercised her power with a half-laughing enjoyment of it; but now all was altered. She had no tragic plans, she thought of no revenge, she did not the air of a tragedy queen, but it assume seemed as though the brightest part of her youth and beauty had faded from her.

Sir Leonard heard no more of those sweet snatches of songs which had once charmed him so completely; he heard no revolt ?" he said to himself ; but even he more the low, silvery laughter which had been the very joy of his heart. Ethel was not prepared for what she did. That same evening Sir Leonard was sit. grew grave, calm and dignified ; she went ting alone in his own study-a room that brough her duties as usual, but the laugh he should have used for the purpose of ing caprices, the repartees, the pretty, gay reading and writing, but which was more graceful whims that had seemed part of herself, were all wanting now. S'r Leonard looked at her sadly, as one might at a bright-winged bird that had been grievsweet, that he had lowered the lamps, had opened wide the long French windows, had She never resumed the subject of their

drawn two chairs together in order that he might lounge at his ease, and sat enjoying past conversation ; whatever Sir Leonard said, she listened to without comment, The moonlight fell on tree and flower, on making no reply to any of his hints about the silent fountains and deep, clear lake-moonlight so bright, so silvery, that it was the beauty of St Ina's Bay. His marriage was not as yet publicly discussed, but mos what arrangement he people who learned The dew lay like shining diamonds on grass and leaf, the night wind was laden with had made guessed at it. Ethel heard much of what was said-

the perfume of new-mown hay in the valley, of the hawthorn in the hedges. In conjectures, remarks, expressions of wonder and approval-but she uttered no word. The beautiful face and the proud heart the woods a nightingale was singing, and the faint, sweet notes fell clearly on Sir kept their own secret. She would have died a hundred deaths rather than betray Leonard's ear ; the stars were gleaming in the sky-it was one of those nights that how deeply she was wounded.

awake all the poetry in the depths of a Sir Leonard thinking her silence a good sign, grew quite courageous. He rode over every day to see Miss Digby, yet Ethel never offered the least comment on his Sir Leonard thought of many things as he sat there, of the high born Lady Angela, who had been dead so many years—of the absence. He took with him at times the beautiful, proud, imperious daughter, whom he had loved as fathers seldom love their most superb bouquets; she made no allusion to them. Once or twice he asked her to accompany him to Chantry Court; she complied ; but even there she made no sign. When Miss Digby spoke to her, she answered with perfect composure and indifference. She sought for no communication with her, and she repelled none. She was calm, her manner full of proud, with that; and now, with the graceful nonchalance, and no one knew what an aching heart it veiled. (To be continued.)

LADY ERMYNTBUDE RUSSELL. How the Daughter of the Bich Duke of Bedtord was Married.

(London Letter to Philadelphia Press.)

Since the marriage of the late Czar's daughter to the Duke of Edinburgh there has not, I am told by a lady authority, been such a wedding outfit manufactured in Europe as that prepared for Lady Ermyntrude Russell, yourgest daughter of the Dake of Bedford. The account of the nuptial ceremony reads something like that of the lovely princess in an old fashioned fairy tale. Arriving at historio West-minster Abbey in a stately out of scarlet and gold, drawn by it horses and attended Before her time, from by powdered footmen of imposing size and gorgeous livery, the bride entered the church and passed up to the choir, followed by the gaze of one of the most illustrious audiences ever assembled within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Even to the uneducated eye of man the French wedding gown was a wonderful affair of white velvet, embroidered into suffness, with real silver thread and luminous pearls, my wife, as I found that our little girl, covered by a splendid veil point upon recovery had lace and sprinkled lavishly with diamonds of superb size and purity, including a \$40,000 tiara. This wedding robe is but a "Lost!" "Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as faint hint of the prodigal magnificence of a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon the trousseau, the cost of which was fabultold. My wife, to-day, has gained her oldous, including dresses the buttons of which even were of diamonds, rubies or sapphires, timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county embroideries of beaten gold, and iron and

bronze of such marvellous workmanship as which is noted for pretty women. And I to be ranked as works of art instead of have only Hop Bitters to thank for it. dress trimmings; hundreds of pairs of shoes with buckles of precious stones. The coms of the Orient furnished their most the days of our courtship,' and that reexquisite and costly fabrics, China, India and Japan embroideries, and the only Eogminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother famers would do as I have lish product that figured in the outfit was a lace dress of Honiton, which was worn by the Duchess of Bedford on her wedding day. Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain, Marvels of the milliner's art, as well as the lingerie, composed of acres of lace, of silk BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., and of fine linen, came from the Continent t othing made in the country from which this Dake extorts his revenues being consi IS None genuine without a bunch of green lops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their dered good enough for the occasion. Of

course, these products of other lauds come in free, as all articles of blue lature come exempted from duty, though tea, cocoa, coffee and other necessaries of the poor man's breakfast table are taxed to the utmost in England. Had this money been

spent in England it would have employed a small army of needle-women, who are just now suffering for the waut of work.

But what care the pensioners of the House of Bedford? The first of the line clock or watch in its may ments; if one was paid by grants that not only outraged economy but staggered credibility. And for what? For advising and executing a oes too slew or too fast, so follow all the others, and bad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perver-sion of functional effort of all the organs is dishonorable peace with France ; for being sure to follow. Hence it is that the a willing and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all desorip-tions of his people." His possessions were stolen from their rightful owners under the threat of the gibbet at the door. It has been truly said that nothing could equal the greed of the vulture statesman, as the first Duke of Bedford was called, unless it could be the conduct of the gang of swindlers, out-throats and courtesans vaccination officer at Fordingbridge, who crowded around Napoleon III. during the period of his successful crime. England. The first Duke of Bedford was as insa

tiable as a leech, and the wealth that the present Duke lavishes in foreign countries on his daughter comes from lands originally appropriated by his ancestors and is to-day largely absorbed from the hard-working composing the painless and sure corn curepopulation of London; from wretched dwellers in tenement-houses and from districts that are filthy, notably Covent Garden, for the want of a few thousand pounds being spent upon them.

It would surpass belief in the United States were I to tell the unadorned story of on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes. how such landlords as this Duke of Bedford literally wring the money out of their tenants which they use to make these vul-gar and ostentations displays at a time when half the industrial population of England are on the verge of starvation. These dukes merely grant building lease for a certain term with very stringent con-ditions, and at the close of the term the

houses built upon the property are absorbed by the ducal owners. In this manner, and without the cost of a dollar to themselves, they cover their lands with houses. Their all kinds of pains. Nerviline is composed of newly discovered ingredients, and is property, owing to the favorable legislation equally good for internal or external use goes practically untaxed. The occupiers Purchase a ten cent sample bottle, and test pay everything—all rates, taxes; and even for the streets and roads which they make it at once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, writes My customers who have used Nerviline for these representatives of an abominable speak highly of it, and I am satisfied it will

"Maryland, My Maryland." · · · Pratty Wives. Lovely daughters and noble men." 'My faim lies in a rather low and missmatic situation, and "My wife!" " Who?" "Was a very pretty blonde ! " Twenty years ago, became " Sallow ! " " Hollow-eyed 1 " "Withered and aged !"

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uncasi

"A short time ago I purchased your very eloquently reporting the addresses which had been made. "Doctor," interrupted Mrs. Beecher, emedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it "did vou go and pay for that carpet to day ?" occurred to me that the remedy might help

C. L. JAMES.

May 26;b, 1883.)

No possessions are good, but by the good

use we make of them; without which wealth, power, friends and servants do but

Every Woman Knows Them.

Purely Vegetable.

The human body is much like a good

help to make our lives more unhappy.

name.

" Carpet ! What carpet ?" responded the

PROVIDENTIALLY PROVIDED.

Dr. Lymnn Heecher's Discovery of

Wealth Surprises and Pleases Him.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was sometime

bent-minded and forgetful, as men who

think very earnestly are apt to be. Lane Seminary was then poor, and found diffi-

oulty in adequately supporting its faculty, so that Mrs. Beecher was often sadly straightened promarily. At one time when she received a sum of money it

was the occasion of great rejoicing that it

would enable them to pay a bill for a car

pet which had been too long standing. So

she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the payment

returned from the city in high pirits and

described a missionary meeting he had attended, in which was much suthusiasm,

dosto

immediately. In the evening th

doctor. "Why, the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There.!" said the doctor feeling feebly tracket. "that accounts for it. At the missionary meeting they took up a contribution. When they came to me said I had no money to give them-wished had-at the same time feeling in my rocket, where, to my surprise, I found a rolt of bills; so I pulled it out and put it in "The dear creature just looked over my houlder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had somehow provided."-Boston Traveller.

> A long face is often the preface to a short purse.

............

LYDIA E. PINKMAM' * VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For all that aumerous class of symptoms-

* Wezknesses is common to our best

Wezzresses is common to our best TELEMATE PSPILATION.
THE MATE PSPILATION.
THE MATE PSPILATION.
THE MATE PSPILATION.
THE SAME AND THE THE WORST FORE OF 3 MALE CONPLAINTS, ALL OWNERD FORE OF 3 MALE CONPLAINTS, ALL OWNERD FORE AND FLACEERTS, AND THE CONSIGUENT STIMA.
THE SEARCH AND THE CONSIGUENT STIMA.
THE SEARCH AND EXPERIMENT ADAPTED TO CHANGE OF LIFE.
THE DISSOLVE AND EXPERIMENT, DESTROYANTS TENDERS, TO CHARGE AND EXPERIMENT, TENDERS, TO CHARGE AND ENDERS WEAK AND SEARCH AND ENDERS, FLATCHENCT, DESTROYA ALLCRAVES FOR THE AND RELEASE WEAK AND SEARCH AND INDERSTON.
THE MOVES FAINTERS, FLATCHENCT, DESTROYA ALLCRAVES FOR THE AND RELEASE WEAK AND SEARCH AND INDERSTON.
THAT PERING OF DESENS DOWN, CAUSING FLAT, DEPRESSION AND INDERSTON.
THAT PERING OF DESENS DOWN, CAUSING FLAT, WINGIT AND BACKARIEL IS AN WAYS PERMANERTAN UNIT AND BACKARIEL IS AN WAYS PERMANERTAN UNIT OF THE STANDER AND INDER ALL CHRITE STANDERS ANT FILL AND AND AND STANDER AND SEARCH WINGING OF DESENS ON THE THE LAWS TRAIN GOVERN THE PERME STAND. ON THE THE LAWS TRAIN THAT PERING OF DESENS ON THE THE LAWS TRAIN AND THE PERME STANDART AND STANDER AND THE STANDART AND BACKARIEL IS AN WAYS PERMANERTAN UNITED AND AND INDERSTON.
THAT PERING OF DESENSION.
THAT PERING OF DESENSION AND STANDART AND THE AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND THE PERING OF DESENSION.
TO THE CURE OF AND AND AND THE LEGITIELES OF STANDART AND AND AND AND AND AND THE DESENSION.
THE AND AND AND AND AND AND AND THE DESENSION.
THAT TO DOSALLY THE LOUGH OF AND AND AND THE STANDART AND AND AND AND AND AND AND THE AND AND AND AND THAN AN First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's EXTRACTOR makes no sore FD.t. loes not lay a man up for a week, but goes

Between wolves and eagles the farmers in the interior of West Virginia have been losing thousands of dollars' worth of sheep and other small stock for weeks past. Of hundreds of druggists bear wifness to the efficacy of Polson's NEBVILINE as the most potent pain remedy in the world for

> TO DEALER AND CONSUMER. We import only the finest qualities of Coffee and Spice. Our DLENDED COFFEE, sold ground and unground in 1 lb. tins, is a perfect luxury. Our 16e. fins of PURE SPICE are perform; all our goods branded "Late" heguaranteed free from adul action. DU - ' BAKING POWDER, TIS Dade polied with whole Roaster Ground Coffees in Air Sacks. or

numeruts ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system * * * * IS A POSITIVE CURE * . * . and every woman knows them-there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's " Favo-For all of those Painfel Complain's son rice Prescription," the favorite of the sex. Miss Isabella Ostes has been appointed

Pinkhards "Ginalogic Learn" will be hadred tree to Lady sendmen sharps. Efforts conforminity on swords.
 No family chould be without LYTEN ", FINKHARS, LAVER FILLS. They cure Constigntly, Schlaustees and Torpidity of the Law, Science Inc. 1999.

"She will dislike me so much for being the cause of unpleasantness to her," said Miss Digby.

"You will surely bear all that for my sake, Helen? You have promised to love me; and in the future that lies before us the only drawback I see is my daughter's dislike to all control, and the trouble that you will have with her at first."

Sir Leonard was no longer young, but he was a handsome man. The musical voice and the heautiful smile both had ther influence on the lady he loved.

"Bear that for my sake, Helen," he continued, "and there is nothing that I will not do for you in return. I will make you one of the happiest women in the world," "Do I understand perfectly what you wish me to do?" asked Miss Digby.

"I think so. Ethel has grown up without control. She has been mistress of Fountayne and everything in it since she was quite a child. I want you, Helen, to impart to her some of your sweet, womanly wave-to train her-to teach her, if possible, the beauty of submission and gentle-ness, the need of obedience. I want you, if you will, to undo the harm that I have done-to make up for my deficiencies -to give to my daughter that sweet wise, womanly learning that should have been hers years ago. Do you care encugh for me to do all this, Helen ?"

"You know that I do," she replied, simply. "It will not be a pleasant or an easy task.

You will have great difficulties, but I have faith in you, Helen, you will overcome them for my sake?"

"I promise you to do my best," she replied, with a sigh. She did most dearly love this handsome,

gallant man by her side. She looked for-ward with the keenest pleasure to passing the remainder of her life with him; but she shrank from being brought into collision

with his daughter. "It will only be for a time," continued Sir Leonard ; "Ethel has plenty of sense. She will see that it is for her own good. I know you will be patient with her, Helen. She is always full of spirits, gay, happy; there is a certain half-wilful, half-defiant frankness about her that is very charming you will grow fond of her-everybody does -and she will charm you in spite of your self.'

Miss Digby smiled, thinking that in this respect she resembled her father. "You must be firm with her," he con-

tinued. "I candidly confess that she has her own way with me, because I never could resist her caresses, her winsome manner, her graceful ways; but you, Helen, must harden your heart against her pretty wiles. You must make her go your

way, not her own." "You give me credit for great courage n asking me to undertake a task from which you recoil," she said; "but I will try to accomplish it."

He kissed her hand, thanking her in his own graceful fashion.

" I have but one regret, Helen," he said : " and it is that you should have anything that seems like a task. And a task it will be to tame that bright, wild bird of mine."

And there came to him no warning of how Ethel, his proud, beautiful daughter, would in reality be tamed.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Davencourt and Ethel wandered from the lawn to the rose garden, and there they were content to sit. Ethel watched

stiently with it. She said to her Digby ; but he could see now that the great passion of his life was the love he had felt for his daughter. There was nothing to be self that she would never resent it; that she would never reply to Ethel's bitter little speeches, but would do her best to compared win her by gentleness, by affection, and clear stars shining on him, and the fragrant night wind whispering of high and holy thoughts, it occurred to him that his love

kindness. When the two young girls appeared had been wrong. He had shown it by over-indulgence-by indulging his daughter's every whim and caprice. He had been amused where he should have punished Ethel with a proud, haughty carriage, and calm, almost scornful face, Laura flushed and somewhat discomfitted -she wondered greatly. Resolved to put her quite at her ease, Miss Digby went up to ber. "Have you been admiring the roses?" she asked, "They are considered very

scolded; he had given her all power and all authority where he should have insisted upon obedience. He saw it all now, now fine. The proud eyes looked her through the that the clear calm voice of a wise and proud lips opened slightly, and then Miss Gordon made some half-inaudible reply sensible woman had pointed it out to him; and he resolved to do all he could to atone

"Ethel," said Miss Digby, gently, "if nd passed on. you can give me a few minutes I should be so pleased. I want you to listen to someupon her compliance with his wishes. Just as Sir Leonard had reached this thing that I have to say." Ethel turned. It was no part of her point in his meditations, two white arms were clasped about his ncck, and a beauti-

duty as yet, she thought, to listen to Miss Digby. The beautiful face was a study as ful face dropped over his. "Papa," said a sweet musical voice, "I knew I should find you here, and I know she half turned round, the better to hear that you are thinking of me." "You are right, Ethel; I am always what her companion had to say.

"Ethel," repeated Miss Digby, "I wish you would learn to know me and like me." thinking of you, my darling." "Then your thoughts must be pleasant "You think the one would be the sequel ones," said the girl, with the assured voice of one who knows she is dearly loved. to the other," replied Ethel; "I do not. I have no doubt that in time I may know ou; but liking you is a different matter." She spoke so frankly so fearlessly, that She laid her face against her father's; she kissed him and caressed him in her you; loving, half tender, half imperious fashion. "I am come, papa," she said, " to make one more appeal to you-to ask you once

it was impossible not to admire her. "If I study your wishes, Ethel—if I do all I can to make you happy – surely you will like me then ?"

more if it is not possible to induce you to will like me then 7" "Not then, or ever, I think," replied Ethel. "In the first place, Miss Digby, you take my dead mother's, Lady Angela, give up these two plans-of your marriage and my going to St. Ina's Bay." "My dearest Ethel, I thought that mat lace; and you will pardon me if I say ter was settled. I am sorry that you should that, in my opinion, no one on earth is fit-ted to take that place." "It is only natural, Ethel, that you renew the subject.' She unclasped her arms from his neck, and, going round, knelt down in front of

should think so. I admire you for it. I loved my own mother after that fashion." him. Sir Leonard thought he had never seen anything so fair as her face in the "Then," interrupted Ethel, quickly, you would not have liked to see any one moonlight. "Papa, darling, I never prayed you to grant me a favor. You have been so kind and so

in your mother's place ?" "Perhaps not," admitted Miss Digby good that there has been no need for me to "But you love your father, too, Ethel. Now, if I can contribute to his happiness, ask, but I do pray you now to grant me this grace—do not think of marrying, and do not send me to St. Ina's." surely you would love me all the better for Tears were shining brightly in her beau

Ethel looked up at her with clear, dauntless eyes. "I do not think that I should," she

stranger.

"I pray you, papa, by all your love for me-by all your kindness to me. I will make it all up to you; I will give you all the love of my heart; I will replied. "Now that my mother is dead, my father's love belongs by right to me

"That is a selfish view of the matter," said Miss Digby, gently. "Sir Leonard has a right to be happy in his own way, as study your happiness in every way; I will think of nothing but you; I will learn to be most prudent, the most discreet, the most coreful of housekeepers, I will learn to be you have to be in yours."

"It is a question that we need not argue," interrupted Ethel, proudly. "If my father thinks you will add to his hapanything you wish. From the very depths of my heart I pray you, dear papa, to grant me this grace. Her voice was so carnest, her face so piness, I have no more to say; but there

is a second reason which makes the con-templation of such a marriage very diseloquent, that Sir Leonard was deeply "My dear Ethel, I really cannot accede

pleasing to me. I have been accustomed to rule in my father's house; no one has to your wish; the arrangement is made, ever disputed my sway. The servants have been accustomed to obey my orders, and frankly speaking, it will seem very hard for me to yield my authority to a and must be adhered to." "I have never knelt to ask anything from you before, papa, and if you refuse, I never

her voice trembled with emotion.

shall again. Out of the depths of my heart, with all the love and earnestness I have, I Miss Digby looked compassionately on the beautiful, imperious face, with its flashes of tenderness and defiance. "It is hard for you," she said, with grave beg of you to think again before you decide

gentleness; "but it will most certainly be for your ultimate good." "All disagreeable things are for our warnings that had been given him about roller skates.'

Best Armed Soldiers in the World.

The Turkish soldiers are armed with what is probably the finest military rifle in the world-the Peabody Martini-Henri. These guns, to the number of 600,000, were manufactured a few years ago in this coun-try, where Turkey buys nearly all of her supplies. The contract was awarded the Providence Tool Company, of Providence, R.I., and the price paid for the guns was such a good one that the Tool Company ought to have made \$1,000 000 or \$2,000, 000 out of the job. Instead of that, however, the affair was mismanaged, the company lost money, and soon afterward failed. The guns, however, were very superior weapons. They were made on the principle of the Martini-Henri rifle, with which the English troops are armed, and had an additional advantage in a pecu-liarity of the barrel invented by a man named Peabody. The cartridges were made in New Haven and Bridgeport. These guns and cartridges were used in the Russo-Turkish war, and with them the Turks, who are gallant fighters, enjoyed an im-mense advantage over the Russians, who carried the old Snyder rifle. The Snyder would not carry over 800 yards with accu-racy, whereas the Turks would open fire on Russian bat talion 1,500 yards off, which would be cut to pieces and annihilated when it got within firing distance of its foe.—New York Graphic.

The Truth About Drainage.

Certain writers for Eastern papers are denouncing drainage as being the prime cause of the scarcity of water on the farm and in the streams. One of these new lights recently said through the New York Tribune that "Farmers in 1882 expended \$5,500,000 for tile and dug nearly 53,000 miles of drain to put them in. Besides thousands of miles were laid with stones Tilemakers and theorists have created and fostered this craze, and if continued it will result in a perpetual water famine." The writer adds: "Oltentimes a wet lot or a wet patch will, on account of the wetness, tiful eyes as she raised them to him, and produce more grass than any other portion

of the farm, and by being let alone sup pies some spring which is invaluable." All these gentlemen seem to hold the idea that drains and open ditches are the same in their operation, carrying off all water almost as soon as it falls. They do not seem to understand that judicious tiling converts the soil into a spongy reservoir which readily absorbs and retains water without keeping the roots of plants soaking

in a cold bath in which no nourishment can be found.

It is said that Japanese women do not know the use of pins. This ought to cause young men to emigrate, but with the usual recklessness of the sex they will go right on bearing scratches on their wrists with martyr-like heroism.

There has always been a rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis. It crops out in revious ways. The latest is the observa-He was deeply distressed, and for a moment the possibility of acceding to her wishes occurred to him. Then the fair face of Helen Digby came before him, and the warnings that had heen given him about

em the producers or workers are mulcied in every possible way to improve the land owner's estate. In the metropoli-tan domains of the Duke of Bedtord, I have no doubt many American travellers in London have observed, there are erected

gates, which are closed at early, odd and inconvenient hours, and which are supposed to vindicate the siegneurial rights to treat some of the populous districts of London as if they were gardens. At not a few turnings stand ducal beadles ready to turn back plebeian vehicles and to bar the way against short cuts at early or late hours.

Spring House (leaning.

It is much better to clean one apart neut at a time rather than have the whole house stirred up in confusion all at ouce. Then, in case of casualties or unexpected company, there is a chance to be comfortable. There is nothing more disagreeable than to have a house all in commotion, carpets up and curtains down, and everything in disorder, and there is no need of it. It is bad enough to have one room disarranged at a time, but that is far preferable to having it stirred up from garret to cellar, and things brought into contact that were never neighbors before When the mud is well dried up and the weather warm, May air and bright sun warm the atmosphere, you can finish your house cleaning with ease. Get your whitewashing all done up, stoves clea but not set away-never do that. T There are plenty of damp, cold days all through the summer months when fires are indispensable for comfort and health, and

family huddled around the kitchen oook stove in order to get warm. It is a most preposterous fashion, this custom of taking down the stoves as soon as warm weather comes on, and common sense would dictate the folly of such a thing if one would only stop to think how many rainy, damp days come during all the summer months. A little fire would change the atmosphere of a room, and prevent mildew gathering on the walls, and be conducive to health and comfort generally In house cleaning, never lay out more work than you can accomplish with ease before dinner-it is as long as a person ever ought to devote to such hard work, and by

judiciously following this rule you can get through with as much work as if you had scrubbed one whole day and was sick the two following days to pay for it. Another thing, a woman should never do the whitevashing, or nail down carpets, or re-paper the walls: it is not their work, and it is far cheaper for a man to either hire it done or to do it himself than it is to pay doctors' bills, not to take in account th suffering and pain that is almost sure to follow such labor for a woman.

> In France " the nobility and the bour-geosie," said Cardinal Pie a few years age, give fewer and fewer of their off-pring t

our holy order, which no longer finds its sustenance save among the children of the While in Ireland the fact that people. the priests are of and from the people has been a potent source of their influence, it does not seem in France to conciliate

popular good will. The French proletariat never seems to have got over the intense hatred of the priesthood which showed itself in 1789. They regard it as the friend of an aristocracy.

The Countess of Airlie is candidate for election to the School Board of Lintrathen, Forfarshire, Scotland.

take a leading place in the market before long." Try Polson's Nerviline for pains. Sold by druggists and country dealers every. where.

The Testimony

Rev. Bidwell Lane, M.A., formerly pasfor of the M. E. Tabernacle, Balleville, late of Covington, Ky., has been transferred to Central Church, Seventh avenue, Naw York.

-The secret of the large and constant sales of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound probably lies in the fact that where-as there are many "Bitters" and "Tonics" of equal value, he it more or less, the Vag etable Compound is so completely superior to all other preparations specially recom-mended for the needs of women that it has practically no rivals.

Chas. Webster Wagner, recently sp pointed U. S. Consul to Toronto, is a Buffalo man, and a nephew of the late Webster Wagner, of sleeping car fame. His wife, an excellent and accomplished ady, is a sister of Mrs. (General) Field and Mrs. Edmund Haves, of Buffalo.

A Strong Endowment

is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is the great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bron chitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious and per manent. Sold everywhere.

The parties who stole a piano from the Church of the Messiah in Boffalo in broad daylight deserve a premium for enterprise Yet it was an easy robbery, after all When some men drove a waggon up to the church, carried out the piane and carted it way, who was to suspect them of being thieves?

* * * Premeture decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book for three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo,

A L'vely Old Empress.

I wonder how many middle-aged English matrons or maids would care to g through the programme performed one day last week by the Empress of Austria. She left the Santa Cecilia, Lord Alfred Paget's steam yacht, at Deal and walked from hence to Dover. On arriving at Dover, she went by train to Folkstone, walked back, and then rejoined the yacht, having walked no less than eighteen miles during the day. I am, of course, precluded from mentioning Her Majesty's exact age, but she was married just thirty-one years ago t is month .- London Truth.

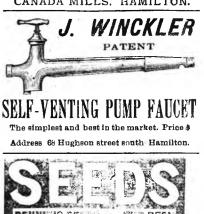
It won't be long now before the young nan's mind will turn lightly from thoughts of love to the dreary problem of how to work another spring suit out of an already too-exacting tailor.

A prominent Mormon of Salt Lake City, Orson P. Arnold, under conviction in the United States Court, pledged himself to abandon polygamy, and in consequence of the marked reformation Judge Zane let him of with the fore of \$200 off with a fine of \$300. The understanding is that he is to live with his lawful wife and contribute to the support of his left-handed family. Poor man.

Coffees in AIR 25 lb. tins.

PURE GROUND SPICES in all sized packages. W. G. DUNN & CO,

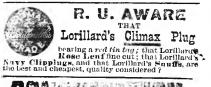
CANADA MILLS, HAMILTON.





EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. O. P. D. S. E. Lecturer on the 298. Far and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Genlist and Aurist to the Toronto General Honpital, late Olinical Assistant Royal London Ophitalmic Hospital, Moorenield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 17 Onurch Htreet. Toronto. Artificial Human Rves



CONSUCEPTION. nave positive to the thousands of cases of ding have been cured, sefficacy, that I will concern with a Vat II and the transfer with a Vat II and the transf kind and of long soutrong is my faith 0 BO FTLES FREE, tor. Give Experiet, ad F. O. address, DR. T. A. ELOCI M. 181 Pearl St., New York

