### A Daniel Come to Judgment.

It's strange as people grow older what lots of

If a Strange is prope give order that the sense they lose, And how they get full of notions, and begin to pick and choose, And start on such strange ideas, and want such queer things done — Why, what is a follow to live for, if he never can ave any fun!

answered him.

An indignant flush covered her face

will know how to appreciate her."

repaid for all the sorrow of absence.

OHAPTER VII.

"The years passed quickly," she observed, "and you will be away for only

two. Look at me, papa, so that you may

remember the last look on my face was

She did smile, poor child, with white quiv

ering lips, but the smile was far more pitiful than any tears could have been. When

again, for the home where she was no longer

was bitterly hard, after absolute power, to

be treated like a child. Passionate tears

whom she considered the chief cause of

She foresaw, with all the keen perception

uly to take it from me at las:?' Life did not seem to her, when she ros

from the place where, in the wild tempest

lugie oharm. She had loved her tather ;

he was gone from her, and when he returned it would be to marry. She had

loved her home, and her own fantastic rule

there-that, too, had passed away. Thire

rule of a strange woman. It was intoler-ably hard. She felt inclined to wish for

she must not find her weeping or sad. Ethel went to her room, and as far as she

could removed all trace of tears. She

of grief, she had flung herself, to hold

to act as mistress-wept for the power a

with a keen sense of sorrow.

She turned from him.

then and there.

smile.'

her sorrow.

that you are going, not of her.

wella

seciety."

Now there are fathers and mothers, as good as

good can be. But they fret if a boy goes coasting, for fear he'll run into a tree :

They frot if a boy goes skating, for fear he'll get

And they're sure that he'll come home broken, if he aaks to play baseball.

And as for stealing a ride as the big teams roll And as for a swim in the river, if the current be

swift or strong. Or climbing a roof on a ladder, or shinning a

good big pole-Why, they look at a boy if he tries it, as if he had got no soul

They want you to enter a parlor and how like a

They want you to enter a par.or and now like a growl-up man; They want you to move without racket—just show me the fellow who can ! To come down stairs on tiptoes just creeping as still as a mouse, And to keep things quiet and chilly as if boys never lived in a house !

When you open your eyes in the morning and

They'd like you to talk in whispers and never to rant or shout.

And empty your jacket pockets so they never would look balged out.

Then, in spite of all this nonsense, they'll look

in a fellow's eyes As if you were the ones who were foolish, and they were the ones who were wise; You'd think as people grow older, they ought to grow wiser too.

grow wiser too. But I wouldn't make such blunders in talking to boys-would you?

**AGORDON'S PRIDE** Miss Davencourt looked wonderingly at

her. After she was gone, while the spell of her beautiful presence rested on her, she said to Miss Digby-"Either I have been mistaken in my

estimate of Ethel Gordon's character, or she is very much changed." Lady Davencourt, who heard the remark,

emiled. "Rely upon it, Laura," she said, "you have been mistaken. I do not think any-

thing would ever change Ethel. She is the proudest girl I know, and nothing will ever make her less proud." "I should have imagined that she would

resent instantly any attempt at setting her | the two. authority aside," observed Laura. Miss Digby said nothing, but thought

deeply. She would almost have been better pleased if the young girl had shown some little resentment—if she had been angry or contemptuous; anything would have been better than this polished indifference, this nonchalant calm. Helen Digby never doubted in her own mind but that it covered the raging of a tempest.

Once when Sir Leonard tried to revive and wept with passionate tears for the the vexed topic, Ethel, looking at him father who would never be the same to her quietly, said-"We had better not discuss the question,

papa. What must be, must be; nothing further need be said about it. I find that words are very useless, after all." After that Sir Leonard said no more

June came round with its warmth, its sweetness of perfume, its bloom of roses and brightness of sun. One morning, quite unexpectedly, Sir Leonard received a tele-The government busiless had been hastened, and he was to leave on the morrow for Austria.

grief for her father's loss, something like a "Ethel," he said, "here is news that I reproach formed itself in her mind con did not expect. I must leave here to-morcerning his past treatment. "Wny," she thought, "has he given me my unrestrained liberty for so many years,

row." The next moment he wished he had broken the news more gently to her, for her face grew white even to the very lips. "To morrow !" she repeated. "We

"To morrow !" she repeated. "We have never been parted before. It is very sudden.'

"I am very sorry," said Sir Leonard. "I wished to take you myself to St. Ina's; that will not be possible now. I should have left you more happily if I had seen you safely there."

Ethel had recovered her calmness, but the color did not return to her face.

"Perhaps it is better as it is, papa. shall leave my old home and you at the same time. Life will never be the same again for me."

It will be happier, my darling," he interrupted ; and she remembering how soon they were to be parted, repressed the quick retort that rose to her lips. How she suffered during the remainder

again; "it is a beautiful place." Not to Miss Digby would she admit even and its tenderness deepened into gloom ; all the memory of her wrongs seemed to rush over her at once; her voice changed as she the least regret.

Change is always pleasant, I believe," "My greatest pleasure will be to hear she returned; "Fountayne is not the only beautiful place in the world." She would not say how dearly she loved from you. Ethel-to know that you are

nd happy-to know that you are learnit. How perfectly she thought it; nor how for the remainder of her life a dark cloud ing to like Miss Digby, and profiving by her would hang over it. It would no longer be her home-sacred to herself and those she he was going away, and she would not loved ; it would be desecrated by strangers. grieve him. " Try to love her, Ethel, for my sake, spoiled by the new rule her father would

and because the happiness of our household will depend upon your love. In two years bring thither. With a wistful smile Helen Digby looked at the beautiful defiant face. you will have seen so much of her that you "How am I to reach your proud heart, Ethel?" she inquired. "How am I to soften you and make you believe in my

" Papa," oried the girl, in a very anguish of sorrow, "talk to me of yourself, now sincerity ?" "I do not see that your sincerity con-"I shall be away for only two years, Ethel," he continued, "and when I come

cerns me," replied Ethel, haughtily. "Do you not think, Miss Digby, that it is time back you will let me see my hopes accom-plished. Let me flud you-more beautiful we began our preparations? You will par-don me, perhaps if I leave you." you can never be-but more patient and It was not anger that fluched the face of Helen Digby -- no feeling of anger rose in her heart against the spoiled child who gentle, more submissive---will you, darling a Correct the faults that through my carelessness have grown with your years. Let me flud you gentle, obedient, all that my resented her coming so greatly-nothing but a profound sense of pity, which moved heart desires, and then I shall be richly Will her almost to tears. Ethel's calmness did you, for my sake, promise to become this, Ethel?" not deceive her. She understood perfectly the cold exterior.

"If I could but win her liking!" she There was a brief struggle between her intense love for her father and her passionthought. But it was not to be. Ethel bade fare-

ate pride, but her pride carried the day. well to the servants, who seemed grieved You will have others to think of when and distressed at parting with her. Soe said farewell to the home where for so many you return, papa." "Yes, but none whom I love like you, years she had been beloved and happy. It was a bright afternoon when she left Foun-Ethel," he replied sadly. If either father or daughter could have foreseen what was to happen during those tayne and, unconsciously, she left the brightness and happiness of her life behind two years, it would have seemed to them

more merciful that she should have died They had a pleasant journey through the they have a pleasant journey shrough the beautiful country that lay between Foun-tayne and St. Ina's Bay. During the greater part of the time Ethel looked out of the carriage windows; it was impossi-ble, from her beautiful, cold, indifferent It was over that terrible parting which had seemed to Ethel more bitter than face, to guess the nature of her thoughts. death. Sir Leonard had delayed the fatal moment as long as he could. His daugh-At the different stations where they stopped, people looked in wonder at the lovely ter's white face and heavy eyes filled him wirl whose proud, bright eves seemed to glance at everything so calmly and indiffer-ently, whom nothing seemed to interest "I shall soon be back. my darling," he said, trying to speak lightly; and then he broke down altogether, and teare filled his eyes, and his voice died on his lips. He said no more, but held his daughter in a who received with such haughty nonchalwho received with such ladging locate ance all the admiring glauces bent on her. What were they worth? What was all the world to her, whose heart was aching with close embrace; she was then the braver of storm of pride, sorrow and love?

Ethel was not wanting in politeness to Miss Digby; she replied to all her remarks, and with quiet grace received every little attention the elder lady offered her. Helen Digby would rather have seen her augry, sullen, impatient-anything rather than so coldiv indifferent. It was useless to try to work her. Helen made no more strempts to wia her confidence. "It will come in time," she thought; "I shall only make her angry if I persevere."

than any tears could have been. When Sir Leonard was gone, her self control gave way; she flung herself on the thick grass her angry if I persevere." Ethel, preserving the calm on her face, allowed the dark, evil spirit of hatred to enter her heart; stitting there outwardly calm, her face cold and severe, her words position that were to be here no more. It few and colder still, there was a fitful volcano of wrath in her soul. She felt angry fiercely angry, with her father, Heleu D gby, and all the world besides; it was anger that could find no vent in words—that would not seek relief in speech. Yet Etnel came from her which did not soften her heart, but hardened it against the lady Gordon was naturally a noble girl, proud and generous of nature, frank, truthful, of youth, the change there would be in her and pure of soul ; but she had been badly life; and even during the first pany of trained. She had been allowed to grow up with her faults unchecked, and the after result was long years of bitter, unavailing sorrow such as fail to the lot of few.

> CHAPTER VIII. The Queen's Hotel at St. Ina's Bay was

different from other places of the kind St. Ina's itself was a pretty, picturesque town, built at the foot of oliffs almost hid den by green foliage. The broad expanse of bine water, the golden sands, the winding walks up the cliffs, the pure salt breeze, the quiet that seemed to snield the pretty was nothing before her but to submit to the town, attracted visitors-but they we peculiar kind. There were no brass bands to enliven the promenades, there was no like the change in some grand harmony. death ; but the Gordon pride came to her pier, there were no assembly-rooms or ciraid. Mins Digby was to be there by two; culating libraries with their facilities for gossip and flirtation ; St Iua's had none of those seaside attractions. The visitors who came thither were grave, elderiy dressed herseif with utusual care; she gave orders for the needful packing with a world, thoughtful men who came to study,

arms fell from him; she raised her face, | leaving Fountayne," said the gentle voice | close to those occupied by Lady Stafton. It was not an unpleasant life, but coming there at all was a mistake. Ethel was young; she had been accustomed to a life

of constant activity, to plenty of scciety, to the occupation and excitement always attending the management of a large house; now she had nothing to fall back upon, nothing to distract her thoughts, nothing to do but to muse by night and by day on the injury she imagined Helen Digby to have done her.

It was hardly the life to have obosen for a young, beautiful, gifted, imaginative girl; for once, clear, calm-judging Helen Digby had made a mistake. She would have done far better to take Ethel to some seaside resort where the world would have roused her from her morbid thought, and have restored her gayety, her animation, and her high spirits.

For the first time in her life Ethel Gordon found herself alone; for she had shunned and avoided Miss Digby 88 much as possible. She had been accustomed to the homage and atten-tion cf a large household, to the tender been love of a father who never neglected her now she was alone, with strange faces around her, strange voices in her ear. She had been accustomed to be first; everything and every one had depended on her; now it was otherwise. She had no power and no influence. No one consulted her, her opinion was never sought. Lady Stafton had given Helen Digby what she considered sound advice.

"I see exactly how matters stand," she said, "and my counsel to you is-leave the young girl alone. Your kindness must in the end make its way. With a haughty disposition like hers, the best way is to treat her with kindly indifference. The time will come when she will seek you, not you her.'

And Helen hoping it would be for the best, watched the beautiful face in silence, looking day by day for some little mark of affection, but never receiving it-hoping that all would end well, yet turning away with a shuddering dread lest evil might follo 7. It was something like hatred that Ethel

felt for the lady who was to take her place. It was hard enough to lose her father, to be away from Fountayne, but it was harder still to know that when he returned, he would belong to some one else, that he would give all the love, the care, the thought that she had valued so highly to another.

If something would but happen to prevent the marriage ! Yet she wished no particu-lar harm to Miss Digby. If by raising her fluger she could have ujured her, she would not for worlds have done so; but she longed for something to happen—something that should lower Miss Digby in her father's estimation—that should make him think less highly of her prudence and her disoretion Self-engrossed as the visitors were they

could not fail to notice the beautiful wistful face of the girl, with its listless, weary expression; she appeared so young-she was only just seventeen-yet her features had a tired look as though she had not

found life very bright. The sweet summer days glided on. Ethel and Misse Digby mot always at breakfast, which was served in the ladies' room. At first Helen Digby had made an effort to spend the days with her young charge. Ethel would not have it so; she would either retreat to her own pretty sitting room, or say distinctly that she was going out, and wished to be alone. If the place had been more frequented, Miss Digby would never have allowed the young girl to fali into the habit of wandering alone; but, as Ludy Statton said-and Miss Digby agreed with her-Ethel might walk about

the cliffs for years in St. Ina's and not meet any one. There could be no danger, and it ased her so Miss Digby did not interfere.

### CHAPTER IX.

It was a warm beautiful evening : the sea breeze swept over the pine-woods, and mugled with the perfume of the flowers; the waves broke and spread out in great sheets of white foam - they rose and fell The sun shone over the sea until it resem bled a sheet of heaving, restless, glittering golà.

On the lawn of the hotel the visitors were standing or sitting in little groups-some watching the shining sea, others, despite the beauty of earth and sky, deeply engroesed in books, others in conversation.

"If she were-if her eves were lighted up and her lips smiled-she would be simply irresistible. What can make her look so sad? At her age she ought to be all smiles

and blashes." Once he saw the two ludies near her address her. She raised her eyes, but no light came into them, and when she had replied to the questions asked, they turned again toward the lake.

"Those are her friends, and she does not like them-she is not happy with them," was his second comment.

Then he watched her again, until the evening began to close around them, and the three ladies went in. "I shall never rest till I know who she

is and all about her," he said to himself. "I hardly like to own such a thing-I who have seen some of the loveliest girls in England, and cared for none of them-but I believe, honestly, I am in love at last.

He laughed to himself, and, though his mouth was handsome, that laugh was not pleasant to hear.

# (To be continued.)

### SIR PETER LUMSDEN.

flow He Gained Valuable Information Disguised as a fioly Man.

One of the members of the English Lega on at Washington furnishes some interest ing gossip regarding General Sir Peter Lumsden, of whom the papers speak daily by reason of his relations to the Anglo-Russian boundary question in Central Asia

"From his youth," said this gentleman, Lumsden has been a man of war. He first saw it in the service of the East India Company, and distinguished himself as a youngster in the terrible meeting of 1857. Having talent for Hindustani dialects he studied them patiently and carefully. In this way Gen. Lumsden acquired a know-

ledge of the sentiments and character of the rank and file of the Indian Army, so that his service in the country has been sim ply invaluable. When Sir Frederick Robert was on his way to Candahar a few years ago it was of the utmost consequence that he should have some accurate knowledge of

the route, and the forces likely to oppose him in the mountain passes. This infor-mation Sir Peter Lumsden, in his own time and way, volunteered to obtain. Three days elapsed and he had not returned, and General Roberts began to be seriously concerned for the safety of his daring staff officer, and finally thought he had been murdered. The General was

had been murdered. The General was sitting in his tent late on the afternoon of the fourth day when a dakir, or holy man suddenly appeared, riding furiously down the mountain side, and wanted to pass the sentinel, who was a grim old Highlander. The sacred man was an extraordinary-looking creature, and the reverse of saintly as he appeared to European eyes. He was almost naked, the garment he wore being a pair of dirty trousers made of goatskin. His hair nearly reached to his waist as it hung down his shoulders and back, and the lean, brawny arms were covered with a paste made of sandalwood ashes mixed with castor oil, a decoction of peculiar sanctity and a powerful smell. A nosegay of sandalwood, consisting of ninety-nine beans, completed the equipment of this wonderful object. The man dismounted from his beast, whose heaving flanks told of hard riding, and in a dialect of Pushtoo or Afghan asked to see the head sahib. The Highlander did not understand and motioned Lim back. Just then General Roberts came out, and, &ceping a wary eye on his visitor, asked him in Hindustani what he wanted. The visitor, in barbarous jargon, made the general understand that he desired an interview. When they were alone the dakir said : "Don's you know me?" It was Lumsden, whose disguise, dirt, wig and all, had been so complete as to be even unsurproted to a man whose intimate friend he had been for ten years.

"Knowing how superstituous the Afghans are, Lumsden had selected a disguise they would not readily question, for they are dreadfully afraid of offending those holy holy men whose superior sanotity is indicated by a degree of dirtiness that is appalling to the civilized mind. He knew the dialect of the class he represented perfectly, and its religious stock in trade in quotations from the Koran, so whenever he approached au

Curious Injucies to the Submarine Cable. Atghan encampment he dashed fearlessly up to it, yeiling: 'Fah allah Mahomued The sunfish has repeatedly injured the submarine cable between Portugal and Brazil and along the east coast of South resoul allah,' the mystic words of the faithful, and, though questioned pretty sharply America. Splinters of bone have been once or twice, his identity was never sus found thrust into the cable through the The information he obtained several coverings so deep as to affect the electric wires. A small species of marine abled Candahar to be captured, and made

Home Items and Topics.

# -"All your own fault If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never-Fail. The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid cap use hop bitters with

It Is Not Disputed

That NERVILINE, the new pain remedy, is a good article. Some indeed claim that the

old fashioned preparations are just as good, out any sufferer can satisfy himself by

xpending ten cents on a sample bottle of Pelson's Nerviine, that nothing sold can qual it for internal, local or external pains.

Always speedy in effect, prompt and cer-ain in every cure. H. S. Webber, Orange-

There are with Sir Peter Lumsden 1,400

men, of whom 500 men are professional soldiers. The remainder are native ser-

vants and camp followers of all descriptions

"The leprous distilment, whose effect

Holds such au enmity with blood of man,

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

and causes the skin to become "barked

about, most lazarlike, with vile and loath

some crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote

for which is to cleanse and regulate the

A hail storm at Corsicana, Texas, a week

or two ago dropped hailstones that are

were showered around town promisenously. A local paper thinks that " in compatition

with other States" Texas could do even

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

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No family should be without LYDIA Firkeras ( IVER F.I.J. They cure Construction Billion and IVER F.I.J. They cure Construction Billiousness Cal Torpidity of the Liver. Socium per now,

TO DEALER AND CONSUMER

We import only the finest

Oui DENDED COFFEE, sold

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Coffee and Spice.

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better than this.

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day.

eafety and great good. --- O d men tottering around from Rheu matism, sidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using boy bitters. ville, writes: "My customers speak very highly of Nervilne as a remedy for tooth-ache and neuralgia." All druggists and country dealers sell Nervilne. Try it to-

IS My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and 1 ecommend them to my people.-Metho-

dist Clergyman. Ask any good doctor if hop Ritters are not the bess family medicine On earth !!!

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will ave every neighborhood as soon as hop

oitters arrive. My mother drove the paralysis and euralgia all out of her system with hop

bitters."-Ed. Oswego Sun. S Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness. -Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop

bitters in each draught. -The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters [] ]

(-"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles insident Thereto."

uver-an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." "The best periodical for ladies to take nonthly, and from which they will receive declared to have weighed nearly twelve ounces, and wild geese and small birds

the greatest benefit, is hop bitters." ---Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing Mothers with sickly, children, will oure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily. -Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

-Indigestion, weak stomach, irregulari ties of the bowels, canpot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely \* \* \* use of hop Bittere will keep a whole family In robust healtu a year at little cost. -To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop

bitters on retiring. lops on the white label. Shun all the

## WOMEN WHO PLAY POKER.

Story From Washington Which May Make the Hair Stand on Knd.

The craze for playing poker has broken out among fashionable ladies in Washing-ton. The doings of the Army Poker Club, where the lives and reputation of so many officers have been blasted, are a matter of general knowledge and gossip, but during Lent, when it was so wicked to dance, the tair dames have consoled themselves with the clatter of the chips and the excitement of "the draw." It is stated that one young society belle recently lost over \$200 at five sittings. This is quite a large sum in a game where betting above 25 cents was IT WILL CURE ENTIRELT THE WORST FORM OF FAMALE COMPLEMENTS, ALL OYAMAAN THOUBLE, " FLAMMATION AND ULGERATION. FALLING AND L FLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WT: NESS, AND IN FARTYOULARLY ADAPTED TO THE NESS, AND IN FARTYOULARLY ADAPTED TO THE "HIT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL THMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STACE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE THEORY TO CANCEROUS IN LOOK THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDLIN BY THAT USE. "IT RUMOUTS FLUCTURES LLOATING, ILEAD ACTER, NEW OF STATION, CREERAL DEBILT, DEPLOSING AND INTERESTION." "THAT FREING OF BEARING DOWN, CATERING THE WINDER AND INTERSTON." "THAT FREING OF BEARING DOWN, CATERING THE WINDIT AND BACKACHU, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTL? CURED BY ITS USE." "IT WILL AT ALL THNS AND UNDER ALL CHECTER STANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS TELS GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM." prohibited. The favorite game among the young ladies, however, is the "pany ante 5 cent limit." This is almost exclusively confined to ladies who have only a limited and moderate amount of pin money each week, but there is said to be a heap of fun for the spectators. Very few gentlemen are admitted to this game. A much more refined and respectable form of amusement has been respectable form of amusement has been established for their enjoyment. The poker parties, where both sexes play, do not use vulgar chips or still more vulgar money; that would be carrying the thing too far. Elaborate and costly favors are provided-paid for, of course, by the gentlemen-and then the entire party site down to the game of "freeze out." This is a very popular and entertaining style of amusement, and is played quite exten-sively. Some of the lady players have pecome adepts at the game. One of the most demure looking young misses in town recently defeated an "old stager" at a party given at a certain fashionable resideuce, and when, a few evenings later, he

came back for his revenge, she won enough

kid gloves to last her a year.-Washington

Letter in Boston Traveller.

of that day no one ever guessed ; the love, the pride, the sorrow that warred in her soul, the struggle between her love for her father, her grief at losing him, and the angry pride that forbade any expression of love or grief-her hatred of the fairfaued, gentle lady who was to take her dead mother's place-her natural sorrow and reluctance at parting with her old home, and laving down the grown she had

worn so long-all rushed over her at once. She had a long and bitter sorrow before her. She had to carry a burden that would have broken the heart of most women-she had a future before her from which the strongest heart might have shrunk in dismay and sorrow. But in that sad after-life there was perhaps no day except one in which she suffered so terribly as she did now.

Sir Leonard was busily occupied; he had arrangements to make with his lawyer and his steward. The household was to be kept on as usual-none of the servants were to be parted with. The housekeeper was left in authority during the summer months, and the servants were told that in the autumn Miss Digby would return with Miss Gordon, and that from that time all authority must be considered as vested in the former's hands. There was som + little murmuring—some little demur—bat no one dared to utter a word.

It was evening when Sir Leonard rode away to Chantry Court.

"I shall make all arrangements for you, Ethel," he said, "and I have no doubt Miss Digby will wish you to join her to-mor-

Her love for her father repressed the angry words which rose to her lips. She raised her colorless face to his.

"Do not think of me, rapa," entreated; "think only of yourself." kissed the sweet, pale face. "My darling Ethel," he said, "I did not

know how dearly I loved you until now. I thank Heaven that I can leave you in such excellent care."

He

She made no reply. "I shall not have one minute's fear for you, Ethel," he continued. "Under my charge, you might perhaps have committed some girlish imprudence, but under Miss Digby's that will be impossible. I have no hesitancy and no fear.'

He could not have spoken more unfortunate words, for they returned to her in the hour when the most subtle of temptations was before her, and they turned the scale against her.

It was late when Sir Leonard returned. but she was waiting for him. He looked

urea and paie, careworn and fatigued. "I did not think you would sit up for .ae, my darling," he said to Ethel. "I have made all arrangements for you, and you will be happy, I am sure. I have told Mr. Smithson that he is to make Smithson that he is to make you an ample allowance for your own expenses, so that you will not be short of money ; you can have more at any time by writing to

She clasped her arms round his neck, and hid her white face on his breast.

"Do not talk to me about money, papa," she said ; "all the money in the world could not compensate me for one hour of

your absence." "Miss Digby will drive over here to morrow afternoon," he observed, "and you will start at four for St. Ina's. Heaven bless my darling, and make her happy there !

At the sound of Miss Digby's name her

gave orders for the needful packing with a calm, clear, steady voice, and then sat kown to await Miss D.gby's arrival. "Henceforward," she said to herself, "I am to be second in my father's house. A stanger takes my mother's place as well as mine. She will triumph over me; she will than St. Ina's Bay. If any one wished, for any reason whateoever, to find seclusion laugh to think how easily she has deposed me; but, suffer as I may, uo sign of my suffering shall she discover."

When Helen Digby arrived soon after ward, full of sympathy and kindness, ready to give all the attention and affection that she thought would be needed, her reception rather startled her. She would not allow

any one to announce her. "Tell me where Miss Gordon is," she

"Tell me where miss Gordon 18," she said, "and I will go to her. She walked through the splendid suite of rooms where she one day was to reign as mistress. She found Ethel sitting in one of the pretty light balconies that looked on to the terrace. She went gently to her, and laid her hand with a quiet, caressing touch

on the girl's shoulder. "My dearest Ethel," she said, "I have hastened to you knowing that you would be so lonely and unnappy, What can I do to somfort you ?''

Her eyes shone brightly through her toars; her whole face was beautiful from its warmth and kludness. She saw the orimson flush rise on Ethel's prow. She would tain have taken the sirtin her kind arms and kiesed her face, but Equel rose with quiet "Good-morning, Miss Digby; I did not

expect you so soon." "I feared you might be lonely, Ethel, so

I hastened to you." "Thank you," was the dignified reply.

" I shall feet lonely until papa returns, and

no one can comfort me." But Miss Digby was not to be repulsed easily; she sat down by Ethel's side, and would not notice the girl's shrinking from her.

"I hope that the plan of going to St. Ina's to day pleases you, Ethel," she said, gently; "I suggested it to Sir Leonard because I thought the sconer you left Fountayne the better. Can I do anything to help you to pack or prepare for the journey?"

"My maid has done that already, I thank you," returned Ethel. "Is there nothing I can do to make you

happier--to lessen your sorrow--to make the time pass more cheerfully ?" "Nothing, I thank you," was the chill-

But Miss Digby was not to be daunted. Some would have turned from the cold, averted face, and have left Ethel to herself -not so Helen-she was faithful to her

trust. "I wish, Ethel," she said, "that I had the gift of elequence. I should like to tell you some of the thoughts that are passing through my mind-how anxious I am for your happiness and welfare, how gravely I look upon the precious charge that your father has entrusted to me, how ready ] am to wait upon you, to render you every service in my power by night or day-

indeed to devote my time, my thoughts, all to you.' "I thank you," responded Ethel, still

more coldly. It was hard to resist such kindness, but

the woman who offered it was one who intended to usurp her place in her father's heart and home. She would have suffered anything rather than allow Helen Digby

to be, as it were, out of the world-the only thing needful was to visit St. Ina's Bay. No newspaper with its tell tale column of visitors, was ever published there. People weeks or months, and then away, and no one, perhaps, except the mistress of the house where they had been staying, ever they had been staying, ever

knew their names. The Queen's Hotel had once been St. Ina's Hall, the residence of a wealthy gentleman, who at his death left orders that it tleman, who at his death lett orders that it should be sold, and the proceeds from the sale divided among the London hospitals. It was purchased by a company, who decided to transform it into a first-class hotel. It was a grand old mansion, standing in the midst of fine grounds. There were a small pine-wood which ran down to the sea, and a broad, deep lake with waterlilles floating on its calm preast; there were groves formed by blossoming lime-trees, and large cedars, the shade of which formed a most beautiful summer retreat: there were ploturesque paths under the trees, where flowers grew in richest abundance; bleeping. there were graceful foundance, bleeping. there were graceful fountains, the silvery spray of which rose high amiu the dark-

green foliage. The Queen's Hotel was one of the fairest homes in England, but as a commercial speculation it had completely failed. The company had offered it several times for sale, but no one seemed to care in the least about buying it; so that from year to year it struggled on, sometimes paying its expenses, but more often leaving a deficiency for the company to meet. Some of the shareholders had suggested building a pier and a library; others declared that it was useless "to throw good money after bad."

Notwithstanding this commercial drawback, the Queen's Hotel was a favorite resort with those who wished for quiet and repose. Miss Digby had chosen it because her most intimate friend, Lady Stafton, was staying there. To those who cared only for a beautiful sea, picturesque scenery, pure, bracing air, and quiet, it was the fluest spot in England. Those who wished for society would find none there. The rooms were large and lofty, the corridors broad and light; the hotel, as a

whole, was quiet and peaceful as any gen tleman's house. Ethel could not help liking the aspect of the place, although the silence and loneliness somewhat dismayed "I thought," she said to Miss Digby,

"that hotels were always full of people: this seems quite empty." "It was for that reason that I selected

it," replied the elder lady. "I have been here several times, and have enjoyed as much privacy as though I had been in my own home. I hope you will not dislike the crist fabel." quiet, Ethel." "It is a matter of but little moment to

me-all places are alike," returned Miss G.rdon. Yet, after a few days, she found the life

not unpleasant. Miss Digby left ber very much to her own devices. She had wished, at first, that they should share the same rooms; but Ethel's manner convinced her

Miss Digby was with Lady Stafton were watching the waves, and Ethel sat near them, the fairest picture on which

the sun shone. The evening was warm, and she wore a white dress of some shiring material, richly trimmed with gold fringe -a fantastic dress; but Ethel was an artist in dress as in everything else. The dress way fystened round the slender wayst came to St. Lua's, remained there for a tew | by a gold band, and fell in graceful folds to

> The luxuriant waves of rich brown hair were loosely arranged—they were gathered back from the fair brow, and fastened with The Royal gun factories concist of forges a golden arrow; a rose lay in their sunny depths. No fairer picture was ever conceived by an artist, or set forth by a poet. Ethel was not joining in the conversation -her eyes lingered on the golden, glittering sea. She was wishing that she was far away over the restlers waters-that she was in any other place and with any other people. Those who passed near her wondered at the listless expression of the beau-tiful young face. Her folded hands lay stul But for the faint stir in the leaves of the red rose, as it rose and fell with each breath, one might have fancied her

watched by a pair of dark eyes that belonged to a handsome debonhair face.

belonged to a handsome *acconnair* face. That same evening had brought a stranger to the Queen's Hotel who wrote his name L urie Nugent, E. q., and who seemed to have a well-filled purse, and was on that account made very welcome by the mana-ger and his satelites. Mr. Nugent had declined to enter the drawing-room, where most of the guests were dining, but he had ordered a recherche little repast to be served to him in his own room. Then he asked to look at the visitors' book ; the manager, with a low bow, showed it to him.

"Shall you have many more guests this season, do you think?" asked Mr. Nugent,

with a careless smile. No, the manager feared not. They had been pretty fortunate in May; in June they had had very few; July, still fewer; and it was seldom that any came in August. A satisfied expression came over the hand-

some face. "I think it is very probable," said Mr. Nugent, "that if I like the place, I may remain here for some little time."

The manager was pleased to hear it paid great attention to the wines selected for the stranger's dinner, and told him how pleasantly the evenings could be spent in the grounds. Mr. Nugent went thither; he looked indifferently on the clear waters and the blue sky, but a sudden fire flashed in his eyes as they fell upon the features of Ethel Gordon sitting under the lime-

"What a beautiful girl!" he thought to

himself. "Who is she?" He stood still and watched her with

charmed eyes. He noticed the proud car-riage of the rich brown head, the superb beauty of the girlish face, the grace and

symmetry of the perfect figure. "Who is she?" he repeated. "And what

can she be doing here ?" Still watching her intently he noted how indifferent she was to everything around her-how motionless she sat, her eyes never for one moment leaving the great expanse of water. He noted the tired, listless heart and home. She would have suffered anything rather than allow Helen Digby to note her pain. "I do not wonder that you should regret Miss Digby. Miss Digby's rooms were

Thev the campaign the most successful one even made amid those bleak mountains, so often fatal to Eugland's arms. For this dis-tinguished service Gen. Lumsden was, in July, 1881, commissioned a major general of the Bengal staff, and given a large grant of money, amounting to about \$100,000 This is the man on whose report and judg-ment, above all others, rest the chances of a war that may change the entire map of Central Asia."

#### The British Gun Factories

smith's shop, rolling mills, pattern shop brass and iron foundry, gun-boring mill tool rooms, turneries, lighting-room, field gun section, engine repairing shop, with other branches. In these various depart-ments are at work some 600 machines lathes, and boring machines, drilling ma chines, and boring machines, drining ma-chines, other machines for rifling, planing, slotting, shaping, milling, screwing, lopping, and wheel outting. Twenty weighing machines record and regulate the produc tion ; two circular saws are at work, 240 vises are waiting to grip anything they can Kingston. get hold of. Then 54 furnaces continually

do blow, with the aid of six blowing fans, while there is engine power to the extent of English people are drinking more beer and less spirit. The revenue is less this year by \$1,300,000. Beer pays a light tax as

700 horses, and boiler power to a much greater extent. Aud the factories can produce 6,000 tons of guns, from the light mountain howitzer to be carried on the back of a mule to the latest Woolwich infant of 80 tons or more. At the head of the factories are two or more artillery officers, while the general 'staff consists of 24 clerks, draughtemen, and timekeepers, 24 foremen, 386 artificers, and 571 laborers and poys; while as for total annual cost the guns take in round numbers a quarter

of a million from the annual estimates. -All the Year Round.

The mappy Land of Japan.

There is a remarkable absence of pauperism in this country. The rich men are few and far between-that is, couffing riches as we count them in America-but a man with an income of \$1,000 a year is man with an informe of gloud a year is considered a wealthy man, and a peasant or farmer who has \$100 laid by for "a rainy day" is ranked almost among the capitalists of his district. In all the empire it is estimated that there are less than ten

thousand paupers – a wonderful record for a population of 37,000,000. Not to make comparisons – which Mrs. Partington says are "odorous"-I suppose you have at least ten thousand paupers in Illinois. Perhaps your readers will begin to think I am failing into the habit-a habit as old as

the days of Shakspeare-of travellers who praise everything in foreign lands and depreciate everything in their own. There is a tendency in that direction when one compares the social life, the happiness and contentment of all classes here with the relative conditions which prevail in Ame-

rica. I am not opposed to missions or missionaries, but I honestly believe that enlightened Japanese missionaries could do much good in America .- Tokio Letter in Chicago News.

While demolishing an old chimney in Otsego county, New York, recently, work-men found \$97 in Continental money dated 1776 and 1777. The printing of the notes was perfectly legible, and in general they were in good condition. The package con sisted of one \$40 bill, two \$20 bills, one \$8,

animal also appears to devote its special attention toward boring and destroying cables. A short time ago the cable in the ground and unground in 1 lb. tins, is a perfect luxury. Persian Gulf ceased to work. Examination was made, and it was found that are perfection; all our goods branded " re" seguaranteed whale, which was entangled in the cable had broken it. The animal was covered over with parasites, and in its efforts to free from adul ... tion. free itself of them by rubbing its body against the cable the cable was broken, and DUC'S BAKING POWDER, is "Th. Access Best Friend." one of the ends then coiled around the whale in such a way that it was unable to free itself, and suffocated.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acher Why, of course, by using PUTNAM'S COBN EXTRACTOR. Putnam's Painless Corn Ex trautur has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imita tors, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors

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all sized packages, W. G. DUNN & CO.,

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compared with liquor.

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It's no secret that Dr. Pierce's Compound filustrated Catalogue for 1885 Extract of Smart-Weed is composed of best genuine French Brandy, distilled Extract of Smart-Weed aud Jamaica FIELD, GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS iled free, Every Farmer and Gardener 'e a copy before ordering seeds for the handsomest catalogue multished in Ginger Root, with Camphor Essence, and constitutes, therefore, the best remedy yet WM RENNLE TORONTO. known for colie or oramps, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dystentary or bloody flux, or to CONSUMPTIO break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. 50 cents. By druggists.

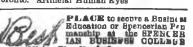
iste i publivorennedy for the above diseas; by is thou what of cases of the worst kind and of one ding have been cured. ludeed, so strong a put faith a sefficacy. that I will send TWO BOTTLES PERE, to-ar with a VALUABLE TIRATISE on this disease, andferer. Give Kayrest and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Puarl St., New York Charles O'Connor is said to have enunci

ated the principle that "a reporter should get all the news he can and give it to the world, but a lawyer should get all the news he can and keep it to himself."

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kiudred weaknesses should send three letter stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means ot cure. Address World's Medical Associa tion, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. Von Schluembach, "the German Moody," is journeying in the Southern States.

"Sanitate! Sanitate !" is the paroxys nal but timely editorial outory of the Memphis Appeal. Even after Middleton's expedition reaches



R. U. AWARL THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug hearing ard that Lorillard's Southers are the best and chapes, and that Lorillard's Souther, are the best and chapes, duality considered? DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. B. C.P.

S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Conlist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Olinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Kar Hospital. 17 Church Street. Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

Prince Albert. It is reported in London that a branch of Delmonico's celebrated restaurant is to be phortly opened in that city Detro Mich Otreulers free

Batoche's, he will still be 43 miles from Prince Albert.