The Farmer's Seventy Years

- Ah! there he is, lad, at the plough;
 He beats the boys for work,
 And whatsoe or the task might be
 None ever saw him shirk.
 And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
 Run o'er with mirthful tears,
 And sing full many an old-time song,
 In spite of seventy years.
- "Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock;
 Time for a half-hour's rest,"
 And farmer John took out his lunch
 And ate it with a zest.
 "A harder 'ask it is," said he,
 "Than following up these steers,
 Or mending fences, far, for me
 To feel my seventy years.

- "You ask me why I feel so young,
 I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
 But think it is my good wife's fault,
 Who kept me up so well;
 For women such as she are scarce
 In this poor vale of tears;
 She's given me love and hope and strength
 For more than forty years.

- "And then my boys have all done well,
 As far as they have gone,
 And that thing warms an old man's blood
 And helps him up and on;
 My girls have never caused a pang,
- Or raised up anxious fears; Then wonder not that I feel young And hale at seventy years.
- " Why don't my good boys do my work And let me sit and rest? Ah! frienos, that wouldn't do for me;
- Ah! frien.s, that wouldn't do lor me I like my own way best. They have their duty; I have mine, And till the end appears I mean to smell the soil, my friends," Said the man of seventy years.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

THE MANSE AT ROWAN-GLEN.

Weary I am, and all so fair, Longing to clasp a hand; For thou art very far, sweet love, From my mountain land.

Dear are the clouds yon giant bens Fold o'er their rugged breasts, Grandly their straggling skirts lift up Over the snow-flecked crests.

Dear are the hill-side glooms and gleams, Their varied purple hew, This opal sky, with distant peak Catching its tender blue.

Dear are the thousand streams that sing Dear are the thousand.

Down to the sunny sea.

But dearer to my longing heart

Were one bright hour with thee

Helen Marion Burnside,

It was towards evening, at the close of a lovely September day, that a rough equippage laden with luggage, with a black retriever gamboling joyously beside it crept rather slowly down the long lovely road by the Deeside leading to Rowan-Glen, one of those rare gems of Highland scenery that are set so ruggedly in the Cairngorm moun-

Fay had just sheltered her sleeping baby from the rays of the setting sun; and sat wearily in the jolting carriage, trying to her eyes.

There were the grounds and preserves of Moncrieff, with their lovely fringes of dark pine trees and silvery birches. and a further on the wicket that led down to the falls or linn of Rowan-

By and by came a few low cottages built of grey stone, and thatched with heather fastened down with a rough net work of ropes. One or two of them were covered with honeysuckle and clematis, and had tiny gardens filled with vegetables and flowers, pinks and roses mingling in confusion with gooseberry bushes and cabbages.

A narrow planked passage ran through the cottages, with a door at the other end opening on to a small field, with the usual cow house, peat and straw stacks, and a little shed inhabited by a few scraggy cocks and hens which with "taa coo" herself are the household property of all, even the poorest, of the Highland peasants.

Fay looked eagerly past them, and for a moment forgot her trouble and weariness; for there, in the distance, as they turned the corner, stretched the long irregular range of the Cairngorm mountains, with the dark shadow of the Forest of Mar at their base: while to the right, far above the lesser and more fertile hills, rose the snowy heads of those stately patriarchs—Ben-muich-dhui and Ben-na-bourd.

Oh, those glorious Highland mountains, with their rugged peaks, against which the fretted clouds "get wrecked and go to pieces." What a glory, what a miracle they ously blended; now changing like an opal of wordrous color so softly, so harmoniously blended; now changing like an opal of the master's supports the fire to undress.

Jean helped ray unpack a few necessary and the went down to warm the porridge for her master's support; but he English clergyman had established himself, though many a pair of laughing eyes grew a little sad and wistful when they rested on the grave, abstracted face of the himself. with every cloud that sails over them, and now with deep violet shadows hunting their bed. hollows, sunny breaks and flecks, and long glowing stretches of heather. Well has Jean Ingelow sung of them:

"... White raiment, the ghostly capes that
screen them.
Of the storm winds that beat them, their thunder
rent- and scare,
And the paradise of purple, and the golden slopes
atween them;"

for surely there could not be a

grander or fairer scene on God's earth than this. A moment later the vehicle stopped

and came round to the window "Yonder's t' manse. Will I carry in the boxes for the leddy?"

"No, no, wait a moment," replied Fay,

hurriedly. "I must see if Mrs. Duncan be at home. Will you help me out?" for her imbs were trembling under her, and the weight of the baby was too much for her exhausted strength. She felt as though she could never get to the end of the steep little garden, or reach the stone porch. Yes; it was the same old grey house she remem-bered, with the small diamond-paned windows twinkling in the sunshine; and as she toiled up the narrow path, with Nero barking delightedly round her, the door opened, and a little old lady with a white hood drawn over her white curls, and a gardening basket on her arm, stepped out into

Fay gave a little cry when she saw her. "Oh, Mrs. Duncan," she said; and she and the baby together seemed to totter and collapse in the little old lady's

'Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the star-"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the star-tled woman; then, as her basket and scissors rolled to the ground, "Jean, lass, where are you? here are two bairns, and one of them looks fit to faint—ay, why, it is never our dear little Miss Mordaunt? Why, my bairn—" But at this moment a red-haired, freckled woman, with a pleasant, weather beaten face, quietly lifted the mother and child, and carried them into a dusky little parlor; and in another minute Fay found herself lying on a couch, and the baby crying lustily in Jean's arms, while the little old lady was bathing her face with some cold, fragrant water, with the tears rolling down

" Ay, my bonnie woman," she said, " you the big doggie, too, that would be after | sort of lull had come to her. She ceased to licking your face—and for all he knows you are better now—like a Christian. Run away, Jean, and warm a sup of milk for the bairn, and maybe his mother would like a cup of tea and a freshly-baked scone. There, give me the baby, and I'll hold him while you are gone."

"There's Andrew bringing in a heap of boxes," observed Jean, stolidly: "will he be setting them down in the porch? for we must not wake the minister."

"Ay, ay," returned Mrs Duncan, in a bewildered tone; but she hardly took in the sense of Jean's speech—she was rocking the baby in her old arms and looking at the pretty, white, sunken face that lay on the chintz cushion. Of course it was little Miss Mordaunt, but what did it mean-

what could it all mean?
"Mrs. Duncan," whispered Fay, as she raised herself on her pillow, "I have come to you because I am so unhappy, and I had

have no other friend. I am married, and this is my baby, and my husband does not want me, and in feed it would have killed me to stop with him, and I have come to you, and he must not find me, and you must take care of baby and me," and here her tears burst out, and she clung round the old lady's neck, "I have money, and I can pay the minister; and I am so fond of you both

-do let me stay."
"Whisht, whisht, my dearie," returned Mrs. Duncan, wiping her own eyes and Fay's. "Of course you shall bide with me; would either Donald or I turn out the shorn lamb to face the tempest? Married, my bairn; why you look only fit for a cot yourself; and with a bairn of your own, too. And to think that any man could ill-use a creature like that," half to herself; but Fay drooped her head as she heard her. Mrs. Duncan thought Hugh was cruel her, and that she had fled from his ill. treatment, and she dare not contradict this

band," continued Fay, with an agitation that still further misled Mrs. Duncan. "I should have died if I had stopped with him; but I ran away, and I knew he would never find me here. I have money enough—ah, plenty—so you will not be put to expense. You may take care of my purse; and I have more-a great deal more:" and Fav held out to the dazzled eyes of the old lady a purse full of bank notes and glittering gold es, which seemed riches itself to her

Highland simplicity.

"Ay, and just look at the diamonds and emeralds on your fingers, my dearie; your man must have plenty of this world's goods. What do they call him, my bairn, and where does he live?" But Fay skilfully fenced these questions. She called herself Mrs. St. Clair, she said, and her husband was a landed proprieter, and lived in one of the midland counties in England; and then she turne | Mrs. Duncan's attention by asking her if she and baby might have the room her father slept in. Then Jean brought in the tea and buttered scones, and the milk for the baby; and while Mrs. Duncan fed him, she told Fay about her own

For the kind, white-headed minister, whom Fay remembered, was lying now in his last illness; and he had had two strokes of paralysis, and the third would carry him off, the doctor said.

"One blessing is, my Donald does not suffer," continued Mrs. Duncan, with a quiver of her lip; "he is quite helpless, poor man, and cannot stir himself, and Jean lifts him up as though he were a baby; but he sleeps most of his time, and when he is awake he never troubles—he just talks about the old time when he brought me first to the manse; and sometimes he fancies Robbie and Elsie are pulling flowers in the garden—and no doubt they are—the from the rays of the setting sun; and sat wearily in the jolting carriage, trying to recall all the familiar landmarks that greeted and lilies there, such as Solomon talked

about in the Canticles."

"And who takes the duty for Mr. Duncan?" asked Fay, who was much dis-tressed to hear this account of her kind old gate friend.

"Well, our nephew, Fergus, rides over from Corrie to take the services for Sabbath. He is to be wedded to Lilian Graham, down at the farm yonder, and sometimes he puts up at the manse and sometimes at the farm; and they do say, when my Donald has gone to the land of the leal, that Fergus will come to the Manse; for though he is young, he is a powerful preacher, and even St. Paul bids Timothy to 'let no one despise his youth;' but I am wearying you, my bairn, and Jean has kindled a fire in the pink room, for the nights are chilly, and you and me will be going up and leaving the big doggie to take care of himself."

the big doggie to take care of himself."

But "the big doggie" was of a different opinion; he quite approved of his hostess, but it was against his principles to allow his mistress to go out of his sight. Things were on a different footing now; and ever since they had left Redmond Hall, Nero considered himself responsible for the safety of his two charges; so he quietly followed them into the pleasant low-ceilinged hedthem into the pleasant low-ceilinged bed-room, with its window looking over the oldfashioned garden and orchard, and laid himself down with his nose between his paws, watching Jean fill the baby's bath, to the edification of the two

Jean helped Fav unpack a few necessary

It was well that the mother and child had fallen into the hands of these good Samaritans. In spite of her wretchedness and the strange weight that lay so heavy on her young heart, a sort of hazy comfort stole over Fay as she lay between the coarse lavender-scented sheets and listened to her baby's coos as he stretched his little limbs

in the warm firelight.

"Ay, he is as fine and hearty as our Robbie was," observed Mrs. Duncan with a sigh; and so she prattled on, now praising A moment later the venue stopped before a white gate set in a hedge of tall the baby's beauty, and now commenting on laurels and arbitus, and the driver got down value of the lace that trimmed his night dress, until Fay fell asleep, and thought she was listening to a little brook that had

> down for a gossip with Jean. "And a lovelier sight my old eyes never saw," she said, "than that young creature, who looks only a child herself, with the bonnie boy in crossing one of the little lawns towards the her arms, and her golden-brown hair covering them both. 'Deed, Jean, the man' 'She ing them both. 'Deed, Jean, the man must have an evil spirit in him to ill-treat a little angel like that. But we will keep her safe, my woman, as sure as my name is Jeanie Duncan;" and to this Jean agreed.
> They were both innocent unsophisticated women who knew nothing of the world's prettily. ways, and, as Mrs. Duncan had said, "they would as soon have turned a shorn lamb away, and left it exposed to the tempest," as shut their door against Fay and her

Fay was not able to rise from the bed the next day; indeed for more than a week she was almost as helpless as a baby, and had to submit to a great deal of

mursing.

Mrs. Duncan was quite in her element—petting her guest, and ordering Jean about; for she was a brisk, bustling little woman, and far more active than her three-score-and-ten years

It was a delight to her motherly nature to dress and undress Fay's bonnie boy. She would prose for hours about Robbie and Elsie as she sat beside the homely oradle that had once held her own children, while Fay listened languidly. It was all she could do to lie there and sleep and eat. Perhaps it was bodily exhaustion, but a fret, and only wondered dreamily if Hugh were very pleased to get rid of her, and what he was doing, and who dusted and arranged his papers for him now she was no longer there. But of course Mrs. Heron would see to that.

Jean had plenty of work in her hands, but she never grumbled. There was the haby's washing and extra cooking, and the care of her old master. But in spite of her hard work, she often contrived to find her way to the pink room; for Jean worshipped babies, and it was a proud moment when she could get the boy in her arms and carry him out for a breath of

Mrs. Duncan told Fay that she had had great difficulty in making her husband understand the facts of the case. "His brain was just a wee bit clouded to every day matters," I begin to like Ferguson immensely; he is she said; but he knew that he a little broad, but still very sensible in guests at the Manse, and his views. He comes from Cumberland,

charged his wife to show every hospi-

"Yes, dear,"-but Margaret

ber how fond Crystal was of that song

Well, it is true, Raby; I have been stopping away for some purpose this afternoon. Crystal and Miss Campion are here."

than one head turned in the direction of

brother and sister.

"Yes, in W——. Do not speak so loud,

Raby; you are making people look at us.
Take my arm, and we will go into the shrubberies; no one will disturb us there."
And as she guided him down the steps, and

then across a secluded lawn, Raby did not speak again until the scent of the flowering

shrubs told him they had entered one o

the quiet paths leading away from the

quickly; and Margaret obeyed at once.

"Yes; she was looking away.

beautiful as ever, Raby. No wonder people stare at her so. She is as much like your ideal Esther as she used to be, only there

is a grander look about her altogether—less like the girl, and more of the

Margaret suppressed a sigh-she

almost thankful that Raby's blind eyes

could not see the difference in her. He was

quite unconscious that her youthful bloom had faded, and that her fair face had a

settled, matured look that seldom come before middle age; and she was glad that this was so. Noither of them spoke now of

the strange blight that had passed over her young life. Margaret had long since ceased to weep over it; it was her cross she said, and she had learnt

"Well, Margaret?" for she had paused

"I did not dare to leave my place of con

cealment until she had passed. I saw Miss Campion join her. She is a pleasant, brisk

looking woman with grey hair, and rather a young face. I followed them out of the

station, and heard them order the driver to

"Yes-wait a moment-but of course lanew what Mrs. O'Brien would say-that

there was no room; so I did not trouble to follow them very closely; in fact I knew

t would be useless. When I did arrive I

asked if she had managed to accommodate

the two ladies."
"'I did not know they were friends or

yours, Miss Ferrers,' she said, regretfully But what could I do? There is not a vacan

bed in the house, and I knew the hotel would

be just as full; so I sent them down to Mrs. Maddox at the corner house, down

yonder—it is only a stone's throw from here. And, as I told the ladies, they can

join us at luncheon and dinner, and make

use of the drawing-room. I knew Mrs. Maddox had her two best bedrooms and the

front parlor empty.' Of course I thanked Mrs. O'Brien, and said no doubt this would

do excellently for our friends; and then 1

walked past the corner house and found

Miss Campion was standing at talking to a colored servant."

window?

go in?'

grey hair.

cozier.''

they were carrying in the luggage, and

"You actually passed the house? h, Margaret, how imprudent Sup-

"Oh, my cloak and veil disguised me

besides, there is a long strip of garden between the house and the road. I could hardly distinguish Crystai, though I could

see there was some one in the parlor. And now, what are we to do, Raby? It will

never do to risk a meeting at table d'hote.

in a crowded room, Crystal might see us

and make her escape before I could manage

to intercept her; and yet, how are we to intrude on Miss Campion? it will be dread-

"I must think over it," he answered, quickly. "It is growing dark now, Margaret,

is it not?"
"Yes, dear, do you feel chilly—shall we

"No, I want you to take me farther;

there is a gate leading to the road, is there

not? I should like to go past the house; it will make it seem more real, Maggie, and

you shall describe exactly how it is

Margaret complied at once-not for

orlds would she have hinted that she was

already nearly spent with fatigue and want

of food. Cathy, the bright little Mulatto chambermaid, would get her a cup of tea and a sandwich presently. Raby's loverlike wish must be indulged; he wanted to pass the house that held his

It was bright moonlight by this time and

the piazza had been long deserted. The shadows were dark under the avenue, or

the road was thickly planted with trees.

Just as they were nearing the corner house

a low white building with a verandah run-

ning round it—Margaret drew Raby somewhat hastily behind a tall maple, for her

keen eyes had caught sight of two figures

standing by the gate. As the moon emerged

from behind a cloud, she saw Crystal

plainly; Miss Campion was beside her with a black veil thrown over her

Margaret's whispered "hush!" was

sufficient hint to Raby, and he stood

motionless. The next moment the voice that was dearer to him than any other

it seemed so in the clear resonant atmos

"What a delicious night; how white that patch of moon-lighted road looks

where the trees do not cast their shadows

"Cozier, yes," laughed the other; "but

that is a speech that ought to have come out of my middle-aged lips. What an odd

girl you are, Crystal; you never seem to care for mixing with young people; and

say so."

"I have no right to inflict my misan-

thropy on you, Miss Campion; as it is, you are far too indulgent to my morose

moods."

"Morose fiddlesticks," was the energetic

reply. "But there, I do like young people

sounded close beside him-at

fully awkward for us all.'

Oh, Margaret, how imprudent. Supposing Crystal had seen you from the

ent straight to Mrs. O'Brien's parlor and

oring them here."
"Here! To this house, Margaret?"

its weight by this time.

for a moment.

"Ah, she has suffered so; we have all

talier.

woman.

face, Margaret?"

"Now, tell me, Maggie," he said,

' Here !'' and at Raby's exclamation more

"There's a deal said about the virtue of hospitality in the Bible," he continued.
"There was Abraham and the fatted calf; and the good widows in the apostles' time who washed the feet of strangers; and some have entertained angels unaware; and it shall never be said of us, Jeanie woman, that we turned anybody from the Manse."

Fay went to see the old man when she was strong enough to leave her room, which was not for a fortnight after her

She found him lying on one side of the big bed with brown moreen hangings that she remembered so well, with his head pillowed high, and his fine old face turned towards the setting sun.

He looked at her with a placid smile as she stood beside him—a girlish figure, now sadly frail and drooping, with her boy in her arms—and held out his left hand—the right arm

was helpless.
"Mother and child," he murmured; "it is always before our eyes, the Divine picture; and old and young, it touches the manhood within us. So you have come to de a wee with Jeanie and me in the old Manse, my dear young lady; ay, and you are kindly welcome. And folks do say that there is no air so fine as ours, and no milk so pure as our brindled cow gives, and may be it will give you a little color into your cheeks.'

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Duncan?" asked Fay, somewhat disappointed to find herself treated like an ordinary visitor. "Don't you remember Fay Mordaunt, the little girl who used to play with you in the and I think older; it struck me orchard? but I am afraid I was older than she had grown, too, for she certainly looked looked."

"Elsie used to play with me in the orchard," replied the old man, wistfully;
"but Jeanie says she has gone to Heaven
with wee Robbie. Nay, I never remember names, except Jeanie—and may be Jean comes handy. And there is one name I never forget—the name of Lord never forget—the name of Lord Jesus;" and he bowed his old head rever-

ently. "Come away, my bairn: Donald will have plenty to say to you another time," said Mrs. Duncan, kindly. "He is a bit drowsy now, and he is apt to wander at such

But the minister heard her and sort of holy smile lit up his rugged

"Ay, but He'll no let me wander far; have always got a grip of His hand, and if my old feet stumble a bit I am just lifted up. No, I could not forget His name, up. No, I could not forget His name, which is Love, and nothing else. But perhaps you are right, Jeanie, lass, and I am a But perbit sleepy. Take both the bairns away, and watch over them as though they were lambs of the fold-and so they are lambs of His fold," finished the old man. "And may be the Shepherd found them straying, poor bit reatures, and sent them here for you and me to mind, my woman.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TRACKED AT LAST. Thus it was granted me To know that he loved me to the depth and

height
Of such large natures; ever competent,
With grand horizons by the sea or land,
To love's grand sunrise.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It was at the close of a lovely September day that Raby Ferrers sat alone in the piazza of a large fashionable boarding-house in W.—.. This favorite American watering-place was, as usual, thronged by visitors, who came either to seek relief for various ailments from the far-famed hot springs, or to enjoy the salubrious air and splendid scenery that made W—— so notorious.

The piazza was always the favorite lounge at all hours of the day, but especially towards evening. A handsome striped awning, and the natural shade of the splendid tropical plants that twined round the slender pillars, gave a pleasant shade even at noonday. Broad low steps led to the gardens, and deck chairs and cushioned rocking chairs were placed invitingly at intervals.

A gay bevy of girls had just taken posses sion of these coveted seats, and were chattering with the young men who had just followed them out of the hot dining-room; but no one invaded the quiet corner the English clergyman had established

"He looks so dull," observed one girlfair delicate blonde, who was evidently a fair delicate blonde, who was evidently the belle, for she was surrounded by at least half a dozen young men. "I have half a mind to go and speak to him myself only you would all be watching me."

"Miss Bellagrove cannot fail to be the cynosure of all eyes," returned a beardless danner young man with the unmistable half.

dapper young man with the unmistakable Yankee accent; but to this remark Miss Bellagrove merely turned a cold shoulder.

"His sister has been away most of the

afternoon," she continued, addressing all good-looking young officer who held her fan. "It was so clever of you to find out that s he was his sister, Captain Maudsley. had quite made up my mind that they were overflowed its banks, and was running down a stony hillside.

She hardly woke up when Mrs. Luncan placed the baby in her arms, and left them with a murmured benediction, and went

Bellagrove break off her sentence rather abruptly, as at that moment Miss Ferrers "She is wonderfully distinguished looking," was Miss Bellagrove's next remark "Most English women are tall, I do believe; don't you think her face beautiful

Captain Maudsley:" but the reply to this made Miss Bellagrove change color very Raby was profoundly oblivious of the interest he was exciting; he was wondering

what had detained Margaret all these hours and if she would have any news to bring him.

As yet their journey had been fruitless. They had reached New York just as Miss Campion and her companion had quitted it: they had followed on their track-but had always arrived either a day or an hour too late. Now and then they had to wait too late. Now and then they had to wait until a letter from Fern gave them more decided particulars. Occasionally they made a mistake and found that Miss Campion had changed her plans. Once they were in the same train, and Margaret never found it out until she saw Crystal never found it out until she saw Crystal leave the carriage, and then there was no time to follow her. Margaret shed tears of disappointment, and blamed herself for her own blindness; but Raby never re-

her own bindness; but Raby never re-proached her.

He was growing heart-sick and weary by this time. They had spent six weeks in this search, and were as far from success as ever-no wonder Raby's face looked grave and overcast as he sat alone in the

piazza.

Even Margaret's protracted absence raised no sanguine expectations in his mind; on the contrary, as his practised ear recognized her footstep, he breathed a short prayer for "Dear Raby," she said, softly, as she

took a seat beside him and unfastened the clasps of her long cloak; "I have been away a longer time than usual; have you been wanting me?"

"Oh, no," with a faint smile; "Ferguson took care of me at dinner, and I had a pleasant American widow on the other side who amused me very much—she told me some capital stories about the Canadian

conceited; and yet that handsome young American—wasn't he a colonel?—tried to make himself as pleasant as he could. "Did he?" was the somewhat indifferent answer; at which Miss didate.

Campion shook her head in an exasperated he tells me, and has rather a large cure of

"Oh, it is no use talking to you," with read natured impatience. "English or absently—"but you do not ask me what I have been doing, Raby." good-natured impatience. "English or American; old, ugly, or handsome; they "No,"—very slowly; and then, with a touch of sadness, "I begin to think it is better not to ask." are all the same to you; and of course, by the natural laws of contradiction, the absurd creatures are all bent on making "Poor fellow,"—laying her hand on his arm caressingly. "Yes, I understand you are beginning to lose hope. What did I tell you last night—that it is always the darkyou fall in love with them. Now that colonel, Crystal, I can't think what fault you could find with him; he was manly gentlemanly, and as good looking as a man est hour before the dawn. Do you rememought to be.

do not care for good looking men." "Or for plain ones either, my dear. expect you are romantic, Crystal, and have an ideal of your own."

"And if I answer, yes," returned the girl, quickly, "will you leave off teasing me about all those stupid men. If you knew how I hate it—how I despise them

"All but the ideal." observed Miss Cam pion, archly; but she took the girl's hand in hers, and the shrewd, clever face soft-ened. "You must forgive an impertinent old maid, my dear. Perhaps she had her old maid, my dear. Perhaps are had her story too, who knows. And so you have your ideal, my poor, dear child; and the ideal has not made you a happy woman. It never does," in a low voice.

"Dear Miss Campion," returned Crystal, with a blush; "if I am unhappy, it is only through my own fault; no one else is "I was at the station, as we planned, and saw them arrive; so for once the infor-mation was correct. Crystal got out first, and went in search of the luggage. I con-It is true I once knew a good man, who has made every other man seem puny and insignificant beside him; but that is because cealed myself behind a bale of goods-wool he was so good, and there was no other packs, I believe-and she passed me quite closely: I could have touched her with my "No other reason, except your love for

hand. She looked very well, only thinner, him," observed the elder woman, stroking her hand gently. "I have long suspected this, my dear."

"Oh, you must not talk so," answered "It is possible; and you really saw he

Crystal, in a tone of poignant distress "you do not know, you cannot understand Oh, it is all so sad. I owe him everything. My ideal, oh yes; whom have I ever seen who could compare with him-so strong, so gentle, so forgiving? Oh, you must never let me talk of him; it breaks my heart.'

"Come away, Margaret," whispered Raby, hoarsely, in her ear. "I have no right to hear this; it is betraying my dar ling's confidence. Take me away, for I aged, Maggie. She will think us both cannot trust myself another moment and it is late—too late to speak to her to night."

To be continued.

The Scatch man's Parridge (Max O'Rell, the Frenchman.)

"Porridge is the secret of the Scoteman' success. Go, then, and contend if ye ca with a man who can content himself with a mess of boiled oats, while you require three or four meals a day, at two of which you must have butcher meat!

cool, your bowels free and your feet warm.
"It is porridge which quickens the circulation of the blood. " It is porridge which softens the skin of the skull after the tumblers of the previou

"It is porridge which keeps your head

'It is porridge which keeps the Scotch workingman from ending his days in the -" It is porridge which permits the son of

he humblest peasant to aspire to the nighest positions by enabling him to live on the bursary secured at one of the Scotch Universities. "It is porridge which makes those men of iron called Livingstone and Gordon. And

finally, it is porridge which puts the different classes in Scotland on a footing of equality at least once a day and makes her people the most liberal in Great Britain.

"And you ladies, if you wish to be as fresh as roaches, even after having danced the whole night, take porridge. It is this food—a medicine as simple as it is easy taken-which makes those beautiful color rise, and which maintains that freshness which you will admire so much on the cheeks of the Scotch ladies when you visit them in their own country!

Why the Tramp "Scooted'

Miss Ada Dodd is the handsome 16-year old daughter of Capt. David Dodd, lives near this place. She keeps house for her father and brother and is known as the best shot with a rifle or shotgun in the region. A few days ago she was alone in the house when a villainous looking tramp slouched up, seated himself in a chair or the porch and ordered the girl to get him some dinner. She went into the house and took down her double-barreled rifle and told the tramp to leave. "Bah," he retold the tramp to leave. plied, "I ain't afraid of any woman shooting. You can't bluff me." At that moment a chicken ran across the yard. When it was several rods away and still on the run, Miss Dodd brought the rifle to her shoulder and fired. The chicken fell dead. The ball hed cut its head square off. The girl looked around to note the effect of her shot on the tramp. He was half-way across the vard and making for the fence, with his tattered coat tails straight out behind him. He never stopped or looked back as far as he could be seen flying down the road. "I pulled up to notch his ear with the other bullet as he got over the fence," said Miss Ada, in telling her father of the incident, but I had to laugh to see him scoot that I couldn't take aim."—Falling Waters, Pa., despatch to Boston Herald.

Boot Cleaning Not to Their Taste. (Battleford, N. W. T., Herald.)

Private letters from Calgary give a strong indication that the policeman's lot is hardly a happy one at that place. It is stated on good authority that about twentysix men in one day applied for leave to purchase their discharges from the Mounted Police at that post. The action of the men at Calgary is said to have been followed by a number of the men at Macleod. There appears to be no specific cause of complaint except one of general disgust with the management of the force. It speaks well for the sterling principles of the men that while such a discontented spirit should be rife amongst them there are comparatively few desertions. It is worthy of note that the posts of Calgary and Macleod are under the command and supervision of Mr. Herchmer's most loyal

Oil on the Troubled Waters.

Captain Riley, of the propeller Philadelphia, reports the successful use of oil in calming the troubled waters on his last west-bound trip. Having the schooner Sherwood in tow and encountering a heavy gale on Lake Michigan, he tried the experi ment of towing astern a canvas bag filled with oil and punctured sufficiently to permit of its escape. The effect was marvel so heavily. I like this quiet road. I am quite glad the boarding-house was full I think the cottage is much lous. The heavy seas in the vicinity of the schooner were at once transformed into smooth swells, which not only eased up the schooner, but permitted of her being towed more rapidly than with the seas

Effect of the Coal Famine. yet it is only natural at your age. You are a terrible misanthrope. I do believe you would rather not dine at the table d'hote only you are ashamed to Hotel Clerk—" No, sir, we can't accommodate you. You have neither baggage nor money."

"I know I haven't; but I came to towr

in a freight car, and there is considerable coal dust in my hair." "Well, comb it out carefully, and that'll

There is a white horse at Roscommon Mich., that visits a saloon daily for its glass of beer and gets it. Four thousand persons made the ascen of Ben Nevis mountain, Scotland, during

reply. "But there, I do like young people to enjoy themselves like young people. Why, if I had your youth and good looks; well,"—with a change of tone sufficiently explicit—"it is no use trying to make you conceited; and yet that handsome the past season. Don't imagine that a diminutive talkative citizen is a sweet-tempered, sociable and gentlemanly fellow because he shakes hands and smiles and chats with every one he meets. Perhaps he's a canCURRENT TOPICS.

DR. BLACHE states in the Bulletin Theratique that in chronic and simple bron chitis petroleum in doses of a teaspoonful before meals produces satisfactory results. In phthisis the experiments have not yet been long enough continued to ascertain whether the results are permanently beneficial, but it diminishes the expectoration. which also loses its purulent character.

MISS PHEBE COUZINS, who was ap pointed to succeed her father as United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Missouri, has been turned out by the President. The office has been given to a Democratic worker named John E. Emer son. And they do say that Phœbe made a good Marshal. She had performed all the duties of the office during her father's illness, and under the rules of Civil Service Reform was entitled to succeed him.

A PICTURE of Niagara Falls, which is to be taken to London for exhibition, is one of the largest ever painted, being 380 feet in length by 45 in breadth. The artist, Paul Philippoteaux, with a dozen assistants, has been engaged constantly on the work for the past six months, and some idea of its magnitude can begained from the following list of materials consumed: White lead, 3,000 pounds; oil, 3,322 gallons; essence (turpentine), 3,240 gallons and a car load of

EXPERTS say that curtains and fine laces can be made of malleable iron or steel. At the centennial exhibition a piece of steel rolled by a mill in Pittsburg was so thin that it weighed less than a book leaf and could be blown off the hand easier than paper the same size. The sheets for steel ce will be rolled down to a low gauge and the patterns pressed into them. can be made light or heavy, and is suitable for ladies' and children's underwear, and perhaps for trimming hats, wraps and

THE word "dude" is about to receive official recognition from lexicographers Ex-President Porter, of Yale, who is in harge of the revision of Webster's Dictionary, says: "The word 'dude' I believe to convey a specific idea, expressed by other word, and though it may be hard to give the meaning which the word conveys I think it will be incorporated in the system." It will thus be seen that from President Porter's standpoint the dude" is much more energetic than the thing itself. Who ever heard of a dude conveying "a specific idea?" It would make him tired.

A VERY singular incident was noted in connection with a recent mill fire in Carlton, Mich. The building was burning fiercely; but the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire had finished. The pumps were also running and had kept the boiler supplied, o there could be no explosion. It was a peculiar spectacle to see the engine driving away at a slashing speed in the midst of the flames, but the motion somehow saved it from fire. All the rest of the machinery vas a total loss.

How to Break Up Baby's Cold.

When I find baby has taken cold, not so feverish and sick as to require packing, which one dreads to do because of the increasing danger resulting from any exposure afterwards, but a smart cold in its first stages, with red eyes and running nose and stuffed head. I take the little one in my lap several times through the day, and again at bed time, and, removing boots and stockings, rub the little feet—soles and tops and ankles—with sweet oil or goose oil and then heat them long and well before an open fire till the skin will absorb no more oil. Then I bathe and rub the little bared back from neck to hips, especially along the spine, with oil also; shielding baby's back from cold draughts and letting the warm rays of fire light and heat it just right, chafing and thoroughly heating till skin will absorb no more oil. Wrapped in flannel and tucked away in her warm nest for the night, baby often wakes in the morning with but little trace of her cold. If there is hoarseness with other symptoms of an oncoming cold, for a simple remedy I like to give baby boiled molasses with a hit of butter or sweet oil or hen's oil in it, or a few teaspoonfuls of syrup made of sliced onions and brown sugar, which helps soothe the throat and clear the bowels, carrying away perhaps. the aggravating source of the cold .- Good Housekeeping.

A Woman's Confession "Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I be-lieved myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from a commis-sion of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can

Good Enough for the Price.

Tenant-Say, there's a million rats in that house of yours. Landlord—Well?

Tenant-What are you going to do Landlord-Do about it? Nothing. You don't expect me to stock the place with white mice for \$18 per month, do you?

A Pill in Time Saves Nine ! Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants" taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenience, will accomplish what many dol lars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate will find invaluable

General Middleton's Retirement. Sir Fred Middleton has received

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

In vials convenient to carry.

private letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, commanding Her Majesty's forces, complimenting him for his able direction of the Canadian militia, and expressing regret that owing to the compulsory retirement system the Imperial army should lose so valuable an officer. What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

In the French Chamber of Deputies vesterday M. Falliers, Minister of the Interior, replying to an interpellation in regard to the disturbances at the funeral of Eugene Potier, the Communist poet, on November 8th, said that the duty of the Government was to enforce respect for the law. Having decided to oppose the display of red flags, it was the function of the Ministry to take the necessary measures of prevent such a display. He would never allow the display of a flag which is the emblem of a revolt. (Applause of the ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

Nearly 200 students in 1886. 16 graduates and certificated teachers in the faculty. Total expenses from \$40 to \$60 per term or from \$150 to \$250 per year in advance, including Music and Fine Arts. Half the Music and Art graduates of this school are now employed as teachers in other Colleges. Address, B. F. Austin.

What Becomes of Bad Boys,

Old Lady—I'm sorry to hear a little be use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?

Urchin—Yes'm. Dey gits ter be hoss car drivers .-- Tid-Bits.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS-Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A Masher Crushed.

Would-be masher, addressing a young lady coming out of the matinee—Would you like a carriage, miss? Young Lady (pretending to mistake him for a coachman)—No, thank you, driver,

my own coachman awaits me around the

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

corner.

dressing.

Leadville, Col., hasn't funds enough to keep its public schools open, but supports 1,100 saloons.—Springjield Republican. The women in New York are said to

have reached the acme of costly street

Max O'Rell, the well known French writer, arrived in New Yorkfrom Liverpool on Saturday.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing of those chronic weaknesses and distressing affinents peculiar to females, at the Invalids thotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

one of woman's peculiar maladies.

Pr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggregated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar allments.

"cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar silments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated tenchers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls." house-keepers, mursing mothers, and feeble woman is the greatest carthy boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening mervine, "favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subdiring nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prestration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Fierce's Favorite Prescription

sleep and relieves mental anxiety and depondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
is a legitimate medicine, carefully
compounded by an experienced and skillful
physician, and adapted to woman's delicate
organization. It is purely vegetable in its
composition and perfectly harmless in its
effects in any condition of the system. For
morning sickness, or nausea, from whatevecause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small
doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and ob-

doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription." is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of kaccorhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Liftle Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also remover blood taints, and abolishes cancerous scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive gnarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (160 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles tor \$5.00.

and lathituity carried out for many years, Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. V.

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to cure the work case. Because others have failed is not control work case. Because others have failed is not received and a received for the failed is not received and a received for the failed is not received and a received for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Youge St., Toronto.