The Man in the Case.

Since a woman was created there has been an About the part see plays on earth—all blame is Let any wickedness be done, at any time or place, And saints and sinners do declare, " A woman in

Some fool to suicide inclined blows out his little "Now, mark my words—a woman!" every pro-phet will exclaim, Or if some fool another fool despatches from this it's significantly mentioned, "He has a pretty

If a man, a thief my nature, steals his employer And go s alone to Canada, the girl was left woman in the case goes, too, the daily

Now this thing makes us women all too miserably But for our dire existence, men would never kill nor steal; In fact, if Eve to Adam the Lord had never given, This earth had so continued a suburban sort of

It occurs to me, however, from another point of Had we ne'er been given Adam, we could have a heaven, too.

If the world were only women, we could keep it love. free from crime,

For doesn't the "old Adam" work the mischief
every time?

It was Ev. who gave the apple that has brought us all our woe;
But with no one there to take it, she could never have done so.
Though men will kill and steal for us, because

\*\*Retail the re in God's world so drear a place,
Where the loud bitter cry is raised in vain;
Where tears of penance come too late for grace.

\*\*As on the uproved flower the genial rain.\*\*

\*\*Keble.\*\*

we are so dear, You should mind they fix our value by their

rom blame are not exampt—

Do we lead them to temptation, they have tempted us to temp.

With this new light on the subject, rather singular it seems: singular it seems; But instead it's plainly plural, in reality it When the blame for any action to its fountain head you trace, You will ever find a woman and a man are in -Flora McDonald.

## SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

And he learnt yet another thing, as his anger slowly burnt itself out and only profound wretchedness and intolerable suspense remained as to his wife's fate something that startled him with a sense of sweetness, and yet stung bun with infinite pain; when the hauting presence of his lost wife stemed ever with him and would not let him rest; when his remorse was terrible; and when he would have given up all he had in the world just to hear her say in her low fond voice that she forgave him

For he knew now that he had her and that his neglect and coldness had driven her from her

The uncertainty of her fate sometimes nearly drove him wild. How could she have laid her plans so accurately that no traces of her and the child could be found? Could evil have befallen them? God help him if a hair of those innocent heads had been touched. In his weakness he could not always control the horrible imaginations that beset him. Often he would wake from some ghastly dream and lie till dawn, unable to shake off his deadly terror. Then all of a sudden he would remember that hasty postscript, "Do not be anxious about me. I am going to some kind people who will be good to me and the boy;" and he would fall asleep again while vainly trying to recall if he had ever heard Fay speak of any friends of her childhood. But though Erle and Miss Mordaunt tried to help him, no name occurred to any of them.

It was an added burden to him that Erle could not come to him; but there was trouble in Belgrave House, and the shadows were closing round it. Erle could not leave his uncle, but wrote very kindly to poor con science-stricken Hugh, and said all he could to comfort him.

It was in those hours of dreary helpless ness that Hugh learnt to miss his Wee while his foreign nurse nodded drowsily beside him, and the hot air crept sluggishly in at the open window, how he longed for hand that used to be laid so softly on his temples, or put the drink to his parched lips before they could frame their want. He remembered the hours she had sat beside him, fanning the flies from his pillow or bathing his aching head. had never left him-never seemed tired or impatient, though her face had grown so pale with watching. Others would have spared her; others told him that she was spent and weary, but he had never noticed it. "And, brute that I was," he thought, "I left her alone in her trouble with only strangers and hirelings about her, to figh her way through the very Valley of the Shadow of Death." He took out her letter and smoothed it out—it was a trick of his when he thought no one would see him. He had read it over until he knew it off hy heart. Ah! if Heaven would but spare him this once and give him back the strength he had misused, that he might find her, poor child, and bring her home and comfort her as only he could comfort He would love her now, he thought; yes, if she would only bear with him and give him time, he knew from the deep pity and tenderness which he felt that he love her yet, for the merciful Providence that had laid the erring man low was teaching him lessons that no other discipline

The cold December wind was whirling through the bare branches of the oaks and beeches in the Redmond avenue when Sir Hugh came home, a changed and sadin the Redmond avenue when

could have inculcated.

Yes, changed outwardly as well as inwardly. Good Mrs. Heron cried when she saw him enter the hall on Saville's arm, looking so thin and worn and leaning on

His youth seemed to have passed away; his smooth forehead was already furrowed like that of a middle aged man, and his tair hair had worn off it slightly, making him look ten years older; and yet there was

that in Hugh Redmond's face, if Margaret coult have seen it, that would have filled her pure heart with exceeding thankful-

For though the pallor caused by suffering was still there, and those who saw him said that Sir Hugh was a broken man, yet there was a nobler expression than it had ever worn in happier days The old feet al lines around the mouth were gone; and, though the eyes looked sadly round at the old familiar faces, as though missing the truest and best, still, there was a chastened gravity about his whole muen that spoke of a new and earnest purpose; of a heart so humbled at last that it had fled to its best refuge, and had found strength in the time

Many years afterwards he owned, to one who was ever his closest friend, that a whole lifetime of suffering had been compressed into those few short years that had followed his father's death. The whole plan and purpose of his youth had been marred; his heart wasted by a passion that was denied satisfaction; and lastly, just as he was beginning to turn to his neglected wife with a sympathy and interest that promised well for her future happiness, suddenly he found his name outraged and his home forsaken, and the load and terror of an unbearable remorse laid heavily upon

That was a strange winter to Hugh Redmond—the strangest and saddest he had ever passed; when he spent long, solitary days in the old Hall; and solitary days in the old Hall; and only Erle—generous, kind-hearted Erle

solitude.

Ah! he missed her then. Sometimes, as he wandered disconsolately through the empty rooms, or sat by his lonely fireside in the twilight, the fancy would haunt him that she would come back to him yet-that the door would open, and darkness and run into his arms with a glad cry. And sometimes, when he stood in her room and saw the empty cot over which she used to hang so fondly, a longing would sieze him for the boy whom he had

never held in his arms. By and by when the spring returned, some of his old strength and vigor came back, and he was able to join personally in Or if he's seen a-talking with a woman on the the search, when a new zest and excitement seemed added to his life; and in the Margaret and the shadows of a too sorrow-

When the sweet face of his Wee Wifie seemed to lure him on, with the sad Undine eyes that he remembered so well; when, with the contrariety of man ever eager for the unattainable, he began to long more and more to see her; when his anger revived and impatience with it. And, though hardly owned it to himself, both anger and impatience were born of

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

VANITAS VANITATIS.

St Luke's little summer was over, the when you come to think it over, one conclusion's very sure.

Had they never been created we would never have sought to lure.

Their poor souls from paths of virtue; they no blame are not exempt—

Do we lead them to think it over, one conclusion's shear, the richest and rarest of the year's harvest, had been followed by chill fogs—dull sullen days—during which flaring gas—lights burnt in Mrs. Watkins' short over the property of long before the muffin boy and milkman made their afternoon rounds in Elysian

Anything farther removed from the typical idea of the Elysian Fields could scarcely be imagined than on such an after-It was difficult, even for a light hearted person, to maintain a cheerfulness where damp exuded every where, and the moist thick air seemed to close round one in vaporous folds. Somewhere, no doubt, the sun was shining, and might possibly shine again; but it was hard to realize it hard to maintain outward or inward geniality under such depressing cir

cumstances.

Fern had turned from the window with an involuntary shudder. Then she lighted her lamp, stirred the fire, and sat down to her embroidery. As her needle flew through the canvas her lips seemed to close with a expression of patient sadness. There were sorrowful curves that no one ever saw, for Fern kept all her thoughts to her-

Never since the night when she had sobbed out her grief on her mother's bosom when the utterance of her girlish despai and longing had filled that mother's heart with dismay, never since then had Fern spoken of her trouble. "We will never talk of it again," she had said, when the outburst was over; "it will good;" and her mother had sorrowfully acquiesced.

Mrs. Trafford knew that only time, that beneficent healer, could deaden he child's pain. Fern's gentle nature was capable of quiet but intense feeling. faithful and ardent affections were reproduced in her child. It was not only loss of her girlish dreams over which Fern mourned. Her woman's love had incon sciously rooted itself, and could not be torn up without suffering. An unerring instinct told her that Erle had not always been indifferent to her: that once, not so very long ago, his friendsoip had been true and deep. Well, she had forgiven his fickleness. No bitterness rankled in his heart against him. He had been very kind to her; he would not wish her to be unhappy But she was very brave. She would not look at the future. The cold blankness. the narrow groove, would have chilled he heart. She only took each day as it came,

and tried to do her best with it. With her usual unselfishness she determined that no one else should suffer through her unhappiness. Her mother's brief hours of rest should be unshadowed. It was a pale little sunbeam whose smiles greeted her of an evening; but it was still a sunbeam. The sweet looks and words and loving attention were still always ready As Nea watched her child her heart would swell with pride and reverence. She recognised the innate strength and power of self-sacrifice that Maurice had left her as his " Of all my children, Fern is most like her father," Mrs Trafford would say "she is stronger than she looks—she would rather die than tell me again that she is

But Fern would not have owned that her life was unhappy as long as she had her mother to love her. She was taking her-self to task this afternoon as she sat alone for Fluff had escaped as usual to Mrs. Watkins'-and was her discontent; and then she sang very softly a verse of her favorite hymn—

unhappy."

He that thou blessest is our good, And unblest good is ill. And unblest good is ill, And all is r ght that seems most wrong If it be Thy sweet will,

but almost before she had finished the last line, she was startled by her brother's

abrupt entrance.
"Percy!oh, I did not hear you," she faltered, and she turned a little pale, and her heart began to beat more quickly. I was foolish of her, but she never hear Percy's step without listening involuntarily quick light tread that used to follow it, but that never came now.

"You are alone," he said quickly, with a keen glance round the room. "Well, it is best, because I wanted to speak to you Have you heard from Miss Davenport lately, Fern?

"Yes," she stammered, raising her soft

eyes to his face with a pitying expression;
"I had a letter the other day."
"Well," impatiently, "does she say
when they are coming back?"
"In another fortnight—at least they

"In another foreigns as mean to start then;" and there she stopped, and looked at him very piteously. "How I wish mother would come; she will not be very long, and-and I would rather that you heard it from her."

"Do you mean that you have anything special to tell me?" he asked, struck by her

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me," she returned, clasping her hands; " you are so fond of Crystal, and it will make you terribly unhappy; but mother said we ought to tell you. Percy, dear. There was never any hope for you you know she always told you so; and now Crystal is married

" Married!" he almost shouted, and his handsome young face seemed to grow sharp " Married! Pshaw! you are and pale. jesting, Fern."

"Dear Percy," she answered, gently,
"do you think I would jest with you on
such a subject. Indeed—indeed it is true. She was married some ten days ago to Mr. Ferrers, the blind clergyman, who was staying at Belgrave House. He had come there to look for her. He had known her from a child, and they had long loved each

other. "Married!" he repeated, in the san e dull, hard voice, and there was something in his face that made Fern throw her arms

round his neck.
"Oh, it is hard," she sobbed: "I know how hard it is for you to hear me say this, but it has to be faced. She never deceived you dear-she never let you hope for a single moment; she was always true to dare not contradict his uncle. What were herself and you. Try to bear it, Percy; try to be glad that her unhappiness is over.

-came now and then to break his loves. It is the only thing that will help

"Nothing will help me," he returned, in the same muffled voice; but she would not be repulsed. She swept back the dark for he was always punctual on such occahair from his forehead and kissed him.

Did she not share his sufferings? "Oh, if to notice his absence. The guests thought Did she not share his sufferings? o him yet—that the door would open, and little figure come stealing through the her inability to comfort him. "Mother is so sorry for you, she cried about it the other

night. 'Yes," he answered, "mothers are like that: and then was silent again. was there he could say—he was in no mood for sympathy. The touch of Fern's soft arms were torture to him. His idol was gone in another man's possession. should never see again the dark southern leveliness that had so enthralled his imagination; and the idea was madden-

ing to him. In a little while he rose, but no speech seemed possible to him. A wall of ice seemed to be built up across his path, and he could see no outlet. "I cannot stay now," he said, and his voice sounded strange in his

own ears. "Will you give my love to my mother, Fern?" "Oh, do not go," she pleaded, and now the

tears were running down her face. "Do stay with me, Percy."
"Not now; I will come again," he answered, releasing himself impatiently; but as he mounted his horse, some impulse made him look up and wave his hands. And then he rode out into the

It was too early to go home; besides, he did not wish to face people. The fog seemed lifting a little. His mare was fresh, and she might take her own road, and follow her own pace—a few miles more or less would not matter to him in this

Black care was sitting behind him on the saddle, and had taken the reins from his hands; and a worse gloom than the murky atmosphere was closing round

 $_{
m him}$ She had told him that his life was before him—that he could carve out his own future: but as he looked back on his past life-on the short tale of his four twenty years-his heart was sick within

what a pitiable part he had played. Was it po sible that such a woman Crystal could ever have loved him? not his cowardly desertion of his mother only won her silent contempt? And now it was too late to redeem himself in her

His His fate was frowning on him. position at Belgrave House had long been irksome to him. His grandfather loved him, but not as he loved Erle; and in his hear he was secretly jealous of Erle—if it had been possible he would have supplanted him. Only he himself knew how he had tempted him, and the subterfuges to which he had stooped. He had encouraged Erle's visits to Beulah Place from motives of selfinterest, and had been foiled by Erle's engagement to Evelyn Selby.

How he loathed himself as he thought of it all. Oh, if he could only undo the past.

Young as he was, ruin seemed staring him in the face. He had squandered his handso allowance; his debis were heavy. He had heard his grandfather say that of all things he abhorred gambling; and yet he knew h was a gambler. Only the preceding night he had staked a large sum and had lost and that very morning he had appealed to Erle 'o save him from the consequence of his own rashuess.

As he rode on, his thoughts seemed to erow tangled and confused. His life was a failure; how was he to go on living? All these years he had fed on husks, and the taste was bitter in his mouth. Oh! if he could make a clean breast of it all. And then he repeated drearily that it was His reins were hanging loosely on his

orse's neck. His high-spirited little mare had been following her own will for more than an hour now, and had relapsed into a walk, as Percy roused himself to see where he was. He found himself on a bridge with the river on either side of him. He was miles away from Belgrave House for the moment he was perplexed, and drew up to ask a boy who was loitering on the footpath what bridge it

There was a steamer passing; and a little lad had clambered on the parapet to see i go by. Either he overbalanced himself or grew giddy, but, to Percy's horror, there was a sharp scream, and the next moment the child had disappeared.

In an instant Percy was off his horse and, with the agility of a practised athlete had swung himself on the parapet. Yes he could see the eddy where the child had sank; and in another moment he had dived into the dark water.

"It was a plucky thing to do, sir," observed a navvy who had seen the proceeding, and who afterwards detailed it to Erle Huntingdon; "I don't know as ever I saw a pluckier know as ever I saw a pluckier thing in my whole life. Ay, and the poor young gentleman would have done it too, for any one could see he knew what he was about for he dived in straight after the child and then, that dratted steamer-you wil excuse me, sir, but one's feelings are strong what must it do but back to pick up the child; and the poor fellow, he must have struk his head against it, for he went down again. Oh ves! the child was all right, and the young gentleman would have been all right too, but for that nasty blow, it stunned

him you see."
Yes, it had stunned him; the young ill spent life was over. Did he call upon his God for succor as he went down into his watery grave? Who knows what cry went up to heaven? The old epitaph that was engraved on the tomb of a notorious ill liver speaks quaintly of hope in such cases.

Betwixt the saddle and the ground He mercy sought and mercy found and Raby quoted them softly to Crystal as she went over the fate of her unhappy

another; God only knows how far this would go to redeem a faulty past-God only knows. Do not cry so bitterly, darling Let us trust him to the All Merciful; and as the good bishop said to the mother of St. Augustine, 'the child of so many prayers cannot be lost.'"

Erle Huntingdon had passed an anxious,

uncomfortable day. Percy's confession of his gambling debts had made him seriously uneasy. It was in his power to help him this once, he had said, with unusual sternness, but he would soon be a married man, and then Percy must look to himself; and Percy, nettled at his tone, had answered somewhat shortly, and in spite of Erle's generosity they had not parted friends. But this was not all. Afterluncheon Mr Huntingdon had called Erle into his study and had shown him a letter that he had just received from some anonymous correspondent. Some unknown friend and well wisher had thought it advisable to warn Mr. Huntingdon of his grandson's reckless doings. Erle looked deadfully shocked as

he read it; and the expression of concentrated anger on Mr. Huntingdon's face frightened him still more.
"Perhaps it is not true," he stammered, and then the remembrance of his conversa tion with Percy silenced him.

"True," returned Mr. Huntingdon, in his hard rasping voice; "do you not see that the writer says he can prove every word? And this is my grandson, whom I have taken out of poverty. Well, well, I might have known the son of Maurice Trafford would never be worth anything." Strangely unjust words to be spoken of Nea's idolized Maurice, whose pure soul would have revolted against his boy's sins. Erle felt the cruelty of the speech; but he the Traffords to him now?

There was to be a large gentlemen's and that she is married to the man she dinner party at Belgrave House that even

feted, and several city magnates were to honor it by their presence. Erle wondered that Percy did not make his appearance, their host looked greyer and more bowed than usual, and that his step was feebler. He was getting an old man now, they said to themselves; and it would not be long before there would be a new master at to me. Belgrave House. Any one could see he was

breaking fast, and would not last long. Well, he had done well for himself; and his heir was to be envied. for he would be a rich man, and scarcely needed the splendid dowry that Evelyn Selby would bring peace The banquet was just drawing to its close when there were signs of some disturbance in the household. The butler whis-

pered to Erle, who immediately left the room, and a few minutes later a message was brought to Mr. Huntingdon. Something had happened—something dreadful had happened, they told him, and he must come with them at once; and he had shuddered and turned pale.

He was growing old, and his nerves were not as strong as they used to be, and he supported himself with some difficulty as bowed to his guests with old-fashioned politeness, and excusing himself, begged his old friend Sir Frederick Drummond to take his place. But as the door closed behind him, and he found himself sur rounded by frightened servants, he tottered

and his face grew grey.
"You will kill me among you," muttered. "Where is my nephew? Will none of you fools tell me what is the matter.

"He's in there," returned the butler, who was looking very scared, and pointing to the library; and the next moment Erle came out with a face as white as death "Oh! uncle, uncle, don't go in till they

have told you. Percy is there, and—"but Mr. Huntingdon only motioned him aside with his old peremptori and then closed the door upon them He knew what he should find there-he knew it when they whispered into his ear that something had happened; and then he walked feebly across the room to the couch where something lay with strange rigid lines under a satin coverlid that had been flung over it; and as he drew it down and looked at the face of his dead grandson, he him also, that he would never get over this

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NEA AND HER FATHER MEET AGAIN. Whence artthousent from us?
Whither thy goal?
Whither thy goal?
How art th u rent from us
Thou that were whole?
with severing of eyelids and eyes, as with
sundering of rody and soul.
Whoshall raisethee
From the house of the dead?
Or what man shall traise thee

Or what man hall praise thee
That thy praise may be sai?
Alas thy beauty! alas thy body! alas thy head!
What wilt thou leave me
Now this thing is done?
A man wilt thou give me,
A son for my son
For the light of my eyes, the desire of my life, the
desirable one.

Alexnon C. Swinburns

Algernon C. Swinburne.

Erle had followed him into the room, but Mr. Huntingdon took no notice of him. If he could, he would have spoken to him and implored him to leave him, but his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. He wished to be alone with his grandson, to hide from every one, if he could, that he was stricken down at last.

He had loved him, but not as he had loved Erle—the Benjamin of his old age; his son of consolation. He had been stern him, and had never sought to win his confidence; and now the blood of the unhappy boy seemed crying to him from the ground. And it was for this that he had taken him from his mother, that he should lie there in the prime of his youth with all the measure of his sins full to the brim. How had he died—but he dared not ask, and no one told him. Erle had indeed said something about a child; but he had not understood any more than he understood that they had sent to tell the mother. Erle's voice, broken with emotion, had cer tainly vibrated in his ears, but no the words had reached him. If he had known that that mother was already or her way to claim the dead body of her son he would have hidden himself and his gray

What a beautiful face it was, he thought; all that had marred it in life was softened now; the sneers, the hard bitter lines, were moothed away, and something like a smile rested on the young lips. Ah, surely he was at rest now! Some stray hairs clung damply to his temples, and Mr. Hunting don stooped over him and put them aside almost a woman's tenderness, and then he sat down on the chair beside him and bowed his grey head in his hands, He was struck down at last! If his idolized Erle had lain there in Percy's place he could have borne it better. But Nea's boy! What if she should come and require him at his hands! "Come home with your own Nea, father" had he ever eased to hear those words?

Had be ever forgotten her standing there her shawl, and her sweet, thin face, raised to his? Had he ever ceased to love her and vearn for her when his anger was most bitter against her? Surely the demons must have leagued together to keep possession of his soul, or he would never hardened himself against her! taken her boy from her; he had tempted his youthful weakness with the sight of wealth, and then he had left him to his own devices. He had not taught him to "wash his hands in innocency, or to take heed to the things that were right." Day and night that boy's dead face, with its likeness to his mother, would haunt his memory. Oh, Heaven! that he were indeed childless, that none of these things might

have come upon him.
"Uncle Rolf, will you not come away with me?" implored Erle; "the house is quite quiet now, and all the people have gone;" but Mr. Huntingdon only shook his head—he had no strength to rise from his chair, and he could not tell Erle this. The poor boy was terribly alarmed at his uncle's looks; he did not seem to understand anything he said; and what if Mrs. Trafford should take it in her head to come—if only he could get his uncle

awav. But even as he framed the wish the door opened noiselessly, and Mr. Huntingdon raised his eyes. A tall woman with grey hair like his, and a pale, beautiful face with an expression that almost froze his blood, looked at him for a moment, then silently passed up the room, and with her dress bushing him as he sat there motionless, paused beside the couch. And it was thus that Nea and her father met again. But she did not notice him: there was only one object for her eyes-the still mute figure of her boy. Silently, and still with that awful look of woe on her face, she drew the dark head into her arms, and laid the dead cheek against her breast; and as she felt the irresponsive weight, the chilled touch, her dried up misery gave way, and the tears

streamed from her eyes, She was calling him her darling-her

only boy.
She had forgotten his cowardly desertion of her; the faults and follies of his youth. Living, he had been little to her, but she claimed the dead as her own. She had forgotten all; she was the young mother again, as she smoothed the dark hair with her thin fingers and pressed the cold face to her bosom, as though she could warm the deadly chill of death.

"Nea," exclaimed a feeble voice in her bar. "Nea, he was my boy too." And looking up she saw the tall bowed figure of her father, and two wrinkled hands stretched out to her. Ah, she was back in

ing. Some East Indian director was to be the present again. She laid her boy down on the pillow, and drew the quilt tenderly over him; but all the beauty and softness seemed to die out of her face, as she turned

to her father.
"My boy," she answered, "not yours for you never loved him as I did. tempted him from me, and made him despise his mother; but he is mine now God took him from you who were ruining him soul and body, to give him back

"Nea," returned the old man with groan; "I have sinned—I know now. I have blighted your life; have been a hard cruel father; but presence of the dead there should be

"Mv life," she moaned: "my life. if that were all I could have forgiven it long ago; but it was Maurice-Maurice whor left to die of a broken heart, though I prayed you to come with me. It was my husband whom you killed; and now, but for you my boy would be

living."
"Nea, Nea," he wailed again; "my only child, Nea;" but as she turned, moved by the concentrated agony of his voice, he fell with his face downward on the couch, across the feet of his dead grandson.

The doctors who were summoned said that a paralytic seizure had long been impending; he might linger for a few weeks, but it was impossible to say whether he would ever recover full consciousness

Erle heard them sadly; he had been very fond of the old man in spite of the tyranni-cal sway that had ruled him from boyhood His uncle had been his generous benefactor and he could not hear of his danger withou emotion

Mrs. Trafford had not left the house from the moment of her father's alarming seiz ure; she had taken quiet possession of the sick-room, and only left it to follow her boy to the grave. Fern was there too, but Erle did not speak to her; the crape veil hid he face, and he could only see the gleam of her fair hair shining in the wintry sunlight.
The two women had stood together, Fern holding her mother's hand; and when the service was over, Mrs. Trafford had gone back to Belgrave House, and some kindly neighbor had taken the girl home. Erle would gladly have spoken some word of sympathy, but Mrs. Trafford gave him no opportunity. Neither of them knew how sadly and wistfully the poorgirllooked after them. Erle's changed looks, his paleness and depression made Fern's heart still heavier; she had not known that he had loved Percy so. She had no idea that it was the sight of her own slim young figure moving between the graves that made Erle look so sad. She was dearer to him than ever,

death. She was staying at some country by Rev. G. Clarke, Percy Reginald, only house with her aunt, Lady Maltravers, where he was to have joined them; but of bridge, to Alice Dora, youngest daughter of course this was impossible under the circumstances; and though he did not like to own to himself that her absence was a relief, he took the opportunity of telling her not to hurry back to London on his account, as his time was so fully occupied with necessary business and watching his poor uncle that he would not be free to com to her.

## (To be continued.)

He Mistook His Man. Two men were standing on the corner alking. Both were well dressed and seemed to be gentlemen. One was a quiet, unde

monstrative man, while the other was very enthusiastic personage. A man passed by, saluting the enthusias tic individual, who failed to recognize the courtesy, but continued talking to the quiet gentleman. " I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting

you, but a gentleman spoke to you just "Yes, I noticed it. He is a carpenter who did some work for me recently. Those

fellows are such a nuisance; if they happer to do a little job for you they presume to speak wherever they meet you. I don' like it, ah?" "If he is a gentleman I would not heai tate to speak to him, no matter where I

met him," mildly observed the other.
"Oh! You wouldn't, eh?" "No, I wouldn't; but pardon me again I am presumptuous, but I would like to know if you paid that carpenter for the little job he did for you?"

"I don't see how that can interest

you, or why I should make you my con fident." "Perhaps not; men who talk as you do But even this mighty foe of mankind, Jon't generally see very far.'

"Will you explain yourself, sir?"
"Cheerfully! You see I know you; you didn't think so, but I do. You want to be so much better than that carpenter, and I know you are not half as good or near so deserving of the title of gentleman as he is.' "You know this, eh?"

"Yes, and I know more. I know your history from away back, and I can assure you that my opinion of it would not be at all complimentary. When I worked at the bench I was just as much a gentleman as I am now; and if I had known it was for you that my workman, who just passed did the work, he wouldn't have done; until you had paid for it. Do you want to know why? No? I thought so."

Farm animals are hurt more by medicine than by the lack of it. When an animal needs medicine it needs a compe-

tent physician. Pure water and a variety of wholesome food regularly given, with comfortable shelter and kind treatment, are the best preventives of disease.

A mortgage on the home makes the fireside gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness. Some men look at the sky only to fore cast the weather, see more beauty in a dol-lar than in a bed of flowers, and will hear the crow in a cornfield quicker than the

Better is it to have one pair of trousers with money in the pockets than two pairs with empty pockets. The horse knows all that the colt learned.

and boys tormenting the colt are not teach-

ing it what it should know.

System worked ten hours a day and was done. Hap-hazard got up at 4 in the morning, hurried all day and was doing the chores at half-past 9 at night. Job had much patience, yet it was fortu-nate for him that he did not join fences with a neighbor who kept breachy stock.

The man who fills his ice-house provides

himself with a conservator of health and a servant of pleasure.

The man who is too poor to take the Times or to buy his wife a new dress without grumbling is rich enough to afford fine picking for Bohemian oat swindlers and

Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik was unique among authors as regards her habits of work. She never began a work for publication which she did not finish before beginning another. It is thought that she did not at her death leave a line of unfinished manuscript.

patent gimerack frauds.

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of the week may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington and

RAN AWAY WITH A BARMAID.

Romantic Elopement of an Aristocratic Youth and a Poulterer's Daughter,

(From the Birmingham Post.)

A romantic elopement has just occurred

n connection with one of the oldest aristocratic families in the kingdom. The chief ctor is a high-spirited youth, whose age is given as not more than 17, and who is the only son and heir of one of the county families of East Worcestershire, and whose name occurs in Domesday Book. father of the youth is a retired captain of dragoons and his mother is of a dis-tinguished Scotch family, a member of which, for his services in the Indian mutiny, was raised to the House of Peers. Three months ago the young heir was introduced at the close of a boating excursion by the private secretary of his father to a barmaid aged between 21 and 22, at a wine and spirit vault in Stourbridge, whom the secretary pronounced "the prettiest girl in England." It was an affair of "love in England." It was an affair of "love at first sight," and the young fellow declared he would never marry any one else. A friendship sprang up, and family entreaties and threats were alike in vain. The young man declared that if his wishes were shwarted he would end his life with a revolver. At this time he was on a vacation from his college at Cirencester. The family communicated with the detective police of Birmingham, and for weeks past private detectives have watched the barmaid's movements night and day. She is the daughter of a poulterer living in Wolverhampton. Detectives, solicitors, and clergymen have also visited the girl's home on behalf of the family to to obtain information of the vhereabouts, for it was discovered that he had run away from college. Very little in-formation was, however, forthcoming, and though one interview was secured at the between the young man and his mother, the only result was his declaration that if he were taken by force he would be taken home on a stretcher. Authentic news was received on Sunday that the couple had loped and had been married at, it is believed, a country church near Liverpool. The bride has herself communicated this information and has asked for forgiveness. The young heir's family are naturally greatly concerned. The young fellow has, during the latter part of the proceedings, backed up his independence by putting forward "his solicitor" when it has been threatened by his family. An attempt to secure a special license only a few days before the successful elopement was frustrated by the registrar happening to possess private information of how be matter stood. In his second attempt, ver, he seems to have been more fortuna

In connection with the announcement of he told himself, as they drove away from the cemetery; and he hated himself as he read with interest, as supplying the needed key: "Foster-Devitt—On the 26th Mark's. Winshall, Derbyshire, bridge, to Alice Dora, youngest daughter of John F. Devitt, Wolverhampton." "Notice Capt. Foster, of Stourton Court, near Stourbridge, hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible for any debts his son, Percival Reginald Foster, may contract.'

### In Love's Harness,

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind hat fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a hap y marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, " dragging down "sensations, and functional irregu-larities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailng apecific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre cription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufactuers, 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

Mrs. Cleveland has been making all of

her bonnets this fall, thus setting an example which will alienate the support of every milliner in the land. But it makes all the husbands solid, and, mind you, it's the husbands that have the votes, not the milliners.—Chicago Herald. n sturdy oak whose branches

Mrs. Cleveland's Able Move.

Bo dly the storms and winds defy, Not long ago an scorn, smail, Lay dormant 'neath the sommer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, evelopment and growth, is consumption. positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

In Maine.

Mrs. Brailer-Here's Deacon Cudds right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train-boy comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be interesting and instructive.

Mr. Brailer (looking over the deacon's

shoulder)—Larry Donahue's "Bar-Keeper's Guide."—Puck

# Suit Yourself,

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, bilious-ness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets " prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of drug-

First Burglar—"Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill—take it along?" Second Burglar—" Yes, slip it in the ag. We can get something for it." bag.

SYMPTOMS-Moisture; intense itching and

## ITCHING PILES.

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

Lady (in a bric a-brac store)-"Let me ce something handsome but cheap. Clerk—"Yes'm; something for a wedding

He Knew His Business.

present?"-Lowell Citizen. Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain; and painless remedy for corns.

Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At

dauggists. A limits was brown

Pretty Servant Girl-You don't give full weight. Grocer (sighing)—I know it, but you alone are to blame for that.

Servant Girl—How's that.

Grocer (beaming on her)—I want to make your burden as light as possible, my

It is no longer fashionable for girls to kiss each other. This will naturally enlarge the sphere of man's duties in Henry August von Bulow, a nepnew of Henry August von Bulow, the famous German H. Rider Haggard denies that ne is compianist, is soon to marry Miss Annie ing to America immediately. He may come over next fall.

# ROMEO AND JULIET " MODERNIZED.

What Was Revealed in a Recent London

Tragedy. The Pall Mall Gazette says that many people have thought that Shakspeare strained probability a little too far in the incidents which close the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." A case investigated before the coroner for Central Middlesex on Wednesday shows that similar incidents actually occur in real life. An elderly Frenchman, separated from his wife, tool a young French lady vocalist into his house at Euston Square as his mistress. Tuesday morning early the man swallowed poison, and seemed to be dying. His mistress, terrified at being left alone in the world in a discredited position, seized the poison bottle and drank a deadly draught. The man recovered, and dis covered to his horror that his Juliet was dead. After trying in vain to resuscitate her he seized a revolver and shot himself through the heart. This occurred, not in the tombs of the Capulets in the ancien city of Verona in the middle ages, but in 12 Euston Square last Tuesday morning. Romeo's name was Ernest Carlin and Romeo's name Juliet's Jane Hures.

#### ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution which had last year the argest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course. Fine Arts, Commercial Science an Music at the very lowest rates.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Prima Facie Evidence. " Mamma," said a young lady just home from school and gazing upon Alexander Harrison's "Open Sea," "is this an oil painting or a water color ?"

"Sh," answered her mother, with a look of surprise and chagrin. "It's a water color. Don't you see the water ?"-Chicago L. W. Giddings, Superintendent of the

Rio Grande and Pecos Railroad, rejoices in the possession of a daughter born at Galveston on Saturday. It is the first child born in the Giddings family for over 120 years.



ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass viala, hermetically scaled. Always frea and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction. SICK HEADAGHE,

Bilious Hendache,
Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion,
Billous Attacks, and all
derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently
cured by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.
In explanation of the remedial power of these In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets ever so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's Dispensary MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



symptoms of catarrh.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafless, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the volce is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and genpaired; there is a sensation of dizziness with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Beadache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

## "Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of lihaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered unfold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sag's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting." "Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

Thomas J. Rushing, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catairh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight mone could not breathe through the nostrils. "Thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

ELI ROBBINS, Rungan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw br. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for ber, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. 'She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty." D C N L, 50 87. REPORTED THE REPORT OF THE REP

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

Merchants, Butchers, AND TRADERS GENERALLY, We want a good man in your locality to pick CALFSKINS For us. Cash furnished on sadisfactory guarant Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

Gundump fich. Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

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